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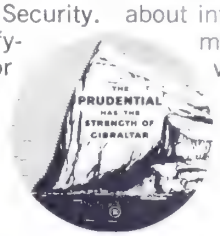
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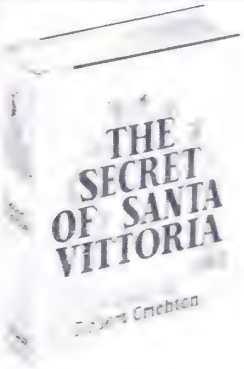
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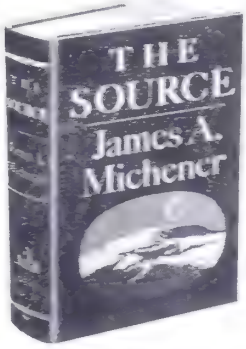


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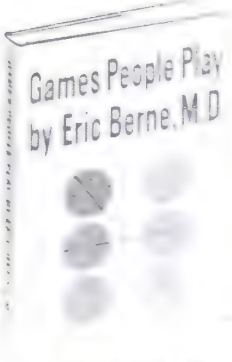
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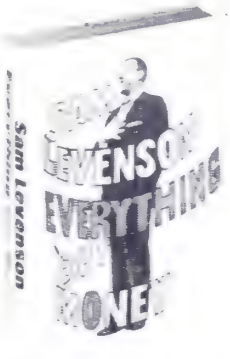
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Letters

Are Scientists Inhumane?

Lucy Eisenberg and the medical researchers for whom she spoke ["Scientists vs. Animal Lovers: The Conflict that Never Ends," November] have been remiss in their research. They state categorically that laboratory animals must suffer pain to benefit mankind. They owe it to the animals, the public, and their own professional aims to investigate the extremely provocative findings which reveal that the laboratory animal is no longer the best "research tool."

Substitutes for vertebrate animals, ranging from computers to tissue culture, have been found by scientists to save time and money, avoid error, and yield more valid results. For example, Dr. Ross F. Nigrelli, director of the Laboratory of Marine Biochemistry and Ecology at the New York Aquarium, stated, "In testing drugs we use sea urchin eggs because the fertilization cycle is well known and results are available within forty-eight hours. The egg may be simulated to develop without fertilization . . . or there may be deviations in cell division. We could have told them about thalidomide very quickly, had we tested it on sea-urchin eggs."

We hope that the medical researchers will voluntarily don the mantle of science and investigate their own methods and these new techniques. A summary on substitutes for vertebrate animals in medical research may be had by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Friends of Animals, Inc., 17 West 60 Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

ALICE HERRINGTON, Pres.
Friends of Animals, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Lucy Eisenberg's article is doubly welcome to biomedical scientists; she has cheered us with her understanding and she has supplied a voice in the community of intellect to balance the shriller cries of some others. . . . In 1952 the Institute of Laboratory Animal Resources (ILAR) of the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council was organized by scientists for scientists to cope with the many problems of laboratory animals, including care, exacerbated by the rapid expansion of biomedical research at the end of World War II. By the standards drafted by its committees, by symposia and publications ILAR sought to improve the quality and the tone of laboratory animal experimentation. But the mood of the 89th Congress outran this silent and succeeding evolution.

Now, for the first time in U. S. history, we have a law. The law's original intent was to stop the stealing of pets. With this no one quarrels. But the momentum of the legislative process, fueled by nonscientists, has carried it through the laboratory door and up to the laboratory bench. The biomedical scientist is grateful that enough members of the Congressional committees involved saw to it that it stopped there. ILAR will redouble its efforts so that scientists can learn to live with the new law, and so that research will not be impeded. Articles like Mrs. Eisenberg's should help the citizen decide when or whether the legislative engines in this area need to be started up again.

HOWARD A. SCHNEIDER, Ph.D.
Chairman, ILAR
National Research Council
Washington, D.C.

Cleveland Amory brought down a copy of the November *Harper's* for me to read the "Scientists vs. Animal Lovers" story. I was amazed and distressed that *Harper's* would publish such an untruthful article and one which was so full of the well-worn propaganda points used by the National Society for Medical Research and its allies for years in their attempt to head off all legislation to give any protection whatsoever to research animals. That they made little impression on the U. S. Senate was demonstrated by the 85 to 0 vote for the new law. . . .

It is irritating to read that I drafted a bill which was, in fact, drafted by Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas before he was appointed to the Court, a well-known fact, since he received the Schweitzer Medal for this very thing last year, then to have the bill which Senator Joseph Clark introduced be incorrectly summarized. The testimony my daughter Christabel submitted in 1962 clearly and accurately describes conditions we saw at St. Vincent's Hospital, but it seems strange to use four-year-old material that I didn't say or write as a quote from me when I am so readily accessible to anyone who wants information. . . .

The new P. L. 89-544 is going to be a tremendous force for good; and as I see the situation at present, the chief field of battle is to keep the AMA *et al* from undermining it. An attempt to prevent any funds from being allowed the U. S. Department of Agriculture to carry it out was headed off just before Congress adjourned, though the funds were greatly reduced as a result of this assault. The hard core opponents of decent treatment of animals are wonderfully active!

CHRISTINE STEVENS, Pres.
Animal Welfare Institute
New York, N. Y.

Lucy Eisenberg's article contains such gross factual inaccuracies, erroneous quotations, and irrational prejudice in interpretations that the real issues are confused beyond recognition.

Contrary to the impression she gives of disunity over legislation, the two major national humane societies (The Humane Society of the U. S. and the American Humane Assn.) are united behind one measure, the Rogers-McIntyre bill of the 89th Congress. . . .

To quote me as saying "The 'Movement' was dying out until we discovered that this [the antiresearch campaign] was the angle to take" is a wild distortion of my statement that some fifteen years ago Fred Myers founded The Humane Society of the U. S., established a new moral framework, defined new goals, and breathed new vigor into the movement. The smear of crassly materialistic motives in operation of this Society is totally unwarranted. . . .

Further, in labeling me personally as a newcomer to the movement, Mrs. Eisenberg strays far from fact. For

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LETTERS

over twenty years I have been a
in humane work as a board me
and president of the Animal Pr
tive Assn. of St. Louis County,
souri, and as a founding director
then president of The Humane S
ety of the U. S.

Mrs. Eisenberg is guilty of fur
distortion in her description of
posed legislation and in pla
the issues in the context of a
vivisectionists versus scientists.
Not a single national antivivisec
society supports the regulatory
islation endorsed by the humane
cieties. (Mrs. Eisenberg's "A
Vivisection League" is nonexiste

Mrs. Eisenberg would have
readers believe that the scient
community is united against fed
legislation for the humane treatm
of research animals, with the hum
societies as the only proponen
Again, nothing could be farther fr
fact. The New York State Society
Medical Research supports a regu
tory bill introduced by Sena
Jacob Javits and Congressman
O'Brien. Representatives of the N
tional Institutes of Health and of
Department of Health, Educati
and Welfare recently testified bef
Congress that there *is* a need for f
eral legislation for the humane tre
ment of laboratory animals. . . . T
legislation endorsed by the huma
societies will do a great deal for a
mals and will not cripple scienti
research.

OLIVER EVANS, Pr
The Humane Society of the U.
Washington, D.

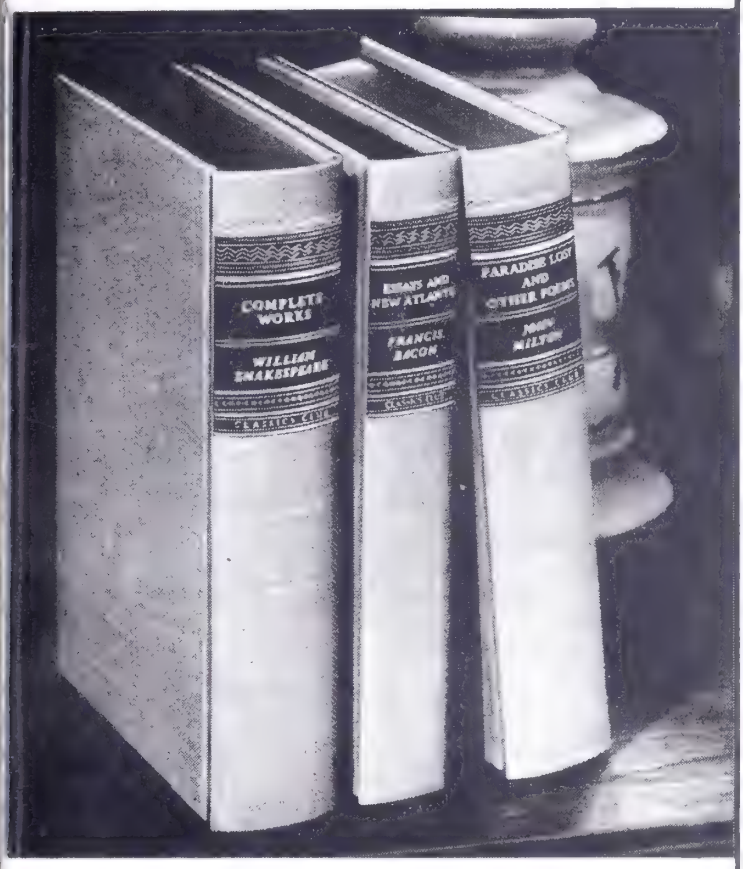
MRS. EISENBERG REPLIES:

The issue in question is not wheth
there should be *some* federal legisl
tion governing animal care (since t
new law setting standards for tran
portation and handling is already
effect), but whether there is a ne
for additional legislation that wou
regulate experimentation and the us
to which animals can be put. No scie
tist supports this kind of legislatio
as Mr. Evans well knows.

I apologize to Mrs. Stevens for sa
ing that she "drafted" a bill rath
than she "inspired" it; I further ap
ogize to Mr. Evans for calling him
newcomer to the Movement when
meant merely that he was a newcom
to animal legislation on the nation
scene.

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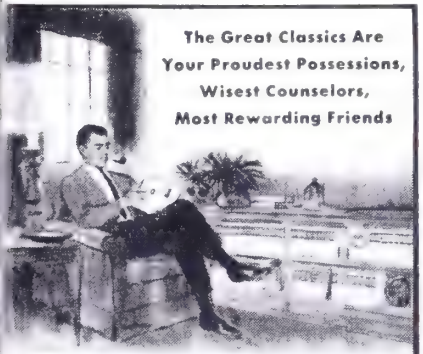
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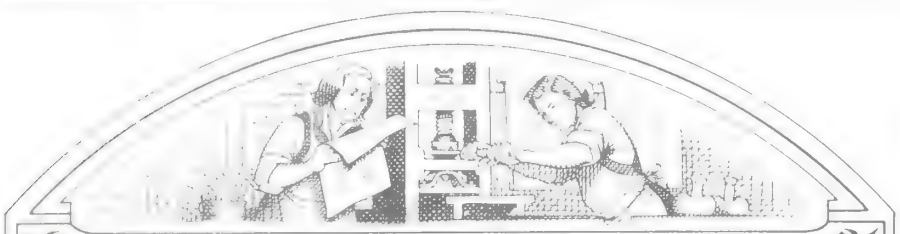
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LETTERS

The Two-year College

Russell Lynes takes a pleasant and amusing aerial view of the two-year colleges ["How Good Are the Junior Colleges?", November]. I am sure that's how we look from the air. The terrain looks and feels somewhat different to us groundlings.

I am sometimes puzzled by those who suggest that certain universal phenomena are peculiar to the two-year college. For example, the ubiquitous parking lot. . . . Doesn't everybody know that almost everyone commutes to college today? At least 80 per cent of American students do—the residential college on the Oxford model, which is everybody's norm for higher education, is now statistically irrelevant. New York University—a commuters' college—enrolls more students, I suspect, than all the Ivy League institutions combined. . . .

"In many colleges the percentage of those who actually graduate and get their certificates is small in comparison with those who stay two years . . ." The last national study of attrition in higher institutions indicated that only 37 per cent of those who enroll as freshmen in any one year graduate . . . four years later from that institution. Academic mortality, transfer, marriage, and voluntary withdrawal are not confined to two-year colleges. . . .

The senior colleges are also a patchwork of curricula in business, nursing, and engineering; they too struggle to inject some "culture" into a vocational program and to effect an uneasy marriage. And gently satiric references to a "smorgasbord of intellectual and practical dishes for men and women in the community who wish to take courses in the evening" describe the catalogues of NYU and City University and Adelphi and the University of California as well as they do the two-year colleges.

SEYMOUR ESKOW, Pres.
Rockland Community College
Suffern, N.Y.

Zoning Mess

It *is* important that zoning be in shape to prevent our country from slipping into ugliness [Alfred Balk, "Invitation to Bribery," Easy Chair, October]. . . . Shopping centers with large paved parking areas, industrial

Do you have a restless urge to write?

If so, you have much in common with successful authors. Read how 12 Famous Writers are helping people turn a restless urge for self-expression into success in writing

There's something different about people who feel the urge to write. They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart even from family and friends. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives, loving grandparents . . . but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through self-expression.

Many successful writers know the same feelings

If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift that successful authors possess. It is, all in all, that recurring ache to put into words the people you've known or the life you have lived, to share your proudest thoughts and experiences with other human beings.

The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist, says he started writing not so much because he wanted to but because he *had* to. In his own words: "Nothing else would serve; it was write or bust." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, still says: "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I'd write . . . you keep on trying."

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares this restless urge for self-expression has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing . . . or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

A new kind of writing school

Several years ago, the twelve successful authors shown below joined forces to form the Famous Writers School. Their aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help they themselves would have welcomed when they were starting out. They poured all of their secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then they worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you return an assignment, one of the School's instructors — themselves all professional writers — spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. Then you get your work back with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Students breaking into print

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. "After two years of laying claim to nothing but wall-to-wall rejection slips," reports E. Zumwalt of Nogal, New Mexico, "I've sold a story. It was revised from one of your Writing School assignments and sold to a magazine for $250."

Doris Agee of San Mateo, California, recently sold a "Most Unforgettable Character" sketch to the *Reader's Digest*. She says: "There's no question about it — without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written. Thanks for all your help."

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn. writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."



Rod Serling's urge to write made him a leading TV dramatist (*Twilight Zone, Patterns, Requiem for a Heavyweight*) and won him six Emmy awards.

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LETTERS

compounds, and most housing developments indiscriminately level trees and fill brooks. What will happen to man's living space and the remaining countryside? JANE S. MCLAUGHLIN
Guilford, Conn.

I was pleased to read "Invitation to Bribery." The scarcity of land made land-use planning and zoning a necessity, but the tremendous increase in land values caused by this scarcity has indeed subjected the zoning process to intense pressures. . . .

As Bernard F. Hillenbrand, executive director of the National Association of Counties, has pointed out, "Forces favoring intense development can muster enormous financial resources. . . . A whole new 'industry' has developed to break the best-prepared planning and zoning programs. We now have 'zoning lawyers' backed up by a host of 'planning specialists' and a whole battery of other experts and technicians who make an exact science of destroying community-development policies."

To withstand these forces, public officials must be backed up by their own professional planners speaking for the public interest. But public officials also need the support of disinterested citizens, that is, disinterested as individual profiteers, but vitally interested as members of the community. . . . JUDITH FINLAYSON
Managing Editor
American County Government
Washington, D.C.

Young Criminals

From Martha Gellhorn's one-sided article ["Spiral to a Gun," October], it would seem that all the larger cities need are social workers to help straighten out the poor unfortunate people who only commit crimes against society because of their own needs. She is presenting a position that the police and the courts thrive on the poor or basement society.

This is not true. Law-enforcement officers spend many long hours in research on a case. If at all possible the officers try to keep the offender from having a record, particularly in the case of the juvenile. In California, for example, the juvenile is immediately turned over to a juvenile unit which has the choice to "book" or fill out a juvenile contact report on the youth. Even if the young person is "booked" the unit can still decide whether to send the youth's fingerprints to the FBI or to just keep them in the local file. . . . Approximately 70 per cent of the youths brought to a juvenile unit are released after a juvenile contact report has been filled out and there has been a confrontation with the youth and the parents together with the police. The police do not want a person to have a record unless there is no other choice.

STEVEN M. NEEL
Student, Criminology Dept.
California State College
Long Beach, Calif.

The Best "Place"

Richard Schickel's article on The American Place Theatre ["New York's Best New Theater Group?", November] impressed me as being totally accurate, true to the spirit of "The Place" and asking pertinent questions. The one relating to the level of criticism and its effect on us is very current in my mind too.

WYNN HANDMAN
Artistic Director
The American Place Theatre
New York, N.Y.

Unsung Defenders

As a late-comer and an early-leaver, I find it embarrassing to see my name in print ["Yankee Lawyers in Mississippi Courts," Richard Hammer, November] and no mention of the Mississippi work done by Miss Marian Wright and Henry Aronson, attorneys affiliated with the NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund.

Miss Wright is the most respected and admired lawyer that I know of; Mr. Aronson, an outstanding trial lawyer, with a unique and mature understanding of Mississippi problems, is also, I believe, the undisputed holder of the record for beatings and threats inflicted on civil-rights lawyers in Mississippi. Miss Wright and Mr. Aronson have done the large, solid work on school integration and other cases requiring the most sustained and skillful professional efforts; working with them was most rewarding. RICHARD E. TUTTLE
Institute of Politics
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass. []



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Nerve System of an Airplane: A report from General Dynamics

Next time you take a trip in your car, try to drive there without steering wheel, accelerator or brakes.

Impossible, of course. They are vital to the job. Without them, the car won't do what it must, even though the chassis, body, motor, power train, tires, fuel, driver—and passengers—are all there.

The function of any vehicle is to deliver something from one place to another. The family car is a passenger-delivering system. A military aircraft is a weapons-delivering system. Avionics are vital to that job.

Extending human will:

In a modern military aircraft, the human crew is the intellect and the will. Avionics—or what used to be called aviation-electronics—are its nervous system, extending the human will through machines for tasks that require accurate control, sustained precise effort, or ultra-fast computation.

Here are some of the things current avionics do:

- Provide exact and unjammable navigation.
- Help the crew fly smoothly and safely, so low that detection and tracking capability of enemy radar will be sharply reduced, or so high and fast that it can circumvent other forms of attack.
- Assist the easy transition from one flight regime to another.
- Detect potential sources of attack from air or ground.
- Help fire any combination of weaponry with precision.

The F-111 fighter-bomber being built by General Dynamics is a case in point.

The F-111's variable-sweep wing, which makes it possible to redesign the aircraft *in flight*, is one of the great aerodynamic advances.

This airplane can fly fast or slow; 12 miles high or skimming the treetops; drift through the air for hours, or attack at two and a half times the speed of sound; ferry itself across an ocean without refueling, and land or take off from rough tactical fields in short distances.

All in all, it is the most versatile aircraft ever designed.

But first and foremost it is a weapons-delivery system. Its avionics, much more sophisticated than those of earlier airplanes, are a good indication of what is required nowadays.

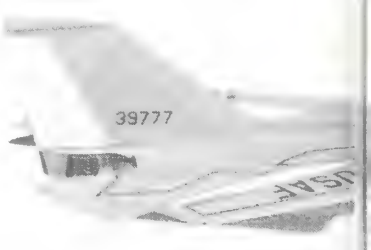
A generation ago, aviation-electronics consisted mainly of radio. Today's avionics include a large assortment of separate systems which are segments of a larger fully integrated electronic system. This, in turn, is integrated with the airframe, the engines and weaponry. To see how it ties together, look at a few of the F-111's avionics parts.

The triply redundant, self-adaptive flight-control system relates directly to the unique ability of the F-111 to vary the way it flies.

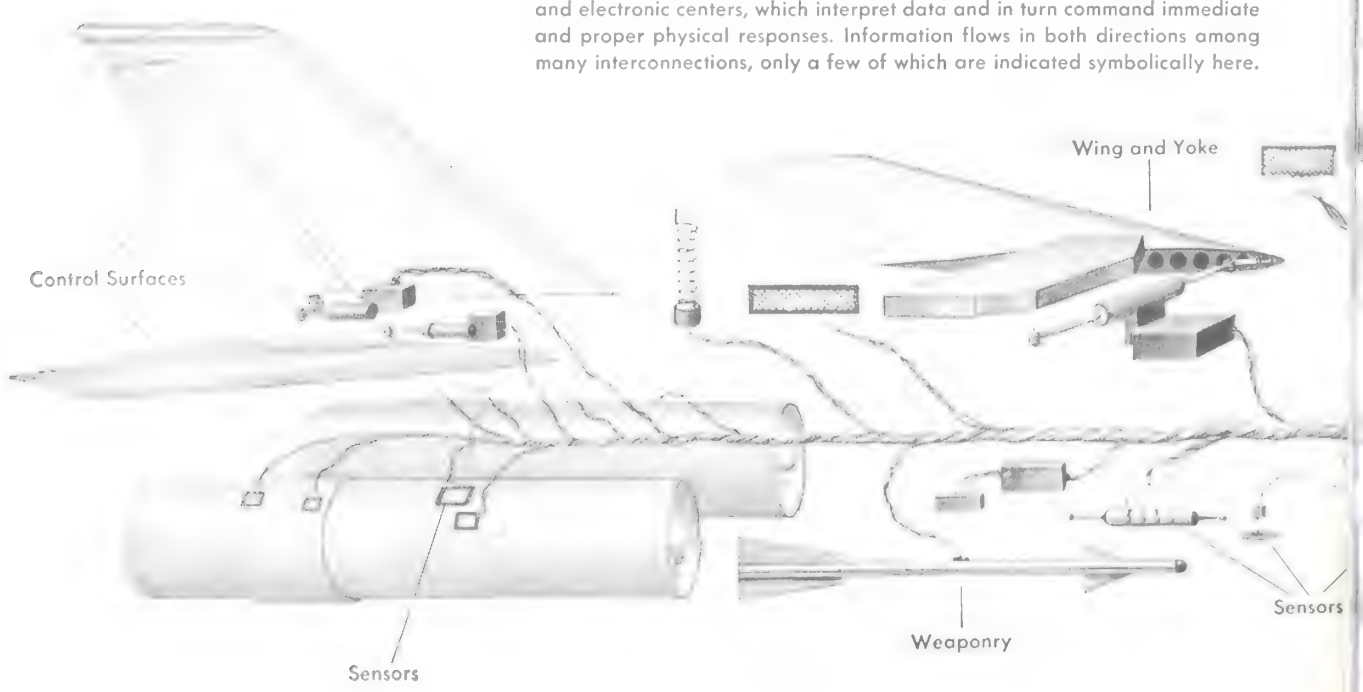
A complex of electronic sensors and computers measures motions of the aircraft and commands, through hydraulic and mechanical components, any necessary compensation to control surfaces.

In case of sudden change in atmospheric conditions (i.e., clear air turbulence or strong gusts), or rapid shift in altitude or direction, the self-adaptive flight-control system will automatically make any necessary adjustments for pitch, roll or yaw—often before pilots even know they are needed.

When wings change position, changes in other control surfaces take place simultaneously. The plane never loses its desirable flying qualities at any speed.



Seeing, hearing and feeling devices receive and transmit impressions to crew and electronic centers, which interpret data and in turn command immediate and proper physical responses. Information flows in both directions among many interconnections, only a few of which are indicated symbolically here.



change in speed, from takeoff through
ach 2.5.

An inertial navigation system elimi-
tes the uncertainties inherent in earlier
agnetic-compass, radio or radar navi-
tion techniques.

The inertial system measures every
ch of passage, fluctuation in direction
change in speed. At any given mo-
ent, the pilot knows precisely where
is in relation to his takeoff point, his
rget and his return base.

Hideability":

rrain-following radar (TFR) improves
ssion efficiency.

A fast low-flying airplane which can
"seen" only fleetingly is troublesome
r ground search radar. For maximum
ideability," the aircraft's terrain-fol-
wing radar can be set at an optimum
earance close to the ground. The plane
n now dip into the valleys and skim
e peaks at supersonic speed in any
ather, day or night. It can keep on a
rect path, yet make the enemy's prob-
n of detection far more difficult.



The TFR constantly looks both down and ahead, and relays its information to the self-adaptive control system. The complex adjusts the entire aircraft far faster than could unassisted human reflexes. Even over particularly jagged territory, the ride is relatively smooth.

The pilot can fly through zero visibility, protected against physical obstructions ahead. Should any of the TFR's circuits fail, the overall avionic system is programmed to put the aircraft automatically into a very sharp climb to higher altitude.

The ultimate function of the F-111, however, is the delivery of weapons—a mix of many types, long and short-range, for defense and attack, with different methods of firing. This calls for three closely related systems.

Finding a target:

A bomb/navigation system, connected to every weapon, constantly measures the plane's speed, altitude, attitude and position. These are computed against information, already stored, on the particular drop or firing pattern of each weapon and the location of the target.

A "head-up" system projects flight and other data, in color bar form, to a transparent reflective plate at pilot's eye level. Through it, he can see all the information necessary to fire guns and missiles without moving his eyes from the target itself.

To extend his sight in bad weather or at night, *high resolution ground mapping radar* provides a clear picture of the terrain or of airborne targets, simultaneously reporting the changing range between plane and target.

With these reinforcing the pilot's judgment, the specific weapon needed can be released, manually or automatically, at the split second when it is most likely to hit its target exactly.

Each of the "separate" systems has a distinct job, yet all are, to some degree, interdependent For maximum reliability, self-test devices check, before and all during flight, for any malfunction. Should one occur, the "work" can be shifted quickly to back-up equipment—and assure that the mission will not be impaired.

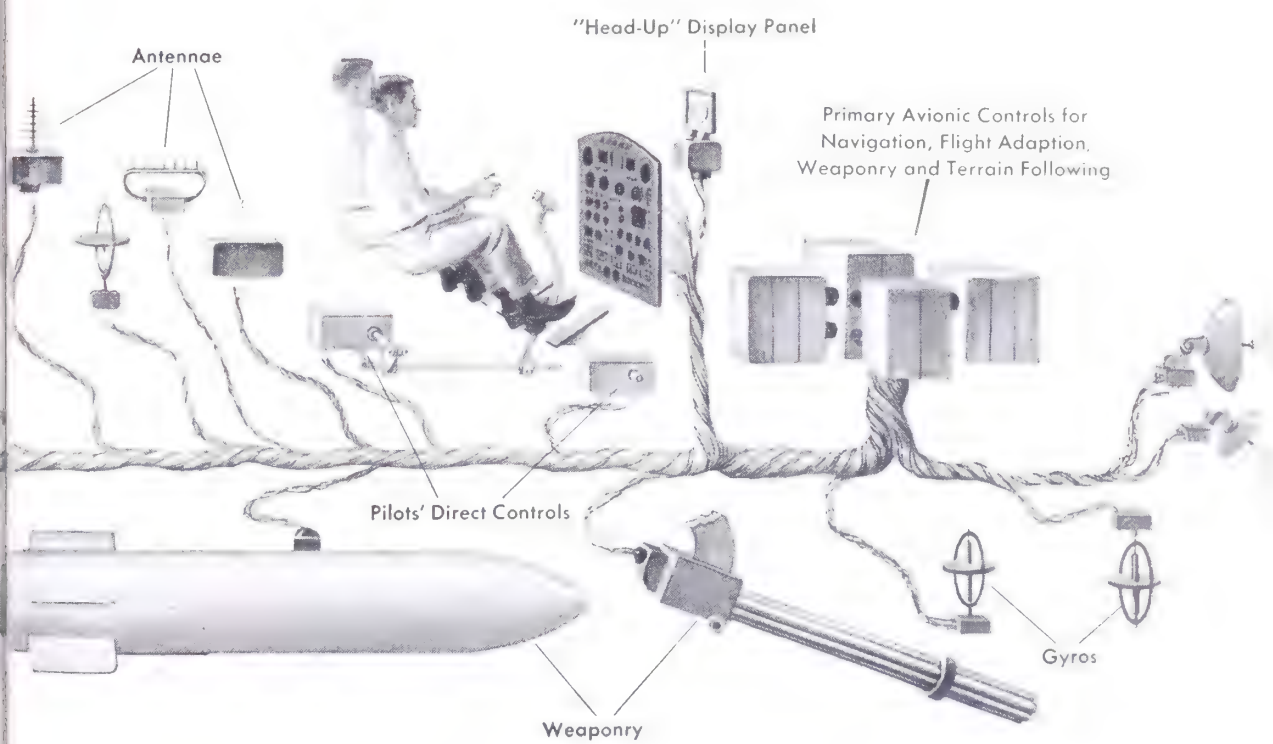
Even though the current avionic systems are advanced over anything that has gone before, newer and improved versions are already being jointly developed by General Dynamics and its many subcontractors who produce the individual systems that make up the whole.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



The Editor's Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

HOW TO RESCUE AMERICA FROM PLUMBERS, CARPENTERS, AND PEOPLE LIKE THAT

A somewhat Irish proposal for wiping out slums, emptying the prisons, opening up new jobs for Negroes, saving the taxpayers' money, decreasing crime, and fixing the building-trades unions, all at one magnificent stroke.

Joseph F. X. Muldoon is a retired plumbing contractor, an unforgiving man, a connoisseur of Irish whiskey, and [illegible] a freethinker. When he called me a few nights ago to help him appraise a new bottle, just imported from some unheard-of distillery in Limerick, I suspected that he was having another Free Thought. Old Joe's notions flow best in the presence of both a shot glass and an audience; and when he can't find a more sympathetic listener, he sometimes drafts me.

Before the bottle was a third empty, I had to tell Joe, with the candor of an old friend, that this time his ideas were not only ridiculous but dangerous. Did he want to get his teeth kicked in?

"They are false teeth anyway," he said, "and at my age I am willing to risk martyrdom for the good of mankind, and to get even with my old enemies in the plumbers' union. If somebody doesn't stop those pirates—and their brother buccaneers in the carpenters', painters', bricklayers', and electrical workers' trades I'm telling you that New York is doomed.

"Why are the slums spreading like mildew in a damp basement? Because nobody, not even City Hall, can afford to fix up the old tenements, much less build the fifty thousand new houses we need every year.

"Why are building costs so outrageous? Because the construction trades are holding a cutlass at the public's throat, that's why. Not that I'm against honest unions—I used to be a union man myself—but these crafts, in this city, have turned their unions into something very like a conspiracy against society.

"For example, as of this night all of the plumbers in Manhattan have been on strike for nearly four months. Not over any real grievance, mind you, but because a power struggle is going on inside Local No. 2 between a couple of union bosses, Jack Cohen and Mike Pappalardo. I'll bet you a Stillson wrench to a lead pipe that they will stay out until after the next union election.

"And why shouldn't they? The union members aren't suffering. They are all working, every man jack of them, in New Jersey and Westchester and Long Island. Plumbers are so scarce, you see, that they can take their pick of jobs outside of New York, even while they are keeping the city's construction industry closed down tighter than a soldered joint.

"Who does suffer? Thousands of sick people, because the city can't open up five new hospitals which are practically finished except for the plumbing. Kids in four school districts where new buildings couldn't be completed in time for the September term. All those families who couldn't get into their new apartments last October first—New York's traditional moving day—on account of no running water. A lot of them already had given up their old leases, and where are they now? Going bankrupt in some hotel, or doubled up with begrudging relatives, that's where. Ah, there will be many a broken home before this strike is over."

While Joe was refilling his glass, I hinted delicately that maybe he could be a little biased, as a hangover from his old wars with the plumbers' union. After all, didn't a poor pipe bender have a right to try for more money and better working conditions, just like anybody else?

For an elderly gentleman with high blood pressure and a short-fused temper, that kind of question was definitely unhealthy. He choked and shook his wattles for a good three minutes before he got his voice back.

"What do you mean, more money! They already get an arm and a leg every time they fit a faucet. For a six-hour day their pay comes to $7.29 an hour, including fringe benefits,

Mr. Fischer has been Editor in Chief of "Harper's" since 1953. Many of his Easy Chair essays and other articles have been published in book form in "The Stupidity Problem and Other Harassments."

[How to get your children to fasten their Rover 2000 safety harnesses]





Tell them how you had to walk five miles to school, in the snow, and that you weren't *fortunate* enough to have a Rover 2000 T.C. Sports Sedan (); and that your every waking thought, yours and mommy's, is of them, and all you are working for is to give them the advantages you never had; and that if they don't



plus double for overtime. It's a rare plumber who doesn't make at least $300 a week. And his working conditions, if you can call it work, would make a nurse or schoolteacher shriek with envy. There he sits, with a helper to wipe his brow and light his pipe and pick up his tools, while he moves like the tide in Bantry Bay, barely fast enough to be discerned by the human eye."*

If the construction industry offers so good a deal, I asked, how come it is so short of labor? Why don't a couple of million unemployed people swarm into those sweet $300-a-week jobs?

"Because the unions won't let them, you idiot," Joe said. "If you aren't a union member you can't work—and most locals accept only a few new apprentices each year. And those few, as it happens, are nearly always the sons or nephews of old members. An unemployed Negro has as much chance of joining one of their locals as the New York Yacht Club. Didn't you know that the building-trades unions are about the most exclusive and segregated institutions you can find, short of the Ku Klux Klan and the John Birch Society?

"They don't see it that way, of course. They feel they have a God-given right to monopolize these particular jobs, and to pass them along in their families." Joe reached over to his desk and began to fumble through a drawer full of old letters, family photographs, and newspaper clippings. Finally he found the clipping he wanted.

"Here," he said, "is a letter printed in the *New York Times* of August 3, 1963. I regard it as a very fair statement of the building mechanic's creed."

It read:

> Some men leave their sons money, some large investments, some business connections, and some a profession. I have none of these to bequeath to my sons. I have only one worthwhile thing to give: my trade. I hope to follow a centuries-old tradition and sponsor my sons for an apprenticeship.
>
> For this simple father's wish it is said that I discriminate against Negroes. Don't all of us discriminate? Which of us when it comes to a choice will not choose a son over all others?
>
> I believe that an apprenticeship in my union is no more a public trust, to be shared by all, than a millionaire's money is a public trust. Why should the government, be it local, state, or federal, have any more right to decide how I dispose of my heritage than it does how the corner grocer disposes of his?
>
> *(Signed)* Charles Kelly
> Wantagh, Long Island

"It is true," Joe said, "that in the last few years the old monopoly has loosened up a little. In the old days, if a contractor tried to hire a Negro or Puerto Rican, his whole crew would walk off the job in a flash. Now a few of the locals—under pressure from the government and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—are grudgingly accepting an occasional Negro apprentice. But there is still no sign that they will ever be willing to throw the job market wide open.

"My plan would do exactly that.

"We'll start with the prisons," he said. "Probably a majority of the poor devils inside them are there simply because they couldn't earn an honest living outside. Especially the Negroes. They make up a disproportionate share of the prison population, and no wonder. When a youngster grows up in a slum, with a third-rate education, a broken home, or maybe a father out of work, and with no chance to get an apprentice's training, how can he learn to hold down a skilled job? I don't blame him—much—if he takes to mugging or dope peddling, out of desperation or sheer boredom.

"In theory, at least, most penitentiaries try to teach their inmates some useful skills. Traditionally, convicts have been put to work making something that the state needs—license plates, for example, or prison uniforms. But since these crafts aren't much use to a man once he has been turned loose, naturally he is likely to drift back into crime.

"Recently, however, some prison industries have begun to branch out into more practical lines of training. In Texas, convicts can learn to be dental technicians by making false teeth for state-hospital patients. Or they can retread tires for the state's automobiles, roast and blend coffee, and make soap for the state institutions. As a result, Texas is saving about $2 million a year, and at the same time giving at least some of its criminals a chance to earn an honest living in the future. California goes even further. Its convicts make furniture and stationery for state offices, and toys for children in orphanages. Iowa gets most of its official typewriters repaired by prison labor. And a couple of federal penitentiaries are training their inmates to become computer key-punch operators. All of which is a good thing—but it doesn't go far enough.

"What I propose is that we teach convicts all the construction trades, and put them to work on public building projects. The plan might work something like this:

"As soon as a prisoner arrives at, say, Sing Sing, he would get a thorough screening by the resident psychiatrists. If he seems to be a really hard case—an irredeemable criminal type—he would be locked up in the old-fashioned way. But if he looks

*Other building tradesmen in the New York area I found had comparably comparable pay. Carpenters, for instance, have a base rate calling for $6.30 per hour, including fringe benefits. Electricians get $7.70 per hour and in their case the figures include a provision that the employer pay the employee's share of social security taxes, to boot. For bricklayers, the base wage plus fringe benefits comes to $7.74 an hour—about three times the general industrial wage. As the *New York Times* has pointed out, the building-trades unions never "pay any attention to the guidelines or to any other anti-inflation program. Their motto always has been to grab everything they could get . . ."



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This picture, for instance, shows New Square, which was new in the 17th century. (Just out of the picture is the Old Hall, built the year that Columbus sailed for America.)

Around the corner is Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop, where bits and pieces of all time lie jumbled together.

All of Britain, in fact, seems a sort of Old Curiosity Shop, with a New Curiosity Boutique attached. Legal bigwigs, pop singers flipping *their* wigs, the armor that made history, the gear that makes fashion. For here, all the centuries live at once, the old as lively as the new.

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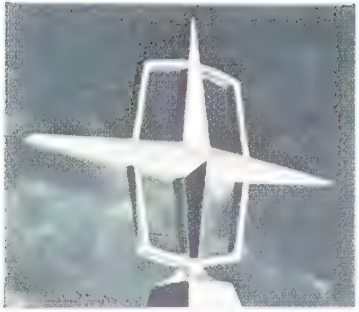
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ke a reasonably hopeful candidate r rehabilitation, he would be of-red basic training in the building ade of his choice. The course would st just as long as he needs to acquire ie fundamental skills. A fast learner ight pick up the essentials of car-entry in four months. A slower man ho enrolls in an electrical-installa-on course might need a couple of ears.

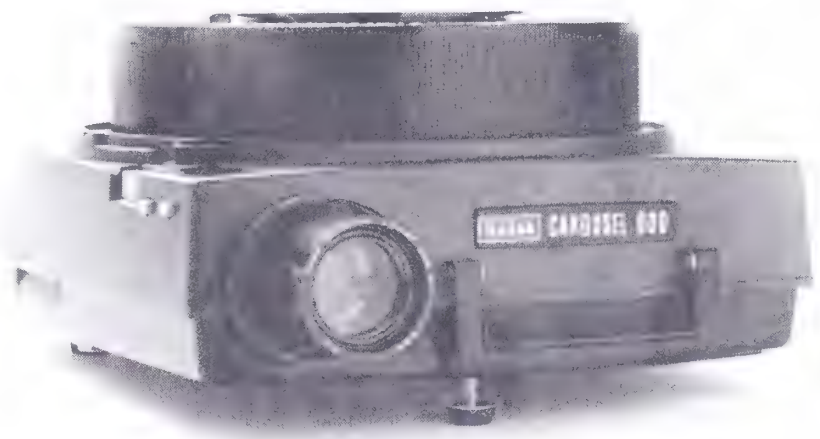
"His training would be quite dif-erent from that which an apprentice dinarily gets on the outside. As part their featherbedding policy, the nions have of course stubbornly op-osed the introduction of modern ethods—whether paint-spray guns, ower saws, or prefabricated compo-ents. The resulting inefficiency has orced up construction costs even ore than the outrageous wage cales. In contrast, our Prisoners' ehabilitation Program would use nly the latest tools, the most efficient ethods. Consequently, our gradu-tes would have a considerable advan-age when they start looking for a job n the outside—enough, maybe, to ffset the prejudice of some employers gainst hiring convicts.

"As soon as our convict is able to ass a qualifying test, he could be-ome a special kind of trusty. He ould be assigned to a team of con-truction workers which would leave ing Sing, under minimal guard, to ork an eight-hour shift on a slum-learance or urban-renewal project. f he behaves himself, working con-cientiously and not trying to escape, e can look forward to an early parole. Otherwise, back he goes to the lockup. Moreover, while working he would get he statutory minimum wage of $1.50 n hour, to be paid into a savings ac-ount so that he would have a modest est egg when he is finally released. Under those terms, I don't think many ould try to run away."

"Your scheme will never work," I aid. "For one thing, the Teamsters Union would refuse to deliver build-ng materials to any project employ-ng prison labor . . ."

"In that case," he interrupted, "we ould deliver it by state truck, pro-ected by an armed guard. Besides, if he government ever succeeds in put-ing Jimmy Hoffa behind bars, as it nay any day now, he might take a nore kindly attitude toward his fel-ow inmates."

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"Even so," I said, "the notion is politically impossible. Because no governor or state legislator is going to risk a fight with the building-trades unions."

"Are you sure?" Joe said. "Take a careful look at all the good things the Muldoon Plan would accomplish—every one of them packed with political vitamins. First of all, we could build a lot of public housing at a fraction of the present cost. The slum dwellers and the taxpayers won't forget that at election time. Then we would be training tens of thousands of Negroes to fill decent and much-needed jobs. That ought to fetch the support of the civil-rights organizations.

"Best of all, the Plan would break the monopoly of the building-trades unions, and most of their political power along with it. As soon as a few thousand skilled, but nonunion, building mechanics are available, the contractors—and the city government—will no longer have to knuckle under to every piratical demand the unions make. What if the unions do strike? The contractor can go right ahead with the job, using our Sing Sing graduates—and he can get rid of all those ridiculous featherbedding work rules at the same time.

"But if the unions are half-smart, outright strikebreaking will seldom be necessary. They wouldn't want to see the labor market flooded with a lot of qualified but nonunion workers. Therefore the Muldoon Plan will, I hope, force them to abandon their closed-shop policy, and replace it with the union shop, already common in a good many other industries. That is, an employer could hire anybody he likes—with the understanding that the new man will join the union as soon as he goes on the payroll. That would put a stop to the unions' segregationist and monopolistic practices, and end the artificial shortage of labor in the building trades. But it would still preserve all the legitimate functions of a labor organization.

"In any case," Joe went on, "the old political maxim that it is suicide to tangle with a union simply doesn't hold true any longer. Not when the union is unpopular with the public. Remember that Bobby Kennedy first became a national political figure because of his investigation of the



A Financial Squeeze That Hurts All Over

America's rural electrics, which provide our countryside with vital electric power, are caught in a tight financial squeeze.

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COMING IN
Harper's

Once in a great while two articles turn up that seem to belong naturally side by side. They don't necessarily quarrel, but they aren't exactly friends either. **The Vanishing Art of Psychoanalysis** and **Why I Am Not a Psychiatrist** are such a lively pair. The former is by Dr. Donald M. Kaplan, a New York practitioner, the latter by John Medelman, who last appeared in *Harper's* six years ago as the author of a short story. They lead off the February *Harper's*.

You may have noticed a new column called *How It Is* that turns up occasionally in the magazine. It is a valve for various writers to blow off steam. Next month Paul Saltman, a USC surfboarder, skier, and professor of biochemistry, lets fly at **The Scientific Jungle** in a vastly entertaining and iconoclastic manner that may cost him friends among his colleagues.

In 1963 Harper & Row published a remarkable first novel by Richard McKenna called *The Sand Pebbles*. (It has just been released as a movie.) McKenna was a retired Navy man who took to fiction in his forties and died late in 1964. He left some unpublished stories of excellent quality and one of them, **The Sons of Martha,** will appear in the next *Harper's*.

We are never quite sure until the magazine is finally made up and sent to press, just how many (or which) poems find a place in the next number. But we do not take them lightly, and neither, we are glad to say, do the anthologists. We have been notified that there are seven poems from *Harper's* in *Best Poems of 1965* (Borestone Mountain Poetry Awards for 1966), two by James Dickey (who won the National Book Award in 1966), and one each by E. A. Muir, Jeannette Nichols, John Ratti, Louis Simpson, and Robert Wallace.

And watch for . . . Eric Larrabee on **Charles Lloyd,** a new star in the jazz sky, well known in Europe but little known at home; and also Clayton Fritchey, an old U. N. hand, who assesses **Goldberg at the U. N.**

Teamsters Union and his crusade to put Hoffa in jail.

"Now the building-trades unions are about as unpopular as a drunk at a wedding. Did you ever know a householder who hasn't been gypped, at one time or another, by some plumber or painter or electrical-repair man? They are disliked even within the labor movement because they have been feuding with the industrial unions ever since the AFL-CIO was founded. And, as with the Teamsters' Union, many of their locals are notoriously corrupt.

"I could cite you dozens of cases. At least one local on Long Island is controlled by the Mafia. Another has had three of its officers indicted for conspiring with plumbing contractors to cheat the city out of $778,000 on twenty-three school-construction jobs. Just this fall an official of the Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators, and Paperhangers was indicted for taking $840,000 in bribes over an eight-year period. That is downright greedy, even in an industry where it is commonplace for union bosses to shake down the employers, under threat of strikes. And out in San Francisco a couple of honest officials of a painters' local were murdered, when they began to ask embarrassing questions about the way its welfare funds were handled.

"This sort of thing has become so commonplace that a politician could become a hero, I tell you, if he started a real campaign to clean up the building-trades unions. And the only way that can be done is by breaking their monopoly control of the job market. Why it might turn out to be the grandest political opportunity since Tom Dewey took on Murder, Inc."

At this point I informed Joe that I had absorbed all the oratory and whiskey that I could manage for one night. He has the Irish gift for eloquence and for magnificent dreams and in another half-hour I might have begun to take him seriously.

As a matter of fact, when I think back to that conversation I sometimes wonder whether the Muldoon Plan is really as impractical as it sounded. After all, De Valera looked pretty visionary, too, on that spring morning in 1916 when he marched off to the Irish rebellion . . .

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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



800 VOLUNTEERS AND AN UPRIGHT IDIOT

1. English in Action

A great many young foreigners who come to America each year from Europe and Asia and South America have sophisticated English vocabularies and scarcely any ability to use them grammatically and idiomatically. These men and women, however, have an opportunity to convert their vocabularies, adequate for reading, into versions of English that are adequate for conversation. The vehicle which affords them this opportunity is an organization manned by some eight hundred volunteers, operated on a shoestring, and called "English in Action."

Among my friends there are several who spend three or four hours a week engaged in conversation with foreign students, young doctors, employees of foreign governments at the United Nations, and young businessmen and their wives who have been referred to English in Action for help with the mysteries of American English and the peculiar modes and manners of America. English in Action is not a school and fewer than 15 per cent of its volunteer conversationalists are professional teachers. Eighty per cent of the volunteers have regular jobs; some are office workers, some are lawyers, businessmen, engineers, students in graduate schools; a few are artists. None of them devotes a great deal of time to the program, and yet in 1966 they gave some 90,000 hours of instruction to about 2,500 foreign visitors in the New York area alone. Since the total operating budget for English in Action is roughly $10,000 a year to keep its small office manned and equipped, the cost of the teaching comes to something just over one cent an hour!

A volunteer organization so efficiently and economically run and engaging the enthusiasm and labor of so many literate men and women seemed to me to invite a closer look. I made an appointment with its founder and moving spirit, Mrs. Marian Reith, and paid a call on her at the New York office of English in Action at 120 West 45th Street—two very small rooms at the end of a narrow corridor on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Knickerbocker, which is on the edge of the theater district.

Mrs. Reith is a bundle of energy who comes from Los Angeles but who is a convert. "I have fallen in love with New York," she told me, "and I wouldn't go back to live in California for anything, though I have grandchildren there."

As you can see, Mrs. Reith would be considered an eccentric on the West Coast, but in New York she is in her element. She likes the bustle and vitality and, she says, the "friendliness" of New York. She is a friendly woman herself, and the kind of person whose enthusiasm and intelligence command response. She is so full of her pet project that when she talks about it, as she did for an hour, facts and figures and case histories and names and superlatives tumble out of her confusingly, albeit entertainingly. I tried to take a few notes as she talked. The gist of the matter is this:

Mrs. Reith was visiting in New York in 1960, and as what she calls "a born volunteer" she asked a friend who was a director of the Greater New York Council for Foreign Students if there was anything she could do to help. She found herself handed a "problem child," a high-born Southeast Asian of remarkable arrogance whose English was abominable and who was presumably in this country for graduate study. He knew about one hundred English words. Nobody, I gathered from Mrs. Reith, had been able to help him. His arrogance was merely a cover for his inability to communicate, she saw, and she found her way into his confidence by helping him to solve a simple

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Mr. Lynes's latest book, "Confessions of a Dilettante," collects many of his After Hours columns as well as other articles by him from periodicals as diverse as "Art in America" and "The New York Times Magazine."

roblem of how to get the sleeves of s handmade and monogrammed irts (it was summer) shortened. he communicated with him in mono-llables and by pantomime. Rather espairingly she suggested he come ack the next week, gave him an exact me, and hardly expected to see him gain.

He turned up on the dot. The shirts ad been fixed, and their conversa-on was the beginning of a series of egular "we talks" and, more impor-nt, the beginning of English in ction. Mrs. Reith was convinced nat intelligent, literate, and patient mericans who were willing to talk ith foreign students could not only nvert schoolbook English into a iable instrument of conversation, nd make classroom work easier, but so could introduce foreigners to the ature of American society. She had ttle trouble finding volunteers to elp prove that she was right.

"We have about one third of our udents from South America," she id, "one third from Europe and the Iiddle East and Africa, and one ird from the Orient. They are not y any means all here as students."

There are, for example, two thou-and foreign doctors in New York nd there are English in Action units n three hospitals to help many of em. There are also young men who me in order to take jobs in business, nt usually by firms abroad to get merican experience. They find them-elves tongue-tied, baffled by our col-oquialisms, and unable to establish riendships which might lead to me understanding of the nature of ow the mysterious Occidental mind orks. There are, Mrs. Reith said, bout two hundred agencies in New ork that refer foreigners to English n Action for help—business firms, MCAs, colleges, consulates, the nited Nations, and so on. NBC's ew York television station makes eriodic announcements of the pro-ram. While there are, of course, any classes in spoken English given n the city (the U.N., for example, has s own) they are not only oversub-cribed, but they do not afford both he pressure and the opportunity that one-to-one conversation does. It is asy not to speak up in a class dis-ussion, but a conversation demands articipation, close attention, and an ffort to respond. Since both the stu-dent and the teacher in this situation are there voluntarily, there is no problem of motivation to learn on the one hand or of desire to be helpful on the other.

These conversations take place wher-ever English in Action can borrow a room—in church parish houses, in "Y"s, and in institutions such as the New School for Social Research and International House. There are at present something like twenty-five units in metropolitan New York and the method is the same in all of them —one student to one volunteer. The matching of students to volunteers is done with the closest attention to the interests of the student and of the volunteer in order that a sympathetic relationship can be established. Lan-guage proficiency is only a part of the goal. Mrs. Reith thinks of her organi-zation as a kind of domestic Peace Corps for the promotion of "interna-tional understanding and intercultu-ral relations."

A besetting problem of the young foreign student or doctor or engineer or businessman in New York is lone-liness. His inability to speak English with ease makes it nearly impossible for him to strike up American friend-ships. As a young chemist said to Mrs. Reith, "When I work in the labo-ratory the others are too busy to speak with me, and when the work is over, they go to their homes." Other visitors stick with nationals from their own countries, but in either case they find the life of the Americans impenetrable, our manners unreason-able, our politics opaque. English in Action tries to reduce these barriers in a variety of ways.

There is, I gather, a conscientious effort on the part of the volunteers to avoid any sort of chauvinism in their conversations with their stu-dents at the same time that they try to clarify the nature of our social and economic life. But more important, obviously, than talking to the students is making them talk about their in-terests, their problems in a strange land, and getting them to explain their own cultural backgrounds. Such conversations obviously lead to more than just further talk, and in many cases the volunteer helps his student solve practical problems that he has been floored by.

One volunteer (one of the ones who told me about English in Action) mentioned a young man who had man-aged to get out of Red China, where he had been a student in engineering, to join relatives in New York. His record from the University of Shang-hai meant nothing to the admissions offices of American colleges. With some difficulty the volunteer located a professor at New York University who had also gone to Shanghai and who was glad to translate the young man's record into terms that his American colleagues could under-stand. The young man is now enrolled at Stevens Institute, and though his English is proficient and he is well established, he keeps his volunteer informed of his progress as a means of showing his gratitude.

Mrs. Reith presented me with a stack of letters from former students of English in Action. Some of them are hardly grammatical or idiomatic, but are no less heartfelt for that ("Well, I don't have anything to thank all of you but I can tell you how much I thank all of you a letter just can't express it. My English is not enough to express it either"). She also gave me a copy of a lively little weekly mimeographed publication that is issued by one of the English in Action volunteers, a man in the tex-tile business who decided that there were a lot of inexpensive, enter-taining things going on every week in New York which the foreign stu-dents could enjoy but would not be likely to discover for themselves. His recommendations range from good inexpensive restaurants (his top price for dinner is $2.00) to free entertain-ments in the parks, to pleasant shops to look at, and excursions to take.

I asked Mrs. Reith if English in Action happened anywhere but New York. "It can happen anywhere that someone who knows how it works and is willing to organize it wants it to happen," she said, but she assured me that to match volunteers with stu-dents, to keep schedules, arrange ap-pointments, do interviews, arrange for meetings of volunteers to discuss problems of teaching, to set up "work-shops" for instructing the volunteers is not something to be undertaken by the faint of heart.

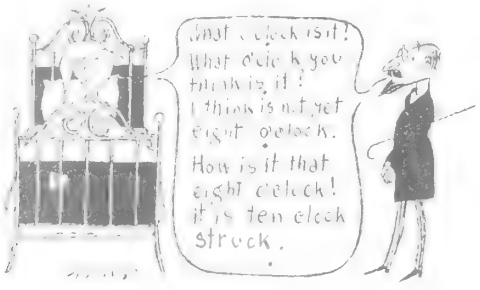
"At Berkeley, in California," she said, "one of our volunteers who had worked in New York found that the university was dying to have some-

one help foreign students, and she went out and rang doorbells until she got enough volunteers to get started."

There are now three units in California, several on Long Island and, she said, "even one in Honolulu."

English in Action has to scratch for money to pay its minimal rent, its telephone bills, its costs for mailings and mimeographing, and the salary of a part-time administrator who works three days a week. "If we had $30,000 a year," Mrs. Reith said, "we could pay people to cover the telephones and arrange the interviews and keep track of the different units. In other words we could free some of us from our chores so that we could work at keeping the standards high, getting the best volunteers, and helping those who need us most."

It would be difficult to find another charitable organization which gives so much to so many people with so little fanfare on such a small budget. Indeed in its quiet, intelligent, and humane way English in Action is an astonishing concept and operation.



2. Body English

The Halcyon-Commonwealth Foundation of New York, on whose board I'm privileged to sit,* has recently put back into print a "celebrated little phrase book," which Mark Twain said, "will never die while the English language lasts." A dose of English in Action would have served its author well though it would have deprived the English-speaking world of a classic. The wonder is that the phrase book, which is called *The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English*, didn't do in the English language single-handed. The last edition, to which Twain wrote an introduction, appeared in Boston in 1883. "Its delicious unconscious ridiculousness, and its enchanting *naiveté*," Twain wrote, "are as supreme and unapproachable, in their way, as are Shakespeare's sublimities. Whatever is *perfect* of its kind, in literature, is imperishable: nobody can add to the absurdity of this book, nobody can imitate it successfully, nobody can produce its fellow; it is perfect, it must and will stand alone: its immortality is secure."

In his own preface the author of this immortal work, Pedro Carolino, says:

The Works *which we were confering for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little aquainted in the spirit of both languages.*

This new edition, in pamphlet form (with a preface to Twain's preface by Brendan Gill), is not the full text. In an editor's note it is explained that "The 'familiar Dialogues' are reprinted here in full as are the 'Idiotisms and Proverbs.' Selections from two other sections, 'Anecdotes' and 'Familiar Letters' are included, and two other sections, 'Coins' and 'Familiar Phrases,' are omitted."

The dialogues in subject are not unlike those one finds today in phrase books. They are printed in two columns, the Portuguese on the left and what passes for English on the right. The English column of a typical dialogue goes like this:

DIALOGUE 2

For make a visit in the morning

Is your master at home?
Yes, sir.
Is it up.
No, sir, he sleep yet.
I go make that he get up.
It come in one's? How is it, you are in bed yet?
Yesterday at evening, I was to bed so late that I may not rising me soon that morning.
Well! What you have done after the supper?
We have sung, danced, laugh and played.
What game?
To the picket.
Whom I am sorry do not have know it!
Who have prevailed upon?
I have gained ten lewis.
Till at what o'clock its had play one?
Un till two o'clock after mid night.
At what o'clock are you go to bed?
Half pass three.
I am no astonished if you get up so late.
What o'clock is it?
What o'clock you think is it?
I think is not yet eight o'clock.
How is that, eight o'clock! It is ten clock struck.
It must then what I rise me quickly.
Adieu, my dear, I leave you. If can to see you at six clock to the hotel from —— we swill dine togetter.
Willingly. Good by.

The final dialogue (of the forty-three) is called "The french language" and it ends with:

Do you speak french alwais?
Some times; though I flay it yet.
You jest, you does express you self very well.

A few examples of the "Idiotisms and Proverbs" will serve to give their tenor:

So many heads so much opinions.
What come in to me for an ear yet out for another.
With the time come one's to the end of all.

In his introduction Twain says of the phrase book, "It was written in serious good faith and deep earnestness, by an honest and upright idiot who believed he knew something of the English language. . . . It is not a fraud who speaks . . . but a good man, an honest man, a man whose conscience is at rest, a man who believes he has done a high and worthy work for his nation and his generation . . ."

Let Carolino say his own farewell in the words with which he concludes a sample of a "familiar letter":

Adieu, my dear sir, believe me don't there is any body which love you more sincerely, neither by more reasons as me.

*One of its activities is to republish out-of-print and little-remembered short classics.



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Harper's
magazine

C. Vann Woodward

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CIVIL RIGHTS MOVEMENT?

An eminent and deeply concerned historian finds disturbing parallels between the post-Civil War Reconstruction and the Negro revolution of the 1960s. A searching analysis of the movement—North and South—and where it is heading.

Students of Negro life in America have enjoyed some rare opportunities over the last dozen or so years. As if adopting the techniques of cinema, history has obligingly thrown in a succession of flashbacks or replays of hauntingly familiar lines, encounters, whole episodes from the past. It would seem at times, in fact, that contemporary history has been plagiarizing an old scenario and helping itself to the script.

With all due resistance to superficial parallels, we have been unable to avoid comparisons between past history and lived experience. For we have witnessed in our own time a rising tide of indignation against an ancient wrong, the slow crum-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB ADELMAN



bling of stubborn resistance, the sudden rush and elation of victory—and then felt the onset of reaction and the fading of high hopes.

I

We remember how both political parties long resisted identification with the new civil-rights movement—as they did a hundred years before—and how one of them became reluctantly involved, then slowly veered toward commitment. Beginning timidly with half measures and cautious concessions, Congress gradually closed the gap between its own mood and that of the more radical Supreme Court, which had all along blazed the trail and set the pace. One new civil-rights bill then followed another, each bolder and more aggressive than the last: 1957, 1960, 1964, 1965. Sweeping, comprehensive statutes, they promised the oppressed emancipation from the bonds of segregation and discrimination; protection of civil rights; restoration of the franchise and political rights; and broadened opportunities for education and economic advancement.

The drama unfolded on a familiar stage, with scenes employing old settings—federal, state, and local. The new cast of actors mouthed the old lines and rattled the old stage swords of constitutional polemics. There were the inevitable confrontations: North with South, black with white, federal power with state rights, judiciary with legislative branch, executive with the other two, true believer with skeptic, Northern missionary with harsh reality, Southern paternalist with alienated beneficiary. They were the classic encounters, the traditional roles of the First Reconstruction following the Civil War. Off-stage the black chorus accompanied the action with new words to old tunes, and audience response now came in by Gallup polls instead of White House serenades.

It would be a simple exercise to elaborate the analogies and spin out the parallels, but the differences are more impressive than the similarities. Perhaps it was because this time we were spectators as well as students of events, because one could sometimes say, "I was there." For we were all involved in some measure and could stake some claim to it as *our* movement, at least in the sense that it was the greatest social movement of our time. Whether for these reasons or less subjective ones, "our" movement does seem unmatched in many respects by its historic counterpart of the last century.

For one thing there is no doubt about the comparative numbers involved, both absolute and relative, both black and white. It is harder to compare the Negroes' involvement fairly, for in the 1860s their participation was hardly a matter of choice. As for the whites, apart from the strictly military aspects, those of the 1960s were proportionately more widely engaged. Certainly more parts, in fact nearly all parts, of the country were involved this time, for it was no longer a movement inflicted by one part of the country upon another. It was for a time, but it did not remain that. I am not at all sure about the religious community, but it is plain that the intellectual and, more particularly, the academic community were far more committed this time than last. I would not venture a comparison of the relative depth of dedication, but the best estimate for the past is a maximum of five thousand Yankee schoolmarms in the South. They probably had more staying power than their twentieth-century counterparts, but they hardly rivaled their numbers if summer recruits, marchers, and freedom riders be included.

The Style Is New

Pushing comparisons beyond those of numbers is more hazardous. But for what it is worth, I think there are strong contrasts in style, temper, and rhythm. These are due in large measure to two distinctive features of the Second Reconstruction: (1) the predominance of the Negro, and (2) the predominance of youth. This helps explain why it was more spontaneous and less contrived, more improvised and less premeditated. It had a wild, untamed exuberance baffling to the older generation. Paternalists and philanthropists of the Establishment, black and white, not only lost control, they often lost touch. They were not *with* it. In the theme song of the revolution the verb "overcome" was intransitive but, had it taken the transitive form, one of the objects of "to overcome" would have been "the older generation." For this was in part a generational rebellion that cut across racial lines and transcended racial objectives. Retirement age for the leaders seems to be about twenty-six, and there is already a substantial list of emeriti.

Youth was one distinctive and appealing aspect

C. Vann Woodward, Sterling Professor of History at Yale, has written several books about the South, where he was born and grew up. Most relevant to his thesis here are "Reunion and Reaction" (or the end of the First Reconstruction) and "The Strange Career of Jim Crow."



of the movement. Suddenly shedding the "mark of oppression" that was supposed to deprive them of initiative and paralyze them for action, the children of oppression impulsively took to the streets with the cry of Freedom Now. They sprang to the vanguard, furnished the martyrs, produced the heroes. A hundred scenes come to mind: kids with their books marching into schools through the gauntlets of hostile, spitting, screaming white parents; the four teen-age freshmen of the Greensboro college taking their seats at the Woolworth lunch counter, silently enduring indignities and launching the sit-in movement; the great student demonstrations through the streets of the hard-core white supremacy cities, facing police dogs, firehoses, tear gas; and always the singing, singing in the streets, singing in the jails. I wonder if there has been anything quite like it since the Middle Ages. There was certainly nothing like it in the First Reconstruction.

Nor was there anything in the 1860s that quite lived up to the sheer drama of the great climactic moments of recent years, what one might call the historic choreography. There were the classic Presidential performances, one set of them reminiscent of another miscast general; another in clipped Bostonian accents; a third in the evangelical rhetoric of Texas. Other roles were filled by incomparable performers—the mass leaders, the orators, the singers. And where could one find more satisfactory villains than "Bull" Connor and Sheriff Jim Clark?

No one who witnessed them or took part in them will ever forget the great mass demonstrations and marches. Beside them Coxey's Army and the Bonus Army fade into insignificance, for nothing comparable ever happened before in our history. Two hundred thousand strong, the Marchers on Washington stood before Father Abraham, listened to Mahalia Jackson belt out her heart in song, and hung on Martin Luther King's lyrical refrain, "I have a dream." Those are unforgettable moments. And so also are the climactic scenes of the march from Selma to Montgomery, the massed thousands packed in the square facing the old Capitol of the Confederacy. And again the songs, the oratory, the soaring hopes, and the generous, heart-pounding emotions.

II

All those stirring events were quite recent, so recent that the sound of them is still in our ears. And yet they seem at the same time so remote, so improbable. For who can quite imagine now



another March on Washington, another Mississippi Summer, another Selma, another joint session of Congress rising to give a standing ovation to a President who intoned, "We shall overcome," or the same President or another intoning it again?

Historians have their armchair consolations, of course, then after dinner comes with brandy. We knew all along, or so we inform the young and ill-tutored, that all revolutionary upheavals have their life cycle: rise, climax, decline, reaction. There were the numerous precedents and the relevant monographs. We knew too well and the knowledge always rather embarrassed us in encounters with true believers that high fevers of idealism and soaring mood of self-sacrifice cannot be sustained indefinitely, that they flag and burn themselves out, that disenchantment and self-doubt eventually set in. And one could expect from past experience that extremists at both ends would take over and make common cause against the rational mean. Then come the men of the last act who recite their traditional lines: that reforms have proceeded too fast, that violence and disorder have gone too far, that extremists must be put in hand, and that law and order must be established at all cost.

It may be that in due course, say on the eve of the Third Reconstruction, some enterprising historian will bring out a mesmeraph on the Compromise of 1966 about the end of the Second Reconstruction, entitled perhaps "The Triumph of Tokenism." And he may judiciously set forth the background of how the people wearied of the annual August ghetto riots and the inevitable call for troops, of the farcical war on poverty and all the corruption and the squandering of public funds, of the rise of racist demagogues, black and white, and their shameless antics in New York, Baltimore, Atlanta, and Los Angeles. And he will write of how conservatives of North and South, East and West came together regardless of party and called a halt, and how Negro leaders were divided in council and fell out with each other, and how their white allies withdrew in silence and confusion and timidity, and how some of them and some of their Negro friends tacitly acquiesced in the consensus of tokenism, and how a few took high office and endorsed it. Then observing that since in the first instance the cycle ran from 1865 to 1877 and in the second from 1954 to 1966, our future historian may tentatively hypothesize that a baker's dozen years is par for the course.

I hasten to add that I am not the future historian, that I do not buy his glib structure of causation, that I reject his spurious analogies, and that I am not about to endorse his periodization or his cheap fatalism. In fact I am not a determinist of any sort.

There were obvious reasons against accepting uncritically the analogy with 1877. The Congress that overwhelmingly adopted the radical Civil Rights Act of 1965 was still sitting; the President who was elected by a landslide vote and the virtually unanimous support of the Negro electorate was still in the White House; the Supreme Court whose decisions precipitated the whole upheaval was still on the bench with few significant alterations. None of its decisions had been reversed. And all those civil-rights laws of the last decade, together with the executive orders and the specifications and guidelines were still on the books.

Reaction had set in, of course, call it backlash or frontlash. No doubt about that. But the conventional explanations centering on the Black Power movement and the black ghetto riots do not really explain, do not ring true. After all, Malcolm X had been effectively disseminating all the Black Power racist dogmas and worse for years through the most radical phases of the movement, and the popular response was more white radicalism instead of reaction. And before Malcolm had come Elijah Muhammed. To hear the ominous talk about the current spokesman of Black Power, one would suppose that he was some sort of black Napoleon instead of a lad of twenty-five, with an unbalanced budget and other problems. The ghetto riots were certainly no help, of course, but before settling on them as the cause of the reaction of '66, it might be recalled that the first summer of riots, one of the worst, was followed by the landslide of '64 and some of the most radical phases of the revolution, including the Selma-Montgomery March and the Voting Rights Act of '65.

Coupling 1966 with 1877 is calculated to produce other shudders in the historian's nervous system. This time there existed no ominous national political crisis such as that of 1877 and no such dramatic bargaining opportunities. Furthermore, any bargaining table in 1966 would have had to reserve a place for a more or less responsible spokesman of the Negroes themselves. But merely to mention 1877 is to conjure up the horrors of the great freeze that set in that year and lasted until the great thaw of recent times. It was marked by the repudiation or nullification of virtually the entire body of law accumulated over the revolutionary decade preceding, insofar as this offered federal and required state protection of Negro rights, and a thoroughgoing betrayal of whatever idealism the Civil War embodied save the elementary outlawing of slavery. From the present perspective, at least it is simply inconceivable that such an appalling reversal of history could be repeated. I refuse to entertain the possibility seriously.

"What More Do They Want?"

Nevertheless, after all that is admitted and underlined, it should never be used to dismiss the importance or diminish the significance of what happened in 1966. For however future historians may explain it and whatever consequences they may attribute to it, we know that 1966—call it watershed or turning point—was a critical year in our history. The evidence is all around us. More came in constantly from far and wide, East Coast, West Coast, Midwest, and South. Scarcely a city of any size but failed to reflect it, and rarely a politician but failed to respond—and rare indeed is the one who responded in the way of Congressman Weltner of Georgia. It ran through pages of Congressional debates and in and out of policy decisions.

Federal agencies charged with the enforcement of the sweeping provisions of the new civil-rights acts suddenly found their appropriations jeopardized, their guidelines attacked, their orders brushed aside, and their officers demoralized. "We accepted tokenism," said a spokesman of the Department of Justice. "What more do they want?" Intimations of what more is wanted are to be found in determined assaults in Congress on Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 authorizing the withholding of federal funds on account of racial discrimination in government-assisted programs. Once called "the atomic bomb of civil rights," Title VI came within inches of being de-fused. The assault, according to a spokesman of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, was "making a difficult enforcement task even harder." The Senate attempted to let local physicians decide when patients could be segregated in hospitals for health reasons. The House threatened to require hearings in advance of any move to withhold funds from school districts suspected of discrimination. Other Congressional actions menaced salaries, reduced personnel, and impugned the motives of enforcement agencies. "Now when we call on Southern school officials for compliance, they just laugh at us," said a spokesman of the Office of Education. "They feel they have the rest of the country on their side now," he added.

From the rest of the country came mainly silence or consent. "Everywhere you look with people in position of power and authority," observed

Leslie Dunbar, a foundation executive, "they have things they regard as more important." Foreign crises to be solved, inflation to be curbed, elections to be won. Leaders of the Jewish community were worried about the anti-Semitism of a few Negro extremists. Negro leaders were divided among themselves and their followers milled in confusion. White liberals and the New Left thought Vietnam was more important and choked a bit on the Black Power slogan. Labor leaders and politicians were concerned about their "image." And over the college campus the civil-rights trumpet made an uncertain sound, or none at all. Lately embattled students carried new placards or returned to their books. A great stillness descended upon quarters long noted for outspoken opinions.

How long the trend of reaction will last and when the tide will turn we have no means of knowing. But we do know that we no longer live in the same moral, political, and intellectual climate to which we have accustomed ourselves in the period of ten or twelve years just ended. And if we are realists we will no longer pretend that the movement for racial justice and Negro rights is sustained by the same foundation of moral assurance, or that it is supported today by the same political coalitions, the same interracial accommodations, and such harmony of purpose, commitment, and dedication as recently prevailed.

It Came Home to the North

To call this a passing "phase," an interruption of a continuous movement, is to miss the historic integrity and distinctiveness of the recent period. It was a period of restitution, an effort to fulfill promises a century old, the redemption of a historic commitment. The appeal to history touched the Great Emancipator's "mystic chords of memory" and evoked a crusading mood charged with romantic sentiment. It was in that mood that the mass marches ("black and white together") were conducted. The objectives were clear and simple and the struggle for fulfillment took place largely in the South, the proper historic (and properly remote) setting for reconstructions. The last major milestone of the crusade was the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

Even before that event, however, problems of a new and disturbingly different character were demanding attention—things like slums, housing, unemployment, deteriorating school and family, delinquency and riots. They were not wrapped in historic sanctions and they were not amenable to romantic crusades and the evangelical approach. They were tough and harsh and brutally raw. What's more, they were national problems, not Southern, though the South faced some of them too. As soon as this came home to the North, the great withdrawal set in. White Congressmen from the Bronx and Chicago set up cries of anguish and dismay as bitter as the familiar chorus from South Carolina and Mississippi. Amid the clamor (North and South together) the Civil Rights Bill of 1966 for open housing and protection of civil-rights workers (combining "Northern" and "Southern" issues) went down in crashing defeat.

How long before the country will be prepared to face up to a Third Reconstruction—which is what a realistic solution of the new national problems really amounts to—remains to be seen. And it is problematical how much of the spent momentum and the old élan of past crusades can be marshaled, and how many veteran leaders can be enlisted to get an entirely new program off the ground. The White House conference of June 1966, which was designed to do just these things, failed of its purpose. Whites and blacks share some of the blame. But public attention was diverted elsewhere. Foreign wars are notorious distracters of public attention—especially when people *want* to be distracted. Veterans of the Second Reconstruction and planners of a Third would do well to face up to the fact that the one is now over and the other is still struggling to be born.

The unhappy interlude, which may be prolonged, would seem an appropriate time for reflection on the remarkable experience through which we have lately passed and such lessons as it might have to teach. In the past, whenever one of these hurricanes of indignation, righteousness, guilt, impatience—or whatever—swept the country, it left things in a state of disarray. The winds came in alternate gusts of love and hate and they left nothing undisturbed. It happened thus in the storm over slavery and the latest tempest, while not so bloody, has had its effect. An inventory of our mental furniture will bear this out.

III

The history of the American intellectual community is beset with violent love affairs with other classes. Those of a certain age will be able to recall the one of the 'thirties. That one was conducted across class lines and its object was the workingman, but its course was quite as tem-

pestuous as the more recent affair. Such affairs of the heart have been in the romantic tradition that endows the object of love with exalted virtues and sublime attributes and at the same time indulges the lover in dreams of glory and sentimental self-flattery.

The passion was manifest in different forms. The white Southerner, his ardor and devotion suspect from the start, was most given to violent protestation and self-abasement. But in action he was prone to lapse unconsciously into hereditary postures of benevolent paternalism. The white Northerner, the more confident and masterful suitor, was not immune from hereditary posturing himself, and could set forth on his freedom ride humming the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The Negro intellectual, cast in the curious role of both lover and beloved, was subjected to all the temptations of narcissism or autoeroticism and occasionally succumbed. Some of the whites, overcome with conviction of sin and communal guilt, succumbed to impulses of masochism and begged nothing of the beloved but to be publicly whipped and generally abused. And for a suitable fee there were those who were ready to oblige from the platform, the stage, or the screen.

These impulses, however, were but deviations from the white norm of neo-paternalism, a compound of philanthropy and unconscious condescension. For the underlying assumption was that it was up to the white man to solve "the problem," to lift up the black brother, to redeem the Negro. An incidental dividend that the philanthropist sometimes demanded of the freedom march or the jail-in was an ennobling catharsis, an exercise in self-redemption. So promiscuous was the resulting role confusion that it was hard to say at times whether the actor was playing redeemer or redeemed and whether the underlying purpose of a particular Black Belt march or freedom school was black salvation or white.

The picture was further complicated by the exalted roles the white romantics assigned their black partners. In effect they turned the tables of racial dogma and opted for Negro supremacy. But it was a dubious brand of supremacy, and the flattery, as Robert Penn Warren has pointed out, was shot through with the condescension implicit in the eighteenth-century adoration of the Noble Savage. The savage was extravagantly praised and admired, but he was admired for very particular kinds of virtues. They were the virtues attributed to the natural man, the simple child of nature, untainted by the malaise of civilization and untrammeled by its inhibitions, its compromises, and its instinctual deprivations. The modern Negro, like the Noble Savage, was endowed with the compensatory graces of simplicity, naturalness, spontaneity, and uninhibited sexuality.

The white Southerner, even the more orthodox of the breed, has long been familiar with this projection of yearnings and the type of condescension involved. They have haunted daydreams down the generations and provide the central theme of hundreds of pious folk stories, and some not so pious. They range in degree of sophistication from the legendary virtues of black mammy and the fabulous lubricity of black folk generally to dreams of restored innocence based on the literary model of Huck Finn and Nigger Jim· "Come back to the raft, Huck, honey."

The Gift for Imitation

The Yankees came to this exercise with a fresher approach. The red man as the Noble Savage of an earlier day and Uncle Tom as an Abolitionist projection were far behind them, and the rediscovery of the Negro opened fresh challenges to the imagination. They embraced him with an impulsiveness and fervor that must have proved embarrassing to the Negro at times Another turning of the tables seems to have endowed the whites with the gift for imitation traditionally attributed to the blacks and made the latter the object of the most abject cultural imitation of modern times. Whites assiduously cultivated Negro slang, Negro music, Negro dance, Negro postures, Negro attitudes—or at least the slang, music, dance, postures, and attitudes they fondly attributed to the Negro.

Jazz and Gospel songs penetrated the concert halls and jive talk became the language of the avant-garde. You were either hip or you were not with it. The White Negro was a literary creation of the times, and one of the most incredible performances in that role was a London beat holding forth at Oxford in what he doubtless believed to be the true idiom of 125th Street. It was acculturation in reverse. It was Harlem replacing the pre-Civil War plantation as a school for white savages manqués. What's more it was dead serious, at least to the true believers. In their eyes the Negro was the spiritual salvation for a bankrupt white civilization that had lost its vital juices and was destined for the dump heap of history. To question the postulate was the surest mark of a square.

The scholarly community was more reserved and less impulsive in its responses, but it did not

remain unmoved. Its contributions were usually hedged with qualifications and cautious exceptions that were ignored by popularizers and propagandists. The historian was often shocked to read of the lessons his book allegedly taught, and desperately sought to disavow them. But the disavowals rarely caught up with the lessons. Such hypotheses as the one that "innately Negroes *are*, after all, only white men with black skins, nothing more, nothing less" quickly acquired uses beyond the author's control. The chicken-and-egg argument over slave status and race prejudice which came first and which caused which took on a polemical urgency far beyond the power of existing evidence to satisfy. To meet the needs of the Negro revolution evidence was tortured to yield support for a heroic legend of slave revolt, and the image of the Abolitionist was burnished to a new brightness.



History Garbled in Transmission

Comparisons of Anglo-American with Latin-American slavery and race relations have legitimately raised questions about the relative benevolence of the homegrown institution. But the lesson-teachers and the moral-drawers, with a hot commodity for the guilt-and-contrition white market, were not content with suggestive hypotheses nor willing to wait for scholarly tests. One of them came forward confidently with the conclusion that, "American slavery was profoundly different from, and in its lasting effects on individuals and their children, indescribably worse than, any recorded servitude, ancient or modern." Which took in a good deal of unexplored territory. And a sociologist thought the only remaining question was, "Why was American slavery the most awful the world has ever seen?"

Historians responded to the long-evident need for revision of musty Reconstruction history with a copious flow of monographs, but the lessons the Second Reconstruction taught the historians of the First, and the lessons the First allegedly had for activists of the Second, were sometimes garbled in transmission. One historian suggested that the full-blown system of legally enforced segregation was not an immediate sequel of Appomattox, only to find himself cited as authority for the doctrine that Jim Crow was superficially rooted and easily eradicated. And when he called attention to the union of Negroes and whites in Southern Populism, he was interpreted as prophesying millennial developments in politics. It is no news to teachers, of course, that the lessons taught are not always the lessons learned.

IV

How Negro Americans have withstood with such poise and humor as they have the crises they have recently weathered is one of the greatest marvels of the whole period. When one takes into account the constant barrage of publicity—front-page headlines for a decade or more—plus the attention, flattery, and imitation of the faddists, plus the adulation and eagerness of the activists, it would seem enough to have turned the head of the whole race. Perhaps it was because all this was more than neutralized by the indifference, hatred, and brutality of the other whites. Or because of what Ralph Ellison has called the Negro's "tragicomic attitude toward the universe." At any rate it is clear that among the great majority of the leaders and the followers of the Negro movement, the racial reserve of patience and sanity and responsibility has never failed.

This cannot be said of a minority in whom the "tragicomic attitude" seems to have been in short supply. They have attracted an amount of attention disproportionate to their numbers because of a talent for making themselves conspicuous. Among them are the unfortunate few who have attempted to live up—or rather down—to the white myth of the Noble Savage, super-rhythm, super-lubricity, and all. A smaller number have solemnly shouldered the new black man's burden—another white invention—of playing redeemer to a doomed white civilization.

More prominent but still few in numbers are those who have elected to withdraw into some sort of racial exclusiveness, rejecting white allies, and white society. Withdrawal takes several organized forms, including a cult of negritude, one

that rallies to the cry of Black Power, and black nationalists of the Muslim and other varieties, all glorifying race and exalting racial identity. "A mystique must be created," reads a recent pronouncement of SNCC members which declares that, "If we are to proceed toward true liberation, we must cut ourselves off from white people. We must form our own institutions, credit unions, co-ops, political parties, write our own histories." Like the pronouncements of other separatist groups, this has the unmistakable quality of fantasy and a tenuous contact with reality. That all but a very few of the Negro leaders of national prominence have publicly repudiated this philosophy, along with any strategies of violence and racial exclusiveness and demagoguery is one of a few reassuring signs of the time.

Any realistic appraisal of the prospects of the movement for Negro rights in 1967 and a Third Reconstruction to come would take full account of the ominous signs of reaction mentioned earlier. This would include the numerous white defections from the commitment to racial justice, the sudden silence in many quarters recently vocal with protest, the mounting appeal to bigotry, and the scurry of retreat in Congress. From past experience, it would be the part of realism to expect things to get worse before they get better.

It would not be the part of realism, however, to omit from the appraisal such assets as remain. Foremost among these surely is a corps of Negro leaders that has not been surpassed in dedication, astuteness, and moral force by the leadership of any other great social movement of this century. Their power is still great, and many of them have already enlisted for the Third Reconstruction. Although a smaller percentage of the Negroes now vote than voted in the First Reconstruction, their votes are more strategically located and more powerfully felt. While there may be further defections among the whites, a younger generation of blacks and whites that shares a powerful sense of identity with this movement and has made it peculiarly its own is coming on strong. It will be heard from further. Until its force is spent there is no realism in accepting the current reaction as irreversible and no rationality in despair.

IN THE AIRPORT AT DENVER

by William Stafford

To disappear, carry skis:
skiers belong, irregulars, better not questioned,
some nursed on canteens of Scotch, but benevolent.
Why bother what hurts no one, pays its
way, livens the scene?

A vision: the whole world like that—
finding their way, each with luggage,
queuing up easily, steady, ready to forage,
in good health, with flights of Unitеds,
Deltas, TWAs orbiting above.

Given power, I would put on a bright
airport uniform, cure the world of malaria,
hypnotize all to happiness and wistful ambition,
give people smooth boards for their feet,
and say, "Slalom, Shalom, Shantih."

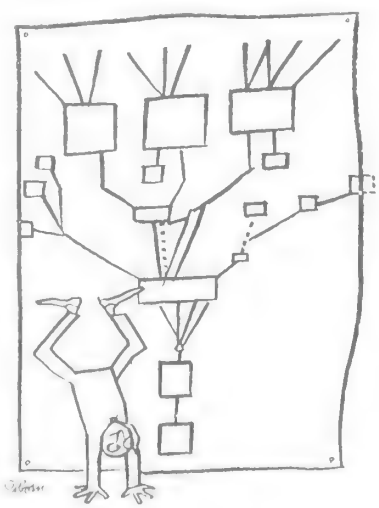
Donald Winks

HOW TO READ AN ORGANIZATION CHART FOR FUN AND SURVIVAL

Are you imprisoned in a little box attached by a line to another little box? Here's the key to unlock your Orgchart.

Although there are many kinds of organizations, the same type of organization chart is used to describe them all. This is the familiar pyramid of lines and boxes arranged in ascending order of importance. Astute management people find this standard Orgchart wholly satisfying, but it remains an enigma to those most directly concerned. This is because few executives have pursued the sort of analytic study necessary to understand the variable semantics of the Orgchart.

On the surface, all Orgcharts look alike. There at the apex is the board chairman, just atop the president. Below, vice presidents, general managers, and assorted staff minions are ranked in rows like pinstriped cherubim and seraphim. Each is represented by a box labeled with his title and area of responsibility, and each box is linked by a solid black line to the box of his superior. The visual effect is of an upside-down family tree. Each vice president, in turn, has an Orgchart for his own area—in which he occupies the top box. Similarly his division and department heads have *theirs*. Indeed, the Orgcharts of any large corporation fill a fat manual, but the principle is the same whether the company is General Motors or Gauté Brassieres. The lines and boxes tell you who is who, who is responsible for what, and how the Org is organized. That is the theory, anyway.



Unfortunately, it seldom works out so neatly. For one thing, corporations today are constantly expanding, diversifying, acquiring other corporations, and merging. This often makes it necessary to issue revised charts every quarter or even every month. Consequently, charts are ever more complex, and there are more of them. But this is the lesser problem. The real difficulty lies in the fact that it is not organizations but people that are being reorganized; and the sensitivity of executives to their position on the chart defies belief.

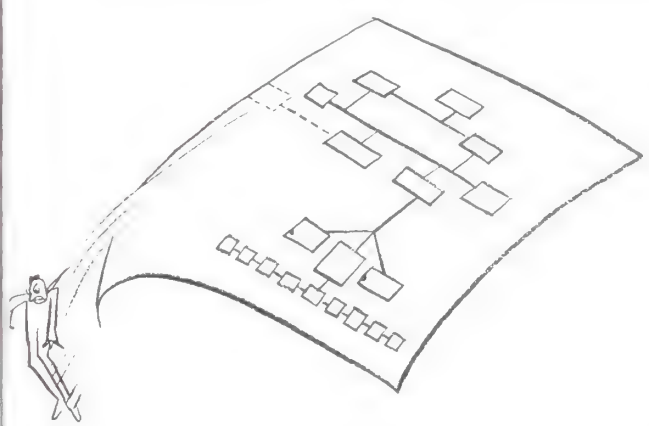
For example, in one major financial institution all its top executives insisted on having their boxes appear to the right of the president. The problem was resolved only by promising all the left-hand people that they would be moved to the right on the next chart. The size and shape of the box, the thickness of the line linking one to another, and even the typeface cause keen concern to those involved. All executives abhor dotted lines since they indicate less than absolute authority. An unobservant manager recently transferred to a new district was sacked not long ago for firing four salesmen. Headquarters informed him afterward that they did not report to him. He had not noticed that the lines were dotted, but then neither had the men who were fired.

The true purpose of the Org chart today is a reversal of the Bauhaus *obiter dictum* that form follows function; it is designed and distributed to induce func-

tion to follow form, being—in itself—an instrument of change. If this were not so, it would be no more worthy of study than the corporate telephone directory.

In fact, the Orgchart is commonly used to deal with promotions and demotions, transfers of authority, personality clashes, and even dehiring—that is, showing an unwanted executive the door without actually throwing him out of it. An Orgplanner for a large chemical company who chooses to remain anonymous revealed how this can happen.

"We had a top vice president who had been with the company for many years, but who simply didn't fit in any more," he said. "It was impossible to fire him, and he didn't want to retire. So we moved him off the chart. As each new chart appeared his box moved higher up, closer and closer to the president, and at the same time further and further to the left of the page. He didn't sus-



pect a thing; in fact, he was flattered. But one day, just as his box reached the edge of the page, he got the idea. By then it was too late to do anything but quietly resign."

Though this is an extreme case, the knowledgeable executive scans each new chart with the avidity of a race tout studying the morning line. It tells him whether his own position has changed and, if so, in what direction. He can also get a reading on how well or badly his rivals are doing. Has a straight line been replaced by one with an angle to it? Or worse, has it become dotted? Does Bill now report directly to J. B. instead of to Harry? Is product development under sales now instead of, as formerly, manufacturing?

If you know how to find them, the answers are in the chart. In fact, the Orgchart—properly studied—will disclose much that you did not know before, including things top management does not want you to know. Such information can be helpful in planning a career—or a dignified exit.

Unfortunately, at the present time no university or executive development program offers a practical course in Orgchart reading. This may be because either (a) the subject is not considered worthy of serious academic attention; or (b) management is reluctant to have attention drawn to its true significance. Research suggests the latter to be the case. This essay is a modest first step toward an understanding in depth of the science and semantics of the Orgchart.

Most organization charts are drawn by a clerk or a draftsman on loan from the engineering section. Like Saint Matthew with the angel hovering nearby to dictate the Gospel, he merely records what has come down from a higher source, but these days this exalted being is seldom the company president. In the last few years organization planning has become a full-fledged management specialty whose members have evolved their own language, their own theory, and their own hierarchy. Most large corporations harbor at least one Orgplanner, and some have an entire department devoted to analyzing the needs of the enterprise and devising suitable organizational structures. Necessarily, the Orgplanner works closely with the president in a sort of doctor-patient relationship. He helps the chief executive diagnose organizational ills and prescribe the proper remedies, including amputation where necessary. C. A. Efferson, an Orgplanner of national renown, has lucidly described the genesis of an Orgchart:

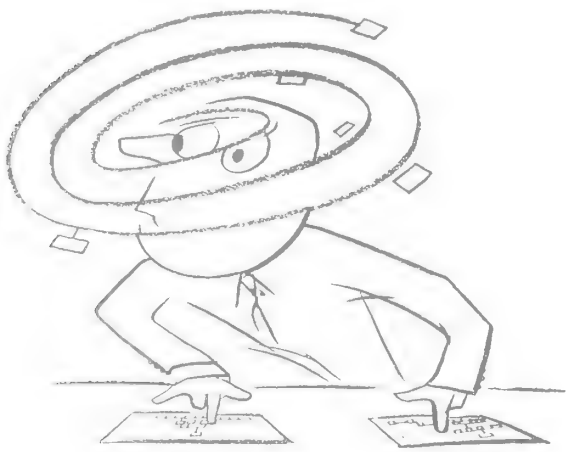
"First," he said, "you study the work to be done, the functions, the long-range goals, and then draw the ideal organizational structure, forgetting personalities. The next step is to take the ideal structure to top management and determine what compromises have to be made—mainly because of personalities. However, the ideal structure is not thrown away when the official chart is published. It is kept and continually updated so that future planning does not run counter to the ideal structure, compounding mistakes and necessitating further compromises."

Knowing that the chart is essentially a compromise from the moment of publication, the really astute executive keeps a copy of his company's Orgchart in his desk drawer. Then he keeps modifying it as he finds out whom you actually have to see to get things done. This is the real—or, in Orgplanner's language, "shadow"—organization.

Donald Winks has been on a variety of organization charts, including those of a news wire service, an advertising agency, and (at present) a West Coast manufacturer. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago, and his second novel will be published this year by Macmillan.

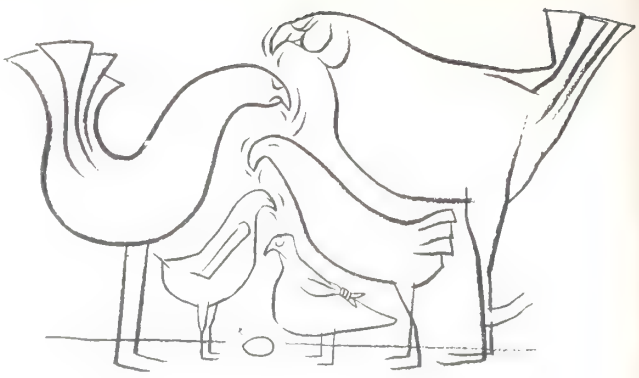
as opposed to the official version on the wall, and chances are it bears more than a passing resemblance to the ideal chart in the Orgplanner's office.

In recent years, as companies have grown more gigantic and less comprehensible, Orgplanners have tried to refine their methods and develop new techniques. They argue about whether boxes should be square, in keeping with historical precedent, or oblong, to accommodate in full names like Feinmanhartsberger or Smythe-Forthingay. Should color codes be used to identify line and staff functions? Should staff assistants be shown in the same box as their superior? Prickly though these questions are, they are less controversial than one current theory which holds that the ideal chart should be circular. Supporters of this theory are mainly academicians, who object to the hierarchic rigidity of the conventional squares and oblongs. They want lines of authority and communication to have "a functional and dynamic flow" freeing all members of the organization from artificial restraints. While circular charts do exist, there is no practical purpose to be served in trying to understand them because they cannot be understood. They can only be described.



It is an axiom of Orgplanning that the mere preparation of an accurate chart will reveal unsuspected organizational weaknesses—as, for example, whether there are "too many levels of authority," "overextended spans of control," "unclear lines of accountability," and "duplication of function." These phrases conceal such common-sensical notions as not letting too many cooks spoil the broth, giving each chief only as many Indians as he can keep an eye on, letting the Indians know who their chiefs *are*, and avoiding situations in which ten people—or divisions of departments—are assigned the same task.

A number of corporations resolutely refuse to issue Orgcharts at all on the grounds that they



are "artificially restricting." This is roughly equivalent to the belief of certain primitive tribes that snapping a photograph is tantamount to stealing the subject's soul. Other corporations prepare charts but do not circulate them outside of top management—to whom, presumably, the information comes as no surprise and for whom it can have little practical value. Still others circulate charts on which positions but not individuals are named. Professor Chris Argyris of Yale, a leading theorist in Orgplanning and a sworn enemy of the pyramidal chart, found the practice of one large company especially interesting. Several executives were moved up but were instructed not to tell anyone they had been promoted until the news could be diplomatically broken to the old-timers they were replacing. As a result the Orgchart showed clearly who was who, except he wasn't.

This is not a unique situation. Some companies deliberately issue charts designed to keep the peace rather than picture reality. Even those that try to keep their charts reasonably up-to-date are plagued by ambiguity. Often a corporation may decide on some management changes, but postpone issuing a new Orgchart out of a peculiar sense of delicacy. Thus although everyone knows Bill has been promoted to vice president, they are spared the painful sight of their former peer alone at the apex with everyone reporting to him. Or, an executive being politely demoted is given a fancier title but the new Orgchart does not appear for a few months when the *de facto* situation has established itself and he can face the reality of his true level in the hierarchy.

The nation's top Orgplanners all belong to the Council on Organization Planning of the National Industrial Conference Board, which meets twice annually to discuss broad policy questions such as "Centralization or Decentralization," "Relationships Between Line and Staff," and "Automation: Its Effects." At these gatherings they also exchange information on what each other's Orgcharts *really* mean. The broad policy questions

are amply reported in the publications of the NICB. But to find out what was actually said at a Council meeting—including how to read a specific Orgchart—is next to impossible.

This is because the Council—whose members represent such corporate giants as U. S. Steel, Alcoa, RCA, Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical, Chase Manhattan Bank, IBM, Union Carbide, and General Electric—holds its meetings under security restrictions that would do credit to the CIA. Only members are admitted, no transcript of the proceedings is made, no guests are permitted at any time; and when professors from university business schools are invited to give papers, they are invited to leave before the regular session resumes. "Our group is so tightly knit," one member said confidentially, "that I can call another member and he will tell me details of his corporation's organization planning that he would not dare reveal to a high-ranking insider."

It should by now be plain that the only infallible way to read an Orgchart is in the company of the executive who designed it. And at each doubtful point you should demand what the hell he meant by *that*. Unfortunately, Council membership is restricted to twenty-seven Orgplanners, all of them sworn to secrecy.

However, the average executive should not despair. Imprecise, ambiguous, equivocal or even downright misleading though they are, Orgcharts can—if properly understood—cast much light on what is really transpiring within a large organization. In addition to the general guidelines implicit in what has gone before, there are seven rules which will help you to chart your way safely through the Orgchart. Success will come, not from memorizing the rules but from applying them wisely to your specific situation.

Rule 1—There is absolutely no point in studying any chart but your own. Time spent poring over manuals of organization charts or attending classes in organization planning is time wasted. All you can learn from an alien organization chart is the name of someone to phone to ask what it really means. This is exactly what Orgplanners do when they are not exchanging such information directly in secret conclave.

Rule 2—The present chart must not be studied *in vacuo;* it takes on meaning only in the context of previous charts. Gather all the charts issued over the past few years and study them. In other words, chart the charts. Trace how things came to be the way they are, develop a knowledge of your organization's structural and verbal euphemisms. Here, as elsewhere, the past illuminates the present.

Rule 3—The ideal organization tends to become real before it is officially charted. As we have seen, the chart is a compromise from the moment of publication. However, since both president and planner are agreed on an ideal structure—a master Orgplan—each new chart will logically prefigure future changes. By carefully plotting changes as they appear on new charts, the alert student can often divine the shape of things to come, thereby getting the jump on his corporate peers.

Rule 4—Do not put much trust in titles: study positions on the chart and who reports to whom. For example, if a vice president suddenly appears as "assistant to" a loftier official, often for "special projects," see if he is still in the same spot on the chart. If so, this is a legitimate assignment. But if he has moved up, down, or sideways, the odds are he will keep on moving right off the chart and out of the company. Conversely, when an executive from *outside* the company is brought in as "assistant to" one of the big brass, he is almost certainly his replacement.

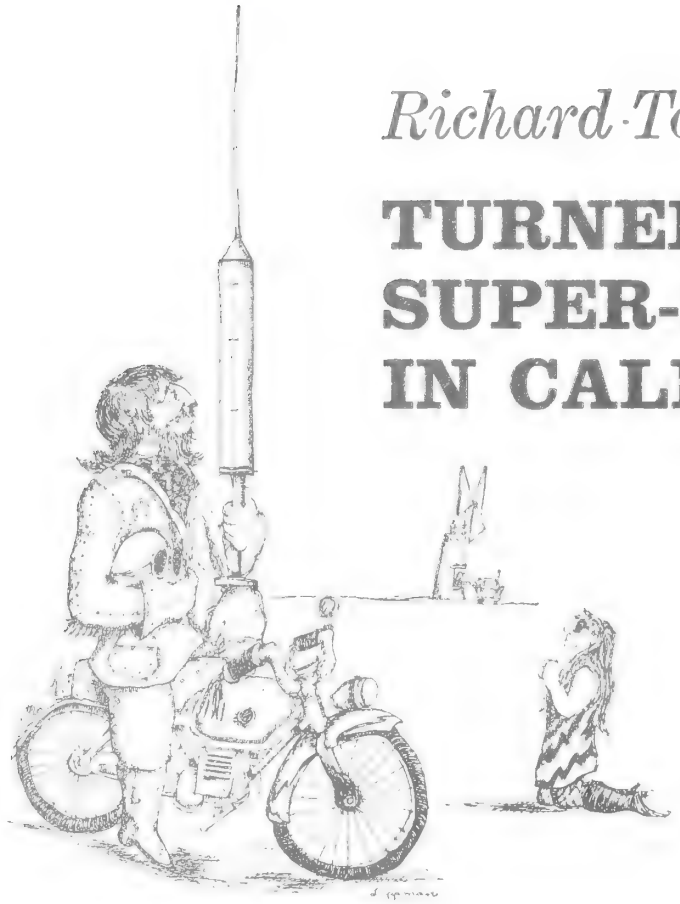
Rule 5—Count the horizontal lines on the chart. If there are more than seven levels of authority between the president and the operating managers, give the chart up as a hopeless case; and, ideally, the job too. Too many levels bespeak a self-perpetuating top management and opportunities for promotion will dwindle as inefficiencies mount. Keep in mind that General Motors has only four levels of authority. Is your company bigger?

Rule 6—Study not only the headquarters chart, but also those of all divisions and departments, and keep a keen eye out for disappearing boxes. When one or more vanishes from your chart, don't assume that the hapless occupants have been thrown out on their ears. They may well crop up on another chart. *If this trend continues, the company is decentralizing, and before long all you chaps at headquarters will be regarded as overhead.*

Rule 7—In addition to the official chart on your wall, keep working on another copy. Draw new lines, cross out boxes, add and delete names on the basis of your personal observation. When you have perfected a chart of the shadow organization, throw it away. A new official chart will be along momentarily.



Harper's Magazine, January 1967



Richard Todd

TURNED-ON AND SUPER-SINCERE IN CALIFORNIA

At 3:30 P.M. *he said: "I feel terribly strange." Tom handed him a small toy animal he had played with as an infant.*

Charley cuddled the toy, kissed it, and said: "There's something very reassuring about this." . . . Charley lay with a peaceful look on his face, cuddling the toy animal.

Tom lay down outside on a deck adjoining the bedroom and his face, too, filled with peacefulness.

—San Francisco Chronicle, *May 30, 1966.*

Charley, the thirty-six-year-old man cuddling the toy, has taken LSD. He is acting strangely, but his trip will end in a few hours and with luck he will be back to normal. He arouses only your casual interest as you leaf through the *Chronicle*, in which LSD is as much a staple as recipes and rape. But you might listen more carefully to Tom, his observer and "guide," who has not had any acid and is speaking in his own voice:

> It was a wonderful few moments for me. I felt very much at one with Charley and I knew he was living for a while as a five-year-old child. . . . The guide grows in this experience of giving. What a privilege it is to be with another person in this way! No words can describe it.

These few lines represent with splendid typicality a way of talking that is not at all unusual at the moment here in California. The new idiom is characterized by self-revelation and utter seriousness. It places highest value on private emotions and "interpersonal relations," and considers restraint in talking about these intimate matters a signal of hypocrisy. The remarks of the LSD guide are faithful to these assumptions, and include some lesser, but important notions: for example, that childhood and simplicity are ideal states of being.

If the LSD milieu is particularly conducive to such innocence, the phenomenon is by no means confined to the drug set. Californians of many sorts are in its grip. Bulletins from the soul fill the air; all manner of private data is yours without asking. Telephone-talk-show callers crowd the switchboards for a chance to talk about their personal commitments; young marrieds eagerly discuss the state of their relationship; everyone will share with you the latest information on his "growth." Are you curious about anything? That fourteen-year-old playmate in bell-bottomed hip huggers lolling down Sunset on the arm of a Beatlesque Older Man—do you wonder what her

Beyond the High Sierras a new style of thinking and acting has been invented. Its ingredients include a lot of LSD and chumminess, and absolutely no phoniness. Is this the Good, True Life at last?

parents think? She will let you in on her hang-ups with them. Do you find it odd that the strapping Santa Cruz surfer has peroxided his hair into golden fleece? Talk to him; he will at least let you know that he uses Lady Clairol. The Berkeley girl will tell you that she smokes nickel cigars, lived with her boy friend first semester, works hard, and that "I feel this growing . . . I guess I'm building my own truth."

Even where you would look for exceptions, you discover that the California language of soul holds sway: the academic community and its intellectual suburbs practice the new idiom without a blush. To a surprising degree, California intellectuals, particularly young ones, have forsaken traditional ironic speech, with its insistence on a certain distance between the speaker and his inner self. As a result, self-deprecation, wit, insouciance—all the cherished intellectual habits—are out of fashion here. If anything, they are taken as a badge of hated phoniness.

A listener unaccustomed to this attitude can experience some discomfort. You go to a party at the house of a young Stanford couple; he is a Ph.D. candidate and teacher. You don't know them well; as you arrive you note that since you saw them last his hair, once a shaggy pompadour, is now combed *à la mode*, draping forehead, ears, and neck. The party is distinctly academic: the air, which smells of beer and wine, is full of obscenities, "indeeds," and the music of Bobby Dylan, who is taunting some hapless middle-class lady for not being turned on: "Something is happening and you don't know what it is, do you, Mrs. Jones?" Talking over this din, you find yourself in an unexpectedly serious conversation with your host. He has taken LSD lately and, though you are not pressing him, he is anxious to tell you about it. The first time was up on the mountain, just after a rain. They went walking and . . . "The dripping leaves," he repeats, "the dripping leaves. It was so beautiful and it was sufficient . . . the forest seemed vast." But words are running out; the expression on his face suggests that it was an experience for which no words were necessary at the time and few are available now. He explains that they have taken LSD many times since, but always indoors. They sit on the sofa and talk. "It lasts for about twelve hours, and we talk the whole time. It has brought us much closer together than we have ever been before. We've been able to say things about our relationship that I wouldn't have thought possible. It's deepened our love . . ."

There is no adequate response for this kind of speech, delivered in a conversational way by a casual acquaintance, nothing perhaps, except a similar disclosure. Yet you realize that if there is embarrassment in the silence that follows, it is entirely your own, and you suspect yourself of undue squeamishness. After all, what's wrong with saying what you feel?

For some, to be sure, openness in speech is more than an occasional matter, even more than a habit: it is a code. The code not only prohibits indirection, but frowns on the use of the conventional language of social deceit. A successful California dinner party may suddenly swerve into failure with the conventional closing lines: "It was nice to see you." Suddenly everyone is on edge, a social blunder has occurred: the offender was speaking artificially, not of the self.

The Game of Truth

Sometimes a believer will explain the code in clear and vehement terms. You are on the top floor of a San Francisco apartment house on the edge of the Haight-Ashbury district—the West Coast, if not the world-wide center for psychedelic experiences. Cigarette smoke, only lightly laced with pot, thickens the air. Through the lone window at the end of the room, you can see the orange lights of the Golden Gate Bridge. Across the table from you is an authentic Haight-Ashbury denizen, a bearded Dane, swathed in corduroy, his head a torrent of hair. His wife is next to him, a Roger Vadim girl, with pouting insolent lips. When the Dane speaks, his English is immaculate, so perfect that his accent seems an affectation. But the Dane does not speak often. Indeed, he has sat, silent, sullen, but intense, for most of the evening. Suddenly, despite the late hour and the general grogginess, he whirls upon

Richard Todd, after graduating from Amherst, continued his studies in English at Stanford. He spent three years in California and has now returned to the East, writing full-time.

you. You have made an error, filling in a silence with an empty remark about the hour, the distance home, the necessity of a departure. The Dane exclaims, "Stop playing games. We do not know each other. We could sit here saying these polite things for a century and we would not know each other. Why don't you tell me what you think of me? Of course, you dislike me. But suppose I did not wear my beard; then you would like me, would you not? Tell me your opinion of me, and I will be candid with you, and perhaps we can get to know one another, but no more of this game."

"The game of truth," his wife exclaims, "the game of truth. Let's play the game of truth."

Now the game of truth is not about to become a favorite parlor game, and people like the Dane are easy enough to dismiss. At best they are trying to substitute a new and clumsy set of manners for the ones that have served fairly well to protect people from one another for centuries. At worst, they are "going through a phase." Taken alone, they are simply a curiosity. And yet they are not an isolated example; if there are few people who would express the code with equal vehemence, there are many who believe in it. They are impatient not just with "polite" language, but with all the old forms of literate speech, which they see as a barrier to feeling.

Could this be a hopeful development? Might the emergence of youthful minds willing to speak with directness suggest the bright prospect of mental energies not wasted on self-defense?

One popular observer (*Look* Magazine) thinks so. For *Look*, the "turned-on Californian" is playing "a new game," whose rules include a "surprising openness in personal relations, a new intensity of personal commitment, a radical shift in the morally admissible, an expanded definition of education . . ." As these futurists get more adept at their game, *Look* says, "Relations between people will gain a new depth and subtlety."

You think of the B.'s and you wonder. They are not native Californians, but unequivocal Californians: "When we came here, we threw away our clocks. We eat when we want to, sleep when we want to, write when we want to, make love when we want to. It's wonderful." Martin B. is jack-of-all-sophisticated-trades: he has earned exotic degrees in technological fields, has held postdoctoral fellowships and rich jobs in California industry, but has turned, with equal success, to art: won creative writing fellowships, written a novel, is now rumored to be working on a play of outrageous political satire. Debby B. bakes more than two hundred kinds of bread. The B.'s are always talking about making love, and once said they practice the act each night. You sense that their preoccupation is an emblem of a larger concern: their contemporaneity, their freedom. The B.'s rid themselves of property each two years in a "potlatch." They have disposed of all books except reference matter, though they make voracious use of the public library. Their house, free of photographs or mementos, furnished entirely in beige and teak, is a monument to the present.

For the B.'s, whom you see from time to time, you suspect that you are a curiosity, and this is what they are to you. You listen to their exuberant conversation, which has a theme with limitless variations. On a night in June you hear them speak of the musicology of the Beatles, the intrauterine device, their friends ("we like anyone who's open . . . people who can share"), the Nike X, the Grand Tetons ("a wonderful place to make love"), model trains, childbirth, and plant chromosomes. Nothing out of the ordinary here.

You are caught off guard, however, when, on the porch as you are leaving, Martin remarks with no lapse in his ebullience, "We feel so close to you people!"

Outside in the air, you discover that you have a distinctly uncomfortable feeling, as if you had been kissed against your will. What Martin said is certainly not true. You do not feel close to the B.'s, it seems preposterous that they could feel close to you; you are somewhat annoyed by the imposition of the remark, which demands a response it is impossible to give. If there is a naïveté to their behavior, it is an insidious sort of naïveté, because it encumbers you, however briefly, in its untidy emotions.

This odd quality of contrived innocence is not limited to private lives; in California it is institutionalized. Experiments in human behavior abound: family therapy, group therapy, "movement therapy" (no one says a word), industrial "think-tanks," Joan Baez's Institute for the Study of Non-Violence.

The Esalen Institute flourishes at Big Sur—a handsome well-endowed cluster of buildings overlooking the sea, which swirls about the rocks in beautiful subtleties of blue, white, and green. The Institute is dedicated to the "potentialities of human existence." It believes "People can change. Their institutions can change. All can change for the better, not just superficially, but deep down." Here you can come and participate in enterprises of self-improvement led by psychiatrists and therapists, for a cost of $67 (for a weekend) or $170 (for five days). Recent seminars included "Psychodrama and the Body" and "Bio-Energetic Analysis," also an arts-and-crafts event

called "Down Home with Staff Members." (One of the staff is described as "potter, printmaker, and sometime breakfast cook," and of another it is said, "In addition to his jewelry and sculpture, he is well-known on the West Coast as a sandal-maker.")

There is that sound again: what is there about it that can simultaneously amuse and annoy? We all know that sandalmakers are respectable, and there is no real reason to suspect that "Bio-Energetic Analysis" is not on the up-and-up. And yet somehow these phrases seem inadequate to the exploration of "human potentialities." Perhaps it is the easy assurance, that certain chumminess ("sometime breakfast cook") with the confident implication that all within earshot are believers, that everyone agrees that we can push back the frontiers of human experience this weekend.

"No Complicated Emotions"

It is the same happy assumption that accompanies the activity that has inspired so many contemporary idioms—drugs. The use of drugs, it should be repeated, does not account for the phenomenon in question; not all the "turned-on" Californians are turned-on in the literal way. Yet it is true that drugs are widely used in California, that they are never far from intellectual circles, and that they define the hip personality, the man who has, as Timothy Leary prescribes, dropped out to turn on. And while drugs are more a symptom than a cause, the function they appear to serve may offer a clue to the way minds are working here. From pot to LSD, all are used for the same ostensible reason: they "expand the mind."

"The music."

"Wo-ow."

"The levels, so many levels."

"I'm up here."

"Don't talk about it; you'll bring it down."

"Did you hear that? 'You'll bring it down.' Oh fantastic."

This conversation—as the joint (of marijuana) is passed around—is not so much an intimation of perceptions as an attempt to keep aloft the mystical communion. The most important effect of pot is evident less in the words that are spoken than in the looks on the faces of the smokers, who are most likely to assume a gentle, abstracted, beneficent, open expression; to let down their guard. The mind is expanded, to be sure; it is made large enough to hold in harmony elements of one's life that are in conflict when the high ends. Pot, like bourbon or nutmeg, is used to simplify, not to complicate experience. That the experience can become very complicated indeed when stronger drugs are used does not mean that the goal is different. The air is full of tales of bad trips, the flesh melting away, etc. (One peyote-mescaline-LSD veteran recalled his first experience: "I thought I was all right until I saw a gorilla at the urinal.") The significant point is that the possibility of a good trip, a voyage to simplicity, a glorious regression to the imagination's childhood, is considered worth the risks. One of the *Chronicle's* LSD subjects said of his experience, "I never get insanity or hallucinations anymore—just peace—and I feel love for everybody who is here." Another put the matter precisely, "I found I was young, about fifteen, walking down the streets of Rome. I was an Italian boy with no complicated emotions."

"No complicated emotions" says it well. After the drug scene has died out, been confined to the laboratory or legalized into dullness, the item of enduring interest will be that—for a short time anyway—simplicity of feeling was elevated to the level of an heroic ideal. It is what everyone, not just the acid head, seems to be striving for. You hope, half the time you believe (if you are a participant in this euphoric sensibility), that emotional prosperity is just around the corner. In the meantime, though, you must prime the pump with LSD. Or—the more frequent alternative—you must rely on the symbol instead of the sensation, on the easy, "open" speech that marks you as a man of feeling.



When a society wears its heart on its sleeve, something curious is likely to happen. Berkeley is as good a place as any to search for these consequences. It is, of course, a magnificent place: after Berkeley nearly every other campus feels like Slippery Rock. There is turmoil, controversy, intellectual energy, a fervid unleashing of the mind. There is local color. It is no doubt true that Berkeley suffers from a tendency to appreciate the defiant act in any form, but these are usually harmless. (No one seriously worries about the activities, say, of the East Bay Sexual Freedom League—including a nude wade-in in San Francisco last year.) Berkeley's present danger is probably not extremism but . . . contentment.

Contentment is a paradoxical word for the university that supported the Free Speech Movement. Any day of the week rows of tables display the trophies and causes of the moment, advertise open-air speakers and a hundred diversions, including the "Cinema Psychedelica." But if you linger around the Plaza, you are likely to discover the peculiar kind of joy that is the result of self-absorption. The happiness of those who roam about the campus, sit dangling their feet in the fountain, or even harangue each other, is the solid pleasure of the craftsman content in his work. You stroll through Sather Gate and take the pamphlet that is modestly proffered. It addresses itself to whether or not God is dead, and ends with the assurance, "We welcome any questions about life."

This is a nice complacency, which says not so much that we will answer your questions, but simply that we are *here*, and you are out there, and you don't dare laugh at us. This sense of rightness perhaps explains the familiar hip gesture of making non-jokes. You are sitting, to give an example, in the kitchen of an apartment on Grove Street. Its old tongue-in-groove boards were painted pink long ago and are now peeling to reveal green. There is almost nothing in the place: a few cans of garbanzo beans on the shelves, some milk and Vichy water in the icebox. You are having breakfast, Cheerios, with Walter, who lives there. The stairs to the apartment above lead through Walter's kitchen and the two tenants from upstairs appear: Blossom and Manny. Manny eyes the Cheerios box on the table, chuckles, and points, "Look." Blossom looks, shakes her head, and murmurs, "Fantastic." Manny chuckles, "Cheerios," and shakes his head. Exit. This routine is easily done with any object, the more ordinary the better: a radio, a toy (a plastic Jesus would be excessively obvious). You just stare at the thing in apparent wonder, as if you could see the absurdity of the whole civilization contained within it. You remain wordless, or utter a "fantastic," that word that hippies reserve almost entirely for the banal.

This air of sureness about the world has a kind of charm on the antic level, but it presents certain difficulties when the discourse moves to a higher plane. Think of all those fresh-faced girls who repeat the new categorical imperative with such artless confidence, "I believe anything's moral as long as it doesn't hurt someone else." The ease with which that remark dismisses tradition's offer of advice and asserts its faith in one's ability to weigh the implications of every act—these qualities can find their way beneath the skin. And when this kind of mind turns to matters of life and death, unnatural results can be expected.

A recent issue of the weekly Berkeley *Barb* contained a front-page elegy for a nineteen-year-old boy who died while on an LSD trip. The piece, entitled "Vernon P. Cox: an Elegy—HE DIDN'T QUITE MAKE IT," described the author's relationship with the boy (friends, fellow poets), appraised his talent (real, prolific, sometimes seventy poems a day), and, of course, lamented his death.

It reads in part:

> His name is Vernon P. Cox, and he didn't quite make it. A very decent human being, came from a good family of Stillwater, Oklahoma. (What a fitting name, what a still place. Cattle grazing, oil wells, fraternities. Devoid of original thought. Plain, every day Stillwater.) . . .
>
> So they come to Berkeley. Shaggy Dog adopted Sanders, who shared their two mattresses for a couple of nights. English from N. Y. and two-three girls were also guests there. Pot, nutmeg, always near, a refrigerator with some peanut butter—and nothing else—pregnant fifteen-year-olds, the beat scene. That's where he lived and wrote, and, a shame to say, didn't quite make it . . .
>
> He has his first LSD trip in company: Shaggy Dog as usual lay down, softly singing to himself. Their two other companions were busy and happy in themselves. Vernon free and exulted beyond belief suddenly realized, that the trip to Europe he desired, but was afraid of, is a must. Packed his things to start then and there. His companions argued with, restrained him, and for a while he was quiet. Then knowing that for him nothing is impossible, that physical laws don't bind him, not bothering to use the door he walked through the windowpane. No one there was quick enough to block his way. He fell three stories. . . . It wasn't suicide; he only started for Europe and didn't quite make it.

The truth about this elegy is that it is comic. It is horrible, unconscious comedy, slapstick, a Charlie Chaplin movie rendered in earnest prose. It manages, through the tandem devices of undoubted sincerity and total mindlessness, to make an already senseless death almost irredeemably absurd.

And yet, it is not likely that the *Barb*'s elegy—whatever wretchedness it might have caused the boy's Stillwater, Oklahoma, family—disturbed many Berkeley readers. It asserts, after all, unassailable notions: that youth, sensitivity, poetry, love, and freedom are good things. It only disregards the necessity for a double vision; it makes no attempt to imagine this tragedy as it might look to another time, another town, a parent, to the author himself a few years (months?) later. It only fails to throw a sop to a world in which walking through a window to one's death, with the illusion of going on a European tour, qualifies as a bizarre act. It speaks with absolute assurance, an assurance that is oddly justified by the complacency of its audience.

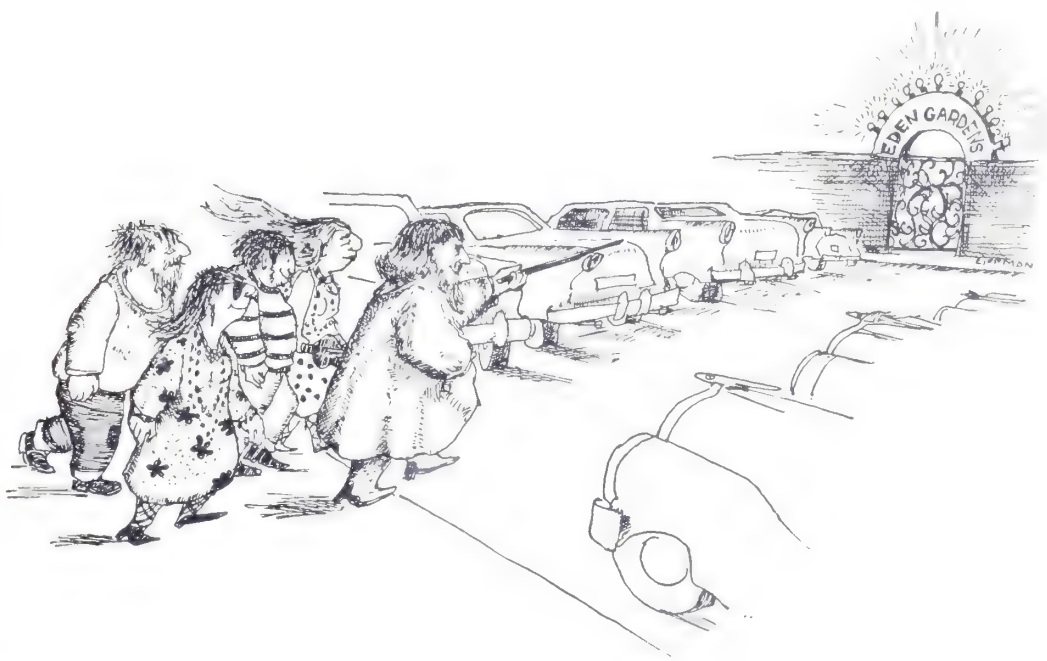
Like Spilt Milk

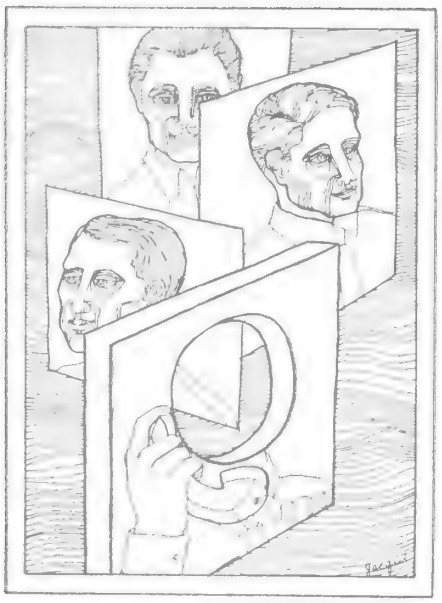
The "elegy," of course, is a grotesque, a heightened version of unreality—but, like other grotesques, it has its instructive value. In one sense it can be taken as the careless remarks of a young writer, but in another sense it is the product of a culture as well; if ordinary restraints were operating the elegy would not likely have been written; certainly it would not be received with equanimity. In its painful assumptions that you need only feel, be straight, put down hypocrisy, say what you mean, it is utterly faithful to the unchallenged ideas of the intelligent people whose voice rules this coast.

If this intellectual style is not explicable, it at least is somewhat appropriate to the state whose residents—from hippies to systems men—share, if they share anything, a devotion to the moment. What California seems to need is what it clearly wants least: a past. It is possible to grow obsessed with this prescription, perhaps because everything looks like spilt milk. The land is always wrenchingly visible; from the heart of Berkeley, from the midsts of the most hysterical freeway, you can always see the brown hills, their contours too subtle to accept a building gracefully, waiting to be defiled by another onslaught of tract houses.

If your mood is right, of course, you can be bemused, even exhilarated, by the hodgepodge, as you can by its intellectual concomitants. But your mood can change, as quickly as the passing of the sun can transform the landscape itself—surely no place is as ugly as California on a cloudy day—and you are pushed toward visions of a distinctly hideous future for this state.

Whatever is to become of the place, it is no hopeful sign that so many bright voices are celebrating the self and the now and that much of the state is on a sentimental trip; high, indeed out-of-its-mind—not on LSD, but on language: oldest, strongest drug of them all.





YOUR LOVER JUST CALLED

A Story by John Updike

The telephone rang, and Richard Maple, who had stayed home from work this Friday because of a cold, answered it: "Hello?" The person at the other end of the line hung up. Richard went into the bedroom, where Joan was making the bed, and said, "Your lover just called."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He hung up. He was amazed to find me home."

"Maybe it was *your* lover."

He knew, through the phlegm clouding his head, that there was something wrong with this, and found it. "If it was *my* lover," he said, "why would she hang up, since I answered?"

Joan shook the sheet so it made a clapping noise like muted thunder. "Maybe she doesn't love you anymore."

"This is a ridiculous conversation."

"You started it."

"Well, what would you think, if you answered the phone on a weekday and the person hung up? He clearly expected you to be home alone."

"Well, if you'll go to the store for cigarettes I'll call him back and explain what happened."

"You think I'll think you're kidding but I know that's really what *would* happen."

"Oh, come on, Dick. Who would it be? Freddie Vetter?"

"Or Harry Saxon. Or somebody I don't know at all. Some old college friend who's moved to New England. Or maybe the milkman. I can hear you and him talking while I'm shaving sometimes."

"We're surrounded by hungry children. He's fifty years old and has hair coming out of his ears."

"Like your father. You're not adverse to older men. There was that Chaucer section man when we first met. Anyway, you've been acting awfully happy lately. There's a little smile comes into your face when you're doing the housework. See, there it is!"

"I'm smiling," Joan said, "because you're so absurd. I have no lover. I have nowhere to put him. My days are consumed by devotion to the needs of my husband and his many children."

"Oh, so I'm the one who made you have all the children? While you were hankering after a career in fashion or in the exciting world of business. Aeronautics, perhaps. You could have been the first woman to design a nose cone. Or to crack the wheat futures cycle. Joan Maple, girl agronomist. Joan Maple, lady geopolitician. But for that fornicating brute she mistakenly married, this clear-eyed female citizen of our ever-needful republic—"

"Dick, have you taken your temperature? I haven't heard you rave like this for years."

"I haven't been betrayed like this for years. I hated that *click*. That nasty little I-know-your-wife-better-than-you-do *click*."

"It was some child. If we're going to have Mack for dinner tonight, you better convalesce now."

"It *is* Mack, isn't it? That son of a bitch. The divorce isn't even finalized and he's calling my wife on the phone. And then proposes to gorge himself at my groaning board."

"I'll be groaning myself. You're giving me a headache."

"Sure. First I foist off four children on you in my mad desire for progeny, then I give you a menstrual headache."

"Get into bed and I'll bring you orange juice

and toast cut into strips the way your mother used to make it."

"You're lovely."

As he was settling himself under the blankets, the phone rang again, and Joan answered it in the upstairs hall. "Yes . . . no . . . no . . . good," she said, and hung up.

"Who was it?" he called.

"Somebody wanting to sell us the *World Book Encyclopedia*," she called back.

"A very likely story," he said, with self-pleasing irony, leaning back onto the pillows confident that he was being unjust, that there was no lover.

Mack Dennis was a homely, agreeable, sheepish man their age, whose wife, Eleanor, was in Wyoming suing for divorce. He spoke of her with a cloying tenderness, as if of a favorite daughter away for the first time at camp, or as a departed angel nevertheless keeping in close electronic touch with the scorned earth. "She says they've had some wonderful thunderstorms. The children go horseback riding every morning, and they play Pounce at night and are in bed by ten. Everybody's health has never been better. Ellie's asthma has cleared up and she thinks now she must have been allergic to *me*."

"You should have cut all your hair off and dressed in cellophane," Richard told him.

Joan asked him, "And how's *your* health? Are you feeding yourself enough? Mack, you look thin."

"The nights I don't stay in Boston," Mack said, tapping himself all over for a pack of cigarettes, "I've taken to eating at the motel on Route 33. It's the best food in town now, and you can watch the kids in the swimming pool." He studied his empty upturned hands as if they had recently held a surprise. He missed his own kids, was perhaps the surprise.

"I'm out of cigarettes too," Joan said.

"I'll go get some," Richard said.

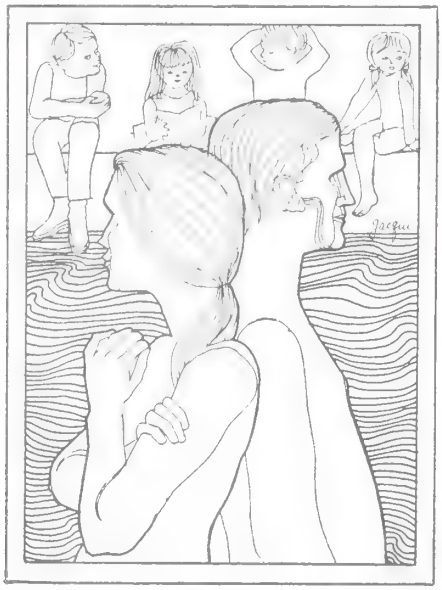
"And a thing of Bitter Lemon at the liquor store."

"I'll make a pitcher of martinis," Mack said. "Doesn't it feel great, to have martini weather again?"

It was that season which is late summer in the days and early fall at night. Evening descended on the downtown, lifting the neon tubing into brilliance, as Richard ran his errand; his sore throat felt folded within him like a secret, and there was something reckless and gay in his being up and out at all after spending the afternoon in bed. Home, he parked by his back fence and walked down through a lawn loud with fallen leaves, though the trees overhead were still massy. The lit windows of his house looked golden and idyllic; the children's rooms above (the face of Judith, his bigger daughter, drifted preoccupied across a slice of her wallpaper, and her pink square hand reached to adjust a doll on a shelf) and the kitchen below. In the kitchen windows, whose tone was fluorescent, a silent tableau was being enacted. Mack was holding a martini shaker and pouring it into a vessel, eclipsed by an element of window sash, that Joan was offering with a long white arm. Head tilted winningly, she was talking with the slightly pushed-forward mouth that Richard recognized as peculiar to her while looking into mirrors, conversing with her elders, or otherwise seeking to display herself to advantage. Whatever she was saying made Mack laugh, so that his pouring (the silver shaker head glinted, a drop of greenish liquid spilled) was unsteady. He set the shaker down and displayed his hands, the same hands from which a little while ago a surprise had seemed to escape, at his sides, shoulder-high. Joan moved toward him, still holding her glass, and the back of her head, done up taut and oval in a bun, with blonde down trailing at the nape of her neck, eclipsed all of Mack's face but his eyes, which closed. They were kissing. Joan's head tilted one way and Mack's another to make their mouths meet tighter. The graceful line of her shoulders was carried outward by the line of the arm holding her glass safe in the air. The other arm was around his neck. Behind them an open cabinet door revealed a paralyzed row of erect paper boxes whose lettering Richard could not read but whose coloring advertised their contents—Cheerios, Wheat Honeys, Onion Thins. Joan backed off and ran her index finger down the length of Mack's necktie (a summer tartan) ending with a jab in the vicinity of his navel that might have expressed a rebuke or a regret. His face, pale and lumpy in the harsh vertical light, looked mildly humorous but intent, and moved forward, toward hers, an inch or two. The scene had the fascinating slow motion of action underwater, mixed with the insane silent suddenness of a television montage glimpsed from the street. Judith came to the window upstairs, not noting her father standing in the massy shadow of the tree, and, wearing a nightie of lemon gauze, innocently scratched her armpit while studying a moth beating on her screen; and this too gave Richard a momentous sense,

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John Updike, who lives in Ipswich, Massachusetts, has published three volumes of short stories and is now working on his fifth novel.



crowding his heart, of having been brought by the mute act of witnessing perilously close—like a child sitting alone at the movies—to the hidden machinations of things. In another kitchen window a neglected teakettle began to plume and to fog the panes with steam. Joan was talking again; her forward-thrust lips seemed to be throwing rapid little bridges across a narrowing gap. Mack paused, shrugged; his face puckered as if he were speaking French. Joan's head snapped back with laughter and triumphantly she threw her free arm wide and was in his embrace again. His hand, spread starlike on the small of her back, went lower to what, out of sight behind the edge of formica counter, would be her bottom.

Richard scuffled loudly down the cement steps and kicked the kitchen door open, giving them time to break apart before he entered. From the far end of the kitchen, smaller than children, they looked at him with blurred, sheepish expressions. Joan turned off the steaming kettle and Mack shambled forward to pay for the cigarettes. After the third round of martinis, the constraints loosened and Richard said, taking pleasure in the plaintive huskiness of his voice, "Imagine my discomfort. Sick as I am, I go out into this bitter night to get my wife and my guest some cigarettes, so they can pollute the air and aggravate my already grievous bronchial condition, and coming down through the back yard, what do I see? The two of them doing the Kama Sutra in my own kitchen. It was like seeing a blue movie and knowing the people in it."

"Where do you see blue movies nowadays?" Joan asked.

"Tush, Dick," Mack said sheepishly, rubbing his thighs with a brisk ironing motion. "A mere fraternal kiss. A brotherly hug. A disinterested tribute to your wife's charm."

"Really, Dick," Joan said. "I think it's shockingly sneaky of you to be standing around spying into your own windows."

"Standing around! I was transfixed with horror. It was a real trauma. My first primal scene." A profound happiness was stretching him from within; the reach of his tongue and wit felt immense, and the other two seemed dolls, homunculi, in his playful grasp.

"We were hardly doing anything," Joan said, lifting her head as if to rise above it all, the lovely line of her jaw defined by tension, her lips stung by a pout.

"Oh, I'm sure, by your standards, you had hardly begun. You'd hardly sampled the possible wealth of coital positions. Did you think I'd never return? Have you poisoned my drink and I'm too vigorous to die, like Rasputin?"

"Dick," Mack said, "Joan loves you. And if I love any man, it's you. Joan and I had this out years ago, and decided to be merely friends."

"Don't go Irish on me, Mack Dennis. 'If I love any mon, 'tis thee.' Don't give me a thought, laddie. Just think of poor Eleanor out there, sweating out your divorce, bouncing up and down on those horses day after day, playing Pounce till she's black and blue—"

"Let's eat," Joan said. "You've made me so nervous I've probably overdone the roast beef. Really, Dick, I don't think you can excuse yourself by trying to make it funny."

Next day, the Maples awoke soured and dazed by hangovers; Mack had stayed until two, to make sure there were no hard feelings. Joan usually played ladies' tennis Saturday mornings, while Richard amused the children; now, dressed in white shorts and sneakers, she delayed at home in order to quarrel. "It's desperate of you," she told Richard, "to try to make something of Mack and me. What are you trying to cover up?"

"My dear Mrs. Maple, I *saw*," he said, "I *saw* through my own windows you doing a very credible impersonation of a female spider having her abdomen tickled. Where did you learn to flirt your head like that? It was better than finger puppets."

"Mack always kisses me in the kitchen. It's a habit, it means nothing. You know for yourself how in love with Eleanor he is."

"So much he's divorcing her. His devotion verges on the quixotic."

"The divorce is her idea, you know that. He's a lost soul. I feel sorry for him."

"Yes, I saw that you do. You were like the Red Cross at Verdun."

"What I'd like to know is, why are you so pleased?"

"Pleased? I'm annihilated."

"You're delighted. Look at your smile in the mirror."

"You're so incredibly unapologetic, I guess I think you must be being ironical."

The telephone rang. Joan picked it up and said, "Hello," and Richard heard the click across the room. Joan replaced the receiver and said to him, "So. She thought I'd be playing tennis by now."

"Who's she?"

"You tell me. Your lover. Your loveress."

"It was clearly yours, and something in your voice warned him off."

"Go to her!" Joan suddenly cried, with a burst of the same defiant energy that made her, on other hungover mornings, rush through a mountain of housework. "Go to her like a man and stop trying to maneuver me into something I don't understand! I have no lover! I let Mack kiss me because he's lonely and drunk! Stop trying to make me more interesting than I am! All I am is a beat-up housewife who wants to go play tennis with some other tired ladies!"

Mutely Richard fetched from their sports closet her tennis racket, which had recently been restrung with gut. Carrying it in his mouth like a dog retrieving a stick, he laid it at the toe of her sneaker. Richard Jr., their older son, a wiry nine-year-old obsessed by the accumulation of Batman cards, came into the living room, witnessed this pantomime, and laughed to hide his fright. "Dad, can I have my nickel for emptying the waste baskets?"

"Mommy's going to go out to play, Dickie," Richard said. "Let's all go to the five-and-ten and buy a Batmobile."

"Yippee," the small boy said limply, glancing wide-eyed from one of his parents to the other, as if the space between them had gone treacherous.

Richard took the children to the five-and-ten, to the playground, and to a hamburger stand for lunch. These blameless activities transmuted the residues of alcohol and phlegm into a woolly fatigue as pure as the sleep of infants. Obligingly he nodded while his son described a boundless plot: ". . . and then, see Dad, the Penguin had an umbrella smoke came out of, it was neat, and there were these two other guys with funny masks in the bank, filling it with water, I don't know why, to make it bust or something, and Robin was climbing up these slippery stacks of like half-dollars to get away from the water, and then, see Dad . . ."

Back home, the children dispersed into the neighborhood on the same mysterious tide that on other days packed their yard with unfamiliar urchins. Joan returned from tennis glazed with sweat, her ankles coated with dust. Her body was swimming in the rose afterglow of exertion. He suggested they take a nap.

"Just a nap," she warned.

"Of course," he said. "I met my mistress at the playground and we satisfied each other on the jungle gym."

"Maureen and I beat Alice and Judy. It can't be any of those three, they were waiting for me half an hour."

In bed, the shades strangely drawn against the bright afternoon, a glass of stale water standing bubbled with secret light, he asked her, "You think I want to make you more interesting than you are?"

"Of course. You're bored. You left me and Mack alone deliberately. It was very uncharacteristic of you, to go out with a cold."

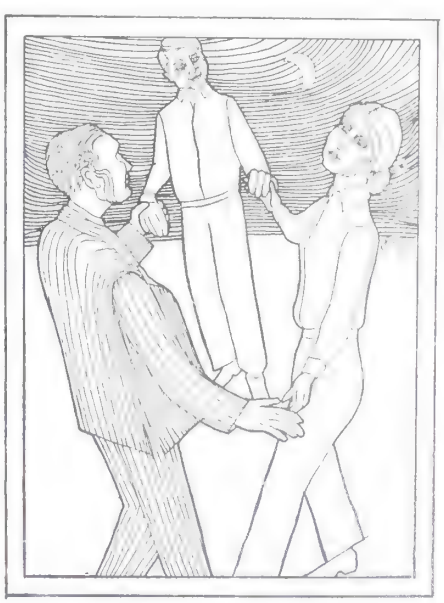
"It's sad, to think of you without a lover."

"I'm sorry."

"You're pretty interesting anyway. Here, and here, and here."

"I said really a nap."

In the upstairs hall, on the other side of the closed bedroom door, the telephone rang. After four peals—icy spears hurled from afar—the ringing stopped, unanswered. There was a puzzled pause. Then a tentative, questioning *pring*, as if someone in passing had bumped the table, followed by a determined series, strides of sound, imperative and plaintive, that did not stop until twelve had been counted; then the lover hung up.



Harper's Magazine, January 1967

THIS MAN IS NOT SMILING

The headline you've just read is information-less. It tells you nothing you haven't already learned from looking at the picture.

If someone tells you your own name, he again transmits no information: you already know it. He doesn't resolve any uncertainty for you.

This idea—that whatever resolves uncertainty is information—was used by Dr. Claude E. Shannon during his years at Bell Telephone Laboratories to define and measure information for the first time in a way that was usable to scientists. Starting from such basic concepts, Shannon built a theory which has many applications to problems in communication and in other fields. In 1948, he published his classic paper, "A Mathematical Theory of Communication."

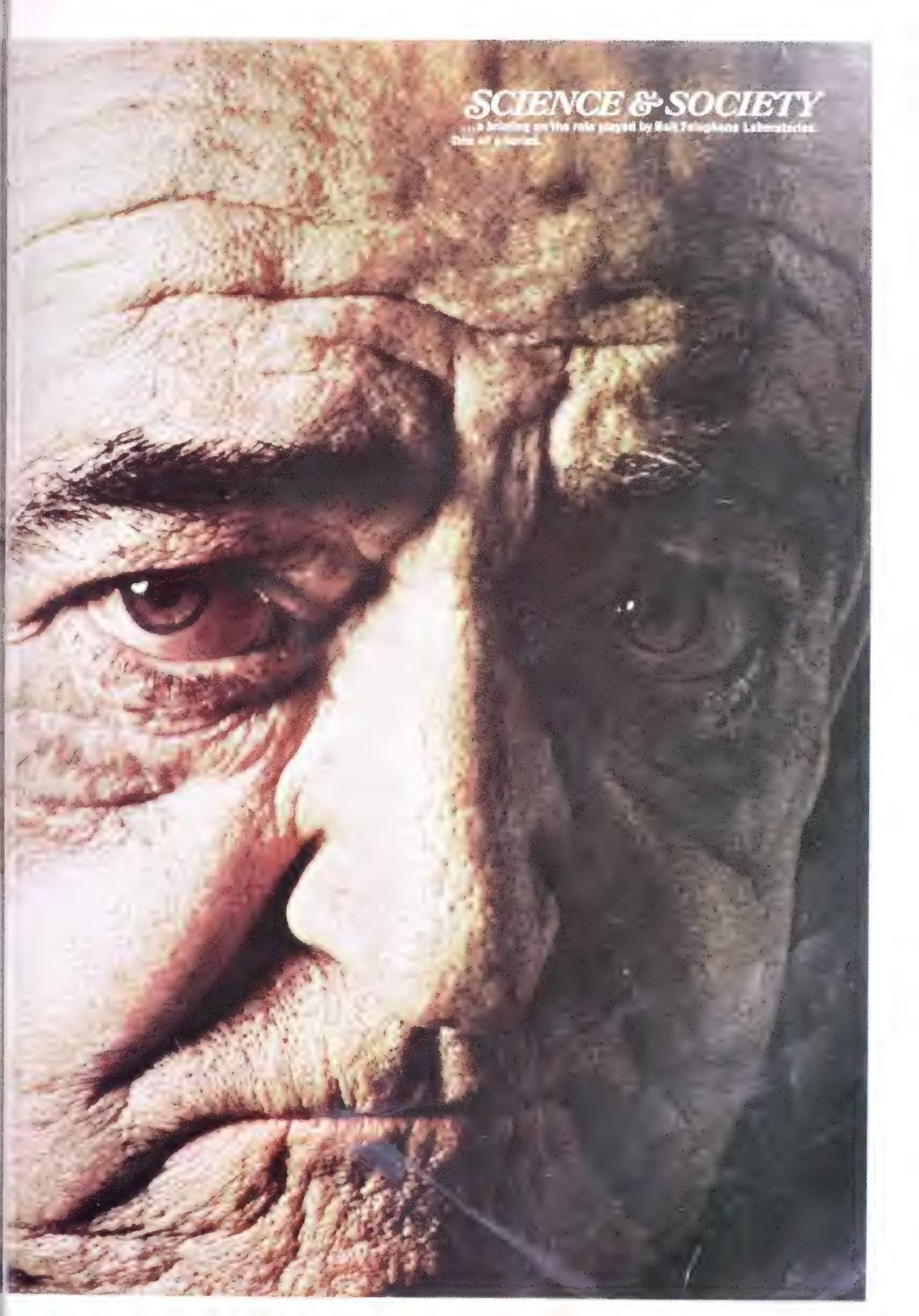
Before this there was no universal way of measuring the complexities of messages or the capabilities of circuits to transmit them. Shannon gave us a mathematical way of making such measurements in terms of simple yes-or-no choices—conveniently represented by binary digits, which Dr. John W. Tukey of Bell Labs and Princeton University named "bits."

As a result, we now have a benchmark. We know how much information a business machine, for example, can theoretically produce. We have a means for comparing this with the information of a telephone call or a television program. We have tools to help us design for high quality and high efficiency at the lowest possible cost.

Shannon's quantitative measurement of information is not only invaluable to the Bell System but to scientists and engineers the world over. It is exciting much interest among psychologists and workers in other fields in which information handling is so vital.



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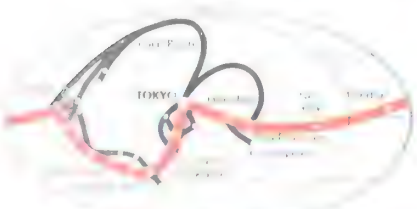


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Maya Pines

A PRESSURE COOKER FOR FOUR-YEAR-OLD MINDS

The cozy world of the nursery school has had a bomb dropped in its midst by two iconoclastic young educators at the University of Illinois. The children love it and learn with unprecedented speed.

Until the early 1960s the motto of all right-thinking educators was "don't push" young children intellectually. In his well-known book, *The First Five Years of Life,* Arnold Gesell described the stages of a child's development as if they were controlled by a built-in time clock. The moral was that maturation would take care of everything—just wait.

This is still the premise in the field known as "early childhood education." But within the past decade the belief that it is enough to just sit back and wait has been challenged by a new group of psychologists interested in children's intellectual development—the "cognitive" school.

Their chief spokesmen are Harvard's Jerome Bruner, Chicago's Benjamin Bloom, and J. McV. Hunt of the University of Illinois. These men believe that an individual's achievement in life depends very largely on what he has been helped to learn before the age of four, for that is when human intelligence grows most rapidly and the roots of intellectual curiosity are laid. They also believe that millions of children are being irreparably damaged because they do not learn enough during this crucial period. The result of an unplanned intellectual diet in the early years—for middle-class children—may be a loss of brilliance, a blunted and less interesting life, a smaller contribution to society. But for the children of poverty, the consequence is nearly always disaster—a preordained failure in school and in adult life. Therefore the new "cognitive" psychologists want to provide deliberate stimulation of the child's intellect almost from the moment of birth. In some cases they prescribe intensive remedial work for the "older" child of four or five.

These disturbing theories have fallen like bombs in the cozy world of the nursery schools and kindergartens where "development of the whole child" and "adjustment to the peer group" are still the bywords. Indeed some "early childhood" experts have chosen either to turn their backs on or to explode in tantrums at the experimental projects in which these new concepts are being tested.

The program they pronounce "the most horrible" of all is being run by two young iconoclasts—Carl Bereiter and Siegfried Engelmann—at the Institute for Research on Exceptional Children of the University of Illinois, in Urbana. It is particularly disliked because, alone among the newer programs, it does "push" children rather than just guide them or provide special materials with which they can go at their own pace. So far, however, it has produced more rapid change in "culturally disadvantaged" four- and five-year-olds than any other technique can claim, at least in certain specific skills.

In effect Bereiter and Engelmann are operating an intellectual pressure cooker for children from the slums. They have totally rejected the standard, play-oriented nursery school, and make no attempt to reproduce a middle-class environment for these youngsters. Instead they concentrate fiercely on a few areas and drill the children like Marines for two hours a day.

There were fifteen four-year-olds in the first class I visited. Three were newcomers being trained separately to catch up with the others. Their teacher was a forceful, but not unpleasant woman with a Southern accent. "These are blocks," she said, showing some blocks, but hardly

pausing for breath. "These are blocks. Say it all together—these are *blocks*. Now listen carefully. Are *these* blocks? Yes, these are blocks. What are these? Listen carefully. What are these?" A little Negro boy who had been listening as though hypnotized replied, "Blocks." "Give me the whole sentence," admonished the teacher. "These are blocks."

Another group of children was learning arithmetic. Standing in front of a blackboard, their blonde teacher wrote, $1 + 0 = 1$. Pointing as she spoke, she went on, "Start out with one, get no more—get *zero* more. One plus zero equal *one*. Say it for me." The children said it, then chanted in unison as she pointed to other equations on the board, "Two plus zero equal *two*, three plus zero equal *three*, four plus zero equal *four*," clapping their hands rhythmically. "Real loud now, talk *big*," the teacher said.

At first this seems only a noisy and rather unpleasant version of old-fashioned learning by rote. The children are steamrollered along, given no chance to slacken their pace or to withdraw. Some of the newcomers seem bewildered. But the majority obviously enjoy the chance to be noisy. It's an intensely physical kind of teaching: rhythmic movements, clapping of hands, cheers like those of a cheerleader, lots of concrete objects related to the matter at hand, arm and hand movements to illustrate points. The chants serve to remind the children how to proceed, attack problems, think.

$1 + 1 = \square$ the teacher wrote on the board. Then each child came in turn to the blackboard, to point to and translate each symbol, "One plus one equal box." Then, together, all the children yelled, "Whenever you see a box, you have to figure-it-out" (in rising hexameter). The teacher said, "The problem tells you what to do: Start out with one (the children raise one finger), get *more*—one more! You end up with two! Count your fingers, one, two. So I can erase the box, and put in a two: $1 + 1 = 2$."

End of arithmetic class. The children are rewarded with hugs and with raisins "because you've all worked hard." No chance to teach is passed up. To get his raisins each child must answer the question, "Which is your right hand?" in the approved manner, "This is my right hand." To get his juice he must say, "My cup is *blue*," or whatever color his Dixie Cup may be. The children relax as they munch, drink, and move around.

The ease with which children can be taught first to parrot these rules, then to apply them, is somewhat frightening. An English visitor commented, "We'll have to be very careful whom we use as teachers—think what a totalitarian government could do with this!"

But the teachers themselves have no doubts. "You see us at the tooth-pulling stage," said an attractive middle-aged woman. "It's difficult at first, and there is some pressure, yes. But it's worth it because they're so happy when they're successful. We don't have to give them any tangible rewards like raisins after the first month. What we do is use language as a tool for figuring things out. We do systematically, and artificially, what middle-class parents do naturally at home. We started with ten-minute classes, but now we can go on for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time."

All the children now gather around the piano to sit on the floor for a period of singing. At the piano is Carl Bereiter, the project's director, a thin, boyish, sandy-haired man with a rather prominent nose and ears that stick out. In his professional papers, as well as in his speech, he is refreshingly direct and clear—a man who knows his own mind. Now he scans the children's faces to see how much they understand, and hardly glances at the piano as he plays simple chords to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be." The singing is led by his associate, "Ziggy" Engelmann, who sits with the children. Tall and muscular, he seems endowed with inexhaustible energy.

"Who remembers that *hard* word, *vehicle*?" he asks, giving a comic accent to the word *hard*. There are shouts, "I do!" "What kind of vehicles do you know?" asks Engelmann. The children suggest bus, truck, and others. "Let's sing it," says Engelmann. "If it's a fire truck, it's a vehicle, it's a vehicle, it's a vehicle . . ." He goes through all the vehicles the children suggest. "Now, who remembers what a weapon is?" A boy yells, "Gun, a spear." Engelmann leads the group again, "If it's a rifle, then it's a wea-a-pon," and makes gestures showing a rifle being aimed. The children at once imitate him.

After the songs, Engelmann holds up a large board on which the alphabet is printed in capital letters. "You have to look up here," he says. The children then sing the alphabet with him as he points to the letters.

"Our goal is to put these kids on an equal footing with more privileged kids when they enter

Maya Pines became interested in how preschoolers learn when she wrote an article for "Harper's" in 1963 on how three-year-olds can teach themselves to read and write. Now, while bringing up two children of her own, she is finishing a book on preschool intellectual growth; she had a Carnegie Corporation grant to help on the research, and it will be published in the fall by Harper & Row.

school," Bereiter told me later. "It's not simply to produce improvement—any decently-run preschool can do that. So we have to step up our pace. The middle-class child between four and five is learning, too, so these children have to learn a bit faster.

"In the two hours the children spend here every day there is virtually no free play—just the first ten minutes, and the singing. Free play is too time-consuming, and it is superfluous," Bereiter said. " 'Group experience' and 'playing with their peers' are the *least* of these kids' needs. In some ways they're much less infantile than middle-class children. It's a rare middle-class child of four who can show genuine compassion; but with these kids, if you notice one of them is crying and you don't know why, ask the other children—they're *aware*, they know what's wrong. Some of these kids have served as baby-sitters. They do a great deal of comforting each other."

About half of the four-year-olds in the program were Negro, half white. They were selected from Aid to Dependent Children rolls and public-housing lists, as is done for Head Start. The preceding year's group had moved on to a special kindergarten, with teachers provided by Bereiter at the Hays School, a nearly all-Negro elementary school. There I watched them as they wrote 2's on lined paper. Two teachers, both women, went from child to child to see how each was doing. As Engelmann walked into the classroom, he asked one little boy how many 2's he had written, and the child counted up to twenty. A teacher reported to Engelmann that two of the boys had misbehaved. Sternly, he told them to follow him, took them to another room and lectured them for a few minutes; they came out quietly and took their seats. Then the group split into three parts, with Engelmann taking over the top section for math: two boys and two girls.

"It's time to think about . . . *work*!" he began, fairly shouting. "Are you ready for tough stuff?" On the blackboard he wrote, $8 + 3 = ?$ Immediately the children started to roar, "Eight plus zero equal eight, eight plus one equal nine, eight plus two equal ten, eight plus three equal eleven!"

"Very good," says Engelmann. Then, after working the children step by step to more difficult sums, he asks, "Who can read this?" The symbols on the blackboard begin to look like algebra: $15 + a = 18$. He leads the group, with rising inflection, "Fifteen plus *what* equals eighteen?" The answer is easy, since they just solved this a moment ago. Then Engelmann writes, $7 - b = 2$, and lets the kids go to work.

"Seven and b are not the same size," they shout, "because you're not ending up with zero. So—seven minus zero equal seven, seven minus one equal six, seven minus two equal five, seven minus three equal four, seven minus four equal three, seven minus *five* equal *two!*"

In the same room, adding to the noise, six other kindergarten children face another blackboard and also yell replies to their teacher's questions. "Spring is *after* winter. Summer is *after* spring." "Is fall *before* summer?" asks the teacher. "No," the children shout. One little boy keeps rocking sideways on his chair as if to ease the tension. "Fall is *after* summer!" he shouts, and then bursts out, "Me and Jimmy are doing a *good* job!"

Knowing the Rules

In another classroom I watched children from the middle-level section of the same kindergarten reading all together from a linguistic series. "Pat fat Nat on the mat," they read. Then they take turns, doing one line each, "Fat Nat is on a mat. Pat Nat. Nat sat on the mat." Not surprisingly, the kids seem unenthusiastic: the reading matter is even duller, though more logical in its selection of words, than standard Dick and Jane readers. They read haltingly and unlike the other groups speak quite low. According to the teacher, they read at about mid-first-grade level. The books are not too satisfactory but the linguistics approach is still so new that there is little to choose from.

Back upstairs, the math group is facing a large multiplication chart. Engelmann has written on the blackboard the equation:

$$\frac{7}{1} = b$$

"What fraction does seven equal?" he asks. "Can you prove it for me?" Pointing to the multiplication chart, one child proves that seven equals seven divided by one. Engelmann then asks, "How can you turn seven into one?" and guides them, writing:

$$\frac{7}{7} \quad 1$$

"Can you prove it?" he asks again. The kids begin to chant in unison, "One over one equal one, two over two equal one, three over three equal one," and they go on to "twenty over twenty."

After a few more exercises, the class is over. "Good job, gang!" says Engelmann, as the kids recess for twenty minutes out of doors on monkey bars and swings.

"It's difficult to keep the class going at a pace so they learn more quickly than they forget," comments a teacher who has been with the project

since its beginning. She adds that for these children at home, to be good is to be quiet; here, "We make them speak out!"

"Our kids develop a tremendous morale," says Bereiter. "Something wonderful happens to their self-image. We recognize that verbal abilities are the central ones: that's about the only thing that's been found out in thirty-five years' work of predicting success in school."

Does the children's achievement result from having male teachers around, I asked Engelmann? After all, most of them come from fatherless homes. "No—that's been highly overrated," Engelmann replied emphatically. "Just get teachers, male or female, who're not wishy-washy." In his opinion, the keys to the children's progress are the curriculum and the fact that "they know what the rules are." Just as they learn without any rebellion that they can't go outdoors naked, these kids learn things without strain because they know what they must do.

Unembarrassed Teaching

Some weeks earlier in New York, a woman who works in the Board of Education's "early childhood" department had told me, in tones of horror, that it was "absolutely terrible" to do what Bereiter was doing to three- and four-year-olds, and that if anybody treated animals with equal cruelty, "you'd call in the ASPCA!" She had not seen the program in action, she said, assuring me that she didn't want to see it, either. Though she was totally misinformed about it—for example, no three-year-olds are involved—her indignation was typical of many people in her field, who find Bereiter's and Engelmann's ideas outrageous.

The two young men are, in fact, something of a phenomenon, having come at their subject from an entirely new angle. Instead of starting out with conventional learning theories, or some body of research, they simply asked themselves two questions: What do the children need to learn? And how can it be taught to them in the time available?

"The program is derived from sheer common sense," says Bereiter. "If it is unique, it isn't because of the noise and the regimen, but because it is the only program that attempts to answer these two questions systematically—and then actually does what the answers imply. We honestly think that anyone else who asked himself the same questions would come up with approximately the same answers if he pursued them far enough."

Originally, Bereiter was interested in literary creativity, Engelmann in philosophy. Bereiter took an M.A. in comparative literature, and after a stint in the Army spent two years teaching high-school English. He then went to the University of Wisconsin for a Ph.D. in educational psychology, and is now professor of special education at the University of Illinois' Institute for Research on Exceptional Children. Engelmann became an advertising executive, but gave it up after his interest in teaching was awakened by his work with his own two children—work which led to his controversial book, *Give Your Child a Superior Mind*, published by Simon and Schuster in 1966. He also made a film which demonstrated his techniques of teaching algebra. After Bereiter saw the film he persuaded Engelmann to join him in Urbana.

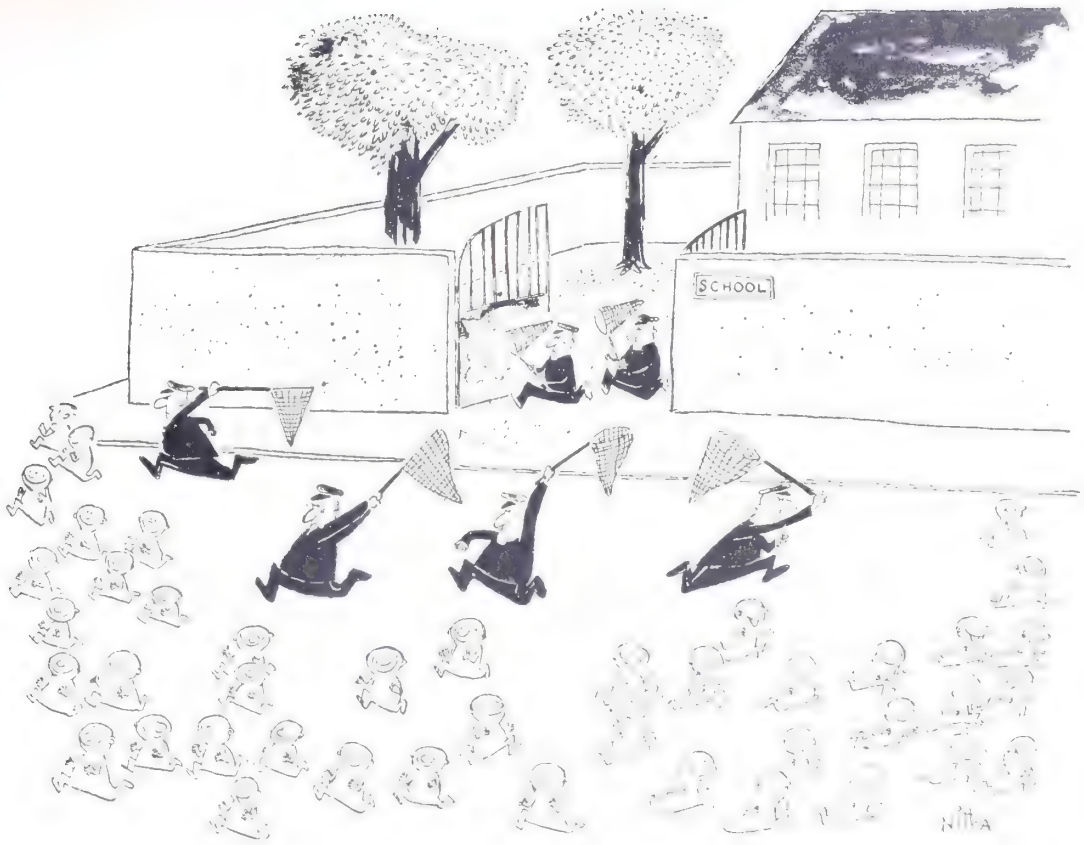
For a man trained in education, Bereiter was then coming to some strange conclusions. He had been trying out different methods of teaching reading to bright two- and three-year-olds. With one group he used a games method, with the other teaching machines. Despite the different methods, he recalls, both groups of toddlers ended up being *taught*, as if in a school, sitting at desks. This conflicted with everything he had read about young children, but it seemed to work best. It came as a shock to him.

"Fundamentally, the problem was to get over an embarrassed feeling about the act of teaching," he said. "Teaching implies, first, that the teacher is convinced the thing is worth doing, whether the child wants to or not; and second, that the teacher knows *how* to teach—that his way, if not the best, is at least better than leaving things to happenstance.

"Teaching is equated with 'playing God' in the eyes of lots of educators, and most old-style child-development people," he went on. "But I've finally come to an attitude that's more characteristic of other professional people, like physicians. I'd expect any competent doctor to make me well, whether I want to get well or not—and this is particularly true about children! I can quit smoking or not, but a child has *got* to take his medicine.

"Not all medicines have to be unpleasant," he added. "But if you feel everything you do *must* be pleasant or interesting for the child, you've curtailed your freedom."

Engelmann spent his first summer at the Institute comparing the abilities of four disadvantaged Negro preschoolers and a few gifted children of Illinois faculty families. The differences astounded him. By the end of the summer he had worked out a remedial language program for the disadvantaged which laid the basis for much of the present project.



Following the lead of Robert Gagné, an Air Force psychologist who emphasized the need to define educational objectives through "task analysis," Bereiter and Engelmann then began to study just what was lacking in the language of disadvantaged children. They found that such children can use language to get along socially, but when it comes to expressing ideas they are in trouble. Bereiter and Engelmann then decided to separate these two kinds of language, and teach only the second kind. They would not emphasize vocabulary, idioms, intonation, or accent, but language as an instrument of learning and thinking. They would not care much that a child did not know the word *sheep*—though most preschool teachers might react to such ignorance with shock—but they would make very sure that the child did understand such words as *not* and *or,* some of the most powerful logical tools in the language.

In effect, they would teach English as a second language, emphasizing the kind of logical statement patterns used to teach foreign languages to college students. "When these children first came in, they couldn't utter or repeat a single statement," Bereiter points out. "They couldn't say, 'He's a big dog'; they said, 'He bih daw.' When asked to repeat, 'It is in the box,' they'd become so confused by the number of words that all sounded the same to them that they'd be reduced to a stammer. They could not ask questions. The basics of foreign-language pattern drill have been around for a while, and our rationale is the same in one sense: the rules they must learn are learned by analogy. You can't *tell* young kids what the rules are. So you can either drill with things that all follow the same rule, as we do, or leave it to chance. Our goal is to speed up the learning."

The Uses of Stress

The two Young Turks started their preschool project in November 1964, and together they wrote a book, *Teaching Disadvantaged Children in the Preschool,** in which they answer some of their critics. They point out, for example, that a little stress is good for children as long as it is not due to fear of failure, concern over pleasing the teacher, or sheer competitiveness, but caused by curiosity or a desire to achieve competence. The idea is to make the children feel they are succeeding at something very, very tough—when, in fact,

*Published by Prentice-Hall, 1966.

the problems are carefully geared to their capabilities.

The Illinois project does not have the "mother and her brood" atmosphere of many nursery schools. But there are very strong ties between the children and teachers, which come from deep involvement in a common task.

What about creativity and self-expression? Engelmann and Bereiter do not believe that divergent thinking "is fostered by simply allowing children to talk, paint, stack blocks, mold clay, and so forth. On the other hand, activities can be built into a teaching program to encourage the child to use what he has learned to generate new things . . . inventing new verses for songs, generating explanations for events in stories, thinking up new words that rhyme or alliterate with other words."

Finally, what about the development of social skills and peer-group relations? The lower-class child, say Bereiter and Engelmann, needs to learn to relate to an adult as a pupil, and to other children as a fellow learner as well as a playmate. "Many traditional nursery-school classes, though they may provide an abundance of activities, have few tasks to mobilize the efforts of the children, and so the maintenance of social relationships becomes the major occupation. In such a situation the teacher is likely to develop a good deal of social skill, but it is doubtful whether the children will, because they are mainly manipulated by the teacher."

J. McV. Hunt, who is on the same campus and has visited the project often, says, "There is evidence of more change in Bereiter's school than in any other I've seen. When he set up his class last year, the children tested under age three on the Illinois Test of Psycholinguistic Abilities. They didn't talk to each other at all except in single words and grunts. In each of two three-month periods of this school they gained about one year of psycholinguistic ability on the tests."

The single most impressive achievement of the children in the program, Bereiter believes, is that they now speak in sentences, and are thus able to "unpack" meaning from statements. By contrast, in most Head Start projects the children spend much time on puzzles, pasting, and other activities that do not require talking. "Frankly, Head Start doesn't look like an educational program at all," says Bereiter. "Quite a bit could be done in eight weeks, though it's hard to convince people of this. If you start proposing intensive training in language or reading, they say, 'Now all you're doing is starting first grade eight weeks earlier.' Yet even that could make a difference—after all, a child who entered first grade eight weeks after it had started would have a lot of trouble catching up. Also, Head Start has more teachers than the schools and the child would get education of quite a bit higher quality."

Not a Rescue Operation

Because their system worked so well with "disadvantaged" preschoolers, Bereiter and Engelmann decided to try it out with middle-class four-year-olds. "They were a bit harder to break in," Bereiter said. "They had some pretty well-established notion that this was a place to play. None of them had been to any other nursery school, but some had Sunday-school experience. What with their tendency to play, their greater spontaneity, and the fact that they were very verbal, it took one to two weeks to establish the routines. With the disadvantaged kids, these were established right away.

"Then, since we had overestimated what they really knew, we had to keep going backwards. We wasted a lot of time that way, and finally started at the same points as with the disadvantaged, but later, so that by the end of the first month the more advantaged kids were far behind. But they overtook the others very readily—they can go so much faster!" Another difference was that, with the middle-class children, Bereiter tried out a phonetic alphabet called ITA.

As I soon found out for myself, the more privileged children create a different atmosphere in the classroom. In their arithmetic class a young male teacher was snapping his fingers in rhythm, leading a group of fresh faces as they counted by threes: three-snap-six-snap-nine-snap-twelve-snap . . . twenty-seven-snap-thirty-snap. "Now prepare to count down from twenty, while looking at the number board," he said.

"I don't need the number board to count from twenty," one boy yelled—a comment that would have been unthinkable in the lower-class group.

"All right, then you look in the opposite direction," replied the teacher, concentrating his attention on the rest of the group.

"I want to count by fives now!" interrupted another boy.

In their language class, these children don't need to be taught to make statements. They are inclined toward independent conversation, which distracts them from the business at hand. But this is not a rescue operation. One way or the other, one feels, these children will make out all right.

As to the others—"Time is against the disadvan-

taged child," writes Bereiter. "The disadvantaged four-year-old, happily shoveling sand at a sand table, gives the impression that he will be four years old forever. But for the teacher to act as if this were true is disastrous. She should be constantly aware that the first grade is hurtling toward that child like an express train, and that the child's fate may well depend on what she as a teacher is able to do and how quickly."

With this urgency in mind, I went to take another look at Bereiter's kindergarten children in the spring, when only a few months were left before the end of the school year and their release from the program.

Over the months, the composition of the subgroups had changed: there were now eight children—more than half the class—in the top track, where previously there had been only four.

In the arithmetic class, the teacher is saying, "You can buy eight eggs for 56 cents. I want one egg. How are you going to figure it out?" She writes it on the board to help them: 8 e = 56. "Count by eights," she reminds them. "How many times? Go!" Four youngsters push to the front, to be near the number chart. They count out loud and announce, "seven!"

Engelmann then takes over the top group, scheduled to do "causality," for its first lesson in definitions: the children must first put the thing in a class, then show how it differs from others of that class.

"What's a pistol?" he begins. The kids say things like "to shoot," or "bang-bang." "No," objects Engelmann, "first you tell me what class it's in." The songs have done their work, and someone replies at once, "weapon." Engelmann then asks for the names of other weapons, getting "rifle," "sword," and "knife." He draws a big circle on the blackboard, divides it into four parts, and in each quarter draws a picture of the weapon suggested. By use of the Socratic method, he extracts enough information for them to cross out the other weapons, and finally gets the correct definition.

During their reading class, the top track children start out with flash cards written out in lower-case letters. "Lit, bit, sit, fit," they read. "That's good!" says the teacher. A boy hums to himself with satisfaction. The teacher then passes out books, and each child reads a line in turn. "Sit, Rags." "Sit on the mat." "Sit on it." "A pin is a bit of tin." They do it haltingly, but they are well on their way, and far ahead of many first graders. "You did a good job today," says their teacher. By the end of the year, this group of five-year-olds placed at mid-second-grade level in arithmetic and mid-first-grade level in reading and spelling on the Wide-Range Achievement test. The four-year-olds had gained an average of seventeen points of IQ and scored at first-grade level in arithmetic, reading, and spelling. Both groups performed nearly on a par with gifted children of their age.

How Teachers React

It has been said that "anybody can do anything if you have only fifteen children and two teachers and $5,000 worth of materials." Bereiter's program requires no special equipment, but it does have three teachers for only fifteen children—an unusually high ratio—and it does require these teachers to be specially trained. In this sense it is far from cheap. Nor does anybody know yet how effective it will be in the long run. Will the children's confidence collapse when they are denied the support of this close-knit group, with its extra attention and many rewards? Will it survive twelve years in crowded slum schools that are geared to turning out failures? From another point of view, have they learned, deep down, to parrot unquestioningly whatever they are told by people in authority?

The answers will not be in for many, many years to come. It is not even clear yet whether the project itself—with its highly charged atmosphere, its mystique, its sense of excitement—can survive alone, or whether it depends on the presence of its two creators. But meanwhile it looks as if some teachers will try to integrate some of these methods into their regular classrooms.

Recently, for example, the National Council of Teachers of English Task Force recommended that preschool curricula for disadvantaged children include some twenty minutes a day of the type of pattern drills pioneered by Bereiter and Engelmann—the kind of drills which teach children to master logic, not facts, and thus help to bring order and sense into their world.

At the very least, then, the program is forcing responsible teachers of the disadvantaged to reexamine some of their cherished clichés. But most teachers remain violently opposed to it. They object for the sake of the children, whose individuality they believe would be threatened; and they object for their own sake, for similar reasons. This is not too surprising, since what Bereiter and Engelmann have done is to write a program very close in spirit to the bulk of those written for teaching machines and computers. It is equally rigid, logical, and efficient. The main difference is that instead of programming the "hardware," they have programmed the teachers.

Herbert R. Lottman

THE NEWSPAPER DE GAULLE HAS TO READ

At two o'clock every afternoon, an aide hands de Gaulle a cup of coffee and a copy of "Le Monde." It is France's greatest journal, and, some think, one of its most anti-American. Where did it get its reputation?

Frenchmen are not very tender to Americans these days. Some of them always thought we were *un petit peu* barbarian, but now their suspicions receive official encouragement. They have recently learned, for example, that NATO is only a camouflage for establishing an American protectorate over Europe. This new mood has been described by a French writer as *castrogaullisme*.

While it is true that under the Fifth Republic French policy is cultivated in a hothouse, Frenchmen are learning to live with their leaders' growing alienation from the United States. And if they are, the newspaper read by the French Establishment, which for twenty years has provided fuel for those suspicious of American intentions, is probably not without its share of responsibility. When that newspaper happens to be *Le Monde*, not only France's most prestigious paper but a moral guide for the elite of all French-speaking nations, and one of the most literate dailies in the world, the matter merits more than a passing glance. One need look no further, in fact, to discover the source of a lot of French misconceptions of the United States.

If some Frenchmen think America is a money-mad society, they may have read a professor's essay in *Le Monde* which began, "The ferocity of the struggle for existence is such in the United States that it is often difficult to look at it in the face." Another professor, who attempts a humor column on the front page of *Le Monde* each day, noted the drop in Wall Street prices occasioned by peace talks in the UN and concluded that America needs the war as a means of expending surplus bombs and blood. *Le Monde* sent its topflight Far Eastern correspondent to Vietnam to cover the battlefront, but his objective accounts of the progress of the war had to compete with such material as a half-page report by Communist publicist Wilfred Burchett quoting Vietcong officers on the cowardice of American troops.

Yet even those who regret this aspect of *Le Monde*'s policy are obliged to take the newspaper seriously. In the thoroughness of its news reports and its attention to style, it is without a doubt one of the most interesting publications one can buy. At a luncheon meeting of Paris correspondents of the major American and British newspapers and press agencies some months back, an American journalist proposed a vote of thanks to this newspaper, without which, he said, foreign correspondents simply couldn't cover the French scene. His motion was followed by nervous coughing, then embarrassed silence. Which reporter present hadn't been guilty of rewriting *Le Monde* for his own newspaper?

A representative issue of *Le Monde* contains only sixteen to twenty-four pages, but they are all solid print, and small print at that. (News and comment are set in seven-point type, with eight-point to splurge. Footnotes, seldom used in most dailies, appear in even tinier six-point.) World news and French political reporting take absolute priority. There is little space for crime, and no attention is paid to Brigitte Bardot (unless she is sued or suing). Advertising is modest in volume by American standards—the paper makes it up by charging $3,000 a page, and has the highest rates per reader of all French dailies—so a full page of news usually means just that. *Le Monde* is anything but tabloid in heart.

To begin with, there are no photographs. Readers learned of the U-2 pictures of Cuban missile sites only through a lengthy descriptive text. The first photographs of the moon were for *Le Monde* a subject of some dense paragraphs of newsprint,

but not for illustration. Lee Harvey Oswald died at Jack Ruby's hand only in prose. One reads *Le Monde* the way one might have read Ruskin on Venice, not being in Venice; or Apollinaire on the Cubist painters, when their paintings weren't accessible.

"Not printing photographs didn't begin as a principle," *Le Monde*'s administrative director Jacques Sauvageot recalls. "We inherited the equipment of the prewar newspaper *Le Temps*, which happened to have the oldest presses in Paris, dating back to 1911, and by 1944 they were very old indeed. They simply couldn't print satisfactory photographs."

Publisher Hubert Beuve-Méry adds, "Our reporting is superior. If we had photographs they would also have to be the best. We should have to spend money competing with *Paris-Match* and *France-Soir*. In fact, the contemporary reader is satiated by images by the time he opens our newspaper. He doesn't need more of the same here." In this way, first out of necessity, later from respect for its traditions, *Le Monde* developed a unique style.

At the top of each news page, a general heading—*Vietnam*, for example, or *The Common Market Crisis*—will introduce three or four or a dozen different stories on the subject, reports from some of the twenty-five foreign correspondents and the major press agencies, full texts or generous excerpts of speeches by chiefs of state, new treaties. The thousands of words devoted to a single problem may smother the reader's interest or need, but in the end he is master of the subject, sitting where the statesman sits.

The day following General de Gaulle's February 21, 1966, press conference, *Le Monde*'s front page covered it in a two-column editorial, a three-column story, and a short humorous comment. The complete text of the conference filled all of pages two and three, crowned with a descriptive introduction, interrupted by boxed comment (contesting de Gaulle's statistics on the national economy); and then there were three and a half additional pages of comments by French political leaders, trade union and professional organizations, the French and foreign press. Separate reports on international reactions were signed by correspondents in Washington, Rome, Moscow, London, Bonn, the Hague, and Rabat.

Hot news in itself is obviously not the most important element of *Le Monde*, although any significant development on any continent is dealt with, even if it's in the tiniest of typefaces. The paper is really written for those who know what has happened—a glance at the headlines in the morning papers takes care of that—but who also seek the story behind the headline. Thus *Le Monde* is a daily anthology of think pieces. Its reporters have the space and leisure to write essays. At the time of Prime Minister Harold Wilson's visit to Moscow, *Le Monde*'s correspondent in that city began several long paragraphs of analysis this way:

> "Shocking!" This is how a member of the British delegation accompanying Mr. Wilson reacted to the announcement of the space flight of Veterok and Ugolyok, the new space dogs. . . . But while this experiment might be considered a provocation by the British, great friends of animals, the Soviet-British talks continue with the greatest cordiality, yet without results.

Or a typical report from Washington correspondent Alain Clément may begin,

> When he was only a Senator impatient of public welfare, Mr. Humphrey complained of the fatigue that the American system inflicts on elected officials. . . . If the Senator's scruples survived his accession to the Vice Presidency, how does he judge the self-effacing performance which the caprices of the White House require of him?

There are no cartoons in *Le Monde*, no comic strips, no contests. With a daily listing of events equivalent to the British Court Calendar, summaries of new laws and regulations, a complete stock-market report, and several pages of financial news, *Le Monde* is France's journal of record. There are once-weekly pages for art and literature, a weekly financial supplement, sections on science, schools, tourism. Only the sports section needs to be read with a magnifying lens.

Not all institutions can boast a style and a personality even if the style is sober and the personality forbidding. To understand *Le Monde* wholly, for example, it is important to know that its reporters and editors write their stories in longhand, or at least four out of five of them do. ("We give them typewriters if they want them, for of course it makes it easier on the linotypers," an editor says.)

By tradition *Le Monde*'s reporters are serious men. They wear conservative clothing, and don't smile unless they must. Their dedication to the newspaper during its first troubled years inspired the legend that *Le Monde* was a priesthood which

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Herbert R. Lottman reads "Le Monde" from cover to cover daily in Paris, where he is an overseas editorial representative of the New York firm of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.

one entered as one took the cloth, after abandoning fleshly pleasures.

Until 1958, indeed, the newspaper was known for the low salaries paid to the elite staff; the staff was widely praised for accepting Spartan conditions along with the old presses and grim layout. "Low pay wasn't a religion," administrative director Sauvageot says. "We are not a monastic order. We happen to be the only Paris daily without a corporation or financial group behind us—no textile firm, no paper mill, no political party. If the editors accepted low salaries, they had the freedom to write what they wanted. Until 1956 our circulation was stable at 150,000 copies. When we reached 200,000 the advertisers began to take us seriously. Now we are averaging over 300,000 copies daily, and we have the best-paid staff in Paris." *Le Monde* reporters receive the equivalent of $500 monthly, a good salary by French standards; specialists get $700 to $800.

Six days a week—following French practice the paper does not appear on Sunday—Hubert Beuve-Méry arrives in his black Citroën for the 8:30 A.M. staff conference in his soberly furnished office. He stands behind his desk, alongside the ugly bronze Second Empire clock, which was the symbol of *Le Temps*. As he reviews the major events to be dealt with that day, his editors also stand.

"There isn't anything unusual about standing up," Beuve-Méry explains in the low voice, almost a whisper, which is characteristic of him. "We're in a hurry to get to work; there isn't time to sit." At the morning meeting the theme of the daily "foreign bulletin," which always appears in boldface type in the left-hand column of page one, is assigned to a specialist. Then precisely at 11:45, ritual requires that the writer knock on M. Beuve-Méry's door, and together they go over his copy line by line. Only this unsigned editorial represents the paper's position on a leading foreign development.

Publisher Beuve-Méry, gray-haired, a very young sixty-four, watches *Le Monde*'s progress carefully. He has been called the Cassandra of the French press; his severe outlook, his scorn for money and its corrupting influence, are legendary. "I was a teacher, and in switching professions I held to the principle that facts are sacred. What I ask for is honesty, which is a moral and not a mechanical concept."

These sober columns are produced by a sober staff of men often having to their credit authoritative books in their fields. Many acquired their expertise while working for the newspaper. The staff of 520 includes ninety reporters and editors, ten more who contribute articles from home, besides more than a dozen foreign correspondents—more than any other French periodical—and ninety stringers in the French provinces.

Writers have wide latitude; copy is not changed to fit policy, and only a wild guess is likely to be edited out of a story. Some contributors are mired in the clichés of radical-left politics of the 1930s, but Jean Knecht came to the newspaper from a right-wing Catholic daily. He has since been Washington correspondent and now heads the British Commonwealth desk. "It's unjust to say that the majority of the staff is left-wing," M. Knecht has said, surprised at the very idea. "Members of the staff voted for every one of the candidates in the last Presidential election, even for Jean-Louis Tixier-Vignancour and Marcel Barbu" (respectively the extreme-right and comic-relief candidates).

Perhaps the wide range of opinion of its editors leads to the unevenness of *Le Monde*'s editorial profile. While the big guns—editor in chief Jacques Fauvet, domestic editor Pierre Viansson-Ponté, foreign editor André Fontaine—are flawless as Tiffany diamonds, it is possible to read correspondents' reports from Brazil, Havana, Athens, or even Washington which shake the confidence the big guns have inspired.

Too Big to Be Ignored

In the beginning was the word. "We need a great newspaper," ordained Charles de Gaulle. Four grim years of Nazi occupation had ended; collaborators were being arrested and tried; in the last days of 1944 France was liquidating a past. For a new France, there would be a new press, free of the taint of prewar corruption or of Vichyite collaboration. So it was that the provisional de Gaulle government by means of decree and persuasion brought forth *Le Monde*.

To accomplish this, the prewar *Le Temps* was expropriated; that conservative daily had been the spokesman, since 1929, of the discredited steel cartel, and a stubborn supporter of the Munich pact. Hubert Beuve-Méry, law professor, diplomatic correspondent of *Le Temps*, who had resigned to protest the paper's support of the Munich pact and had then published clandestine newspapers during the Occupation, lecturing calmly on international events to armed *maquis* in the Resistance, was asked to head the new staff. "I said that I should do it only if we could be independent," he recalls, "without subsidies of any sort, public or private. My terms were high, but they accepted, and so I had to accept."

Asking for an independent newspaper in a nation where moneyed interests had always stood behind every page of newsprint was indeed extraordinary. The government leased him *Le Temps'* old plant, and in December 1944, with a few francs from the pocket of M. Beuve-Méry and some friends, he began publishing. Today, the grim old building is still in use.

At two o'clock each afternoon, when it is time for coffee, an aide hands de Gaulle the early edition of *Le Monde* minutes after it comes off the press. De Gaulle's daily reading, which may last an hour, doesn't always favor his digestion. He finds things that his advisers have neglected to tell him, severe critiques of his attitudes and methods, above all opposition to his *pouvoir personnel*. But he and his government often must act on what he reads, for the paper he brought forth with a wish is now too big to be ignored.

By reputation readers are of the liberal Left, or they are Catholic intellectuals, Protestant bankers, young government functionaries, above all university students. A striking proportion (one out of four) is under twenty-five. Total readership is now estimated at 675,000.

"Readers use *Le Monde* to justify their own opinions," editor in chief Fauvet notes with a cold eye. "We express varied points of view, and each segment of our readership finds what it wants in our pages."

One way to measure influence is by brickbats. *Pravda*'s attack on *Le Monde*'s last Moscow correspondent was headed: "The soul of a ragpicker on the banks of the Seine." In 1962 the Poles expelled correspondent Jean Wetz. (It was during that very period that the French Communist party began allowing members to read *Le Monde*. During the funeral of Party chief Maurice Thorez, workers were seen leaving the ranks of the procession to buy the early edition, which had just come out.)

Le Monde was banned in Algeria by French colonial authorities, then by Ben Bella (who expelled a correspondent), later by the Boumediene government which ousted Ben Bella. In February 1961 Secret Army terrorists protesting *Le Monde*'s liberal stand on Algerian independence set off a plastic bomb in front of the *Monde* building, injuring members of the staff. The London *Economist* declared that the attack honored *Le Monde*. In June of the same year a bomb was planted outside the Beuve-Méry apartment at 107 Boul[illegible] Raspail, with a message reading, *"Hors d'oeuvre pour Monsieur Beuve-Méry."* It had been placed in front of the opposite door on the landing, destroying the door and part of the apartment. (M. Beuve-Méry was absent at the time.) But the efforts of *Le Monde* had a lot to do with bringing the Algerian war to an end.

The belief that *Le Monde* is "governmental" doesn't die easily, especially in the foreign ministries of other countries, where it is read as avidly as an ambassador's report for vital clues as to what is happening in France. *Le Monde* is not governmental. Its love-hate relationship to Gaullism should make that clear.

Le Temps, which was founded in 1861, quite definitely was semiofficial (*officieux*, in the really untranslatable French). The Quai d'Orsay set its daily foreign-policy line. Since *Le Monde* retained the old format and staff, it was not surprising that foreign governments looked upon the infant journal as the voice of government. In 1948 the French Foreign Ministry actually had to notify its missions abroad that although *Le Monde* appeared to resemble the prewar *Le Temps*, it must not be taken as a spokesman for France.

During the stormy, often anarchical period of the Algerian war *Le Monde* obtained a secret government report on torture practiced by French officials in Algeria and sent it to the composing room. Soon the Sûreté Nationale was alerted. Police cars began to surround *Le Monde*'s offices just off the Boulevard des Italiens near the Opéra-Comique. Until that day the paper had never been confiscated in mainland France, only in Algeria by order of French colonial authorities.

At press time a meeting of the Cabinet was called, and the report was officially released to the world. Better a scandal over torture than an unpardonable seizure of *this* newspaper.

Later, in May 1958, when the Pierre Pflimlin government established press censorship, Beuve-Méry aroused opinion by removing his name from the masthead, where it had appeared each day since the paper's founding. It was his way of saying that the censor, and not he, was henceforth responsible for the contents. Censorship and the Fourth Republic lasted only a few days longer.

M. Beuve-Méry favored de Gaulle's efforts to establish order and end the Algerian mess. Some editors wanted the paper to oppose de Gaulle's return to power, or at least not to come out for *oui* in the referendum of December 1958. M. Beuve-Méry hesitated. He finally said *oui* on the grounds that de Gaulle did not bear "the principal responsibility" for the conditions which brought him to power.

It has been *oui et non* ever since. *Le Monde* is both *officieux*-sounding and in opposition, treated with respect by French officials at home and abroad, but never holding back on criticism. M.

Beuve-Méry believes that this reputation for independence and the resultant prestige cause the government to want to use *Le Monde* for its purposes. Today, as *Le Monde*'s foreign-policy positions coincide more and more frequently with the Fifth Republic's peculiar brand of nationalism, one might be justified in considering it a government instrument, even if an involuntary one.

Firing at the U.S.

A phenomenon often regretted by American admirers of *Le Monde* is the newspaper's insidious and frequently overt anti-Americanism, coming from key staffers of the Left. Yet as a journal open to opinion of all shades, it has often published contributions by advocates of Atlantic solidarity. A recent essay by a former *Monde* editor was entitled "There is Now Only One Super-Great Power" (*i.e.*, the United States). Last fall another occasional contributor, political scientist Alfred Grosser, pleaded for comprehension of America. His remarkable front-page article began, "One can always find noble reasons for a sentiment which is not. French anti-Americanism is no exception."

More often, U.S. attempts to change the ways of the world come under the guns of the editors. "As the only *super-grand*," publisher Beuve-Méry explained to an American interviewer, "you are becoming the gendarme of the world." Nobody likes a gendarme much.

Le Monde's reports from Latin America often sound as if the Alliance for Progress does not exist, or as if the U.S. never supports reform governments such as that of Eduardo Frei in Chile. In an extraordinary three-part report on Venezuela which began on the front page last March 19, the non-staff contributor, as all such contributors are, was allowed free rein to compare U.S. hegemony unfavorably to that of the Russians ("One must recognize that after twenty years the people's democracies move toward greater independence, while the contrary happens in countries tied to the United States such as, for example, Venezuela"). As it happens, Venezuela was one of a half-dozen Latin-American states to challenge the legality of OAS intervention in the Dominican Republic, which is hardly appropriate conduct for the U.S. colony Venezuela is alleged to be. The report developed into a panegyric for communism as the answer to Latin America's problems. "What an extraordinary example Fidel Castro is for Latin America!" the writer exclaimed. "In revolting against the United States he has become the symbol of something irreplaceable: the sense of dignity. . . . The United States now has no ideal to offer to . . . the immense majority of the population of Latin America." The conclusion was a blessing to the guerrilla movements of Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

Le Monde's otherwise first-rate expert on North Africa, Jean Lacouture, wrote recently that it is "tempting" to assume that the U.S. was at least partly responsible for the abduction (and probable murder) of Mehdi Ben Barka, Moroccan opposition leader kidnaped from the streets of Paris last October. *Le Monde* hinted at least twice that the U.S. was involved, echoing a suggestion then being made only on the official French radio, in the Gaullist weekly *Notre République*, and in private *officieux* briefings. Alas for the hinters, the affair boomeranged, for it is now known that top officials of France's own intelligence and police services were implicated. Neither *Le Monde* nor its *officieux* sources have found time to apologize for the original suggestions.

"We aren't anti-American," editor in chief Jacques Fauvet insists. "But we happen to distrust all power, military, economic, even religious. American power being greater than any other, we are wary of its encroachments."

The trouble is that *Le Monde*'s makeup allows no distinction between news and editorial comment. Aside from signed editorials by the publisher (appearing half-a-dozen times a year), all news columns editorialize; all editorials (and notably the front-page foreign bulletin) report news. The freedom given to the staff may appear anarchical to the reader unwilling to follow all the private biases of all the paper's writers, to say nothing of the one or two major biases shared by the group.

Thus regular contributor Maurice Duverger, noted political scientist, describes French left-wing attitudes on *Le Monde*'s second page under the general heading "Franco-American Disagreement on NATO": "A good number of Socialists and Radicals still remain ultra-European, pro-Western, anti-Soviet, hardly bothered by Washington's hegemony, the bombings of Vietnam, or the shooting in Santo Domingo. . . ." Is this news, editorial comment, or both? Does it represent *Le Monde*, the staff, or only a fraction thereof? It's hard to know. It's even harder for an observer to separate the prejudices of *Le Monde*'s writers from their thorough presentation of events. It must be practically impossible for the French reader, who can't get better journalism in his own language, to know where the news stops and the Cartesian dyspepsia begins.

S. L. A. Marshall

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MOST PUBLICIZED BATTLE OF VIETNAM

Captain Carpenter's action won headlines in America and praise from President Johnson. A new hero was made. But what really happened on Carpenter's mountain?

When Captain William S. Carpenter, Jr., of Springfield, Pennsylvania, and once one of West Point's most famous football ends, led forth Charley Company at seven o'clock on the morning of June 8, 1966, it was with the feeling that the day would yield nothing worth writing home about. Almost the entire Second Battalion of the 502nd Regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel Henry (Hank) Emerson, felt touchy and frustrated. Except for Able Company, its units had come a little late to the Battle of Toumorong (Operation Hawthorne), staged far to the west in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam, and the laurels of the early action were with another outfit.

Then, when it was committed, the Second Battalion had been landed by Hueys at least four miles west and north of the battle zone, a tactical miscalculation which Brigadier General Willard Pearson later charged against himself, for the record. There followed a full day of futile bush-beating southward along the jungle trails, of which nothing came to the troops except greater fatigue, a plague of tree leeches, and a sense of missing the show.

Charley Company, taking the field for the first time under Carpenter's leadership, though he was on his second tour in Vietnam, had maintained an ambush position throughout the night that followed the march southeastward. Missing most of its sleep, it had seen nothing worth noting and heard not one suspicious sound.

Now, on June eighth, Emerson, whose nickname was the Gunfighter, had told Carpenter to move to the base, or thereabouts, of Hill 1073, a stride of only 500 meters from the ambush site.

The Company advanced in three platoon columns under a clear sky, the right and left flanks being separated by about 400 meters. The center column guided on a one-squad point which kept 200 meters to the fore. Just as the point squad reached the base of Hill 1073, an enemy soldier came out of a side trail equidistant between this scout element and the main body. Five men of the platoon fired and at least one dealt him a fatal bullet. He proved to be a medical laboratory technician laden with the equipment of his workshop.

No time was lost in speculating about his gadgets. Because the contact had taken place, First Platoon continued marching up the first finger of the great ridge for about 600 meters. Then and there it stopped, though not because it was confronted by a far-spread and seemingly unoccupied complex of enemy bunkers, lean-tos, and trenches. According to the map, First Platoon was just about to go past the boundary with Major David Hackworth's Battalion, which in operations tight or loose is a very real trespass. Carpenter told the men to go into a defensive perimeter and hold steady.

Meanwhile his headquarters people and the Fourth Platoon had converged along the bank of a broad creek curving around the base of Hill 1073. Then Third Platoon came abreast of the same creek, 350 meters from them. It was a refreshing setting for a fall-out lasting two minutes.

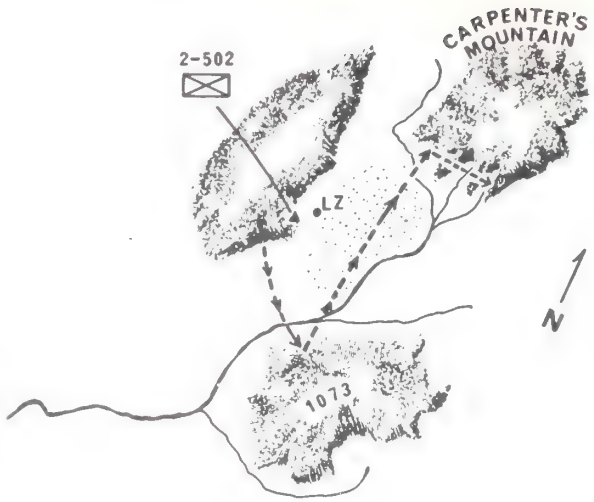
Three enemy soldiers popped out of a side trail several rods to the rear of where Fourth Platoon idled. One man—the Vietnamese interpreter—was looking in the right direction and, seeing them, cried warning. First Sergeant Walter J. Saba-

lauski, probably the oldest fighter in the line in Vietnam, whirled, fired, and killed the front man —range 20 meters. He also wounded the second man who swiftly vanished uptrail. Sabalauski is somewhat heavy for sprinting. So Sergeants Nicholas R. Sorenberger and William E. Cummings took out after the quarry. He evaded. But 50 meters or so above the creek they ran into another Charley, walking toward them and carrying two water pails, and they killed him.

Coincidentally (the time was exactly ten o'clock) Carpenter got a call on the radio telephone from Emerson. His message was this: "Hackworth requests that you back off 1,000 meters to the north. There you will block any trails pointing to the east. Hack is about to call for a tac air strike against Hill 1073 and he doesn't want any of your people to get hurt."

To troops not averse to being noticed, that signal was a heartbreaker. Carpenter read it as a portent that another day's hunting would be wasted. Emerson, too, rated it as a down for no gain and very unfeeling on Hackworth's part. Here they were just about to get their teeth into something worth biting and the other Battalion, for reasons of prudence, was taking it away from them. On the other hand, there was the outside chance that the enemy force that had manned the bunker line might be trying for a getaway to the north and could be overtaken, a contingency seeming so remote that it offered no consolation. While field soldiers may not yearn for a fight, they positively abhor marching and countermarching to no positive end.

The Company marched directly north from 10:00 A.M. to 2:30 P.M. with no contact, a four-and-one-half-hour haul which carried them considerably farther than 1,000 meters. Most of the way the trail ran straight through a flat grown thick with elephant grass standing much higher than a man. It was a welcome respite from hard exertion, though the day was hot and the sun so bright that they did not damp their boots in crossing the green sea of grass. They climbed the first finger of another ridge walling the valley to the north. That leg proved to be a man-killer. Atop the first finger, Carpenter, though in prime condition, felt so blown that he rested his men for twenty minutes. After that, continuing the march, Carpenter modified his order, and bore directly southeast on the next leg for another 700 meters, simply so that the Company could cross over the second ridge finger at a lower elevation and with less sweat.



Carpenter's March (map drawn by Jac Purdon)

"Get Ready for a Fight"

It was a small decision when he made it, a minor digression from the instruction given him, but there was reason enough for it: to exhaust a company prior to engagement is one certain way to lose it.

When the point of First Platoon passed the crest of the second finger and started downgrade, a wide creek threaded the draw about 70 meters ahead of it. The same stream, twisting through the ridges, ran past Hackworth's position still lower down.

Sergeant Thomas Delemeter of Jackson, Michigan, a wiry and highly articulate soldier, was playing lead scout for the Company column. Suddenly he halted, raised his hand, and the squad stopped. First Platoon then closed up on the point. Delemeter said to Lieutenant Bill Jordan, "I hear voices to my front—loud voices—maybe a platoon or more—speaking Vietnamese—I'd say 200 meters away."

Jordan listened for a minute and nodded to Delemeter. Then he called Carpenter, to say, "I've got Charley 200 meters to my front. Shall I continue on the present azimuth or go for Charley?"

General S. L. A. Marshall's Vietnam reports will be part of his next book, "Battles in the Monsoon," to be published in February by Morrow. A combat soldier in World War I, Army historian in World War II, and Detroit "News" military analyst, General Marshall has also written such widely respected works as "Pork Chop Hill" and "Sinai Victory." He will return soon to Vietnam for a fourth visit. Later this year, "Harper's" will publish his report on some non-military aspects of the war.

The question sounds like jabberwocky—as if he were contradicting himself. But the azimuth would take him straight toward the voices, though by doing so the column would risk the hazard of crossing the draw under observation. By orthodox tactics, if he were to attack, he would move up the finger on which he was standing to juncture with the third finger, then come down on the enemy.

Without hesitating, Carpenter said, "We'll go for Charley."

Carpenter next called Lieutenant James Baker, leader of Third Platoon, and said, "Get ready for a fight." The platoons would attack up the ridge finger. Jordan's men, already standing in file on the right ground, had only to face left to be deployed correctly. Baker's platoon would close up and come in on Jordan's left flank if such an additional commitment became necessary.

At that point, four enemy soldiers appeared on the other bank of the stream. Three had come with the obvious intention of washing mess utensils and clothing. The fourth man's errand, if more urgent, was no less clear. In one hand he carried a roll of toilet paper—a fastidious touch in guerrilla warfare—and he already squatted with his back to the stream. Here was no scout party, no decoy, but the tokens of a force at ease and unalarmed.

Delemeter, who remained on the extreme right when the platoon faced left, took all of this in. He said to Specialist Fourth Class Walter Williams, "I don't like to bother anyone in that position, but that Charley shouldn't be fouling the stream. You try to get the others." Delemeter killed his man. The others, if they were hit at all, instantly scampered away into the bamboo.

The same kind of thing had been done with impunity in the early morning. This time it was a mistake. Even as the sounds of the shooting died, First Platoon was in motion advancing up the finger. Within five minutes, according to Delemeter, who is the most reliable witness on time intervals, every man was flat on the ground, pinned by the fire of four automatic weapons which from the immediate right flank swept directly above the platoon line, virtually paralyzing it. That it came so quickly, unexpectedly, and accurately compounded the shock.

Luck Running the Other Way

Here is the most startling note in the story, more incredible than Carpenter's audacious action minutes later. There were no prepared enemy positions high on the finger; no force had been deployed in front of First Platoon. The enemy soldiers, having fallen out for a rest period, then becoming alerted by the few rounds fired at the four men along the creek, had whipped around the draw and begun their counterattack as if they had inspired knowledge of how the Americans would try to develop the action.

Yet this was blind chance. First Sergeant Sabalauski, the grizzled combat hand from Palm Beach, Florida, knew it immediately. It was a meeting engagement, pure and simple, and all the luck was running the other way. He said bitterly to Carpenter, "Damn it, we catch them flat-footed. They jump to it and start firing. They are not firing at us; we are walking into it." Now some instinct told him that things would keep going from bad to worse.

So far, however, their losses, if any, were trifling. Stalling all movement was the steady drone of bullets and the explosive crackling of the bamboo overhead. The thicket was so dense at ground level that, once the men flattened, they saw little or nothing of one another. To wiggle directly forward was impossible, due to the clumps of snarled bamboo which they could only slither around, twisting sideways. Some of them fired during the crawl but their aim had to be forward lest they shoot one another; the automatic weapons were flailing them from the right flank only. In the first five minutes, though they saw not one enemy soldier, they did not move more than five meters. Delemeter got a machine gun going on the right flank. Two grenades sailed in on him and exploded just beyond his right elbow. The corner of a clump of bamboo shielded his body from the blast. He wiggled his way toward the left of the line.

Carpenter called Emerson on the radio telephone to tell him, "First Platoon is in trouble and I'm about to commit Third Platoon."

Said the Gunfighter, "Go right ahead; be sure to police the field of all weapons when the fight is over." There could not have been a more untimely admonition, though Emerson had no way of knowing it.

Carpenter replied, "Believe me, it's not a question of doing anything like that. We're under heavy fire, repeat, heavy fire."

Ten minutes after Jordan had attacked, Baker came in with Third Platoon on the left side of the ridge finger. One hundred extra meters of bush had given this unit insulation against the heat and most of the noise of the fight, and its members had no premonition of crisis. Neither did Emerson. He figured this problem as a sideshow, a small tangle quickly to be straightened. It was

no more apparent to him than to the driver that the chariot was skidding and about to careen out of control.

Emerson held sway in an almost-closed-off bower just inside the jungle. Just about triple the size of a conventional living room, and with hardly more height, this chamber was devoid of hanging vines, flowering creepers, and projecting limbs. The floor was hard-packed red earth nearly barren of decaying vegetation. The walls and green roof were of such tightly intertwined foliage that, with the sun high, the bower was less than half-lighted. It was natural only in that nature was an auxiliary architect. The portal to a jungle trail that had been hacked out and kept that way by the Vietcong, it was the work of years. Gnarled and knotted bamboo so hemmed it in that the air was stale and lifeless.

The trail ascended sharply and directly from the rear of the chamber, and for the first thirty feet was terraced at three levels. Ferns in all sizes, some higher than a man, flanked the trail. There were also wild banana trees, coconut palms, and breadfruit in this jungle. It might have been a good place for a picnic, on a cooler day.

Here was the right setting for the man now dominating it. The Gunfighter always runs a shooting contest in a mood of keen excitement. His voice is charged; his normally well-composed face lights up and reddens. Patient with subordinates, he sweats out a fight as moistly as any of his soldiers and he leans to the action so wholly that he stands on tiptoe when he talks things out on the radio.

The Battalion Command Post was about 1,400 meters from Carpenter. Except for the first finger of the ridge mass where the fight was going on, the way between was the flat valley covered with elephant grass. Captain Ronald Brown was with Emerson, wondering if his Alpha Company was due for another fire call. Many of his men were sprawled about the enclosure, sleeping, resting, or engaging in small talk, hardly heeding the course of the fight. Their languor was in utter contrast with Emerson's tautness.

When Lieutenant Baker brought his men of Third Platoon into line, Carpenter's position was slightly to the left of First Platoon and about 25 meters to the rear of Baker's closest flank. Still, Carpenter could not see any one of his soldiers, owing to the thickness of the bush. Suddenly, however, he could feel fire coming against his CP position from an entirely new direction. Off the third finger of the ridge rising from the creek bed where Delemeter had shot the squatting man, an automatic gun raked the ground all around him.

So far, not one man had been killed in the Company. But within the last few seconds, every man in the headquarters element, except Carpenter, one radio operator, Private First Class Ellman, and one medic, Spec 4 Baldinger, had been wounded. Sergeant Sabalauski became so busy playing aid man, and jockeying riflemen forward, that he had no impression of how the fight was developing.

Carpenter told Lieutenant Bryan Robbins, commanding Fourth Platoon (Heavy Weapons), "Move on over the creek and clean out that high ground." The Platoon moved rightward all of 15 meters. There it was beaten to earth by fire from two machine guns.

Third Platoon, deploying at a right angle to Fourth Platoon's direction, got to a few yards beyond First's ragged line, where it was beaten down by automatic fire coming, this time, from the front. Sergeant Robert Hanna, its NCO leader, and a very rugged character, who was on right of the formation, couldn't take this embarrassment lying down.

He called to Sergeant James Young of Summersville, West Virginia, leading Second Squad of First Platoon, "Get your asses on up here and we'll start moving again."

They crawled along five or six meters, then stopped once more when a swath of machine-gun bullets cut just above their heads. Lieutenant Baker was then at least two lengths ahead of any of his men. Delemeter couldn't see Baker but he thought he heard Baker call out something not far behind him. It sounded like, "Move on."

Lieutenant Jordan called to Delemeter, "Move on! Get forward!"

Delemeter yelled back, "I can't. I'm already in front of Third Platoon."

Spec 4 Williams called out, "Medic! Medic!" Williams also was to Delemeter's rear.

Delemeter yelled, "What for?"

From Williams: "They just shot Yracheta." (Pfc Senen Yracheta was the Second Squad's grenadier.)

Delemeter yelled, "Then you stay with him, Big Will. He needs you."

By that time, the fire fight had been going not more than fifteen minutes. There were no tall trees in this bush, and practically no canopy. A strong sunlight filtered down to them. They could have seen well enough had not their noses been so close to bush and earth. Delemeter looked at his watch occasionally. He was amazed that the seconds were going so slowly.

Neither Carpenter nor Sabalauski was as yet aware of any crisis threatening Third Platoon,

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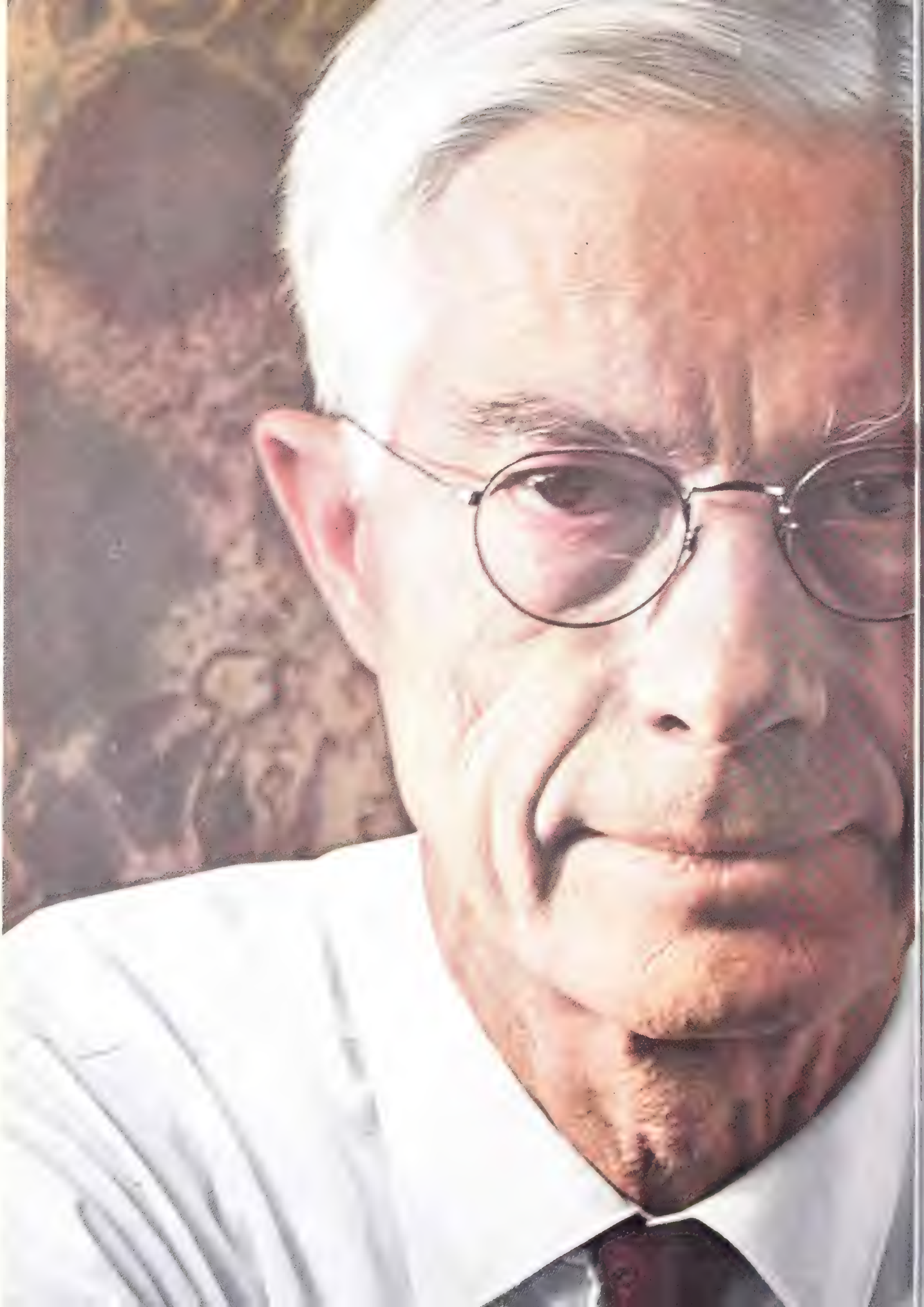
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and until then, there had been none. Emerson, out of respect for Carpenter's judgment and steadiness, was suddenly feeling more urgent about the Company situation. He knew that "Ragged Scooper," the forward air controller, was up there above the ridge somewhere, and that some of his ships were on tap, should there be a call for help. The lines—friend and enemy—were so closely joined that any such call seemed unlikely. But he had given the word to Ragged Scooper: "Get over to those coordinates; I have an element in trouble."

The real thing came swiftly.

Sergeant Young heard a cry ring out from his left: "The Platoon leader's hit!" He did not know it was Sergeant Hanna who had yelled, and Young had not seen Baker fall, though neither man was more than 12 yards from him. Hanna was on radio, talking to Carpenter: "Lieutenant Baker has been killed by a machine-gun burst. Otherwise, we're not being hurt too much by fire from out front. But they've now swung around us—in the draw on our left. Grenades are coming in."

Delemeter was close enough to get an impression of these things. He had heard Hanna cry, "Check Lieutenant Baker!" Someone else shouted an answer, "He got it in the head." But he remembered also Hanna saying to Carpenter, "I think most of our Platoon is done."

There followed, in an instant or so, a great blast from the same direction as the voice he had just heard. Delemeter was certain it was a rocket exploding. Young, who had propped himself to look at Hanna, knew better. He saw it happen. Two grenades, bouncing right together, exploded next to Hanna as he turned to move away from the instrument; one blew off both of his legs, the other shattered his skull.

Young saw the body lifted by the blow, then fall broken. Still, he yelled, "Hanna, Hanna, get up!"

"I'm the Only Live Person Left"

That was when Carpenter got a call over the Third Platoon radio; it had been shielded from the blast by Hanna's body. The voice did not identify itself. It screamed hysterically, "Hanna's dead. The lieutenant's dead. I'm the only live person left here. I can't see anybody. Grenades are coming in on me." The voice broke off before there was time for Carpenter to answer.

Carpenter did not know for days afterward who had called him. Young knew at once. He had seen Sergeant James Harding, already badly wounded through the right wrist and arm, drag himself to the radio and had heard him talk to Carpenter. But Young caught only a word here and there and had no idea of the impact on Carpenter.

Such was the spur-of-the-moment information that Carpenter acted upon. The anonymity of the call particularly disturbed him. But he also knew something of the situation right around himself and felt its pressure.

Senior Medic Schuyler was out of action, mortally wounded by three bullets. Aid Men Quattochi, Pickens, and Baldinger had also been hit while dragging other wounded a little to the rear. Only Quattochi, shot through the shoulder, and Baldinger, with bullet wounds in both legs, continued to crawl from man to man, bandaging them and administering albumin.

Delemeter and Young had gone as flat as possible. No man any longer fired from either platoon. Grenades and bullets were breaking into the ground at too terrifying a rate. (The men who survived in the forward line bear witness that, whether or not the Company was itself beaten at that clutch, they personally felt themselves doomed.)

Carpenter had been talking on-and-off to Battalion Headquarters since the start of action. He now said to Emerson, "They're right in among us. We're being overrun. I've got to have napalm dropped right on my position." (The bravado tag line, "We'll take some of them with us," must have been a bit of embroidery added later by the press. Such stories do improve with age. Carpenter had no recollection of saying any such thing.) Carpenter added, "I'll throw out yellow smoke," and fitted the action to his words. From somewhere aloft Ragged Scooper said, "I see it."

What no one had reckoned on was the speed with which the napalm would be delivered. There was no time to warn either platoon of what was coming, which may have been just as well. The ship already was directly above them. Within one-half minute, giving a few seconds either way, the fiery stuff splashed amid the bamboo tops, to become broken and diffused by it. Most of the napalm spilled forward into enemy-held ground in line with the forward motion of the carrier; some of it rebounded against the prone men in the Company line.

More than half of the Company still did not know that Carpenter had taken the desperate gamble or that there had been a napalm attack put on the finger. They heard a sharp crackling in the air as the green bamboo kept exploding from the flame; this, they at first attributed to a sudden increase in the machine-gun fire.

Twelve of the Americans were burned. Only

two became stretcher cases. Pfc Edward Garcia later died. Pfc Glenn W. Whitehead, of First Platoon, was ablaze all over, but the fire was so quickly beaten out by several comrades who jumped on him that his life was saved. Spec 4 Charles Hampton and Pfc Joe Hunter were the other more serious cases. Delemeter was burned on the right leg; Sabalauski was splashed on both hands (he did not at first know what had happened, not having heard Carpenter give the order). Sergeant Charles Harris was splashed badly on both arms. Pfc Gerry Smith, already suffering from a gunshot wound, was blistered all along the back.

The immediate reaction of the men in the rifle line was a great sense of relief. They felt better even before they knew what had been done. The fire along their front died instantly and completely. Within a minute, Young had arisen and walked back through the bamboo to where Carpenter was sitting. Delemeter had felt no shock when the stuff came down. He felt good when it was over. He "felt saved." As he arose and walked to the rear, he heard not one shot fired. And he, like all the others, had seen nothing of the enemy while in the forward ground.

Carpenter's immediate reaction was one almost of despair. He thought that at least half of the Company had been wiped out, with part of it being done on his order. He said to Emerson, "I've stopped them but I also hurt myself terribly."

Emerson's reply was, "I want you to know that I am putting you in for the Medal of Honor. You can be sure of that."

Since the pledge was made before Emerson really knew all of the circumstances, either as to whether Carpenter had been justified in what he did, or what had come of it, or how the men felt about it, that was rather indiscreet. But it was also spontaneous; and the words reverberated all the way to Washington, though Leon Daniel of UPI was the only correspondent hanging on them at the Gunfighter's Command Post that afternoon. The Saigon press corps had snubbed the battle of Toumorong from the start.

Praise from the White House

Daniel's story made banner headlines in the Washington *Post* next morning. The President spoke in praise of Captain Carpenter at a press conference. The Pentagon cabled Saigon, "White House praises what Captain Carpenter did; what did he do?" At last, the correspondents flew north like a swarm of locusts. It is an object lesson in how history and heroes are made.

All that Emerson heard on radio during those next few minutes did not relieve his mind or make him feel Carpenter was taking too dim a view. During a twenty-minute lull, the wounded were pulled out, and the able-bodied joined Delemeter, Young, and the other early arrivals lower down on the finger, where Carpenter was holding out. Some of the men were sent back to the burning wood in parties of two or three to gather equipment. Several of the radios and rucksacks were flaming so high that they had to be abandoned.

But where was Third Platoon? Sabalauski had counted noses, then made a swing forward through the bamboo, and had collected not more than a corporal's guard. Sabalauski's first estimate, put through to Emerson, was that "about fifty have been killed." Emerson subsequently acted as though this had been a proper reckoning. It signified that the great part of a three-platoon company had been wiped out. Young and Delemeter would have named about the same figure, had they been asked. Carpenter was too busy with other tasks to question it. The main task was to get the Company regrouped and established in a defensive perimeter right where they were.

On radio Emerson said to him, "Make that circle just as tight as possible. I'll ring the place with artillery. We'll have air strikes. I'll bring in Smokey the Bear [a flare ship]. The 327th will be coming your way. I'm starting Brown and Alpha."

In those minutes, the Gunfighter truly thought that Carpenter had bumped an enemy regiment. He, too, was having his bout with phantasmagoria.

Without a doubt, the desperation of the act, in the light of the information received at the Command Post, conveyed to him that the plight of the Company remained no less desperate. Its Third Platoon was "up the pipe." Half of the Company's strength must have been spent in a few minutes, and what was left of it stayed cornered. Viewing through a glass darkly, Emerson proceeded to take his extraordinary measures toward Carpenter's relief and extrication. Captain Brown and Alpha Company were sent on their way through the sea of elephant grass to reinforce the beleaguered perimeter. Brigade was asked to put Hackworth and his Battalion on a new axis, attacking from Hill 1073 straight toward Carpenter to ease the pressure against him. Though Hackworth and his companions were already heavily beset, the change was made. Thus the whole operation was given a new focus.

A report of the fight, with the grimmest possible overtones, got all the way back to the Brigade's rear base at Phan Rang. Emerson's Executive, Major Donald Schroeder, chanced to be there. On

his own, Schroeder organized a provisional company of sixty five homeward bound veterans of the Battalion who had served their time and were awaiting a plane to the United States. They were not rarin' to go, but they fell in. Thus all armed, ragtag bunch flew to the scene in borrowed Chinooks. Emerson knew of it when they closed on his Command Post at 9:30 P.M., and Schroeder, saluting, said, "Sir, we are here!" as if speaking for the book. Emerson sent them along the way that Brown and Company had gone.

On the ridge finger, the perimeter in which Carpenter's men settled, after pulling back from the burning bamboo, was a rough circle about forty five meters in diameter. They had a thirty minute respite in which to dig and they made the most of it, they dug deep too deep, as things worked out. When the enemy resumed fire, Third Platoon's sector, which faced toward the other finger, got the full treatment. Still, the automatic fire, traversing up and down their slope, "made impossible" Carpenter's word, any controlled sweep of the area where the Third Platoon had undergone its ordeal. The two wounded Aid Men continued to crawl about and administer care. There could be no medevac; there was no landing zone for it, there had been no opportunity to locate and clear one. They had entered upon the operation with food and ammo to last five days, expecting to stay that long.

Dark came, and with it an electrical storm, lightning in sheets, rain falling the same way. The foxholes filled. The men found it simpler (and also safer) to hunch down deeper into the hole, thereby to soak up more of the water or to push it over the brim, than to bail it out with helmet. There was too much of it for bailing. The downpour slowed the march up of Alpha Company, the men sliding and falling in the red clay of the trail.

Emerson brought help for Carpenter's people from Smokey the Bear. Illumination might be needed if a counterattack came on. Smokey replied, "I'd rather not fly in such weather." Emerson said, "You must do so," though he did not know the pilot and had no authority over him. Smokey said, "Okay sir, I'll do it, crash or not."

There was need for Smokey. Brown's Company, having started at 5:00 P.M., made the first 1,000 meters across the flat valley almost at a lope. As they headed uptrail, where the big ridge began, they found trouble. Rifle and automatic fire broke out against the lead squad. It men hit the dirt. Working to the front of the column, Brown yelled at them, "Get up and push, we can't stop, we have to assault." But two men had been wounded, and the others did not jump up and bound on.



Captain William S. Carpenter, Jr., U. S. Army, photo.

The charge to the crest of the sub ridge had to be slowly, carefully organized. Brown could not see the position above him but he knew that if the men kept low they would be mowed by the withering fire. Dark was coming and he wanted a little more of it. When at last they went at it, with a heady upward rush, followed by a bound with the front men firing. They thought they killed "at least ten VC," as they swept through the outpost, though no one stopped to count bodies.

Bedeviled by rain and darkness, they began the descent to the draw. The column began to drift apart, an automatic rifle harassed them from the low ground ahead. Brown called for Smokey the Bear to come over. While the flare lasted the men could see one another and converge again. In the dark interludes, they once more became separated as they went ahead perhaps at a pace no better than 150 meters per hour.

Approaching the ridge finger they had been seeking, Brown got Carpenter on the radio, saying, "Give me a cluster" a green hand flare. He saw it only when Carpenter tried for the second time. The position lay directly ahead about 100 meters.

Off to their left, Brown's men could hear enemy voices. So they kept working to the right, away from the trail. Brown wanted no more fighting right then. He passed the word back, "If they come on, try to break contact." A mortar opened fire on them, but the shells went wide over. Again the movement was drifting out of control.

Brown called Carpenter, saying, "Have your people fire in the other direction and we will guide on the sound." Without knowing it, they had already closed to within voice range. Carpenter's people yelled, "Strike Force!" in an experiment.

Brown's returned the call, "Strike Force!"

Lifted by this cheerleading for the rest of the distance, they closed on the perimeter. Brown took one hour in fitting his men into the position which "ran straight downhill," and had to be almost doubled in size to accommodate him. He got ready to place his last man, Pfc John Deisher. Right then an enemy group that had followed along the trail closed in. There was a heavy volley. Deisher was hit by eleven bullets through the back. Brown, gone flat, felt crushed and miserable. The Company had done so well until that moment.

That happened at one half-hour past midnight. More than one hour later, six wounded men from the Third Platoon who had been marked as "missing" came into the position. Their return moved Carpenter to make a more complete check of bodies —living and dead. He discovered, as so often happens in battle, that things were less black than he thought. There were six killed, sixteen members of Third Platoon remained unaccounted for, and twenty-five of the wounded were rated "gravely" so. No toll was taken of the lightly wounded. There had been no opportunity to count enemy dead and none would come.

At 2:00 A.M. Emerson was given the revised estimate on radio by Sabalauski, who said, "At worst, we have not more than fifteen killed, sixteen missing, and twenty-five seriously wounded." He was extrapolating a bit.

The other relief column was formed of the sixty-five casuals flown in from Phan Rang, reinforced by the other platoon from Charley Company that had returned earlier in the day from a long patrol, having slogged forward under the command of Captain Walter B. Wesley, Commander of Headquarters Company. They did not make it to the top of the first ridge finger.

Emerson had intended to halt them there for the night, in any event. He was already feeling better about the situation. After Brown got to Carpenter, he ceased worrying that the position might be overrun. Besides, three companies of the 327th were pushing toward Carpenter and were only about 700 meters to the south of him. Emerson had no idea that Hackworth's forces were more heavily engaged through this night than were his own, and he would not learn of it until the following morning.

This more sanguine outlook, however, did not bring about the halting of the provisional company. As the front of Wesley's column gained the brow of the first ridge finger, four enemy machine guns opened fire. Ten men of the Charley Company platoon fell wounded, including the leader, Lieutenant James D. Olienyk, who was shot through the mouth. Pfc Manuel Rodriguez kept crawling, and when he got to the first gun, he threw a grenade, killing the weapon and its crew. So did Pfc Juan Sanchez, who knocked out the second gun. These were the workhorses. Rodriguez and Sanchez then pulled back and dragged the wounded to cover.

Filled with admiration, Wesley concluded that he would have to fight onward with half a platoon —if at all. The casuals from Phan Rang showed no disposition to mix it. With orders in their pockets that would take them home, they lay there under fire, but crawled no closer to its source. He scarcely blamed them. Who could? Reserving to himself his doubts about the casuals, Wesley called Emerson on radio and gave him the ringsider's view of what he was up against.

Emerson said, "Withdraw down the slope until you get away from the fire. Then form a perimeter and hold. I'll get back to you after a while."

When daylight came to Carpenter's position, the rain, which had dropped to a drizzle around three o'clock, again fell in torrents, and kept coming for hours. A low, clinging mist crept upward from the bottoms. These things, combined with the inability of other forces to get to them, the overload of casualties, and the fire that buzzed around their flanks whenever they stirred, were enough to keep them penned for the second day. When dark came, Carpenter decided he must try to move; his wounded had been without skilled medical attention for thirty hours.

Litters—twenty of them—were dropped from a Huey at 11:00 P.M. But there were twenty-six litter cases. They tried carrying the extras—six bearers for each body. It was a brave try, but still no go. An advance guard was put out to hack a path through the bamboo. With entrenching tools, they cut steps in the oozy clay of the trail; the bearers still slipped and fell with the wounded. Begun at midnight, their march out by first light still had not gained 200 meters; the head of the column was only at the base of the finger on which they had fought. Carpenter halted them.

The day was hot and fair. The trails began to dry. Emerson called Captain Wesley and said, "You start hacking your way to them. Don't go over that first finger. Stay more with the low ground." The column veered a little too much to the left, promptly ran into automatic fire, then swung far right, and by luck, bumped into a trail that wound toward Carpenter's position. With Brown's Company leading, Carpenter's column got moving again. They met in midmorning, and by eleven o'clock the wounded and dead were being flown out by Huey from the swale where Wesley's force had set up its perimeter.

Harper's Magazine, January 1967

Richard Bolling

WHAT THE NEW CONGRESS NEEDS MOST

A dose of the medicine Adam Clayton Powell had to swallow might do a world of good to some of his fellow committee chairmen.

The 89th Congress expired last fall leaving some of its members in a dangerous state of euphoria. With a two-to-one Democratic majority in both Houses—thanks to the 1964 Johnson landslide and the Goldwater debacle—it had indeed enacted a flood of long-overdue legislation. The President congratulated Congress, and the folks back home who take an interest in Washington felt reasonably content with the institution. Such a sophisticated observer as Stephen K. Bailey—Dean of the Maxwell Graduate School of Public Affairs at Syracuse—wrote a book called *The New Congress* in which he argued that things are really looking up on Capitol Hill. Similarly, a number of young political scientists were saying that even the seniority system—that perennial brake on progress—is somehow good for the country.

They are wrong. Congress—particularly the House of Representatives—is not in good shape to enact the kind of laws the majority of people in this country want and need. The relatively impressive performance of the last session was a fluke. It will not be repeated unless Congress, as its first task, decides to put its own House in order.

As things now stand, if you live longer and get elected oftener than anybody else on your committee, you, by God, will become chairman of it when your party is in the majority. This is the system that made Adam Clayton Powell chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee and gave him license to cavalierly defy the majority on his own committee, the Congress, the President, the courts, and most Americans except his ever-loving constituents.

Last fall he was largely stripped of his arbitrary powers over committee finances, staff, and legislative actions through an extraordinary maneuver skillfully led by Sam Gibbons of Florida and Jim O'Hara of Michigan. (Both incidentally are Democrats and civil-rights supporters.) This was, however, only a temporary victory. The same battle will have to be fought over again in the 90th Congress. And there are other chairmanships of equal—if not greater—importance. (The voters themselves took care of one of these in November when they ousted Harold Cooley of North Carolina, who as chairman of the House Agriculture Committee for years brazenly manipulated sugar quotas in defiance of everyone and everything, including the public interest.)

The key committee post in the House of Representatives is the chairmanship of the Rules Committee, which can—and often does—prevent legislation from coming to the floor for a vote even if it has been approved by the committee directly concerned. For the past twelve years the chairman of the Rules Committee has been that king of obstructionists, Howard W. Smith of Virginia. I have served on his committee during that entire period and can attest to his great personal charm and also to his unique ability to frustrate the plans and hopes of his party's leaders and rank and file. Last July, in an astonishing upset, Representative Smith lost out in the Virginia primary. For the first time in more than thirty years he will not be a member of Congress. The choice of his successor as chairman of the Rules Committee is the most important business confronting the House this January.

This is so even though Chairman Smith's power to thwart legislation was temporarily hobbled in the 89th Congress. The House in January 1965 enacted the "twenty-one-day rule," which made it possible to force most of the Great Society legislation out of the Rules Committee's clutches. Like the steps taken to curb Powell, this was only a

temporary rule, adopted by a slim majority of twenty-two votes. It will certainly not be readopted this January, since more than forty members who voted for it were defeated this fall by men who can be guaranteed to vote against the rule.

Thus Smith's successor will have the same powers he enjoyed in his heyday. Next in line by the rule of seniority is Congressman Bill Colmer of Mississippi. Bill and I are both Democrats. But while we share a love of fishing, my views on legislation are as different from his as are those of my most recent conservative Republican opponent who found no wisdom, virtue, or even health in me. My position is usually that of my national party, as expressed in the party platform and the statements of our Congressional leadership. Bill Colmer's are not.

Why should the Democratic majority in the House reward Bill with the chairmanship of the Rules Committee? No doubt he has served his district well and represented his constituents in Gulf Coast Mississippi accurately. They have elected him nineteen consecutive times. But their views and his are not those of the majority of either the nation or of the Democrats in Congress. Why should not the Democratic Caucus shunt him aside as it did his colleague from Mississippi, John Bell Williams, who otherwise would now be chairman of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce? This we did in January of 1965.

I would propose for chairman of the Rules Committee in the 90th Congress the man next senior to Colmer on the committee, Ray Madden of Indiana, whose views and whose district are more in tune with the mainstream of American thought.

Congressman Smith's defeat coupled with the unhappy loss of Congressman James Trimble, of Arkansas, a Southerner who often stood with the majority on the Rules Committee on issues that certainly could do him no good with his own constituents, creates two vacancies on the committee. Who will be moved into these spots? This is a crucial decision, for the composition of the committee is important no matter who is chairman. To see why this is so one need merely recall some very recent legislative history.

In 1961 the Rules Committee was enlarged from twelve to fifteen members, of whom ten were Democrats and five Republicans. The resulting voting lineup was an eight-to-seven majority, which usually favored the legislative program of the national Democratic party. Five Republicans and two conservative Democrats were the regular minority. And eight more-or-less liberal Democrats were the majority. But it was a shaky majority. If Congressman Jim Delaney, Democrat of New York, for his own good reasons, disapproved of the Elementary and Secondary Education Bill proposed by President Kennedy, that bill was dead in the 87th Congress. He did. It was. If in the 88th Congress Congressman Bernie Sisk, Democrat of California, for his own good reasons, approved of the Tuck Bill, which overturned the Supreme Court decision on "one man, one vote," it would go to the floor of the House, despite the fact it had never been reported by a legislative committee and was overwhelmingly opposed by the majority of Democrats. He did. The Tuck Bill passed the House, but fortunately died in the Senate.

In this fashion, any one member of the loosely leadership-oriented "eight" of the House Rules Committee can thwart the majority. Such a situation gives politicians who deal in power the opportunity to ask for special favors in return for a swing vote on this or that issue. Thus the Administration and its Congressional leadership were often the victims of not too subtle "blackjacking" or "whipsawing" by one or another of the eight.

If the new Democrat who goes on the Rules Committee in the new Congress is willing and able to support the program favored by the majority of Democrats, there will be a nine-to-six division in the Committee instead of the past eight-to-seven. A nine-to-six alignment will provide a stability not found in a volatile eight to seven. No one man can engage in "blackjacking" since it would take two defections from the "loyal nine" to turn the tables. Action would not be paralyzed because one loyal member was sick or otherwise absent—two could be absent and the majority would still be seven to six.

While denying the chairmanship of Rules to Colmer and filling the Smith vacancy with a reliable Democrat are most important, still more should be done. I believe it is the responsibility of Democratic members in the House to make the two-party system work. The differences between the two political parties are *real* and should be made clear in public debate. But the dialogue will

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Richard Bolling, who was elected to Congress from Kansas City, Missouri, in 1948, has eighteen years of seniority at the age of fifty, and is a leader of the liberal Democratic Study Group. He is a member of the Rules Committee, and from that power base pushes for the reforms proposed in his book "House Out of Order," published by Dutton in 1965.



"I came home last Friday, unwound as usual and haven't been able to wind myself up since."

not be audible, much less loud and clear, if it is not possible for the majority program to reach the floor with reasonable speed.

The changes I favor require that the Democrats take steps to modify the iron rule of seniority across the board. At present, all Democratic committee appointments are made by the Democrats on the Ways and Means Committee functioning as the Committee on Committees. (The Republicans have a somewhat different committee made up of their elder statesmen in the House). The members of the Ways and Means Committee are, of course, themselves the products of the seniority system. Their nominations are sent to the Democratic Caucus which, in the past with few exceptions, has routinely approved them.

In the present Democratic Caucus—despite our election losses—men who think in twentieth-century terms are still in the majority. They should be given a far more effective voice in committee appointments. The procedure I propose is this:

Let the Speaker of the House nominate every Democratic member of the three "power" committees—Appropriations, Rules, and Ways and Means. (Substantial control over how much money is to be spent and for what purposes, over what legislation will be acted on in the House and when, and over what taxes and social security will be, makes these three committees the most powerful in the House.) The majority of the Caucus would then accept or reject these nominees. If one or more were rejected, the Speaker would then nominate others. When this process had been completed, the present Committee on Committees would proceed to nominate Democratic members of all the other committees. Again the Caucus would accept or reject. The Caucus could thus veto the continued service on a critical committee of an obstructionist or irresponsible member. This threat in itself would make it unlikely that this power would often have to be used. On the other hand, each member of the Democratic Caucus would have a clear responsibility for either accepting or rejecting the nominees of the Speaker or the Committee on Committees.

This reform is designed only to ensure effective control of the House machinery by those who really represent the majority of their party. I have no desire to force slavish party conformity on any Congressman. On the floor, each man could still vote his district or his conscience. But no Democrat could impose the views of his district or even his own special point of view on the majority of his Democratic colleagues by blocking legislation in committee. The Democratic program would get to the floor for debate and Congressmen would have to stand up and be counted in plain view of the American people.

Leonard Levitt

HOW DO YOU LIKE AFRICA, WHITE MAN, IS IT LIKE NEW YORK?

An African journey brings a young American teacher to the extremes of cultural shock. Among the shocks: the three mothers of his brightest pupil, a strip tease in a Rhodesian bar by a blonde in a mink coat, a Potgietersrus farmer calmly threatening the world with violence, and the perfectly legal (and hopeless) trial of liberal South African "saboteurs."

I am off, walking through the brick arch, with Fedson carrying my little overnight bag into which I have crammed everything that I think I might possibly need for the next two months. Two months, that's how long my vacation is for, and I am heading south, I want to go right to the tip of Africa, all through Rhodesia and South Africa, all the way to Capetown.

But first I am going to visit Fedson Mwandemele and his family—Fedson is my brightest student, whose village is on the way south, Kapolo, just over the Tanganyika border into Malawi, just a short walk from Kyela, he has said. . . .

There is the bus, really just an old truck into which the owner has built seats. It is filled with schoolboys singing at the top of their lungs and leaning out the windows, all going home for their vacation.

I don't see how we can possibly squeeze in, but there is Fedson, pushing himself through the door, and the driver calling to me to come and sit up in front with him. He knows me, he says, we have drunk *pombe* together once at Ushirika. . . . Then he toots his horn, and the people standing just outside the windows call their final goodbyes, and the little boys who have swarmed around the bus fly off now in all directions as the bus lumbers off. After a few hundred yards, you can see that we are on the top of a ridge of mountains like the edge of a great wall, and out to the left a great drop. And there below us is the lake, Lake Nyasa, shiny blue, surrounded by the flat land which stretches below as far as the eye can see. For in the thirty miles from Ushirika to Kyela the land level has dropped from five thousand feet down to sea level. . . .

We turn to the left, down another dirt road—there are some mud buildings and a market, an open field, with some people squatting on the ground selling goods. Just this market and a few mud buildings. This is Kyela.

Maybe we should rent bicycles for the journey, Fedson says.

I look at him. Just how far is it, Fedson?

Fifteen miles, he says. Fifteen miles. And you said it was short—wondering to myself why I didn't have enough sense to ask him this before I left. So we start talking about the bicycles—what else can I do?—for two dollars some men say they will ride both of us. And I am just wondering how we can carry our bags when two girls appear. One is about fourteen, just beginning to develop breasts, pretty and small, and the other, her younger sister maybe, tiny, she can't be more than seven or eight.

They kneel down near Fedson and touch hands, *Oogonile*, Hello, in just the softest, the gentlest way, that little one especially, and Fedson tells me they are his sisters, they have just come from Kapolo to meet us. From Kapolo. That means that they have come fifteen miles.

They kneel down to me, *Oogonile*, in that soft

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voice, and Fedson says that the big one is Bumi and the little one Annie.

Then Bumi says that they will carry our bags for us, so that we can ride on the bicycles. I look at Fedson questioningly; they don't really mean it, do they, how can they carry our loads fifteen miles? And the little one is so tiny. But there they are bending down, with Fedson lifting his box onto little Annie's head—mine is small enough so I can carry it in my lap. Straightening up now, standing, Annie holding the box with one hand, saying *Mugonege,* Goodbye, to us, walking away down the road together now, Annie balancing the box on her head, no hands, that little girl, the box almost as big as she is.

Then we climb on the back of the bicycles, I holding my overnight bag in my lap, as the men begin pedaling.

Soon the main road stops and we turn down a little dirt path, very narrow, like a footpath, whizzing down it, the banana trees on either side, with mud huts behind them, half-hidden by the leaves. And people now, half-naked, are standing by the side of the road, staring at us, so close that I can reach out and touch their black chests and curly black hair.

Oogonile, I call out, and they answer back in a chorus, *Oogonile,* as we shoot past them, smiling and laughing now, buzzing very excitedly to each other, *Mzungu, mzungu,* White man, white man.

Suddenly we come to a clearing, a great, flat field stretching out before us. We stand there resting for a moment, staring out at it; it looks three, maybe four miles to the other side, all bare, with nothing but a few trees every hundred yards or so. Fedson points to it, Yes, that is where we must go, just past the other side is the Songwe, the border of Tanganyika and Malawi.

So we begin, and it seems to stretch forever, and we the only people to be seen now. The sun beating down on us, with every hundred yards or so a lone tree, so flat, nothing there, nothing. . . .

Kapolo.

Six little black children run to Fedson, and smile shyly up at him without saying a word. They are his younger brothers and sisters, he tells me, and I wonder how six of them can all be about the same age.

Then three thin worn old women wearing black sacks run up, really shuffling more than running, they are so old—and they are so thin, you can see their bones. They all lie down on the ground, *Oogonile, oogonile, ndaga, ndaga,* as Fedson tells me that these are his mothers, that they are very happy to see us.

His mothers. Mothers! Of course he had told me before. But seeing *these* three old women, Fedson's mothers. Fedson, my brightest boy, and hadn't he told me his father was a priest?

They lead us toward a group of little huts. Four huts all together, with thatched roofs, small, with no doors or windows, only holes cut out where they should be.

Standing in front of them is a little old man, and as I approach, he rushes toward me and grabs my hand in both of his, crying, Welcome, welcome, in English. And then before I can even realize it, the little old man bursts into tears, while I stand there helpless, wondering if I have done anything to offend him, the riders and the mothers and the children and Fedson standing behind me motionless saying nothing.

The old man begins talking in Swahili, shaking his head as he speaks. No, he never would have believed it, a white man coming here, to his house. He never thought it would happen. He had seen British people, all with their cars and fancy clothes, how they would never speak to anyone on the street, never stopping, just passing them without even looking back. Yes, Fedson had written him I was coming, but he hadn't really believed it. They were such poor people, they had nothing.

Now the women come over to us, bringing cups of water, handing one to each of us. I look at it, all brown and rusty—they couldn't have boiled it—how can I possibly drink it? But I am so thirsty.

And then I think of some pills that I have brought with me that they had given us, just for occasions like this. You can just put them into the water and they are supposed to dissolve, changing the color of the water and purifying it somehow so that it will be safe to drink.

So I ask them whether they mind if I take a pill for myself—medicine—as I am very tired from the journey? I know that I should offer it to them too, as Africans love to take all kinds of medicine. Except that they might become afraid seeing the water change color.

They nod and I take two pills out of my suitcase, they are blue little pellets, very hard, and I put them into my cup, watching them sink to the bottom, just lying there. The two men on the bicycles

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Leonard Levitt served two years with the Peace Corps in Tanzania, after graduation from Dartmouth. For making his trip to South Africa, described in this excerpt from his forthcoming book, he was fined six months' pay. The book—titled "An African Season"—will be published by Simon & Schuster later this month. Mr. Levitt is now in the Media Management Program at Columbia University and is still trying to regain his lost pay.

say they must leave. I look down into my cup. The pills are still lying there.

The men get up to go, touching hands and saying *Mugonege,* Goodbye, to all of us—still nothing with those pills.

Goodbye, I say to them—what kind of pills are these? The one time I want to use them they don't work—as they pedal off down the path, and I take a big gulp of water, the hell with it. . . .

After dinner Fedson tells me that his family would like to hear about America. Would I tell them something?

So I begin, talking in Swahili, very slowly, to think of what they would be interested in hearing. America is a big country, very big, much bigger than Tanganyika or Malawi, its cities with big buildings, the skyscrapers, the crops that we grow.

Then one of them asks if when it is day in Africa, it is night in America. Their children learned that in school, and they wonder whether it is really true.

So I explain to them, as best I can in Swahili, Yes, it really is, making Fedson the sun and myself the earth, the way I showed the boys in class, revolving and rotating around the sun, my face Africa, my back America, showing how when I face the sun, it is day and when my back is to the sun, it is night, and that one complete rotation is twenty-four hours or one day.

They sit there enthralled, these old men, their eyes staring at me, their mouths open, nodding their heads as I walk around Fedson, turning my body in rotation, not sure whether it is because they really understand or because they just like seeing me walking in circles.

And watching them I realize that this must be what happens all over Africa when the children come home from school, the parents, sitting around just like these old men, asking them what they had learned at school this year, and Fedson, or whoever he is, telling them all the new things night after night.

Then one of the uncles asks me, When the earth revolves around the sun, will it come back to the same place? Yes, I say.

And if it takes one day to make one rotation, how many days will it take the earth to go all the way around the sun to the same place? Three hundred and sixty-five days I say.

Then, says the old man, does that mean that when the earth is back in the same place, it is *mwaka moja,* one year?

And I look at him, this man who I was sure could not read, who hadn't been to school one day in his life, and who had yet understood in one minute what it takes people God knows how long to understand. Yes, I say, that's exactly it, my voice a little excited, and he nods his head and begins explaining it to the others, pointing to me as the sun and standing up and revolving around me, trying to explain to them what it means when the earth completes a full revolution. They nod their heads, the other old men, but I don't think they understand the way he does. . . .

You could tell it was Rhodesia, white man's country, just by looking down at the land. Because before where it had been brown scrub with some huts, or forest where all you could see was the outlines of trees with sometimes a pencil-thin line of dirt road, now it was farmland, rich, rolling, long, sleek lines of furrows, green and straight, with fresh brick houses, their tin roofs glistening in the sunlight, and a road, tarmac, black and clear, gleaming like silver.

Salisbury. It was raining when we landed, late afternoon and gray skies; we were whisked into the terminal building, white customs officials, white faces with blond hair, dressed in long white socks, white shorts, and white shirts.

I wasn't sure where to go, but the African driver held open the door and said, Yes, baas, as I scrambled into the back seat out of the rain. Some good hotel, I said. I wanted to enjoy myself here.

He stopped outside a hotel, and the doorman, another African, whisked my bag inside. THE AMBASSADOR, the sign said, and it was expensive all right. The man at the desk, a white man, called to another African, Hey, boy, take the baas's bag. The African ran over, not really running, as he was only a few feet away, but rather moving his legs with exaggerated motions—to show how enthusiastic he was, I guess. . . .

My room was small but the bathroom had a shower. Was there ever a man who appreciated a good shower more than I?

I decided I'd like to see some of the night life, so I wandered around a bit, had some supper, and later I found a place, up a flight of stairs, down to the end of a hallway, through two push doors, into a little dark room. Sounds of a band and loud talking, a small stage in the center with a dance floor, some little tables set back against the far corner where it was darkest, just a little candle flickering on each table.

To the right was the bar. I climbed onto a stool and ordered a beer. . . . A man weaved against my stool and started talking to me. And hearing me speak he said, Hey, you're a Yank. As I nodded my head, he called over to somebody, Hey Marv, Poppy, there's a Yank here.

Look, they said, why don't you come around with us tonight, we'll show you the town. And the first one said, Great place, Rhodesia, we've got everything here—except too many *Kaffirs*. . . .

Then they introduced themselves—Marv and Poppy. And the first one, Charles—not Charlie. Charles. Poppy said that they were all tobacco farmers about 150 miles east of Salisbury and that they had all come in today to celebrate Marv's new baby as his wife had given birth just this morning. They had been here drinking since twelve this afternoon, they said, as Poppy ordered another round and we all drank to Marv's newborn baby. And Poppy said that Marv was one of the best in the world, he had worked for Marv for seven years, but now he was on his own, he had bought his own farm right next to Marv's; that's the way it was here in Rhodesia, a need and a chance for every man that was willing and able to work. He himself had come from South Africa seven years ago. He was thirty now, and look at him, with his own farm. . . .

Then Marv said, Hey, the show must be starting now.

Soon a blonde, wearing only a mink coat and high heels came out and started wiggling her way through the tables up to the front of the room, as they all called out to her, Hey, Queenie, tugging at her mink. But she managed to slip away from all of them, and as she passed our table Charles said to her very softly, Hey, Queenie, and she stopped for a second, and suddenly he screamed out, Hey, Queenie, you're a bloody man, and we all burst out laughing at that, even me—I guess I must have been a little drunk myself—and she stuck her face up to his and said, Oh yeah, wanna bet? He said, Yeah, and pulled out a twenty-pound note from his pocket and waved it in her face, as the room rocked with cheers and laughter. . . .

Then she was turning her back on the crowd as she began wiggling out of her mink coat, throwing it in the center of the floor. A purple brassiere and purple panties—that's what she had on, with her high-heeled shoes and white skin, as Charles called out, Hey, Queenie, still nothing, as they all laughed, all across the room and began pounding on the tables, shouting, Nothing, nothing.

Now she came back to us, just the purple bra and pants. Poppy tried to grab her rear and she slapped him gently. Don't handle the merchandise, baby. Looking at me—Hi, baby, why so quiet?—sitting down on Marv's lap now, her purple bra and pants, her white skin, her blonde hair against his face as she pursed her lips at him. And they were all stomping on the floor, banging on the tables now, Take it off, take it off.

Now she wiggled off his lap out to the front, turning her back on us again, and with just a shrug of her shoulders, flicked off her bra and threw it on the floor with her mink. And turning around to us, as they were pounding the tables, All the way, all the way, she was slithering between the tables, and Marv saying, Well, how do you like Rhodesia, is it like New York, is Queenie as good as the New York girls?

Now she was wearing a kind of black transparent robe, and she let it hang about her without closing it. And she was sticking out her tongue, and Charles was standing up and screaming at her, Well, well, and she was cooing back, Take it easy, baby, it'll all come, just give me time, and now turning around again, bending her knee, she was taking off her pants, turning around facing us now, but with her robe closed. And coming toward us, slithering across the floor—the place was bedlam—stopping at our table and saying to Charles, All right baby, take a good look, as she pulled apart her robe. And there she was, no man all right.

They were all standing up and applauding now, Queenie, Queenie, they were calling. Queenie, Queenie, she was damn good, and Rhodesia was a damn good place.

Later Marv said to me, Look, why didn't I come out to his farm tomorrow when they went back. I could stay a couple of days with him out there. . . . But it happened as we were driving back to the hotel, just Marv and me, the other two fast asleep in the back—just what I didn't want to happen, but what I knew was going to. Marv said, Say, what kind of work do you do? And I said, I'm a teacher, and he nodded, looking straight ahead at the road.

And after a while he said, Where, in the States? And I guess I could have said, Yes, and the whole thing would have ended, but I said, No, I'm working in Tanganyika, and he said, Oh.

Then after a while he said—still looking straight ahead—Who do you teach? And I said Tanganyikans. And a little later he said, still looking straight ahead all this time, You mean Kaffirs, and he turned his head, looking at me now for the first time.

And I said, Tanganyikans, Africans, and he gave a short whistle through his teeth, as if to say, I never would have believed it, we took him all over Salisbury and what does he do, he teaches Kaffirs.

And I knew I'd never see him again. . . .

Potgietersrus.

The farmer was sitting under his big trees near his large house—in his fifties, I'd say, big and husky—and there were two young men sitting next to him, also big, almost as big as the old man, both in blue overalls, sweaty, as though they had just come in from the day's plowing.

The older man was the father, these were his two sons. They lived just down the road, each in his own house, with his wife.

What did I think of the Africans? the old man wanted to know. Did I understand them? Did I realize that the only thing they respected was the stick?

You know, he said, people say I work my boys too hard. Well, maybe I do. But I can tell you one thing, they like me, those boys, they really do. I hear it from farmers who hear it from their own boys. They say they like me because I treat them hard and fair. And I'll tell you what I do, when a boy steals or cheats or gets lazy, or cuts up or gets drunk, I call them all together and then I beat hell out of him, right there in front of all the others, who stand and roar with laughter. And you know, I never have any trouble from that boy again, he even works harder than he ever did before.

And I couldn't help thinking of Mbaliki, how he had done just that, becoming lazy, cutting up, getting drunk. And that the only way to handle him seemed to be to clamp down on him, a psychological, a more sophisticated stick. And I remembered how easy it was to begin to feel, to begin to think that you were the boss, the chief.

The farmer was going on, I know that America thinks we mistreat the African. Well, I want to tell you something—and his voice was calm and level, no antagonism, no bitterness—they come to me, Baas, we've had an awful fight, one of us has been hurt bad, or Baas, my baby's sick, or it's my wife, Baas, she's dying. And we—myself, my sons—we settle their arguments for them, we drive them to the hospital, we take care of them in our own homes when they are sick or dying.

And let me tell you something else. All these families—and he pointed with his hand in a sweeping semicircle—we have lived on this land for more than two hundred years. We came here with nothing, we found this land bare, probably the way it is in Tanganyika, and now look what we have done . . . as he spread out his hand to the freshly plowed fields stretching as straight and as far as the eye could see.

We did it ourselves, all of it, with no help from anyone—no loans, no foreign aid, nothing. And let me tell you, we are not giving up our land, none of it, not to anyone. If it comes to that, we will stand here and fight, the way we fought the British before for our land, me, my wife, my sons, and their sons.

Johannesburg.

I received a phone call. It was a youngish voice, a reporter, it said, from the *Rand Daily Mail*. He had heard I was from Tanganyika—someone who had met me last night had phoned to tell him—and they would be interested in doing a story on me. Would I mind?

No, I didn't mind, but I certainly didn't have much I could tell him.

He was young, maybe about my age, with a round Irish face and a Continental suit that was about three sizes too small for him. Hi, he said, very enthusiastically, I'm Jake White and I want to know all about Tanganyika, everything there is. . . .

Finally he asked me how I liked South Africa. Fine, I said, but that I hadn't met any Africans and they were the ones I really wanted to see.

Is that so? he said. And he began telling me about some work he had been doing with some Indian and African political organizations. How he had been arrested and kept in solitary for forty-five days. He still saw some members of the group, he said, but the organization wasn't functioning anymore. The government had seen to that. Because they kept all the suspected members locked up.

In fact, he was just going to cover the trial of three saboteurs. Maybe I would like to come along.

So quickly I got out my suit and put on my tie, and we drove in his car—the paper paid for it, he said—and walked into the press section of the courtroom.

Jake pointed to the docket where there were three men, an African, an Indian, and a European, all charged with belonging to a group that advocated replacing the present government by a true multiracial society, Jake explained. They could all get the death sentence, but he doubted that they would.

The judge and the barristers were up in front wearing wigs—I had never seen that before except in the movies—and there was a visitors' section, two sections really, one for whites, and the other for non-whites, filled with Africans and Asians, and all sorts of mixed shades in between.

Then the African stood up, a very large man with a massive head, and began reading from a sheet of paper in front of him, as Jake explained that each prisoner was going to deliver his final speech before the judge passed sentence.

He was speaking now, the African, he had acted

this way because all doors had been closed to him, there had been no way to express himself. He had not acted out of violence or hatred of the white man, no, it wasn't that, but rather because it was just impossible for a thinking person, an educated man, to exist under these present circumstances, where he had been denied all traces of freedom. He spoke well, almost eloquently, addressing the judge, but really speaking to the visitors in the courtroom, the press, the people outside the courtroom who would read the papers tomorrow.

Then the Indian spoke—about how all the universities that had once been open to non-whites were now closed to them, about the jobs and the houses that had been once available to them but were no longer to be had. About the restaurants, the hotels, all of which refused to serve people because of the color of their skin. That they were being forced now to move into special Indian districts. About there being no legal way to appeal this, the laws didn't cover them, there was no provision for appealing anything that the government wanted to do to them. What was a man supposed to do?

Then the European spoke, saying about the same thing, that he acted not for any personal gain—what did he himself stand to gain?—but rather from political, from moral convictions. Could any man stand by?

And I couldn't help feeling that there was something sad, something almost pathetic about this whole trial, the whole appearance of a trial. They had broken the law, these men, they had stood against the government. But it was the law that was wrong, not they. And now they had to defend themselves under the rules of that wrong law.

That night Jake takes me to meet some Indian friends of his. One of them is the brother of the Indian who was on trial this morning, he tells me. Flakes is his name and he is a doctor. The other one is Nick. We drive through Johannesburg, leaving the downtown, the streets becoming narrower, the buildings more shabby, the faces along the sidewalk darker. Garbage cans overflowing at every corner now, dark little children scampering between parked cars, the tenements so close together they seem to lean on each other. . . .

Later we decide to go for sandwiches, in Jake's car. Only Flakes and Nick have to sit in the back so that when someone comes for our order they won't be recognized as Indians.

But they don't spot Nick and Flakes; we eat and then drive off. And soon we have to stop and urinate, so we pile out and Flakes and Nick walk to the biggest, the newest car parked on the street, the car that looks as though it belongs to the richest, fattest white man. And they unzip their flies and urinate on that car . . . on the fenders, on the door, all over the tire. And it is so sad watching them there, taking out their frustrations and anger on this car, their urine which would be dried up and unnoticed by anyone in the morning.

Outside of Port Elizabeth a young fellow in a Volkswagen picked me up. It interested him that I was an American, especially that I was from Tanganyika. He was going only about sixty miles, he said; he had a summer home where three of his school friends and their families had been coming year after year. Say, why didn't I come along, they would really be interested in meeting me. Besides it was right near the ocean. I could swim and surf. And they had plenty of beer.

So I did—I wasn't in any hurry. The boys, his friends, were sitting inside, each with a can of beer, boys about my own age, with supper already cooked and waiting for us. A Yank, eh, well, give him a can of beer.

They were all students. Bob, the driver, was at Rhodes University in Grahamstown, the others, Biff and Bert were studying medicine at Capetown. They brought in more beer and they told me that everyone here in South Africa thought that America was the greatest country on earth.

But what they couldn't understand was America's attitude toward them in the UN and places like that, the way Americans were always criticizing the government and their way of life. Why was it?

Then they wanted to know about Tanganyika, what was it like for me, what did I do, how did I live, what did I do at night, how were the women? And listening to them, I almost felt as though I were back home in America with my friends, this was just what they would have asked me.

Then Bob asked me about the African. In fact he used the word African. But he said it in such a sneering way that I knew what was coming next. He's not the same as we are, is he? Surely you have learned that now, after a year with them. They just don't think the same, do they? I mean, they're not completely stupid, there are certain things they can do, up to a point. But then they seem to reach a certain level and they can't seem to catch on, no matter how much you train them. They're just not as clever as we are, no two ways about it.

Yes, Biff said, they could never be the same as the whites. Look how none of them go in for math or science. It's only law that the smartest of them go in for. No engineers, no doctors—they

can't do math—only politicians, rabble rousers. Why is it? he sneered at me. They just can't—can't—conceptualize. Yes, that's the word, conceptualize.

Couldn't do math, couldn't conceptualize. How could I begin to explain? How could I get them to see why my boys couldn't understand that picture of the sailor on the boat, or why they thought I was using magic when the ice cubes melted or water boiled?

And could I tell them how easy it was to think that the African was inferior because of this, to just cross him off and say, Well, he can only reach a certain level, or he just doesn't have the intelligence of the whites? Could I begin to explain about Fedson's village, how there was nothing but the fields? . . .

Then they were going on about how lazy the Africans were. Try as you would with them, you just couldn't change them. There must be something in their blood.

Well, all right, sure they were lazy, the average, ignorant villager. But what about those kids, the way they worked? Getting up at six to do their calisthenics, working all morning and afternoon and into the night. Studying until three in the morning by the light of the kerosene lamp. Something in their blood. Ha.

But I didn't say any of this to them. I just listened. Maybe it was wrong of me, maybe I should have spoken up. But somehow I found it hard to do after the way they had been treating me. And the next week of surfing and swimming and genuine hospitality that I received there didn't make it any easier.

Jake arranged for me to meet Morton Fertelberg, a lawyer who belonged to the Liberal party. Would I like to go with him to a meeting—they met once a week—and then join him for lunch? He would be very interested to hear my views on Tanganyika.

So I met him at his office—short, heavyish, going bald—smiling yellow teeth at me.

He told me that the Liberal party was the last remaining link between the whites and the blacks, the only party left in South Africa where they still had interracial meetings.

There were about ten Africans who looked as though they had just wandered in off the street, in dirty, torn clothes and shoes without laces, and about ten whites, all dressed in coats and ties, who looked as lawyerish and respectable as Morton Fertelberg. They were all seated in a semicircle, with a very studious-looking chairman, a white man in a blue suit and a vest. They all stood up as Fertelberg came into the room and they said Hello, very formally, very stiffly, to him. Then he said, just as formally, just as stiffly, Hello there.

The topic for today was the Congo, the studious-looking chairman announced.

They didn't say anything that I hadn't heard Africans saying before, from Tanganyika to the township. That is, that Tshombe must go. And if you asked them what would happen if he went, they would say, We don't know, but he must go. And then you'd say, But who'd replace him? And they'd say, Anybody, it doesn't make any difference as long as Tshombe goes. And if you said, Okay, but who'll govern the country, they would say, Look, man, as soon as Tshombe goes, the people, that's who, they'll govern the country. And then when you said, But they don't have any training or education, how are they going to be able to govern the country if none of them are trained, then the Africans would say, Look, it doesn't matter as long as Tshombe goes, that's the first thing. And sooner or later you'd become tired of hearing all this nonsense.

Except that Morton Fertelberg didn't get tired. He kept trying to argue or at least reason with the Africans, saying, But just stop a minute and think, or, But look here, why don't you. . . . And there were three Africans who were getting madder and madder at Morton Fertelberg, saying more emphatically, Tshombe must go, and finally in desperation Morton Fertelberg asked just why was it that Tshombe must go, why were they so opposed to him? And there was a momentary pause, as though they hadn't really thought about why he must go, they just knew he must, that's all.

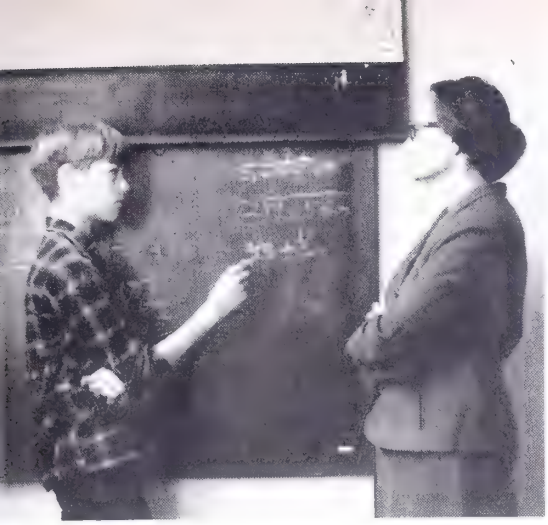
Finally one of them blurted out, Because he is an imperialist stooge. And with that they all broke out in violent fits of guffawing, slapping their thighs and each other's palms.

Then it was over and I was heading north. . . .

And soon a broken-down Land Rover stopped and a black face was speaking to me in Swahili, and Yes, he was going north, all the way through to Mbeya—what a stroke of luck.

He motioned me to come to the front, where there were three others, and as I passed I saw the whole back of the Land Rover was jammed with people, Africans. There must have been at least twenty of them there, lying over each other in all positions, feet sticking out in all directions, elbows at all angles, mothers with their babies tied around them, old men lying on their backs. And the smell, the smell. But I could not help smiling. I was back in the Africa that I knew. *Oogonile, oogonile,* I said, as we all laughed.

Harper's Magazine, January 1967



A science-fiction buff with straight "A" in math...

now Blair Tyson plots a course to the moon.



From simple addition to analytical geometry, math was a snap for Blair Tyson. He was not only a whiz kid at mathematics, but he had an absorbing interest in any and all types of science fiction.

Graduating from the Milwaukee School of Engineering in 1958, Blair began working with computers for an electronics company. Here is where his background in science fiction and his aptitude for mathematics merged and were given direction. This combination of interests led him one way . . . to the AC Electronics Division of General Motors in Milwaukee.

Now he works on airborne digital computers. It is AC's job to integrate these computers into the guidance systems for space project, Apollo.

The goal is the moon, and GM's Blair Tyson helps chart the way.

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Washington Insight *by Clayton Fritchey*



FABIAN BACHRACH

THE POLITICIANS VS THE FOREIGN SERVICE

Like other recent Presidents, LBJ is failing to get the best out of a potentially priceless asset: the country's professional diplomats.

After waiting an unconscionably long time, President Johnson has at last restaffed almost the entire upper level of officialdom at the State Department. In the process, he has provoked critical new assessments of the Department—especially the long-suffering Foreign Service, which for decades has been Washington's favorite whipping boy. When in doubt kick the Foreign Service. It's quite safe; it can't fight back itself, and it has never had anybody to fight for it. A lesser group of men would have lost all morale by this time; it is a testimonial to their loyalty and quiet resolve that, in the face of continuous, harsh, and generally unfair criticism, they still preserve an esprit de corps. How much longer this spirit can be maintained is a question.

Actually, there is not much wrong with the American Foreign Service that a new set of political superiors wouldn't cure, but the political leaders seem to think the professional career men at State exist primarily to be blamed for the mistakes of the elected and appointed officials who really make U.S. foreign policy. The role of the career men, however, is to carry out orders, and not talk about it afterward if the orders (as is frequently the case) turn out to be disastrous.

There is nothing new about this. It is not peculiar to the Johnson Administration. Americans in general have long had a suspicious, faintly scornful attitude toward our professional diplomats, a prejudice shared by much of the press and Congress and, on the whole, encouraged by nearly all of our Chief Executives. Even Franklin D. Roosevelt was not above referring to the "cookie pushers" and the "striped-pants boys." And John F. Kennedy would say, "Damn it, Bundy and I get more done in one day in the White House than they do in six months in the State Department." Like, for instance, the Bay of Pigs? Kennedy and Bundy got *that* done without even consulting the Foreign Service. Secretary Rusk, of course, was in on it, but then he is a political appointee who directs the Foreign Service, but is not of it. And Kennedy was also to say, "They never have any ideas over there; never come up with anything new. . . . The State Department is a bowl of jelly. It's got all those people over there who are constantly smiling. I think we need to smile less and be tougher." (That, it should be noted, was in the summer of 1961. By 1963, Kennedy himself had learned to smile a little more and be a little less tough, but that's another story.)

His successor seems no happier with the Foreign Service. Until he became President, Lyndon Johnson saw a lot more of the Defense Department than he did of State; he has always appeared to be more comfortable with the military than with the diplomats. He would readily appreciate Arthur Schlesinger's statement that Kennedy "used to divert himself with the dream of establishing a secret office of thirty people or so to run foreign policy while maintaining the State Department as a façade in which people might contentedly carry papers from bureau to bureau."

There was, however, at least one career diplomat that Kennedy did admire: Charles Bohlen, our brilliant and urbane Ambassador to France. They had been friends for years, and enjoyed a bantering intimacy which enabled Kennedy, in a moment of exasperation with State, to say, "What's wrong with that goddamned Department of yours, Chip?" His answer was, "You are, sir." And it would apply just as well to many other Presidents. According to Schlesinger, Bohlen argued that Kennedy did not have enough patience with the methods of professionalism: most significant questions, for instance, don't lend themselves to instant answers or snap solutions, for they usually have extensive implications which the Department must consider in a systematic way before responding. But Bohlen, being a diplomat, did not recite the whole bill of particulars.

Many studies have been made of the Department over the years, and, while some of them have perhaps improved the efficiency and organizational structure of the institution, they cannot make Presidents or the Congress or the political Secretaries who run the Department treat the Foreign Service the way it ought to be treated if we are to make the most of it. The first and most important

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Harper's Magazine, January 1967

p in that direction is to treat the reign Service as if it were worth tening to, which it often is. No ntry has produced more experi-ed and knowledgeable career dip-nats than the U. S., but in the upper ision-making circles they are not en seen, and less often heard.

Limits on Career Men

England, the post of Permanent cretary of the Foreign Office is au-natically filled by a career Ambas-dor, who reports only to the Foreign nister, and has access as well to Prime Minister and the Cabinet. nce he is usually in on everything importance. That's not the way we it in Washington. Our No. 1 career cer is a low man indeed on State's der, where all the top rungs are erved for political appointees. The . 1 man, of course, is Secretary of ate Dean Rusk; No. 2 is the Under cretary for Political Affairs, Nicho-Katzenbach, the former Attorney neral; No. 3 is Eugene Rostow, rmer dean of the Yale Law School. ither Katzenbach nor Rostow had evious diplomatic experience. The ghest rank for a career man is that Deputy Under Secretary, which ars a vague No. 4 label. It is no eat prize like the British Perma-nt Secretaryship. It has no great estige; the occupant seldom exerts ch influence; most Americans (in-ding some Presidents) are not re who he is. He is lucky to have full ess to the Secretary, let alone the esident. How different it is across Potomac, where the career officers our armed forces hold forth in ntagon splendor. The Chiefs of aff of all four services are heavily volved in policy, and the Chairman the Joint Chiefs of Staff has (by v) direct and frequent access to the esident.

Under Johnson and Kennedy, even st of the principal Assistant Sec-taries at State have been political pointees, rather than career men, hich means that large jurisdictions e Asia, Africa, and Latin America ve been consistently outside the rection of the Foreign Service. This depressing enough to the Service, t there is the further discouraging ct that our best career men cannot nfidently aspire to the best Ambas-dorial posts (such as London, Paris, Germany, etc.), no matter how distinguished their service has been. There are exceptions (Bohlen in France, for instance) but not many.

The Foreign Service is sensitive to this discrimination, as any proud group of men would naturally be. In a recent message to career officers, published in the latest issue of the *State Department Newsletter*, John M. Steeves, Director General of the Foreign Service, wrote: "If a career service is a sound concept, and experience proves that it is, then placement must have a strong presumption in favor of career officers. If a career officer can do the job adequately, we must be unswayed by information that a paragon of a non-career man is waiting in the wings for an offer of employment."

Kraft's Criticism

One of Mr. Steeves' critics is the distinguished journalist, Joseph Kraft, who used to write this monthly column in *Harper's* and who keeps a sophisticated eye on the State Department. He thinks Mr. Steeves "is only expressing the inevitable credo of the Foreign Service, most of whom truly believe that a chief purpose of American foreign policy is to find them jobs." Kraft believes that the "very act of concentrating on moving up the ladder of promotion breeds a kind of intellectual torpor. It unfits men for the rigorous, independent analytic penetration required to get a grip on most problems here or abroad." That is why, he concludes, "the State Department lacks ideas. . . . And why, with a handful of exceptions, almost no Foreign Service officers have played any significant role in blocking out the great lines and deeds of American foreign policy in the postwar era."

The Kraft criticism is disturbing because it reflects a widely held opinion, but very few in the Department would agree that ambition is more pronounced in diplomacy than in other walks of life or that it necessarily inhibits ideas. And if it is true (as it is) that the Foreign Service has not played a decisive role in the postwar deeds of American foreign policy, there could be no better proof that it is unfair to blame the career officers for the series of grievous mistakes which have so seriously compromised our position in the world.

The bombing of North Vietnam and the rapid escalation of that war were straight political decisions. There is no record of President Johnson ever consulting the professional diplomats. Then as now he mainly relied on personally selected advisers, all appointed by him: Secretary Rusk, Ambassador Lodge, Assistant Secretary for the Far East William Bundy, Defense Secretary McNamara, General Maxwell Taylor, White House Assistant Walt Rostow, to name a few.

It was the same with Kennedy and the Bay of Pigs. The idea for the Cuban invasion originated with the CIA, not the State Department. When the final, fateful decision was made to go ahead, the President consulted with Allen Dulles, Director of the CIA, Rusk, McNamara, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, White House advisers Arthur Schlesinger and A. A. Berle, among others, but there is no evidence of turning to State's professionals for advice. If they had been consulted it is just possible that Schlesinger would not have found himself so lonely in dissent. Like Vietnam, however, Cuba was involved in American domestic politics, which may explain why Johnson and Kennedy were so little interested in hearing what the Foreign Service had to say.

Fiddling at the U. N.

The question of Chinese representation in the United Nations has been debated again in the General Assembly, and, as in the dreary past, the U. S. has once again exerted its power to delay opening the door to Peking, although Ambassador Arthur Goldberg, like Adlai Stevenson before him, did his best to modify this rigid policy. Career officers of the U. S. Mission staff developed persuasive briefs in support of both Goldberg's and Stevenson's efforts, but to little avail, for the Administration was not interested in diplomacy but domestic politics. That has always been the case on China and the U. N. The question first arose in 1950, just after the Communists forced Chiang Kai-shek to flee to Taiwan, but, with the outbreak of the Korean War, it was held in abeyance during the rest of Truman's term. By the time peace terms were agreed on in 1953, John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State and the

holy war against the Chinese Reds had begun. It would have been worth any career officer's life to have opposed the Dulles policy of isolating China during those years, although no American has ever composed a better brief than Dulles in behalf of U. N. membership for Red China. Dulles conceived the successful soft-on-Communism campaign ("Truman lost China") in the 1952 Presidential campaign, but shortly before that he wrote *War or Peace*, in which he proved that Chinese membership in the U. N. was in the best interests of the U. S. When Kennedy came to office in 1961, there was talk of a fresh approach, for it was known that the new President regarded the old policy as "irrational," but again the political climate (after the Bay of Pigs, Laos, Vienna, the Berlin Wall) was deemed unfavorable for a change, and so it was put off—and off.

Johnson has been no less political than his predecessors. There could hardly be a more important matter than our relations with China, but, as the record shows, the series of unfortunate decisions in that sector cannot be traced to the Foreign Service.

Poor Rewards for Prescience

It is almost equally instructive to see how professional opinion was brushed aside by political considerations in the long struggle over "Article 19" in the United Nations. Briefly, this was the hopeless and misguided effort of the Administration to make Russia and France (both permanent members of the Security Council) pay for peace-keeping operations which they had opposed. In this case, as with Vietnam, Chinese representation, and so many other facets of our foreign policy, the argument simply became another Cold War contest, in which the merits of the controversy were obscured by the more primitive struggle. Since this kind of fighting does not rely on professional diplomatic skill, nearly all the postwar anti-Communist schemes, pacts, and ploys have been conceived by the politicians and their political appointees in State, Defense, CIA, and the other national-security agencies. The Foreign Service will never have to take the blame for the U-2 incident, which smashed the détente between Eisenhower and Khrushchev; or the sorry SEATO treaty; or that Rube Goldberg invention, the so-called multilateral nuclear force (MLF) which has blocked progress toward relaxing the European tensions; or the disruption of trade and reconciliation with the newly independent countries of Eastern and Central Europe.

The list is almost limitless, and demonstrates over and over again what ails the Foreign Service, for it is unhappily true that it is ailing. It has been caught up in the protracted Cold War, and forced to support the proposition that Communism remains a monolithic menace, irrespective of what its private views may be. There have been heretics who not only dissented, but bravely fought for their views. There were, for instance, prescient career officers who called the turn in China long before the collapse of Chiang. Their reward for being prematurely and vigorously right was to be hounded out of the Department by Senator Joe McCarthy and his agent, Scott McLeod, when Dulles let them loose against the Foreign Service. If today many of our career men are more seen than heard, it's not only because they are seldom encouraged to speak up independently, but because it may later be held against them if they do.

It is interesting to note that when the top career men have once in a while been listened to, there have been some constructive results. One of the great postwar successes was the policy of Containment, which will always be closely identified with the creative George Kennan. And recently James Reston of the *New York Times* paid a belated tribute to the part Llewellyn Thompson, the newly reappointed U. S. Ambassador to Russia, played in the Cuban missile crisis. Also, unknown to the public, Edmund Gullion, the former American Ambassador to the Congo, was largely responsible for the successful outcome of that great effort.

The moral of all this is that the Foreign Service, within limits, will usually be as good or as bad as we make it. In a service with thousands of men, there will be some fools and cowards, as well as some very wise and gallant men, but generally there will be an average performance which will rise or fall depending on the environment in which these men are permitted or required to work. If the government believes, as it does, that it has to have a Foreign Service, then clearly it should make the most, rather than the least, of it. This means, above all, giving the best career men a chance at the top jobs, plus encouraging independent, creative thinking, even when it is against the official grain.

No No-men Around

President Johnson has had unusual opportunities to do just that, for nearly all the key posts in the State Department, except Rusk's, have been vacated in the last year, but the Chief Executive chose to fill them with outsiders who have one thing in common: they agree with the hard-line policy of the President.

The President tolerates, at times even encourages, lively argument and some dissent among his principal advisers on many of his policies, including such important ones as taxation, labor-management problems, monetary issues, and civil rights. Also diversity of opinion on some phases of foreign policy is not taboo. But Asia is out-of-bounds. With the departure of Under Secretary George Ball, the No. 2 man at the State Department, the last dissenting voice on Vietnam is gone from the President's inner circle, which from now on will be hermetically sealed against any fresh thinking on the war.

What is true of State is also true of the President's chief advisers in the White House, the Cabinet, the National Security Council, the Joint Chiefs, the CIA, etc. On Vietnam, a hundred minds with but a single thought. If a stray critical thought should ever get loose in this cor

CORRECTION

We regret that in the headnote to the article, "My Home Is Watts," by Johnie Scott, which appeared in the October 1966 issue of *Harper's*, we inadvertently published an incorrect reference to Johnie Scott's birth. We have been advised that Mr. Scott was born at Memorial Hospital in Cheyenne, Wyoming. We regret any embarrassment which may have resulted from our earlier publication. —The Editors



Prize for a sales contest?

To a starving farmer in an underdeveloped country this CARE wheel hoe is a symbol of self-preservation—and self-respect.

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The Chenin Blanc grape, transplanted from France's Loire River Valley, thrives in the hillside vineyards of The Christian Brothers in California's Napa Valley.

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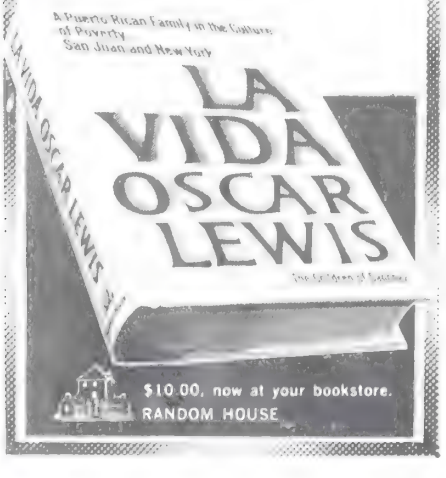
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Taste it. Let this wine sing its own praises.

A message from Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster of The Christian Brothers Winery, Napa, California.



Out of the violence, the abundant sexuality the poverty—but also the love and gaiety—that make up the lives of a Puerto Rican slum family, OSCAR LEWIS, author of *The Children of Sánchez*, has created a new masterpiece



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pany, it will be shot down long be it reaches the boss.

Neither Mr. Ball's successor, mer Attorney General Katzenb nor the new Under Secretary Political Affairs, Eugene Rostow, yes-men; far from it. In fact, few of Johnson's personal appoin could be dismissed as yes-men; when it comes to Vietnam, at le he clearly doesn't want any no- around. The President is obvio satisfied that his new appointees f share his views on the war. Eug Rostow has not previously se under Johnson, but he has bee very vocal supporter of Adminis tion policy not only on Vietnam on the Dominican Republic as v He is also the brother of a not hawk on the White House staff, H fessor Walt Rostow, a hard-liner f way back.

The new appointments merely derscore a trend that has been un way for some time. For months, President has carefully made most of every opportunity of recr ing outside hawks for his inner ci For instance, Walt Rostow, merly head of State's Policy Plann Board, was brought to the W House to succeed McGeorge Bu who, although not a dove, was an inflexible hawk, either. More cently, a new brain truster, Profes John P. Roche, has been added the White House staff. He used be president of ADA (Americ for Democratic Action), but has formed to the extent of enthusia cally supporting Johnson's Vietn stand. When Rostow left Po Planning at State, he was succee by a not dissimilar appointee, He Owen; and when another key p (Counselor) at State became vac the President brought back Rob Bowie, who served under Dulles d ing the "massive-retaliation" day

The only career man to get a re tively high level appointment is A bassador Foy Kohler, transfer from Moscow to become the Dep Under Secretary. It is not a very fluential post, but Kohler began w by discussing policy with unexpec frankness when he went before Senate Foreign Relations Commit for confirmation. Both the Senat and the press were charmed and pressed. Let us hope the State partment is, too.

Our History Burns the Hand

by Daniel Stern

The Decline of the West, by David Caute. Macmillan, $7.95.
The Twenty-fifth Hour, by C. Virgil Gheorghiu. Translated by Rita Eldon. Knopf, $6.50.

I think it was Emerson who wrote "Beware of what you want—you'll probably get it." Well, a year or so ago I wrote a piece for a weekly magazine in which I decried the absence of serious novelists treating the major historical themes of our time. Why, I complained, must the apocalyptic experiences of the twentieth century be left in the hands of the Leon Urises—or the Fletcher Knebels? The chief problem with such writers is that their heart is in the right place. (The head is apparently quite another matter.)

Perhaps such truths can only be dramatized by serious artists who have been closely involved. Our history, Auden tells us, "held one moment, burns the hand." Burnt European hands have given us Malraux's *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope*, two of the greatest books of the time. Koestler, too, came back from the hell of ideology to tell of it in the language of high art. Camus and Sartre wrote their books not only to report, but to transform. But that generation of activist-artists has long since turned history over to the journalist—the pseudoartist. He is poorly equipped for the job. His motto is: history is an event to be reported. Whereas Joyce, with the voice of Stephen Daedalus, spoke for the artist's method: "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awaken."

Now, from a young Oxford scholar and novelist, David Caute, comes an enormously ambitious novel. Its title is a stroke of genius: *The Decline of the West*. (Think of the possibilities. A novel about the working class entitled *Das Kapital*.) The book, itself, is something less than that. It is undeniably the book I rashly asked for. But Emerson's warning has come true. In asking for a serious artist to treat in depth the historical meaning of the violent, apocalyptic events of our time, I have received more than I requested.

Mr. Caute has taken as his central metaphor the racial horror we have inherited as much from Conrad's Mr. Kurtz, in his *Heart of Darkness*, as from historical imperialism. Mirrored in this racial conflict, Mr. Caute sees our Western decline and fall. His novel is a kind of monster-exhibit of all the important—and many of the less important—ideas which make up our total intellectual milieu. In short, history is a nightmare which Mr. Caute is trying to explain.

The arena he chooses for his ideas to do battle in is the Central African state of Coppernica shortly after liberation from the French. (For Coppernica read the copper-rich Belgian Congo.) In the wake of the vanished political masters, the Anglo-American financial interests are slugging it out for control of the copper mines and the wealth that goes with them. A vast army of characters embodies the various possible positions—all rocked by passions—sexual, political, racial, and pathological.

We meet, first, Tukhomada. (Read Lumumba. I make no apologies for continuing to play this game. This is a *roman à clef* with a vengeance. It is the only aspect of the book which has no ambiguity at all.) Tukhomada is the leader of the new state. But international finance has dictated that this passionate believer in "negritude" must be deposed. (Yes, Virginia, there are international financiers who remove heads of state at will—even American ones.) The American version is Chester Silk—he's a smooth one—the U. S. Ambassador. The British edition is Soames Tufton. The author's way of describing the unholy alliance and interdependence of the two nations is simple in the extreme: Tufton and Silk are brothers-in-law. Opposed to them (and involved with them) are brothers-in-skin: the Negro leaders Tukhomada and Amah Odouma. And opposed to them all are the brothers-in-ideological madness, the French rightist André Laval and the mercenary, Keller.

There are many more characters who flood these pages with violence, sensuality, and oration after oration of ideas. If, finally, the book fails, as

TASTE BUDS, EN GARDE!

by Ogden Nash

Although I'll eat the strawberry when frozen
It's not the very berry I'd have chosen.
The naughty admen claim with gall divine
That it is better than the genu-ine.
New language they devise to sing its praise,
But only *le bon Dieu* can coin a *fraise*.

I believe it does, the character of Laval may be instructive as to why. Laval was tortured by the Gestapo. As a result he is a sadist—sexual and racial. Now there is here, of course, an echo of the torture *scandale* that rocked France during the Algerian war. And it is true that the bitterly ironic aspect of that affair was the fact that the former French victims had learned only too well from German instructors. Yet in Laval's case it is all too neat. Too much of a one-for-one equation. The tortured becomes the torturer. If Laval had dimension as a human being it would have been a stunning concept. Instead, it is rather mechanical: exciting in its terror, but not illuminating.

Practically everyone in the book is philosophically articulate. When arguing with a French woman he intends to murder, Amah Odouma tells her, "Force is the midwife of history." While she passes off such remarks as, "Heaven help us if those who love mankind ever reign supreme. The universe will be one vast concentration camp." This sort of thing prevents this extraordinarily challenging book from becoming a true novel of ideas. It is a novel about people who make speeches about ideas. And who take violent actions based on ideas. But the thought is not embedded in the fabric of their living.

Oddly enough, Mr. Caute's work has a peculiar relevance right at this moment: a moment when a war that many feel is an extension of traditional Imperialism into more complex forms is undermining the solidarity of the West.

The opponents—black and white—in this novel cannot seem to break through to any form of understanding. As in Vietnam, everything depends on it, yet it seems generically impossible.

C. Virgil Gheorghiu has impeccable credentials for his tale of ideological horror. He began it, the publishers tell us, in one concentration camp and completed it in another. *The Twenty-fifth Hour* is a kind of *1984* that takes place in World War II. Johann Moritz, a Roumanian, is sent to a prison camp on the whim of a police inspector who has eyes for Moritz' wife. The charge: being a Jew. Moritz is not a Jew. Nevertheless the mistake is not rectified. A prisoner of bureaucracy as much as anything else, he is transferred to a Hungarian camp where he is tortured. He is then sold to the Germans and suffers horribly at their hands. The final irony comes when he is interned by the Americans.

Dealing, in a basic sense, with the same material as the Caute novel, *The Twenty-fifth Hour* is a simple, well-drawn, coolly-written tale. It suffers, unfairly, from the many books that have been written on this theme since 1950 when it was first published. Such books as Michel Del Castillo's *Child of Our Time*, dealing with the irrational destruction of the twentieth-century human being in the name of ideology. Or the now classic *Night* by Elie Wiesel.

Nevertheless, *The Twenty-fifth Hour* is a good, clean, and touching story. Gheorghiu, has the bona fides; Caute has the ambition and erudition. Together they could perhaps create a historical masterpiece. Individually they have given us one monumental near-success and one painful reminder of our own inhumanity.

Mr. Stern is a novelist and reviewer whose most recent novel, "Who Shall Live, Who Shall Die," dealt with concentration-camp survivors of World War II. A new novel, "After the War," is coming in March.

Grand Ladies of the Theater—Good-gray and Glamorous

by Clive Barnes

Madame Sarah, by Cornelia Otis Skinner. Houghton Mifflin, $6.95.
Martha Graham: Portrait of the Lady as an Artist, by LeRoy Leatherman. Knopf, $12.50.

The other day I discovered by chance that in 1935 Martha Graham told a reporter, "It was right for Bernhardt to be glamorous; hers was an attitude to life that belonged to the period. I have always fought against any dramatization of my peculiarities or my personality." The two women, Bernhardt and Graham, grand dames both, are the subjects of recent books, the good-gray puritan Graham and the glamorously romantic Bernhardt.

Cornelia Otis Skinner writes of Bernhardt, in *Madam Sarah*, with a pell-mell and gossipy ease. Miss Skinner has a sweet eye for the salient detail, and an even sweeter pen for its recording. In sharp vignettes we glimpse Bernhardt throughout her long and imperious, if not imperial, career.

Miss Skinner has the gift of all the best popular biographers of transferring onto her pages the essential image of the character. See, for example, Bernhardt arriving in England, at Folkestone, for the first time. Here sharply observed is the shy young man, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, later himself a great actor, pressing a small bunch of violets upon her and then, Oscar Wilde, dominating the proceeding, throwing down a carpet of lilacs (which, revealingly, Bernhardt was reluctant to trample upon) and trumpeting out, "Vive Sarah Bernhardt," all the way to the railway station.

Bernhardt's life and her foibles

Mr. Barnes, a writer, lecturer, and broadcaster on dance, joined the "New York Times" as dance critic in 1965.

glories and miseries, triumphs disasters, are admirably recorded Miss Skinner's acidulously incisive . What one misses is some actual a of what the divine Sarah was like performance. Why did this by means conventionally beautiful man exert such a spell?

Of course, Miss Skinner never saw rnhardt. LeRoy Leatherman, au- r of *Martha Graham: Portrait of Lady as an Artist,* is under no h disadvantage. Indeed, for many rs he was Miss Graham's personal nager, and the close connection, ile doubtless leaving him with ny memories, has perhaps vitiated his perceptions, for this, unfortunately, is a very scrappy book indeed.

We have needed a study of Martha Graham for many years—one that not only described her as a person but also undertook some reasonable analysis of her work. This new study is not it. Mr. Leatherman works under the basic misapprehension that Graham is a playwright and that her ballets are plays, revealing terms he uses throughout the book. His consequent failure to get to grips with her choreographic style, its failings as well as its virtues, is perhaps understandable. But the somewhat muddled impressions of Graham as a person come as a distinct disappointment. Where this new Martha Graham monograph does achieve its purpose is in the photographs by Martha Swope, which rival, although never surpass, those evocative photographs of Graham taken in the 'thirties by Barbara Morgan. In her photographs, at least, Graham has naturally been far more blessed than Bernhardt.

At the end of both books one is left pondering the mysteries of the consummate stage artist. Not merely what did they do, but how did they do it, and why? These are questions that even the admirable Miss Skinner adroitly sidesteps.

Dos" and the Underdog

John Chamberlain

e Best Times, by John Dos Passos. w American Library, $5.

ohn Dos Passos is seventy years , but he is still a seeker. Recently vatched him in action with a bunch Yale undergraduates. They wanted n to talk to them, but the lecture, that was what it was supposed to kept getting derailed: what Dos ssos really wanted was to have his dience talk to him. He wanted to ow every last detail about the New ft. From the give-and-take it be- ne apparent to the students that hn Dos Passos is not ideologically a nservative. He kept insisting that it s a feeling for the underdog, not y particular interest in philoso- y, that motivates his writing. And, m decade to decade, the underdog anges. The underdog's name, today, not Walter Reuther.

In the years covered by Dos Pas- ' informal memoir, *The Best nes,* the underdog was anybody o did not belong to various Estab- hments such as Big Business or the ious governments that had made rld War I. The underdog was also hn Dos Passos himself in relation his father. For years John Dos ssos kept his father's letters in a e box on the mantel. Every time started to read the letters it was ; if a great fist squeezed" his heart. couldn't go on.

The day came when he did go on. What we get from Dos Passos' interlude with his father's letters is a portrait of a great nineteenth-century individualist, a lawyer who soaked the Havemeyers for the biggest fee on record for help in forming the "sugar trust," spent his money lavishly, plunged on real estate in Mexico, and sailed boats while he talked about being descended from a mythical Portuguese pirate. Dos Passos, who was born out of wedlock and legitimatized in his teens when his parents were at last able to marry, was obviously awed by the old man. The boy was sent away to school in England for long periods and did not have an ordinary home life. He became a spectator, developing an acute sense of other people's dilemmas. He picked up socialism at Harvard, and developed a sense of form and color by studying art and architecture in Madrid. Only in later life did he realize how skillfully his father had directed his reading.

In *The Best Times* John Dos Passos doesn't try to psychoanalyze himself. He just tells, with his vivid painter's eye, what he did as a World War I ambulance driver, as a student in Spain, and as a traveler in Africa, the Near East, and Soviet Russia. There are the inevitable stories of great friendships, some of which came unstuck by developing political differences. The Fitzgeralds, Scott and Zelda, were a trying couple, especially when they got down on all fours and started throwing tomatoes at duchesses at a big party at the Sara and Gerald Murphys on the Riviera. But it "was hard to stay mad at the Fitzgeralds." They were like children. The friendship with E. E. Cummings withstood all changes in political belief, for Cummings was always an ironist and Dos Passos slowly sharpened his own sense of irony through successive disillusionments with the Left. With Ernest Hemingway friendship finally became something of an ordeal. When the Stalinists betrayed the anarchists in the Spanish Civil War, Dos Passos and "Hem" were unable to talk to each other without losing their tempers.

Dos Passos never could stand institutions, and it was inevitable that when socialism became bureaucratized in Russia, China, and even in its Welfare State forms he would turn against it. *The Best Times* brings him up to the beginnings of what his critics think of as his great change in the mid-'thirties. But, as he tried to tell those Yale students, he has not really changed at all. He just finds the underdog in different settings.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has written reviews for "Harper's" for many years, is a news-editorial columnist with King Features Syndicate.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

The Collected Works of Jane Bowles.

This may be the smallest volume of Collected Works since Max Beerbohm's first book. The analogy can go a shade further, for this also is a book of rare writing. It consists of one short novel, one play (produced on Broadway in 1948), and seven short stories. They could all be described as one of the characters in them describes herself, "complicated, a bit dotty, and completely original." Most of them have to do with slightly hysterical or eccentric women—mothers, daughters, sisters, friends—and take place in exotic but uncomfortable surroundings, like tacky hotels in Panama. Everybody loves (and also eats) a great deal.

But Mrs. Bowles makes what might seem just strange into something wonderful—both haunting and witty—by her unsentimental feeling for these lost creatures, and the odd elegance of her writing. The atmosphere of almost all the works is overwrought or overheated, at times reminiscent of Tennessee Williams or even Ronald Firbank; but through all this miasma, the characters tend to speak to each other (and themselves) with the clarity and decision of people in Lewis Carroll. As you can imagine, this effect alone is extraordinary. Her writing is funny or sad or sharp or mysterious, but always arresting.

Admirers of these Works (see dust jacket) include James Purdy, Alec Waugh, Alan Sillitoe, Tennessee Williams, and Truman Capote, who writes a perfect introduction. Admirers of any of the writers mentioned here (including Carroll, Firbank, and even Max) should find Jane Bowles fascinating.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6

Men at Work, by Honor Tracy.

A jolly, farcical romp about a successful English author who spends all his money on buying himself the accolade of a quiet country home. Here he sits down peacefully to write his memoirs and recoup his fortune—and then, for various reasons, mainly casual invitations from his wife, Delilah, the house fills with an assortment of eccentrics, until it vaguely resembles a village-hall production of the *Marat/Sade*. Forgery, blackmail, shoplifting, phony scholarship, and sheer bloody-mindedness all rush in and out of the plot like characters in a bedroom farce, until the whole thing is solved by that grand old deus ex monetary machina, an American film company.

It's a lot of lighthearted fun, and told with all the brio for which Miss Tracy is justly famous.

Random House, $4.95

The Adventures of a Gremlin, by DuPre Jones. Illustrated by Edward Gorey.

An enchanting (if you'll pardon the expression) spoof on fairy-tale epics, from Spenser to Tolkien. It comes complete with lost princess (covered with birthmarks), ogres, pirates, bogeys, beasties, a fairy godmother ("You wanta look at some funny photographs?" is her opening line) and takes in a few passing cracks at the myths of Byron, Melville, Coleridge, etc., before it gets to the happy ending. It rejoices in puns like "a fête worse than death," and while it doesn't quite trade in new magic for old (as Thurber did), it does manage to be (pardon, again) pretty Grimm.

The fun of it all is given great chic by the illustrations of Edward Gorey—wonderful, gothic creations, somewhere between Feiffer and Beardsley.

Lippincott, $3.95

The Sweet Ride, by William Murray.

Another novel in the fast-growing New American Library originals. This one purports to tell it like it is, man, with the surfing set in California, in this "Year of Our Lord à Go-Go." It has everything. Love, sex, violence, kookiness, beach bums, con men, pot parties, motorcycle gangs—it even has our old friends, the bourgeois parents who Don't Understand. The plot has something to do with a young girl who gets into real trouble out there. For a start, she works. But she is only a very good actress who gets brutalized (in many ways) by commercial success. In fact, both flesh and spirit take quite a beating in the course of this book. It all zoom along readably enough and in a few years it may be, man, like a valuable social document. Meanwhile, it's not much of a novel.

New American Library, $4.5

Nonfictio

It Has Its Charms, by Charles W Morton.

Here is a refreshingly simp book of good humor, literacy, an straightforward storytelling. Th story is Mr. Morton's career, fro running a hardware store in N braska to reporting for the Bosto *Evening Transcript*, during the D pression; then onward, via a brie sojourn at Harold Ross's *New Yorke* and an unlikely slump into a goverm ment post, to his accepting a humb position at the *Atlantic Monthly*. T day, after the happiest twenty-fi years of his life, he is the *Atlantic* well-known associate editor.

For a writer who confesses he really happy only with articles 1,500 words, Mr. Morton has spun o a remarkably satisfying book.

Lippincott, $4.

Diaries and Letters 1930-1939, Harold Nicolson.

It seems to be National Memo Month. Harold Nicolson has been f many years a distinguished politici and man of letters in England, and h younger son has put together (wi good, short historical notes) a sele tion of his private papers. They give highly readable, firsthand account such public events as the abdicati of Edward VIII and the rise of t Third Reich, as they happene Among the private events are h happy marriage to novelist V. Sac ville-West, and their restoration Sissinghurst, once a dilapidated El abethan country house, now one the private showplaces of Engla Their friends included such notab as Churchill, Maugham, Lindber the Windsors, and Virginia Woolf, the table talk is not exactly with interest. The tone of the book is be "in" and unpretentious, and the wh thing is evocative, serious, and am ing.

Atheneum, $7

Mr. Cook writes for the theater television, and reviews books other month in these columns.

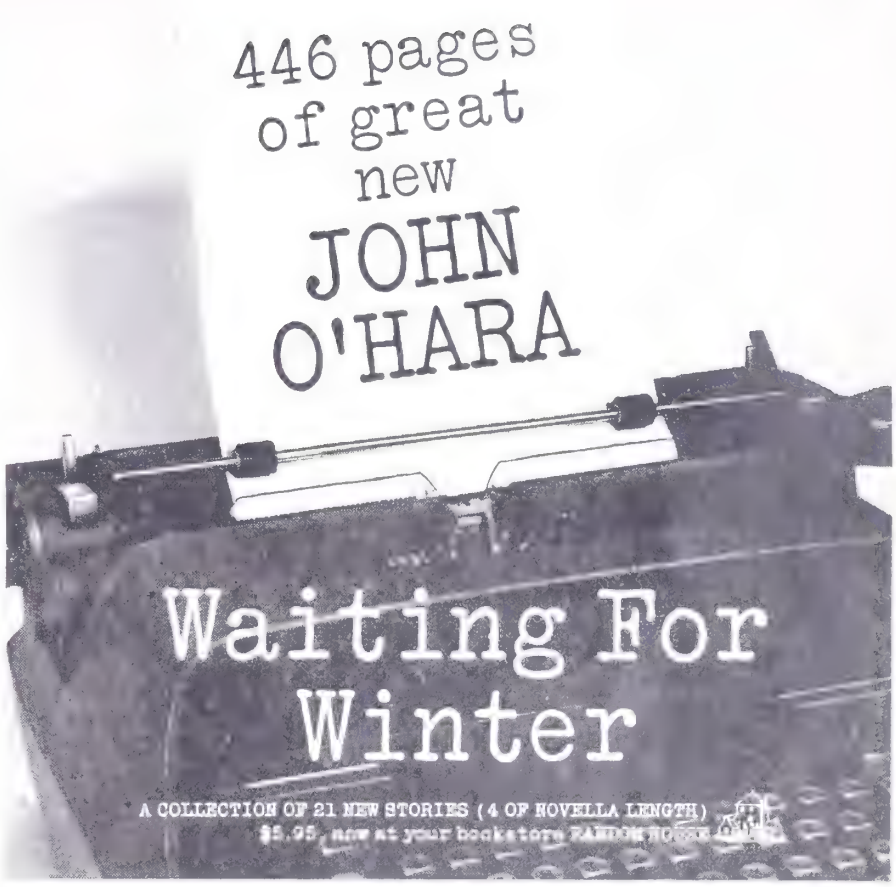
Day They Lost the H-Bomb, by stopher Morris.
his is the riveting story of—well, time they lost that H-bomb off coast of Spain, last year, and e were all those pictures of An- Biddle Duke splashing about in possibly radioactive sea, as if to "Come on in, the water's fine!" ou can stand the way it is written entless old journalese), this is a full account of the frightening lent that suddenly turned *Fail-* and *Thunderball* into nonfiction on. Coward-McCann, $5

Drama Bedside Book, edited by . Rubinstein and J. C. Trewin.
very informed selection of some ne best scenes from the world's naturgy. Not only does it include ics like the death of Oedipus at nus and practically the whole of II of *The Importance of Being nest;* it also has tidbits from les- known Shaw, Fry, Strindberg, curiosities like *Paolo and Fran-*, the poetical smash hit of 1902. only wonders why it is called "a ide book." A torrid scene from *Pity She's a Whore* seems un- y reading for anyone wanting to straight into the sweet and mless. Atheneum, $7.50

Directions 19. An anthology ed by J. Laughlin.
generous grab bag of "new writ- —prose, poetry, a little thesis, and e a few jokes. In fact, for people lly daunted by this kind of collec- one should explain that there is rong streak of urbanity about y of the twenty-two contributors. not all hard-core esoterica. As any grab bag, you pay your ey and take your choice. My ce was the lyrics of Tomas Trans- ner (translator, Eric Sillen), es by John H. Galey and Elisa- Mann Borgese, an ode by gory Corso, and two fast, funny ologues by Lawrence Ferlin- ti. Tops for curiosity is one poem the Chinese, a man lamenting all the old warriors, like Genghis n, were so powerless:

'or the greatest man yet—only
ly dynasty, my era will show.

a translation from Mao Tse-tung.
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WHAT'S GOING ON IN PARIS?

Mainly movies with Belmondo or Orson Welles, it turns out, as the best young composers flee the city.

While the audience in Paris for music and theater seems to have stopped growing—if it hasn't actually diminished—almost everyone, especially the young, goes to the movies.

On any Sunday afternoon or evening, the lines stretch up and down the Champs-Elysées, as thousands of Parisians patiently wait for the shows to break and the houses to empty. On a recent rainy Sunday evening, the longest and youngest line wound alongside the theater showing Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless*, now six years old and still his best movie; the competition up and down the boulevard included *How to Steal a Million*, *A Man and a Woman*, *Doctor Zhivago*, *Night Games*, and François Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*, the latter just now being seen in America. Godard is smash box-office in Paris; so is Jean-Paul Belmondo, the film's star, who stares out at pedestrians from posters and billboards all over Paris, the quintessential French face of the sixties (as Gerard Philippe was of the 'fifties). Belmondo's films seem to be playing in every second theater in town. He is admired by the young for his dashing ability as a kind of quick-change emotional artist (as well as for his roughed-up, asymetrical good looks) and envied by the middle-aged for the same reasons.

Fahrenheit 451 is Truffaut's latest film and his first in English. It is, at best, an uneven movie about a society of the future in which all books are searched out and then burned by fire departments whose cadets ride to their tasks standing at rigid attention. The movie suffers from Truffaut's famous impatience with the imperatives of storytelling; he has always been a little too eager to get to the point without enough preparation and here his nervous cutting habits and quick editing have produced more confusion than clarity. What suffers is the personal drama involving Oskar Werner, this time almost undone by his usual expression of intelligent anguish, and Julie Christie, who at best seems uncomfortable in an unrewarding dual role.

But Truffaut's imagination is finally engaged by the concluding fifteen minutes of his film. Almost everything that precedes it seems, in contrast, listless and perfunctory as though the director were bored by the demands of a mechanical love story set amidst the trappings of science fiction. At the end, he offers a poetic vision of a civilization literally emerging from ashes; dozens of unnamed characters pace back and forth on Truffaut's screen, softly reciting the text of a book he or she has chosen to save in memory. Quietly they pass each other, trying to memorize the books they will become, while through the soundtrack come the words of *The Republic*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, and others, in English, French, Russian, and most moving of all, Chinese. *Fahrenheit 451* may not be the Truffaut masterwork some of his admirers claim it to be, but it is a film with an idea and that is enough to place it at least one long step ahead of most of the present competition.

Left Bank Cinéphiles

Over on the Left Bank, on the Rue Champollion, another cluster of movie theaters draws crowds of students, who get in for forty cents less than ordinary adults. The tiny street parallels the Boulevard St.-Michel and it is a mystery why it among a thousand others has become a center for cinéphiles. (Another mystery—with so many young people hanging around both afternoons and evenings—is when anybody attends classes at the Sorbonne.) At the Actua-Champa, *The Idiot* was being shown; coming up, *Une Nuit à L'Opéra*. Down the street, Kurosawa's *Ikiru* was playing at the Logos while Andrzej Mink's Polish movie, *The Passage*, was next door at Les Noctambules, the movie

Mr. Kotlowitz first visited Paris as a teen-age Infantryman in World War II. His most recent trip, reported here, was part of a tour of duty as an editor of "Harper's."

house with the perfect name. The biggest crowds were waiting to see Sergei Eisenstein's original and unedited *October* and Orson Welles's adaptation of the Falstaff stories in *Chimes at Midnight*, both playing at theaters fifty feet from each other.

Welles has long been one of Paris's culture heroes, still another example, which Europeans have always welcomed, of an American talent unable to function artistically amidst the commercial values of his native country. It seems entirely irrelevant to the French that Welles's best work was done when he was a young man in Hollywood and New York, and that until recently his work in Europe has been erratic, self-indulgent, and uncontrolled. So be it; we all need our myths.

Welles and the Henrys

Outside of Paris, where it had a long run just off the Champs-Elysées before arriving on the Rue Champollion, *Chimes at Midnight* has been seen only at the Cannes Festival, which awarded it a special prize last spring. A combined Swiss-Spanish production, it uses an almost entirely English cast, with the exceptions of Welles, who plays Falstaff, and Jeanne Moreau, who is a damply lascivious Doll Tearsheet. The movie will arrive in the United States this month, at last, under the title *Falstaff*.

The film is a long reminiscence by Falstaff, who, close to death, faces the past and remembers how young Henry was transformed into a king. Its chronology, which makes perfect sense, is taken in bits and pieces from the two parts of *Henry IV*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Richard II*, and *Henry V*. Through it all wander the old, near-freakish characters, bursting with their exaggerated Elizabethan-style stage lives: Swallow, Nymph, Bardolph, Pistol, and Mistress Quickly.

The opening third of *Chimes at Midnight* suffers intermittently from the kind of tedium that hangs over whole sections of Shakespeare's historical plays like a sleeping potion. The comedy is sometimes painfully self-conscious; the laughter on the screen may be uproarious but what, one wonders, are all those buffoons really laughing so hard about? The answer, too often, is corny jokes and overextended puns. Young Henry giggles endlessly. The speeches run on to little purpose. We know these characters too well; their colors have begun to run.

Yet these opening scenes are filled with sharp, steely, sometimes ravishing things to look at: the blacks and barren whites of a winter forest, the dove-gray of costumes moving against the deeper grays of real castles in which the breath of men steams in the winter cold, the upright, steadfast English figure of the silly young Henry playing his adolescent tricks alongside the endless curves of Falstaff's bulk, the tiny, bulbous nose, fat cheeks, huge head, and vast, almost limitless body. How Welles loves the part, the beautiful words, the debauching, and the physical effort of moving Falstaff around, of getting him from one place to another.

The movie reaches full stride in the long battle scene between Henry Percy and Henry Monmouth. It is one or the other for the throne; all England awaits the decision. Surely one of the great battle sequences on film, it takes its time, showing the details of mass troop movements, cutting to individual duels, climaxing finally in an exhausted welter of British blood, smashed bone, and mud while the two young Henrys, who were born to be allies, confront each other with massive, clumsy weapons. A final duel takes place, quick and bitter. One Henry falls, another walks away, light-headed in victory. In the meantime, the two armies continue to slaughter each other, because they do not know what else to do, and Falstaff, on the run from arms and battle, hides behind a tree or plays dead.

Keith Baxter is the young Henry, intelligent, perhaps brilliant, undaunted, and in the end relishing his new power: a superb performance. John Gielgud, who looks as though the full weight of all ages past and to come rests upon his crown, takes almost the whole film to die as Henry IV, and does it with ruthless nobility. Welles has photographed his restless, pained face head-on, in profile, from above and below, while the gorgeous Shakespearian language rolls out line by lucid line. As Doll Tearsheet, Jeanne Moreau appears only briefly but clearly suggests the erotic attractions of that much used young woman, while Margaret Rutherford is a surprisingly perfect choice as Quickly; she is very moving in her final tribute to Falstaff, leaving the unmistakable feeling that she has waited her entire career for this moment.

Under whatever title, this is Orson Welles's best film since *Citizen Kane*, made with obvious love and daring and confidence, too, that this story, this put-together scenario, is not irrelevant in the twentieth century.

And Others

And what of other film makers? Jean Renoir, always his own man and even more so, it seems, now that he is in his seventies, is making his thirty-ninth movie, his first in five years. As though that were not enough, his first novel, *The Notebooks of Captain Georges*, has just been published. A personal, convincing, sometimes sentimental account of a love affair between a cavalry officer and a whore during World War I, it will make a perfect Renoir movie. In its directness, its candor, and its acceptance of those compulsive, warming bonds linking flesh with flesh that Renoir has quietly emphasized for us in film after film, it evokes all the pleasures of fulfilled, physical love as it also traces the faded patterns of French life just before the Great War.

The generation behind the Nouvelle Vague is at work quietly, too, without manifestos, more or less undisturbed by questions of technique, although obsessed by style. Claude Lelouch's *A Man and a Woman* used changing color arbitrarily throughout, with little dramatic justification. The audience, however, loved it because it provided simple aesthetic pleasure. Among the younger directors, René Allio, whose first full-length movie, *The Shameless Old Lady* (see *Harper's* December), is now a success in this country, is also going his own way. While he greatly admires both Truffaut and Godard, he claims to feel little of their influence on his own work. He and moviemaking friends—now in their late twenties and early thirties—consider Godard wildly romantic. "His movies," Allio has said, "make me think he has had a lot of trouble with women. His heroes are always helplessly done in at the end with the aid of the hero-

(Godard is steadfastly moving from *any* notion of narrative, ng his films to develop under the ıful eye of those hand-held cam- which voraciously record every- that takes place in their path; the ultimate Godard movie be *A Day in the Life of a Cam-*

io is now working on a second which will have as carefully ructed a story as *The Shameless Lady*. Then he will direct a one- era by Arnold Schönberg, to be ıced with a company specially gether for the occasion in Paris. ever goes to the Paris Opéra, ver, has never been to the Opéra- que, has little idea what their toire consists of, and apparently not care less.

Exit to Baden-Baden

h the same is true of Paris mu- s, especially the young com- s. Pierre Boulez, at forty the gious Samson of France's avant- , who has made an international ation as teacher, composer, and irst-rank conductor of music of riods, has left Paris for Baden- ı, which now serves as his ng base. Three years ago, when ges Auric took over the director- of the Opéra, Boulez helped to h the new regime by conducting ompany's potent production of ı Berg's *Wozzeck*. That was Bou- ast appearance in the grand old ; after a limited series of per- ances to packed audiences, *Wozzeck* was withdrawn and with it went Paris's serious musicians and intellectuals, who have continued to stay away from the Opéra out of boredom. Once *Wozzeck* vanished from the repertoire, Auric seemed content to go on with the old standbys from the Italian repertoire as well as all those French works which have a place on the stage because of French chauvinism.



re Boulez

It is French chauvinism, indeed, which helped to form the official laws regulating the operation of the Paris Opéra: a certain number of repertoire works must be French, so must the singers, and the language as well, although *Don Giovanni* recently was produced in its original Italian, a novelty—and a successful one, reportedly—in Paris. Obviously, in this day of great international casts, shared by Milan, Vienna, New York, and, to a lesser degree, London, this is the path to artistic suicide, or at least somnolence, and it is the path the Opéra has taken. Still, the company can fill the house for an inadequate production of *Fidelio*. I was told that "Frenchmen still go to the Opéra the way Americans go to Versailles." But the audience for *Fidelio* seemed to me a discriminating one, neither in awe of the setting nor generous in cheering on an inferior cast.

In the meantime, at least two promising young composers, both praised by Boulez, have left the city. One, Gilbert Amy, is composing temporarily in the south of France, and the second, Jean-Claude Eloy, has accepted a teaching post at the University of California at Berkeley, where he will lecture on contemporary music and its composers, including Pierre Boulez. Eloy studied with Boulez in Switzerland, not France, he points out ironically. The first performances of his own compositions, he adds, took place in West Germany, while his first French performances were given in Paris by the German Südwestfunk Orchestra. So he has left his hometown to spend two years in America. Lucky Californians; unlucky French. M. Malraux once amiably chided them for not being a nation of born music lovers. [ ]



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With its new album of *Die Walküre*, London Records has concluded its complete recording of Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelungen*. Several years ago, *Das Rheingold* was released. *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* followed; and now comes the fourth opera of the tetralogy (though the second in the Wagnerian sequence). There are many noteworthy things about this *Ring*. It is presented uncut. It achieves a certain amount of consistency by having Birgit Nilsson as Brünnhilde. It is a triumph of modern audio engineering. It has Georg Solti as conductor, and Solti is, many feel, the greatest living Wagnerian. And it has John Culshaw as recording director.

Culshaw comes to the problems of opera recordings as one with *parti pris*. He believes, and has written voluminously about it (he even is writing a book on his experiences recording the *Ring*), that high fidelity is as much of a medium on its own as the opera stage or symphony hall. He works on the assumption that, as long as magnetic-tape recordings have certain built-in possibilities, it would be criminal to ignore them. Thus in *Siegfried* he electronically altered the characteristics of Wolfgang Windgassen's voice, lowering and darkening it, so that when he went to the rock to get Brunnhilde for Gunther, he actually sounded like Gunther. In *Rheingold*, when the god of thunder is at work, there is a metallic crash that all but rips the speakers from their cones. In the new *Walküre* there are echo-chamber effects; and when Wotan summons Loge he does so with a godlike rap that suggests the bang of a steel bar against the side of a locomotive.

The Question of Gimmicks

Already some critics are growing restless about these effects, and some are taking Culshaw to task for this kind of gimmickry. And it is true that any of these *Ring* operas played back on the best modern reproducing equipment present a kind of sound that one will never hear in the opera house. Perhaps the conductor might hear it that way, with the singers and instruments close up. Nobody in the audience can. Culshaw nevertheless has a lot in his favor. The musical elements have been scrupulously attended to, with all-star casts as good as can be brought together anywhere in the world. The engineering itself is beyond reproach. It could well be that no recordings in history have the color, presence, clarity, and realism of Culshaw's *Götterdämmerung* and *Walküre*. In addition, the gimmicks have validity. Culshaw has not gone wild over them; and those he has inserted into these recordings most certainly help the illusion of a stage performance. In less tactful hands, such tinkering would be disastrous. But Culshaw's effects work.

The *Walküre* is a fitting end to London's great cycle. In the cast are Nilsson, Regine Crespin (Sieglinde), James King (Siegmund), Gottlob Frick (Hunding), Hans Hotter (Wotan), and Christa Ludwig (Fricka). As before, the Vienna Philharmonic is conducted by Solti (London A 4509, mono; OSA 1509, stereo; both 5 discs). The one vocally weak singer is Hotter, a veteran who no longer has much vocal control. Yet his Wotan has such dignity, compassion, and understanding, as well as such refined musicianship, that his characterization emerges a triumph. Nilsson is—Nilsson, that amazing phenomenon with a Matterhorn of a voice: high, powerful, somewhat cold, but thrilling in its physiological impact. James King is an American who is developing into a Heldentenor, and he sings the role of Siegmund with plenty of force and controlled tone. Solti, incidentally, lets him get away with a Melchior trick in the first act, holding on to the second note of "*Walse*" seemingly forever. Frick is the best living Hunding, Ludwig a viperish Fricka, and Crespin simply beautiful as Sieglinde—up to fortissimo notes above the staff. There her voice becomes hard and edgy. It is characteristic of her singing; and what a shame! Otherwise she would be one of the greatest living dramatic sopranos.

Revival in Reverse

Another triumph of its kind is the Mercury recording of Handel's *Messiah* (PHM 3-592, mono; PHS 3-992, stereo; both 3 discs). It is a triumph in reverse. Where the *Ring* cycle gets its effect by overwhelming means, this is a *Messiah* that goes back to the original and strives for a small tonal *impasto* in line with what Handel himself heard when he conducted the oratorio in Dublin in 1742.

Thus this album goes against tradition by seeking tradition. The es-

ished tradition of performing *ssiah* and the other Handel ora-os is a Victorian one, in which a ge orchestra and a tremendous rus are used. It is worth discuss- in detail something about Han-an performance practice, for it strates a problem prevalent in formances of all old music.

Vhen Handel died in 1759 his kind nusic was on the way out. The *nt* style was the rage: melody ner than counterpoint; new ideas it the orchestra; grace and light-rtedness rather than austerity. the baroque style of Bach and ndel disappeared, so did the knowl-e of how their music was to be ormed. By the middle 1800s, it entirely forgotten. Bach and ndel used certain conventions in music—conventions that were so understood they were never ten down. One convention was a er's freedom to insert embellish-ts and cadenzas at certain points. ther was rhythmic; in music that a certain kind of rhythm, dotted s were prolonged. Another was figured bass, a set of numerical bols placed under the bass line the harpsichordist to "realize," is, play at sight the correct har-ies denoted by the numbers. The psichordist not only realized the but improvised on it, and those ovisations were never written n.

andel, a naturalized citizen, was ys close to the English, and not after his death they started oring" him with Handel festivals ne kind or another. These got er and bigger, and so did the es employed. By Queen Victoria's a chorus of six hundred was not ordinary for *Messiah*. And this tion extended to our own day recently, *Messiah* performances, as the annual one in New York ne Oratorio Society, used a cho-f over three hundred, with a big estra and a romantic kind of estration. It was not until after d War II that the Coopersmith on of *Messiah* tried to go back e original, pointing out that cur-performances were a travesty.

cob Coopersmith, Winton Dean, ther scholars for years had been ing on correct performance ice in Handel. They might have d to the four winds and written in water had it not been for the tremendous, and unexpected, baroque revival after the war. All of a sudden, everybody wanted to hear old music, and they wanted to hear it correctly. Baroque orchestras sprung up everywhere. The record companies started to issue thousands of discs devoted to baroque music. Musicologists prepared working editions. Musicians began to familiarize themselves with a style of playing new to them. Even singers began to look into the situation.

The new Mercury *Messiah* is a culmination of this particular *Zeitgeist*. It is an effort to approximate, as closely as possible, Handel's own *Messiah*. Colin Davis is the conductor. He has about forty London Symphony musicians, a chorus of forty, and Heather Harper, Helen Watts, John Wakefield, and John Shirley-Quirk as vocal soloists. Everything about this performance is going to sound unusual. The tempos are very fast; there is none of the palling, going-to-church feeling that Paul Henry Lang so inveighs against in his new biography of the composer.

Each of the soloists obviously has been picked for clarity of diction and flexibility in coloratura passages. They make a good try at it, adding cadenzas, using trills, constantly embellishing. Davis gets clear, sparkling playing from the orchestra, and all of a sudden *Messiah* sounds athletic, forceful, and forthright. It also sounds as though it was composed in 1742 and not 1875. Those used to the heavy, devotional, lugubrious kind of *Messiah* performance are going to resist this album; but those who have any identification at all with the baroque are going to find it not only an eye-opener but also the most enchanting performance ever recorded of the most popular oratorio ever written. [ ]

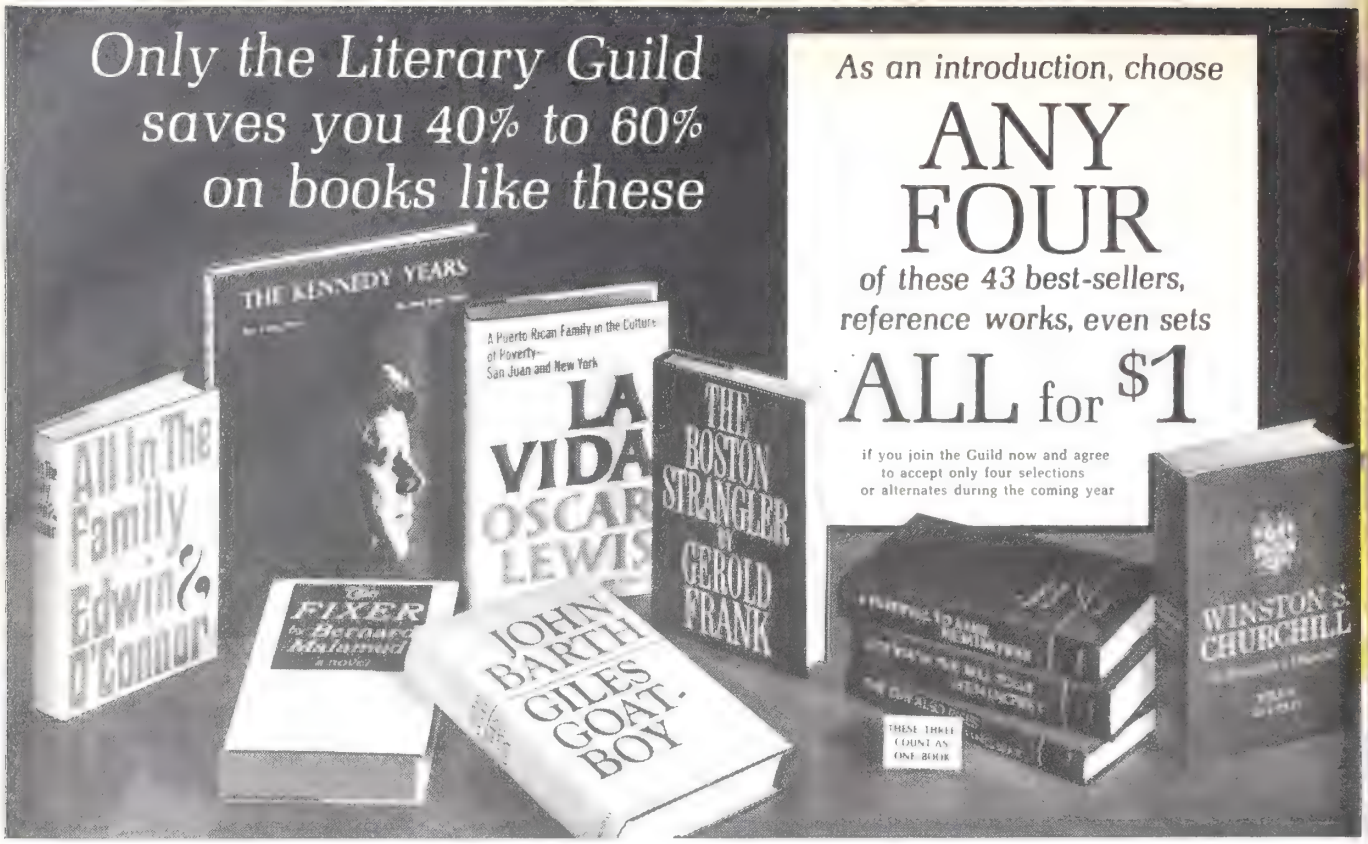
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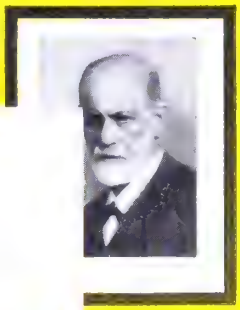
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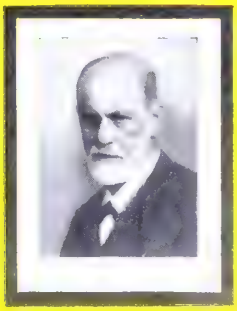
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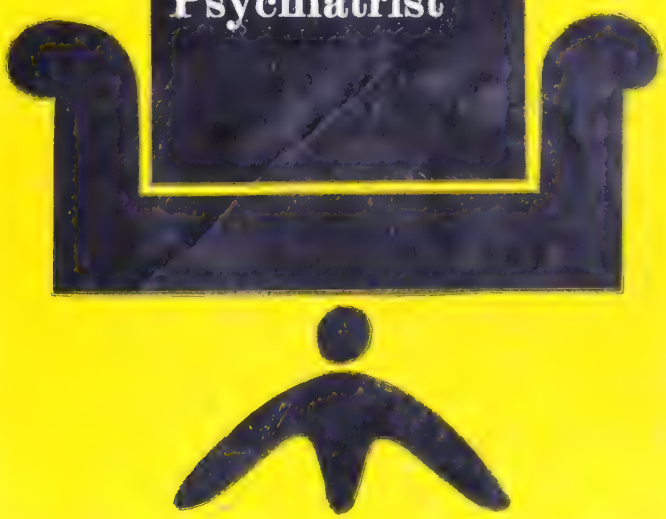
Where Psychiatry Fails

Donald M. *John Medelsmus*





Why I am Not a Psychiatrist



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Vol. 234
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Harper's magazine

February
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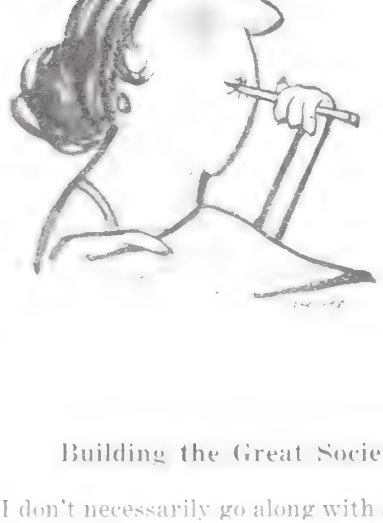
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Letters



Building the Great Society

I don't necessarily go along with all of Michael Harrington's social analysis ["Taking the Great Society Seriously," December], but he's 100 per cent right when he says that the first order of business, if we're to take the goals of the Great Society seriously, is to cope with the crisis in our big cities. He's just as right when he says, though in somewhat politer terms, that the Demonstration Cities proposal is a joke.

What's wrong with our cities—the chaos, crowds, crime, and crud—is so pervasive and growing so fast that it defies solution. Spending a few hundred million dollars on a handful of sample cities may be a time-honored example of America's pork barrel approach to local problems, but it only treats the symptoms of our urban disease. It doesn't begin to get at the cause.

The cause is simply that megalopolis is too big and too congested to work. The cure is to spill over into the millions of unused and empty acres that now go begging, to disperse our industry and build new cities where there is open space.

Such new cities I call Primary Employment Towns because each would have planned and built into it, right from the start, industrial and commercial establishments to provide jobs for the residents. In such a town, as I see it, there would be virtually no commuting because people who live there would work there and practically everyone could go home for lunch.

For most Americans the daily business of living—work, getting to wo and leisure—is now neither simp easy, pleasant nor fun. In view of t fact that our population will dou by the end of the century, we will ha to create the housing, jobs, schoo factories, cars, and everything e for a new United States equal to greater than the United States of day. It is obvious, therefore, that t normal business of everyday livi must quickly begin getting better else it must inevitably become a go deal worse.

We must face the fact that enviro ment in America today—the quality living—is sliding downhill. We cann build a great society or even a go one unless we create environment th measures up. A poor environment w not grow good citizens; converse bad citizens cannot build a great s ciety. Step number one is to crea communities in which our citizens c live and work in decency, dignity, a comfort.

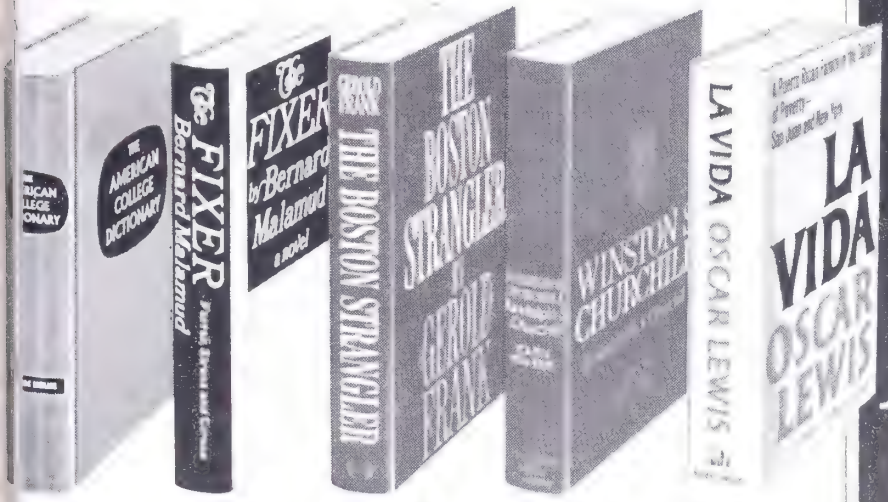
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More letters on Mr. Harrington's article appear on p. 81.

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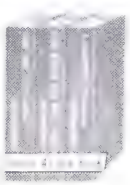


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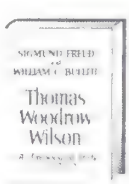


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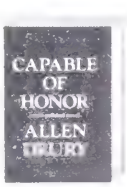


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COMING IN HARPER'S



Three young men, members of a "workshop of young black writers on the Lower East Side in New York," arranged an interview with **Ralph Ellison** for their magazine *Umbra*. They had several long taped sessions with the author of *Invisible Man*, which many critics regard as the most distinguished American novel published since World War II. *Umbra* disbanded, but the essence of the interviews, revised by Ellison, will appear in the March *Harper's*—an extraordinarily illuminating insight into "Negro" and "Jewish" writing, protest fiction, Hemingway and Faulkner, and the stern disciplines of the writer's craft.

Last June we received a letter that started, "Here's an idea for a moderately waspish 'why don't you deluded optimists wise up?' article on the state of television . . ." It was from **Robert Eck** of Chicago, who described himself as "currently on leave of absence from one of the country's largest advertising agencies, where I've been a copy group head for some time." . . . We rose to his bait, and the result is that rare thing, a crystal-clear look at the suddenly obvious, an article called **"Why Commercial TV Can Never Be Improved."** If you believe that wicked advertisers, stupid sponsors, or deceptive audience ratings are responsible for all those bad programs, you'll find no comfort here. The fault lies deeper—and there's no cure for it. In a later *Harper's*, John Fischer will discuss not a palliative but an alternative.

There are some journalistic hazards that *Harper's* indomitable correspondents face a little less than fearlessly. **Larry L.** ("popeyed, pale radical with flowing beard") **King**, out to get a story on **William F.** ("New York Upper East Side high-camp swell") **Buckley, Jr.**, found himself all but frozen with fear charging up Park Avenue at rush hour on the back of a Honda 50 with Buckley at the controls. "You got Medicare?" Buckley taunted him. The tale King lived to tell is a humorous, incisive piece called "God, Man, and Bill Buckley."

Also watch out for **Wolf Von Eckardt** on the diminishing efficiency of America's airports and the increasing ugliness of their clutter . . . with suggestions for design changes that could make travelers happy.

LETTERS

increasing group of alert, active retired workers and their spouses.

These individuals are going to add an entirely new element to the junior colleges because they will be more interested in learning . . . than in accumulating academic Brownie points. The entrance requirements and other regulations of the four-year institutions are effective in keeping them out, while the adult-education programs of local high schools provide too many disadvantages, such as . . . courses limited to evenings when older people are less willing to attend. . . .

Retired people can also provide a large pool of junior-college faculty. Special arrangements should be made to enable qualified retired academicians to teach in these junior colleges . . . The problems of cost, capital, plant, and administrative personnel . . . cannot be underestimated, but the retired and other older Americans seem entitled to receive directly some of the educational benefits they have long helped to finance.

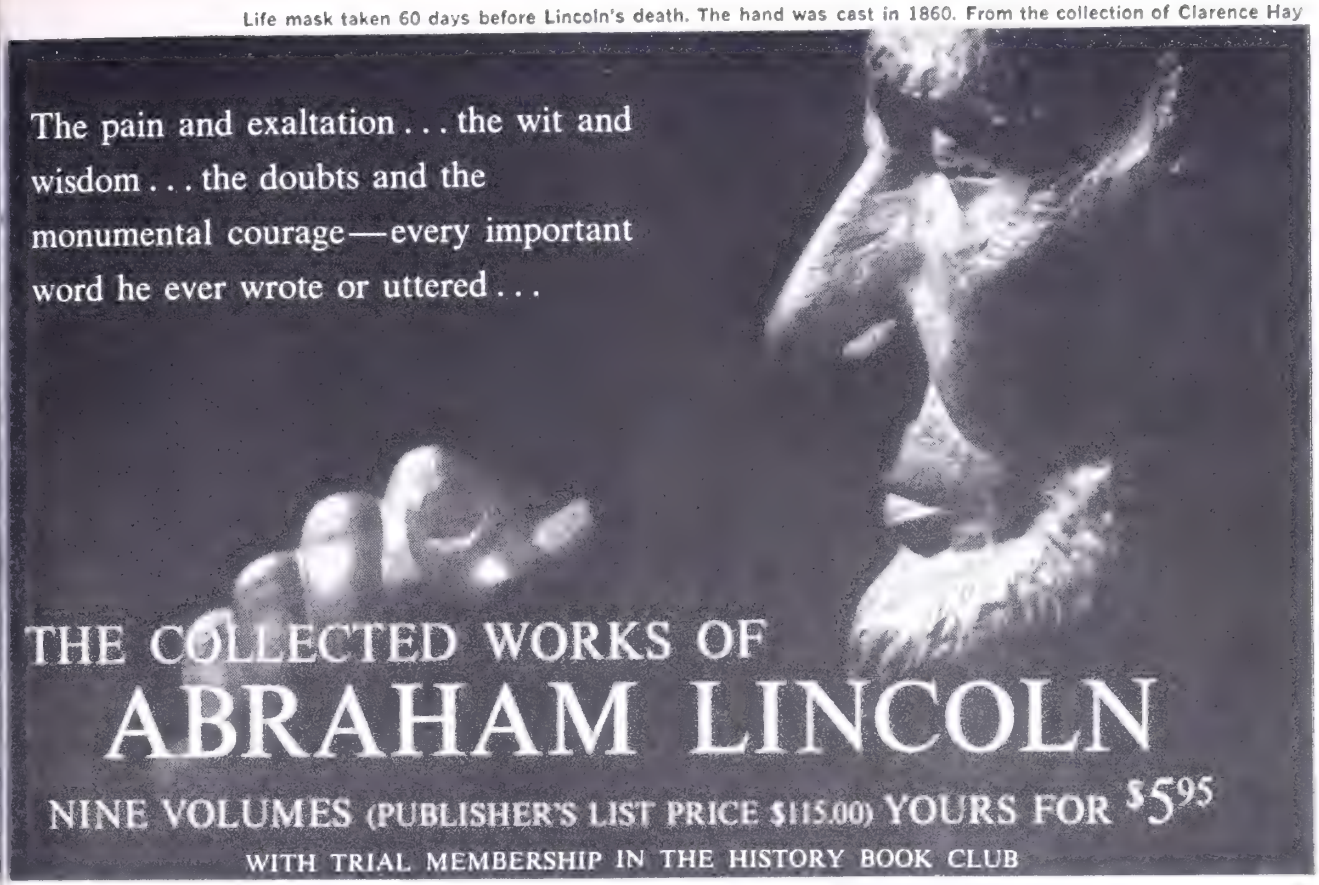
RICHARD A. KALISH, Ph.D.
Acting Director
Gerontology Training Program
School of Public Health, UCLA
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . A tragic intellectual gulf exists between junior-college administrators and junior-college faculties. The administrators seem bent on perpetuating a myth called "the junior-college level" (I heard one president say, in all earnestness, "Let's not become too enamored of higher education") while the faculties under them, by and large, identify completely with the freshman and sophomore years of the four-year universities. I feel that until this gulf is eliminated the junior college will remain a kind of bastard cousin to other institutions of higher learning.

BURLING LOWREY
Professor of English
Montgomery Junior College
Rockville, Md.

Mr. Lynes gave but passing reference to the question of minorities and junior colleges—when one of the most pressing problems in education today is based on race. In the San Francisco Bay area virtually no minority persons are going on from junior to senior college and too few are finish-

Life mask taken 60 days before Lincoln's death. The hand was cast in 1860. From the collection of Clarence Hay

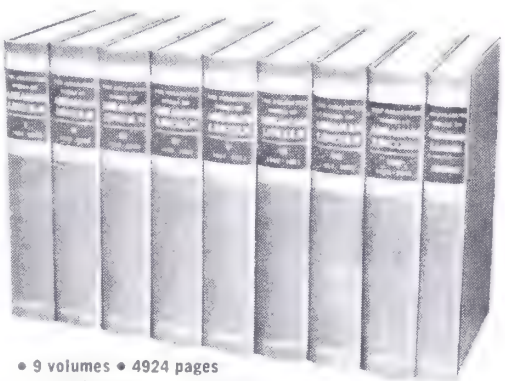


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LETTERS

ing the two-year junior college pro gram. . . .

BILL SOMERVILL
University of California
Berkeley, Calif

Where the Cactus Grow

The realism of Edward Abbey' article, "The West's Land of Sur prises, Some Terrible" [December practically transported me to th Utah desert. I alternately experience a dry throat and a slaked thirst as traveled through the parched waste land and the oases with Mr. Abbey. . .

ANITA O'KAN
Elizabeth, N. J

The "New Africa" Bea

The story of Gambia's independ ence ["Enter Gambia, Laughing," October] by Berkeley Rice is typica of the superficial reporting on Afric by American newsmen. It is, figura tively speaking, reporting from th bar of the Government Hotel—th white man with tongue-in-cheek pa tronizing the African. Such reportin infuriates the Africans and perpetu ates the ignorance of the America reader about an Africa which is ex ploding in his face. The pride of th African in his race, his different bu sophisticated culture, and his courag in facing a very hazardous future i the pursuit of independence shoul command respect and informative re porting from a viewpoint more under standing and knowledgeable than tha of Mr. Rice.

OLCOTT GAT
Formerly Assoc. Director
U. S. Peace Corps in Ghan
Fredonia, N. Y

Writing About Writers

As the wife and occasional literary collaborator of the late Fred T. Marsh who reviewed books for both the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune* I want to tell you how much I relished Richard Kluger's "What I Did t Books and Vice Versa" [December And how it would have delighted Fred!

But I do have one small objection Although the reason Mr. Kluger cite for not letting poets review poetry i valid enough, I submit that no on but a poet is qualified to assess poetry

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t now, all spaghetti manufacturers are aware of what in do for them. That's the kind of specialized public nition that does some good, instead of merely giving gement a feeling of power by ubiquitousness.



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LETTERS

for only a poet can truly understand "poetic truth and poetic beauty." Even in the offshoot of poetry known as light verse, it takes a *good* practitioner of that craft to perceive its forms, its rhymes, its subtleties. Unless you can find an Ogden Nash, a Morris Bishop, or a Phyllis McGinley to review light verse, *please*, Mr. Editor, don't trust it to a novice in the field. What I have known even good editors to do to light verse would make one wonder where, if anywhere, they went to school.

CORINNA MARSH, Editor
The University Society, Inc.
New York, N. Y.

For a poet who is also a critic, read Kenneth Rexroth on "How Poets Make a Living, If Any," page 90 of this issue.

Richard Kluger's article is brilliant, entertaining, witty, and so, so true. But Mr. Kluger and (alas) *Harper's* editors show a sad lack of knowledge in the field of Romantic poetry. I refer, of course, to Mr. Kluger's comment about poets who review poetry: "They seem incapable of a measured response, of containing their spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings that Coleridge spoke of."

The only time that Coleridge ever spoke of that phrase was to disagree with it since every English major knows that it was written by Wordsworth in his famous Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* published in 1800. . . . Small wonder that Mr. Kluger had difficulty with poetry reviews.

EDWARD E. DAVIS
New York, N. Y.

Funds for Legal Aid

"Yankee Lawyers in Mississippi Courts" [Richard Hammer, November] leaves me with a feeling that I should be doing something to help fight the injustice and brutality described therein. Perhaps it would be worthwhile to print an address where those who wish may send money to help the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee.

DAVID RYKKEN
Coon Rapids, Minn.

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The Easy Chair *by Norman Macrae*



CAN ENGLAND MAKE IT?

Harold Wilson's prescription for Britain's ailing economy may be the wrong one—but the patient has a pretty good chance of recovering anyway.

There are two main schools of argument about the reasons for Britain's ghastly economic performance in recent years. One school puts the blame on certain specific mistakes in economic policy committed by both our previous nominally Conservative and our present nominally Labour governments—mistakes whose dreary and illogical continuance has unfortunately been elevated into a high moral duty by the permanent civil service and the financial establishment through which Britain is mostly ruled. This school believes that a fairly simple reversal of these technical mistakes could go a long way toward transforming Britain during the next decade into an economic miracle country, like continental Europe and Japan of the last decade and a half. It therefore considers itself to be an optimistic, thrustful, reformist school of cool-headed analysts. But it is currently regarded in most polite circles in Britain as impossibly arty and starry-eyed.

The second explanation is that Britain is in a deplorable mess because the whole British working class is a collection of lazy slobs, because the managerial class is a collection of incompetent nits, and because there is something thoroughly rotten in the whole fabric of British society. When the head of a nationalized industry is superannuated into the House of Lords (as all heads of those old-fashioned Socialist enterprises eventually are), and when he says there that there is a deep "moral rot" in British society, he can be sure that their lordships' house will echo with "hear, hears." Lately the same refrain has been taken up by some American journalists, and for a very apparent reason. While we British journalists bathe ourselves too freely in the conventional wisdom of London's upper-class clubland, many correspondents from your supposedly un-class-conscious society tend absolutely to soak themselves in it. Colonel Blimp has recruited himself wholeheartedly into the corps of American observers of the British scene, and it has become part of its gospel that all the abstruse economic problems of Britain can be explained by those characteristics of modern British society which our old-fashioned upper class most dislikes. Hence the myth in the United States—which I used to find funny, but have recently begun to find rather alarming—that these last two years of runs on sterling somehow are only to be expected in an age when some of our young girls wear rather short skirts and some of our young fellows (for a few teen-age years only) wear overlong hair, and when British workers drink midmorning cups of tea.

A British economic journalist, trying to explain to an American audience the reasons for Britain's maddening present malaise, therefore finds himself in something of a quandary. The truth, I am convinced, lies much nearer to the views of the fir school, which argues simply th British governments have made sor rather obvious mistakes in econom policy. But this is not the whole trut Even when these mistakes of poli are put right—and at present there no sign of them being put right—t position may not turn round quickly as it should; because by n there really are some flaws in our s ciety, which have grown worse duri the years while the mistakes ha been made. Moreover, writing abo the flaws in society is more attracti journalism than writing about t technical economic errors: it alwa is more fun to write a romantic soc essay than a brutal commercial mem What I will try to do here is to squa my social conscience by writing t brutal commercial memo first; a then go on to discuss how far the really are peculiar social debilities this supposedly swinging Britain today.

The simplest and most fundament reason for Britain's economic wea ness is that the pound sterling is ove valued. It is overvalued largely b cause, like America, we won the la

---

The guest in the Easy Chair is depu editor of "The Economist" in Londo After wartime service in the RAF did postgraduate work in economi at Cambridge. His views here are h own rather than the editorial opinio of "The Economist."

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war. When the pattern of world exchange rates was last set in 1949, four of what are now the half-dozen biggest industrial trading countries of the Free World lay in war-devastated ruins: they were Germany, France, Japan, and Italy. The other two did not: they were the United States and Britain. And it was awkward that the two countries which were not devastated were the guardians of the two great banking currencies of the world: the so-called almighty dollar and the much less mighty sterling. They were also the two policemen of the Free World, with a high proportion of their defense budgets spent in foreign exchange as they shouldered peace-keeping (once called imperialist) responsibilities round the globe: The U. S. was the big policeman, and Britain the much smaller policeman's mate.

Even in 1949 the war-devastated countries of continental Europe and Japan had a skilled labor force and a modern, commercially-oriented business class. What they lacked, temporarily, was capital equipment, because it lay beneath the rubble that Hitler's and Tojo's war had caused. But four things were quite evident. First, it was clear that capital equipment in the devastated countries would soon be built up again. Secondly, as this happened, it was almost inevitable that the exchange rates of sterling and the dollar would prove to be overvalued relative to the exchange rates of the mark, yen, franc and (probably) lira. The exchange rate that was appropriate between sterling and the yen in 1949 mirrored the relative economic strength of Britain and Japan at that time. It was always silly to suppose that the same relative strength would persist, and thus exactly the same exchange rate would be appropriate in 1966. This would have become illogical even if Japan had followed a silly economic policy since 1949, and Britain an extremely wise one, which is the reverse of what has happened in fact.

Thirdly, it was therefore evident—and very awkward—that as reconstruction began in the war-devastated countries, people would begin to wonder whether it was sensible to hold the great majority of their foreign-exchange reserves (as they still do) in the form of sterling and dollars. After all, Britain and the United States were finding it more difficult to increase their exports than were countries like Germany and Japan. One way of stepping up sales of British and American exports would be by making them cheaper relative to German and Japanese exports—that is to say, by devaluing sterling and the dollar relative to the mark and the yen. And, for Britain at least, the idea of cheapening its exports in this way has for some years now made a lot of economic sense. But it was also inevitable that the mere idea of devaluing either of the currencies in which people held so much of their foreign-exchange reserves would meet a great deal of impassioned opposition. For a lot of orthodox banking people would say that a devaluation of either of the two reserve currencies might destroy the existing international monetary order before anybody had thought of a new one to put in its place. (To some extent, these banking people might be at least partially right.)

Finally, it was clear that the weight of this speculation against the two reserve currencies would fall mainly on the weaker of them—almost inevitably sterling. Prime Minister Wilson is fond of talking about "the strength of sterling on which the strength of Britain depends." But the strength of sterling is almost bound, in these days of a two-key-currency monetary system, to be very like the strength of the weaker of the two precious metals in the old days of bimetallism. For sterling read old-time silver, for the dollar read old-time gold. And Americans will remember above all that silver was constantly in a hell of a mess, not always because of its own producers' fault. Additionally, of course, the dollar started from a much stronger position. The relapse of the dollar from the late 1940s to its present posture is not, relatively, much smaller than the relapse of sterling from being a fairly weak currency then to a very weak one now.

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The burden of struggling on with an overvalued sterling exchange rate, since 1957 at least, has also been aggravated by two other developments. One is that a successful export drive has become the *sine qua non* for internal economic expansion in all medium-sized industrial countries like Britain. In a modern, advancing technological age any country which has its resources moving toward those industries which are most capable of exporting is by definition moving them into the industries where it has most chance of beating the world. An industrial country like Germany, with a relatively undervalued exchange rate, has found that its export-led growth has impelled its



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resources into the newest capit goods industries, the newer forms chemicals, the newest forms of man facture of machine tools. It is pr cisely these capital-goods industri that depend on export profitability the world markets which have be least profitable in Britain at the c 1949 exchange rate. Then, becau British exports are insufficient, Br ain runs into balance-of-payme deficits. When a country runs a b ance-of-payments deficit, it is spen ing more than it is earning. The c thodox way to meet that situation to cut down its spending. This poli of cutting back spending by cri measures of deflation and restricti is a policy to which Britain has r sorted again and again. When to spending is cut, it becomes less prof able for industry to invest. Wh industry cuts back its investme this inevitably makes Britain's ca tal-goods industries more unprofit ble still, and the industrial equipme of all British industries less up-t date. And so the vicious circle of co finement has spun round and rour

The second peculiar disadvanta from which Britain has suffered that its own domestic market is no too small for any country that hop to be a modern and rapidly expandi industrial power. The size of the ec nomic base required to support t really new and more sophisticated i dustries has been steadily growin There seems to be an almost imm table economic law about this: t later an important industry develo the bigger—generally—is the econom base and available market it require It is possible nowadays for even small and underdeveloped country build a viable cotton-textile industr It is possible to have a modest b healthy steel industry in a mediu sized economy. It has proved rath more difficult for any country to ha a modern and effective automobile i dustry with a population much le than 20 million or annual nation income (which means home demand of much less than about $10 billion though (with the growth of indivi ual incomes and the maturing of pr duction techniques the minimu population required is nowadays probably going down. But the aut mobile is itself a development that by now three-quarters of a centu old. The development of many of th

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much newer, sophisticated industries is prejudiced unless industrialists have a very large free market indeed to aim at. Unless risk-takers feel they can aim at an assured and profitable free market of something well over Britain's 55 million people, and gross national product of about $85 billion, they are unwilling to take the risks of plowing in the heavy new capital and industrial research required. It is pretty clear that Britain has reached this stage now, and so is suffering a double disadvantage: it is not only failing to develop the new industries as quickly as it ought to do, but it is also depriving itself of the new technologies that would strengthen its existing industries.

The recipe for Britain that emerges from all this is pretty evident. Devalue, and enter the European Common Market. Devalue, because that is the only obvious way of making exports more profitable. At the present exchange rate of $2.80 to the £, any British firm with $100,000 in annual export earnings gets under £36,000 in domestic money; if the rate went to $2 instead (although that might be too far) it would get £50,000 a year —and it is surprising how many firms would then decide that exporting was much more fun. Go into the European Common Market, because that is the most obvious way of widening the free-trade market that a modernized British industry would require. It will be better if the devaluation takes place when there are already some unemployed resources in Britain, as there are going to be in the coming recession, so that they can flow into the newly profitable export industries. It will be right to enter the European Common Market on almost any terms at all. When these two things happen Britain may very well surprise the world by the speed with which its economic miracle breaks out.

Or will it? Have the corroding effects of the last two decades of relative stagnation bitten into the fiber of a once enterprising society as dangerously as pessimists suppose?

How to Discourage Aggressive Managers

The main corrosive effect of slow economic growth on British society has been simply this: that the pacemakers have not been given their head, either at top-management level or down in the workshop. Let us discuss management first, because the effects on it have been the most important. Again and again one has seen battles in British companies between two groups of executives: the brute thrusters for efficiency, and the suave, more easygoing men. I know that similar battles go on in every country, but in Britain the difference is that the suave men nearly always win. I know that a lot of people shade between the two groups, but the distinction in this country is more nearly accurate than most Britons (especially suave ones) consider it polite to admit.

Usually, the battles have ranged over two fields. First, the efficiency men are ready to disturb established ways of doing things; the suave, more easygoing men—although working just as long hours—will go to extraordinary lengths to avert uncongenial and (especially) embarrassing changes and tasks. You see this most obviously if you talk to these two groups about schemes for departmental reorganization, or for carrying out programs suggested by management consultants (now employed in increasing measure), or for branching out into new products. The brute thrusters are all in favor of innovating. The suave men will say that they are in favor too—but only in a few years' time when Mr. Smith (he may be a quite lowly Mr. Smith) has retired. Mr. Smith, it will be explained, has been doing his present job in his present way since 1930, and the reorganization would cut across his privileges or sense of status or manner of working intolerably in the old chap's last years.

I have known instances of this sort of thing interfering even with the export drive, in the most ridiculous way. It is Britain's misfortune that, partly because of the old system of imperial preference, its most traditional export markets have lain in the Commonwealth countries. These are now all industrializing like mad, chiefly in order to make the very manufactured goods which Britain has been selling to them in the past. New markets have now become more promising and dynamic, but for a firm to put its main sales emphasis on them would sometimes involve awkward problems in rearranging seniority, because the Commonwealth export manager—with his dwindling old contacts—is the chap who has traditionally had first say about the main production and sales effort.

Bewhiskered Antiquarianism

The second main battlefield has been about modern machinery. Too many British executives in their workaday lives instinctively hate anything modern and new, while it is nowadays more common for American and European executives to be instinctively captivated by it. In the British Establishment's mating forum, the letters to the editor columns of the *Times*, you will constantly find some gleeful story about how a computer has by mistake sent out a check for one thousand pounds and sixpence instead of the £1. Os. 6d. that was intended. A thousand comfortable bellies will then heave up and down in the clubs along Pall Mall with delighted mirth, although a similar joke about some poor little clerk with a cashbook who had made a similar mistake would be regarded as very bad taste. You can see the same antiquarianism raise its bewhiskered head whenever any idea springs up for modernizing the physical conditions in which Britons work. For example, the nationalized British railways are at last considering a proposal for partly demolishing and rebuilding the most horrendously inefficient of London's monstrously ugly railroad stations, St. Pancras. As I write, the chief topic of correspondence in the letters to the editor column of the *Times* is, inevitably, that St. Pancras—which, legend has it, was originally botched up by the architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, from plans that had been turned down for a new Foreign Office in Lord Palmerston's days—is an irreplaceable architectural gem. (The same attitude has, as you might expect, always prevented the physical modernization of the most important and inefficient workplace in the whole country—namely our Victorian Houses of Parliament.) You will find the same flaw in almost every British workshop. Go into a British factory to see its latest machinery, and you will often be shown it by people who will tell you delightedly how frequently during its teething troubles the damned thing broke down. You will then be taken

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de to see the real pride of the firm, ne ghastly Edwardian relic, which, s explained, is still working almost well as in 1905, although it prob- y also takes five times as many ex- sive men as a modern machine.

What is the reason for these fatal tish attitudes of entrenched oppo- on to disturbance and resentment nnovation? Britons were obviously guilty of them in Victorian times, en Britons' image as aggressive in- rators exceeded that of even Jap- se businessmen now. Perhaps part the trouble does lie in Britain's tory, and in the fact that Britain never had a really bloody revolu- n, so that when the Victorian mill ster prospered he began to ape the vilized attitudes" of the old aristo- tic class, who have been resisting gerous innovations ever since Sir bert Peel's Corn Laws. Even today elf-made Englishman who can af- d a posh house in Sussex and a son Eton becomes more than ever loath [illegible] ration—because the pains of going vr the social ladder are greater n in America and the joys of going ther up, from being a millionaire [illegible] s here. No doubt the upper-class blic-school system has carried this itude on, and so has the ethos of [illegible] ford and Cambridge. They, more n anybody, have elevated pursuit the interesting and congenial but bove all) traditional, instead of the gerously newfangled or crudely ful, to the status of a cult which y vulgar men impugn. This last is eculiar British misfortune, which grown worse since Oxford and nbridge have been thrown open to of the nation's best brains instead only to the pampered sons of the atively rich. Today our worst dy-duddies, emerging from these versities, happen to be very clever n—who might have developed into orous, innovative management es, if they had not been converted their universities into charming, cured traditionalists.

But in the Victorian industrial rev- tion, some men did break through se old attitudes. Why haven't they e so during the new—and bigger— ntific and industrial revolution ich has been breaking over the ld in the last twenty years?

The answer, I believe, is quite largely that stop-go policies—mostly springing from Britain's balance-of-payments troubles—have made the suave men seem right more often than the pushful innovators. The folk history of executive battles in British industries in the last two decades has been that a fashion has started for giving their head to new-style managers, with stars in their eyes, only at times of extreme prosperity—that is to say, in the last decade, only during Britain's short-lived internal booms: in 1955, 1959, 1964. These people therefore push forward their investment and reorganization programs just when the boom is turning the country's balance of payments sour. So the new programs reach fruition when the government has already punctured the internal boom in order to restore the balance of payments to rights. Consequently, it looks as if such ambitious programs have lost the firm a great deal of money. When this happens, the rising men of the last boom are not sacked; nothing so dramatic or crude. Instead they hastily decide to become suave detractors of any further pushfulness, and hold down their former disciples who are coming up behind them—until such time as extreme prosperity in the next short-lived boom (and emerging balance-of-payments crisis) makes it seem desirable to give them their heads for a while. And then the cycle starts all over again.

Is the Worker Bone Lazy?

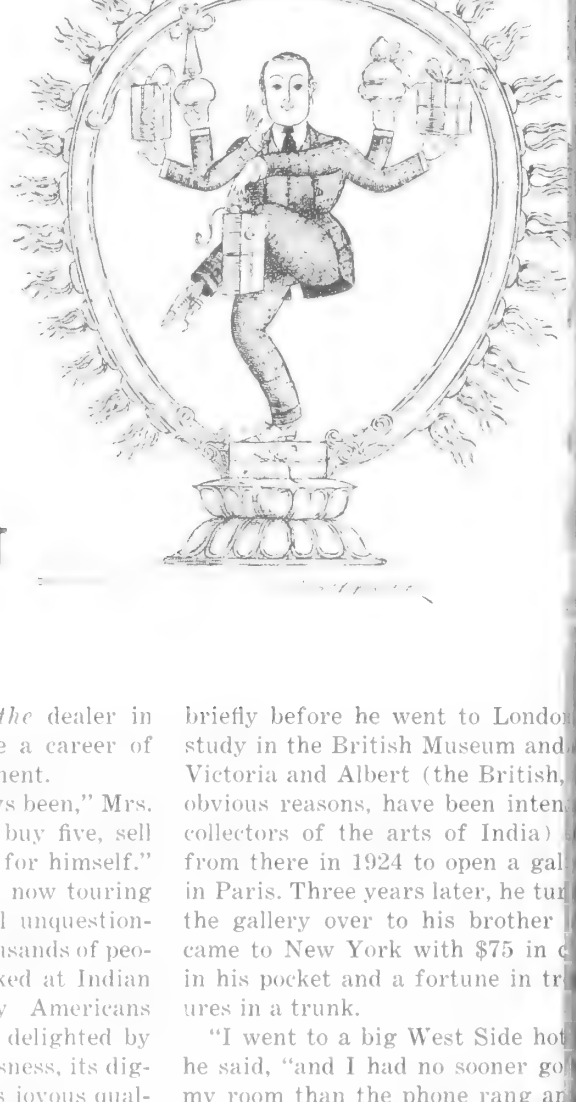
My argument, therefore, is that at executive level the crippling British feeling that "it is not quite nice to be pushful" has sprung in large measure from the fact that recently it has not proved profitable to be. The same is true of British workers and trade unions. This view, of course, is diametrically opposite to the view propounded by propagandists of the conventional wisdom. The orthodox thing to believe is that the British worker is bone lazy—not because the economy is failing to advance quickly enough, but precisely because he has been having it good too easily. It is said that an increase in unemployment—such as is happening now—may do wonders to mitigate or remove the restrictive working practices of many British trade unions.

If this were true, one might expect that union restrictive practices would be at their lowest today in the industries where unemployment has in the past decade tended to rise above the low (under 1.5 per cent) national average. There are three main groups of such industries. One group is declining industries, which are hit by some at least semimodern competitor: such as shipbuilding (hit by aviation), newspaper printing (by television), coal mining (by oil), railway transport (by road transport). Another is the industries hit by the British weather, where unemployment rises each year to some seasonal peak, such as building and construction. The third group is made up of the cyclically affected industries, which advance in times of boom but are the first to lay off workers in any slowdown—such as automobile factories. In each of these groups, restrictive labor practices are appalling. In the more steady-employment or rising-employment science-based industries of the new age, British employers are much more likely to get a full day's work for a full day's pay.

Is this thesis a pessimistic or an optimistic one? For the short term, it is pessimistic. Britain is now dipping into a recession, and it is conventional to believe (or hope) that this will lead to a great regeneration of British working habits once the whip of slightly higher unemployment bites into the land. In fact, the reverse is much more likely.

But in another sense, the thesis here is optimistic. The "English sickness" in economic and industrial affairs is probably not an incurable cancer which is slowly killing the patient. It is a disease that is being mistreated with constant doses of tranquilizers instead of pep pills. The main solution is not to be found in the terms that Edmund Burke once dismissed as impossible, that "of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." It is more likely to be found in certain rather obvious and prosaic political-economic moves—such as getting into the European Common Market, and devaluing sterling to a more reasonable level. And then, quite suddenly, and in a sense quite absurdly, the newspapers of the 1970s may talk of the great supposed social regeneration lying behind Britain's so-called miracle economic cure.

After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



BONANZA FOR BOSTON

Boston has recently come into a bonanza that it is going to permit several other cities to look at before it finally settles in its permanent home in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. It is the Nasli and Alice Heeramaneck Collection of the Arts of India and Nepal, a windfall of treasures of such richness and variety, and selected with such sureness of taste, that it seems unreasonable that it should have been assembled by the efforts of a single collector. Heeramaneck, however, is no ordinary collector. Collecting for him has not been a hobby or a self-indulgence; it has been both a business and a passionate pursuit. He has been in the business and hot on the trail since he was seventeen years old.

I spent Thanksgiving morning with him and Mrs. Heeramaneck in their house in New York, a lone turn-of-the-century town house in a street of apartments, less than a block from the Metropolitan Museum. I had expected to find the house stripped of work [illegible] on the assumption that they were all at that moment in the Boston Museum, but there seemed to be as many sculptures, ceramics, and miniatures around as there had been the last time I was there three or four years ago. Heeramaneck is a dealer in Indian art, indeed *the* dealer in America who has made a career of the arts of the subcontinent.

"His theory has always been," Mrs. Heeramaneck said, "to buy five, sell four, and keep the best for himself."

It is this *best* that is now touring the country, and it will unquestionably be examined by thousands of people who have never looked at Indian art before (not many Americans have), and who will be delighted by its richness, its sensuousness, its dignity, and above all by its joyous quality. Much of it is the expression of an extremely intricate mythology and is concerned with the spirit and what becomes of it, how it is cleansed and elevated and reincarnated; but the virtues of elegance, delight in the nuances of physical movement, and humor are always there.

So are they in Nasli Heeramaneck, who looks like, and smiles like a finely cut second century A.D. Buddha.

His father, who was a dealer in Oriental art in Bombay and New Delhi, a man greatly respected for his connoisseurship (especially in Chinese porcelains), for his honesty, and what his son calls his "lionheartedness," sent young Nasli when he was seventeen to take charge of the gallery in New Delhi. He was there only briefly before he went to Londo[n] study in the British Museum and Victoria and Albert (the British, obvious reasons, have been inten[t] collectors of the arts of India) from there in 1924 to open a gal[lery] in Paris. Three years later, he tur[ned] the gallery over to his brother [and] came to New York with $75 in c[ash] in his pocket and a fortune in tr[easures] ures in a trunk.

"I went to a big West Side hot[el]" he said, "and I had no sooner go[ne] my room than the phone rang an[d a] strange voice said, 'Hello, darl[ing] Remember me?' And I didn't kn[ow] who it was, and she said she'd be ri[ght] up, and so I called up some frien[ds] had met in Paris, Mr. and Mrs. S[tir]ling Bunnell, and their daugh[ter] Betty Deery, and they got me a ro[om] at the New Weston. I did my f[irst] business from that hotel room."

For the first three years that Hee[ra]maneck was in New York he pr[os]pered. He was not the kind of de[al]er with whom his customers could h[ave] gain, even if the customers w[ere] other dealers. His first considera[ble] sale in New York was to anot[her] dealer. "I had a fragment of anc[ient] textile," he told me, "and I had [to] this dealer buy a similar fragmen[t]



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Paris and I knew I could sell him my piece at my price. I went to see him, and I told him I had the piece and he told me to bring it to him. I told him to come to my hotel room if he wanted to see it; it was my place of business. He refused, but as I was getting into the elevator, he sent somebody after me to find out when he could come. I told him six o'clock and the dealer was there at six o'clock. I told him my price was $1,100. He offered me $650, then $750; finally he got to $1,000, and then he went away. The next day he sent a man with $1,100 in cash. I do not overprice things, and so I do not believe in bargaining."

Heeramaneck was an elegant young man, "all dressed up with a walking stick," as he told me, and Mrs. Bunnell didn't think it suitable for him to be doing business from a hotel room. As a consequence she persuaded her husband to provide the young dealer with space and secretarial help in his own office. It was while he was working there that he made the sale which established him firmly in business and made it possible for him to open a gallery of his own at 724 Fifth Avenue, "right next to Duveen," but not, to be sure, on the same level with the lavish emporium of the great dealer which was then at that address. The Heeramaneck gallery was on the twelfth floor.

The sale that made the gallery possible was of a 500-carat emerald cup which had once belonged to a seventeenth-century emperor named Jehangir who was reputedly a drunkard. The legend says that his wife, hoping to keep him from excessive drinking, told him that as a great and powerful emperor he should not drink from the same common materials such as jade that his courtiers used for their cups; his should be carved from precious stones. He liked this idea and bade her find him such a cup. "She was smart," Heeramaneck told me. "She had heard about the tremendous emerald, about the size of a large plum, and she had it made into a cup, but it only held about a thimbleful, like a little liqueur glass. It was her way of getting her husband to cut down on his drinking."

The cup was bought from Heeramaneck by John Gellatly. ("He looked like Andrew Mellon, except that he wore white shoes and white flannel trousers in the winter, and always a double-breasted velvet jacket.") Gellatly was a flamboyant individualist with catholic tastes. He once made the mistake, on advice from an employee, of bargaining with Heeramaneck at a moment when the young dealer was badly in need of cash. He got a piece for several hundred dollars less than it was priced. "The next time I had something I knew he would want I called him up, and he came over and I put a price of $600 on a piece that was only worth $250 and he bought it. Then a little later I told him what I had done and he wanted the money back, but I told him I was teaching him a lesson and he took it and we became great friends. He never bargained with me again and he never paid a penny more than whatever he bought from me was worth."

The emerald cup is now in the National Collection in Washington (one of the many segments of the Smithsonian), and the $20,000 Gellatly paid for it made it possible for Heeramaneck to get many more of the objects he had imported out of the warehouse and through the customs. He opened his gallery in April of 1928; business was excellent, and his reputation, especially with museum curators, was established. Then as now, the principal collections of Indian art were in the museums in Boston and Cleveland and Kansas City. ("Seattle also has an excellent collection," Heeramaneck said; "Dayton has just started collecting.") But the Depression hit him hard.

In 1929 he was forced to have an auction in order to raise money to pay debts that he had incurred in Paris, where he had bought sculptures and paintings and textiles for his gallery on credit. The auction was held at the American Art Association in New York.

"I was full of bright ideas and nerve in those days," he said. "I got Coomaraswamy [the curator of Oriental art at the Boston Museum and the most famous Sanskrit scholar of his day] to give a lecture on Indian art at the auction before it started because nobody knew anything about Indian art then. But three dealers with whom I'd done business ganged up on me. I was naïve and didn't know I could put stop prices on the things and I was appalled to see my things go for almost nothing. I was being ruined. That night Mr. Bernet, the head of the auction gallery, call me; he was very mad. 'It's unfair them to gang up,' he said, and he to me to put stop prices on things f the second day of the auction. T best things were in the second-d sale. I don't know what I would ha done if he hadn't helped me. Right the middle of the auction he lectur the people there about how unfa they were being."

It was not long after this that I fir got to know Heeramaneck. I don think that the sheriff was ever aft him, but in those days the public uti ties certainly were. I met him throu a young woman who was working f him in the gallery (her job w mainly pacifying the telephone co pany and the landlord and watchi the newspapers for the names of vi tors to the city who might conceiva be turned into collectors). On one casion Heeramaneck and the you woman and I loaded about $15,0 worth of sculpture and paintings a ancient palm-leaf manuscripts into open Ford touring car (this was 1934), and eager but with the art u insured we set out for Boston a Coomaraswamy. We were a little li the old-fashioned vegetable peddle who went by wagon from door door. We stopped at several places the Boston suburbs where Heeran neck knew collectors. A piece of sm Khmer sculpture was bought by a c lector in Newton, and Coomaraswa bought an Indian sculpture for t Boston Museum.

We had tea at the Coomaraswam (people drank tea at teatime in th days), and Mrs. Coomaraswamy, South American photographer w fancied herself as something of mystic (even the photographs w soft-focus), presided. Coomaraswa was a long man with a philosophe head and a serious mien. There wa moment when his wife was babbli along and said, "I wonder how I w be reincarnated . . . banana yellow And her husband got up and left room.

In the thirty-odd years since t excursion, Heeramaneck has pr pered, married, moved out of his sm gallery—first into a large apartm which served as both home and pl of business, and in 1952 into house where he and his wife live a their transient and permanent tr ures. He has formed other collecti

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as well as that of the arts of I
Just last November he presente
the National Museum in New De
collection of pre-Columbian mat
(sculpture, pottery, textiles, and
and silver objects), and he sh
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director of the museum acceptin
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said in part, "May I repeat how h
we feel that we would have this
important collection of art from
other continent here in India fo
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fitness.

The day after I talked to him I d
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yond anything I could have drean
It occupied six galleries and wa
vided into four categories—s
sculpture, bronzes, paintings,
minor arts. The oldest pieces of s
ture in the collection date from
first or second century B.C. (the
given are not specific), the mos
cent from the twelfth century,
there are forty-nine of them. T
are sixty bronzes, some of them
small, dating from the ninth to
seventeenth centuries. It is among
sculptures and bronzes that, in
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are alive with movement and
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many of them and as subtle in t
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culture, I am sure, ever took such
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Except for the *tankas*, one of w
is more than eight feet high
nearly five feet wide, the picture
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ple of inches square), none of t

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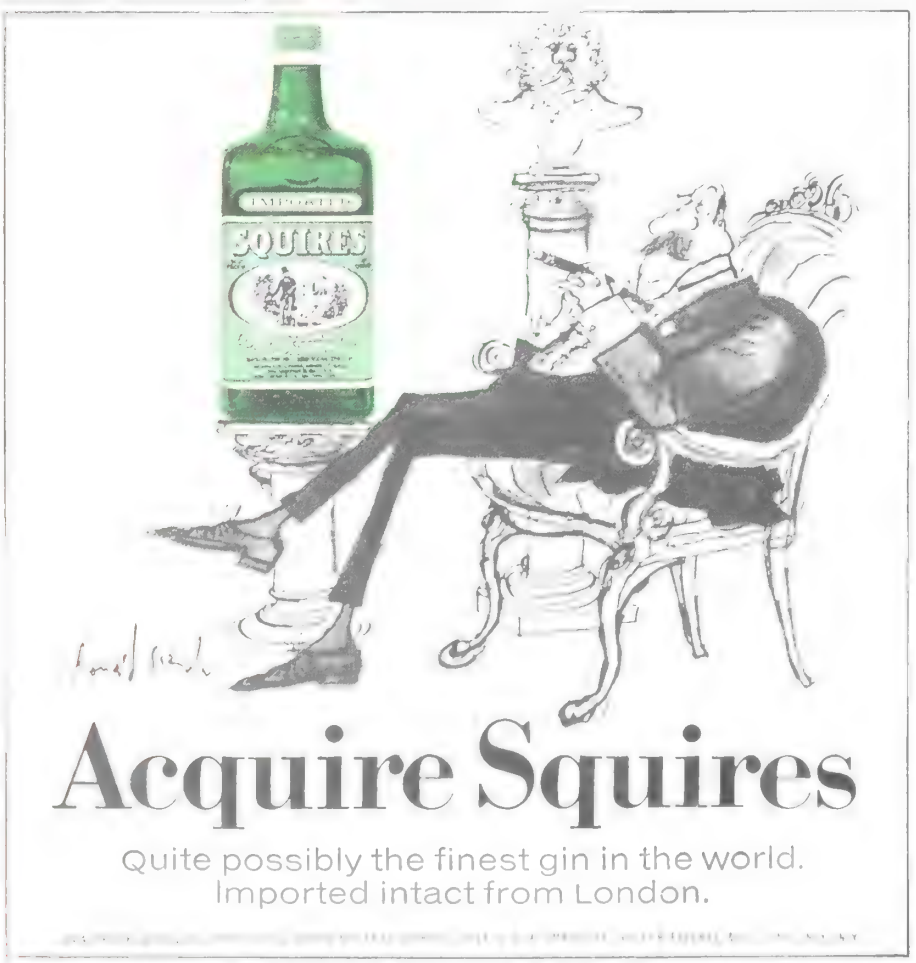
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said; "carvings in stone and bone
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OUR HEROES AT THE U. N.

It's good luck for all of us that four tenacious characters, with minds of their own, have been willing to put up with the exasperating assignment to Turtle Bay.

All of the American Ambassadors to the United Nations (and there have been surprisingly few) have had two things in common: first, according to countless exclusive stories and columns, they are always on the point of resigning in protest against Administration policy; second, despite the suspense and brinkmanship, they never do.

When the late Adlai E. Stevenson was the U. S. Permanent Representative to the U. N., there was hardly a month during his tenure (1961-65) that either he or the President or both did not have to deny, publicly or privately, that he was about to quit. It was embarrassing; it was awkward; it was bad for business; and it was untrue, more or less. To a lesser degree, perhaps, the same could be said of his predecessors, Senator Warren Austin and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the latter at present our Ambassador to South Vietnam. And now, even though he has been in office only about eighteen months, similar resignation rumors and reports are plaguing Ambassador Arthur J. Goldberg, and creating tension between New York and Washington.

Over two decades there certainly have been serious differences between the heads of the U. S. Mission on the one hand, and the White House and State Department on the other, but up to now they have been sufficiently composed to prevent a public showdown. The few Ambassadorial changes of the last twenty years have been either the will of God or of the Electorate. Cabinet officers come and go, but during the reign of four Presidents there have been only four U. N. Ambassadors (not counting a couple of temporary fill-ins) since the appointment of Austin, a Vermont Republican, on January 13, 1947. He was succeeded by Henry Cabot Lodge when Eisenhower became President in 1953. Lodge, in turn, served until the Presidential campaign of 1960, when he retired in September to run for the Vice Presidency on the Nixon ticket. So, for the first fourteen years of the United Nations, America was represented by Republican politicians. Stevenson took over in 1961 and held office until his death in July of 1965. He was succeeded by another Democratic political personality, Arthur Goldberg. All four Ambassadors, irrespective of their party affiliations, have had their conflicts with Washington, especially with their direct superior, the Secretary of State, and, unlike those of other Embassies, these differences have ultimately surfaced and become public knowledge, thus inevitably inspiring the recurrent resignation speculations in the press.

For years there has been a persistent debate in Washington over the desirability of appointing well-known political leaders to the United Nations post. It is argued that such appointees cannot easily accept the official harness that career Ambassadors take for granted. Men as famous as Stevenson, Lodge, and Goldberg, have large public followings of their own; their views on almost all issues th have to deal with at the U. N. are a ready widely known; such men a sometimes better known than the Se retary of State; their very appoin ment arouses expectations of certa policies being carried out. That's n the way it works in practice; a that's what causes most of the troub

One cure for this, which has n merous champions, would be to ab don the "star" system at the U. and simply appoint a senior, but rel tively anonymous, career diplomat the New York post, as most of t other large powers do. It would th be taken for granted by the press a public that policy would be made Washington and merely executed New York. The dialogue between t Mission and the State Departme would remain private, as is the ca between State and the other Emba sies around the world; and the U. Ambassador would not feel free, as has for years, to keep a direct hot li open to the President, sometimes i dependently of his nominal boss, t Secretary of State. That is always source of bad blood.

As it is now, the American Amb sador to the United Nations is neith quite fish nor fowl. He clearly h more prerogatives and more pow than any career diplomat, but at t same time his freedom of action sharply limited. No President, inde no Secretary of State, is going to p mit an Ambassador to usurp his po ers. Eisenhower, in deference Lodge's political standing (which ceeded that of John Foster Dull then Secretary of State), made h a member of his Cabinet, thus brin ing him into the policy-making or

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as well as into direct communicat with the Chief Executive. It w splendid for the Ambassador's vani but it did little to relieve Lodge's fr tration in the long run. Dulles cont ued to call the turn. Neverthele Kennedy and Johnson followed Eisenhower practice, so both Stev son and Goldberg have also enjoy Cabinet status, with about the sa result. This extra status has, if a thing, made matters worse, for it courages the press to treat them independent policy makers, which evitably leads to unfortunate publ ity when the views (real or imagine of the Ambassador are disregard by the Administration. It is s worse when he has to speak in t General Assembly or the Secur Council in behalf of a position he known to oppose. This would not ar with a professional career Ambas dor because it is well understood th on the whole his role is to carry orders, just as a general does.

Stevenson Uncomfortab

Stevenson's worst moment perha was the Bay of Pigs when he unw tingly found himself making misle ing statements to the General Asse bly over the air attacks on Cuba. E in that first year (1961) he also w uncomfortable over the reluctance Kennedy and Rusk to modify t American position on excluding Co munist China from the U. N. As leading liberal, Stevenson was kno to have little patience with the rig Eisenhower-Dulles policy on th controversial issue. Privately, Ke nedy also regarded blind exclusion "irrational," but he backed aw from a change after taking office, a Stevenson had to take the brunt of t criticism, for he appeared to be pu ting politics ahead of his convictio He could not keep his dismay over t Dominican intervention to himse but like a good soldier he publicly fended it. Shortly before his dea he had a most painful personal expe ence growing out of the Administr tion's Vietnam policy. A group of d tinguished liberals, mostly from t intellectual community, came to him in his office late one afterno for a prearranged private discussi of Vietnam. Stevenson put forwa the Administration's strongest arg ment, but it was clear that the gro

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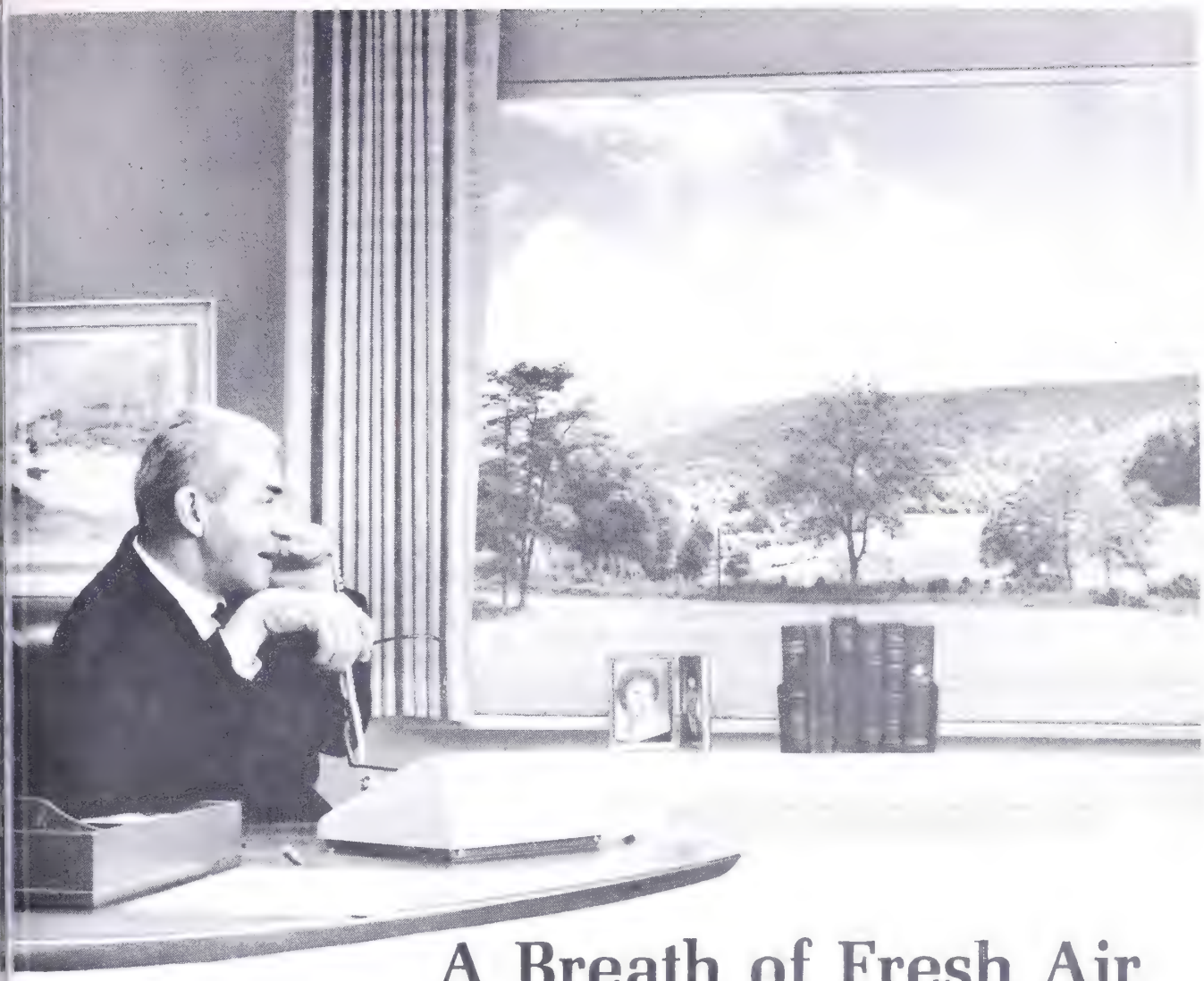
could not believe that he persona shared these views. To them, Steve son was the natural leader of the li eral world: he couldn't possibly be a other Goldwater on Vietnam. Th didn't mean to be rude, but in effe they were accusing him of hypocri in defending the war policy. He le for his fatal trip to London soon aft this unhappy incident.

Johnson decided he, like Kenned would have an authentic "hero" f his Ambassador, and he basked in t general acclamation that greeted h appointment in August of 1965 Arthur Goldberg, who was accurate pictured as being much closer to t President than Stevenson. Here w a lifetime liberal that Johns would listen to, not only because h appointed him, but because th talked the same language and we personally congenial. It was free predicted that Goldberg would r his own show and keep that direct li to the White House wide open. It w also felt that the former Justi would never have given up his pe manent seat on the Supreme Cou without strong assurances of suppo by the President. All in all it look like a great day for the U. N., and a opportunity for the Ambassador achieve things that had been beyo the reach of Stevenson.

How the Guessing Go

Well, it is true that Goldberg n only was, but still is close to the Pre ident. That telephone is just as acti as everybody predicted. The Amba sador is at the White House almo every week; the President neve misses a chance to praise him. Mor over, Goldberg has been consistentl true to his liberal heritage; and in th inner councils he has not been ove awed by the hawks. Yet, after eig teen months in office, the Rusk view not Goldberg's, are still prevailing a the U. S. Mission. Goldberg obvious has the ear of the President, but wha he says on the vital issues, such a Vietnam and Chinese representatio apparently goes in one ear and out th other. Johnson seems willing to coddl his U. N. representative, even let hi make pro-peace speeches, as long a they don't go too far, but that's abou it. Otherwise, it is pretty much th mixture as before.

How long, it used to be asked, woul



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Stevenson endure doing it the Administration way, instead of his own? Now the same question is being asked about Goldberg. Various stories and columns have had him planning to run for Governor or Senator (in New York or Illinois), grooming himself to succeed Dean Rusk, going back on the Supreme Court, returning to private law practice, replacing Lodge in Vietnam, and so on ad infinitum.

It must be conceded that Goldberg made his influence felt in getting the U. N. back in business last year, but it took all the original momentum of his popular appointment to do it, for in the process he had to overcome the quiet, patient, unrelenting opposition of Dean Rusk. Even then the victory was not complete. The last year of Stevenson's life was clouded because Johnson and Rusk, still gripped by the anachronistic Cold War, were determined to go to any lengths in a hopeless, unrealistic effort to make Russia and France pay for peacekeeping efforts to which they were opposed. An absolute confrontation was avoided, but only at the cost of closing down the General Assembly for an entire session. In the first flush of his new appointment, Goldberg won his one and only victory over Rusk, when he gouged out of Washington a grudging compromise which enabled the U. N. to resume deliberations in the fall of 1965. Unfortunately, it was not a very viable solution, for it has not solved the organization's desperate financial situation. The issue really comes down to this: Is the U. S. prepared to support the U. N. irrespective of what others do (on the assumption that the U. N. serves the best interests of the U. S.), or is policy to revolve around what Russia does? Johnson and Rusk have put the Cold War ahead of the United Nations, which has simply aggravated the financial difficulties of the institution. There is little Goldberg can do about it.

The Ambassador's more recent problems have been Vietnam and Chinese representation. Prior to the opening of the 21st General Assembly, Goldberg made a strong effort to modify our inflexible stand against membership for Peking. News of thi leaked out, raising hopes for a ne "two-China" policy (membership fo both Peking and Taiwan), but in th end Washington refused to budge. I was an open setback for Ambassado Goldberg.

Should We Change the System

The U. S. Delegate is one of the ver few non-hawks left in the Johnso inner circle, but, like George Ball, th former Under Secretary of State wh opposed the Vietnam war, he has n discernibly inhibited the escalation the conflict. The Ambassador ha made some impressive speeches o Vietnam, but in Washington they a regarded by the policy makers as e sentially propaganda exercises, i tended to disarm critics here an abroad. So far, despite all the sho nothing tangible has been accom plished at the U. N. toward bringin peace any nearer. But Goldberg is man who doesn't give up easily. Rath than resigning, he is more likely to t even harder. That has been his hi tory through a long career, in whi he has overcome many obstacles.

From all this we can conclude th there are drawbacks to filling t U. N. post with political celebrit rather than professional diplomat but, aside from the personal frustr tions of the appointees, there is mu to be said for the system. There no doubt that Adlai Stevenson, ev when he lost, exerted a benign infl ence on both Kennedy and Johnso They may have been impatient wi him, but they listened all the sam and in many instances were affect by what they heard. This is also tr of Goldberg. Like Stevenson he is man of pronounced views, is n afraid to speak up, and doesn't ta defeat easily. Twenty years of expe ence show that Washington needs be continually reminded of the U. and that it takes a very promine Ambassador indeed to make the r minder count at all. An ordina career Ambassador, with no person following to sustain him or fortify h recommendations, would get sh shrift in the inevitable power strug with Washington. Hard as the prese system may be on some of the he incumbents, it is probably the b that can be had in the circumstanc



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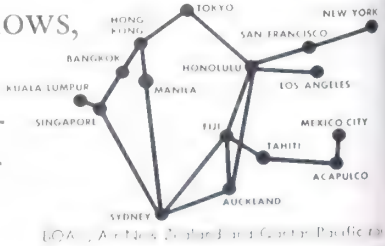
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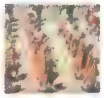


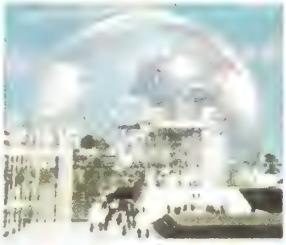
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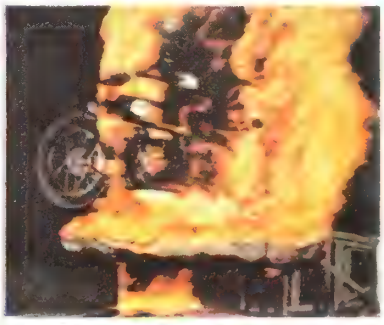
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WHERE PSYCHIATRY FAILS

In the perennial debates and feuds between conflicting schools of psychotherapy, the personality of the therapist has rarely been scrutinized. Two authors, writing from very different points of view, ask whether psychiatry is attracting men equipped by character and intellect, as well as training, to make effective use of the limited tools at their disposal.

Donald M. Kaplan

Psychoanalysis: The Decline of a Golden Craft

From its beginnings, psychoanalysis has figured in a paradox: it has been at once the most talked about but least practiced of modern psychotherapies. Thus Freud remains the most widely recognized name in the flourishing mental-health movement and the couch its leading symbol; but while there is now a stupendous amount of psychotherapy going on of all kinds, the kind going on least of all—indeed, in vanishing proportion to all the others—is psychoanalysis.

Psychoanalysis is vanishing for several reasons. It is a very expensive procedure, which attracts patients with economic qualifications rather than those most likely to be helped. Many who can benefit from it cannot afford it, and analysis is almost never subsidized, as are other forms of therapy. Thus the science is at present troubled by its elite clientele. Also, the practice itself is arduous and often frustrating for the therapist. In fact, most of the men and women currently admitted to the field are unequal to the austere discipline it requires.

To understand why this is so, one must first understand what goes on in the analytic situation. Freud perceived that the very way in which a patient solicits help from a therapist reveals a crucial aspect of the patient's neurosis. To Freud, the symptoms which drove a patient into treatment were merely the epilogue to a complicated story, obscuring a larger and more painful fail-



ure in the patient's life. Freud glimpsed the nature of this failure in the patient's attitudes and unwitting strategies concerning the therapist.

For example, Freud became more interested in the style with which a patient registered a complaint about a sexual difficulty than in the fact that there was a complaint. Was the style meant to solicit pity, reassurance that the symptom was trivial, arbitration between the patient and his sexual partner, patronizing laughter? Each would reveal a different meaning.

Every analyst has also had the experience of interviewing a prospective patient whose exceedingly cooperative recital of his problems conveyed an underlying sense that the patient was actually saying, "I'm really here to help *you*, doctor." One patient reassured his analyst toward the end of an initial interview, "Look, I have always made an excellent patient—you can ask my dentist. Also, I am very interested in psychoanalysis. So don't worry. In my case, you won't have to work too hard." This patient went on to attend every appointment with an almost merciless punctuality and reliability. On the other hand, there are patients who immediately request shifts in appointments. The pretexts vary with the patient, from funerals to beauty-parlor appointments, but each pretext is embraced with equal fervor.

These attitudes toward the analyst are initially quite apart from the conscious problem that brought the patient to treatment. To them Freud assigned the term *transference* and created a unique procedure for employing the patient's transference in his therapy.

The transference is the only way the patient has for getting along with the analyst, and it is, in fact, a model for the way the patient gets along in life generally. But it should be understood that it has nothing to do with the conscious thoughts a patient has about the analyst. The transference is unwitting, the most thoughtless and spontaneous component of the patient's presentation of himself. The analyst's task is to demonstrate the patient's transference to him so that he will experience it, revise it, and thereby alter the circumstances of his neurosis.

The method Freud devised for demonstrating a transference to a patient is called free association. It is disarmingly simple, surpassingly elegant, and, in the popular mind, one of the most misunderstood features of the psychoanalytic situation. The rationale of the method might be expressed this way: if you want to convince a patient that there is something operating within him that he has no knowledge of, assign him a seemingly easy task which cannot be fulfilled precisely because of what is operating within him. The patient will undertake the task with full assurance that he can fulfill it; when he discovers that he cannot, he will then be able to understand what the obstacle is.

The task is for the patient to appear for appointments of a specified length of time and to report the thoughts that are occurring to him without regard to their logic, significance, or social acceptability. The patient is asked to speak his mind with complete candor. Since the analyst guarantees that he will only listen and try to understand what the patient reports—that is, he will not hold the patient accountable in any way for what occurs to the patient to say—the patient knows no reason for not speaking freely. Furthermore,

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since the patient regards the task as a therapeutic venture, he has every reason to try to fulfill it as compliantly as possible.

Yet, in all good faith, the patient does not succeed. Sooner or later, the patient's remarks betray a selectivity, often a frank censorship. They are regulated by unavoidable intentions. Even the very wish to be an especially cooperative patient conditions the patient's verbal freedom.

A patient, for example, may narrate an incident in considerable detail at certain points and conspicuously less detail at others. This shifting narrative style may be a subtle effort to regulate the reactions of the analyst. Too much detail, the patient may feel, will bore the analyst and arouse his impatience; too little will mislead him. Silence may ensue, anxiety set in. The patient has temporarily lost his freedom of expression, and it can be restored only by a clarification of how the patient's transference worked.

Now, the analyst not only listens to what the patient is saying; he also listens for the influence of his listening upon what the patient is saying. This particular attention is the brunt of the analyst's labor. What is gleaned through this labor decides his every communication to the patient, from dream interpretations to common courtesies.

Throughout the transference a very painful emotional repercussion is incessantly at work. The patient created his style of relating to the analyst in the first place in the hope of getting rid of anxiety. Any attempt then to disrupt this style will precipitate anxiety. In point of fact, this anxiety becomes the patient's chief symptom, replacing the original ones.

Obviously, anxiety is very unpleasant. Its presence always activates defenses aimed at extinguishing it. Yet the analyst must concentrate on maintaining an undefended gateway through which he can experience his patient's anxiety. Despite his analytic training, clinical experience, and professional role, the exposure requires no small determination. It is like picking up an invisible wire attached to the patient, thus completing a circuit, and holding onto it without relenting. To drop the wire would mean the end of the analytic dialogue, and the beginning of ordinary conversation.

A most important feature of this circuit is the way the analyst controls it; this technique is called "the rule of abstinence." The analyst's application of this rule regulates the anxiety and reveals the analyst's own emotional and intellectual suitability for conducting a psychoanalysis.

How is the word "abstinence" meant in the analytic situation? An example might occur at the end of a session. Since the analyst is watching the time, he will notify the patient that the session is over. Most often a cordial "Good afternoon," or a variation of it, is exchanged as the patient leaves the consulting room. However, if the session has been an especially upsetting one for the patient, the analyst may feel the impulse to add, "I'll see you tomorrow." He knows the patient understands this anyway but he senses—and usually quite rightly—that simply saying it out loud will reduce some of the patient's apprehension about the session. If the analyst withholds the impulse, he has "abstained."

The rule is that abstinence should be no more nor less than the patient can tolerate, for the goal of analysis is to increase the abstinence until the basis of the relationship between analyst and patient is extinguished. This is merely another way of saying that the analyst will have finally lost his value when his abstinences no longer produce intolerable anxiety in the patient. The dosing of this abstinence—how little, how much—is a matter of the analyst's humanity and courage.

The cruel truth is that there is no certainty about abstinence. Each day is a fresh struggle to reduce the error in the analyst's estimation of what the patient is able to stand; and the struggle goes on in an emotional climate of the patient's protests and maneuvers—obstinacy, ingratiation, adoration, abuse, rage, withdrawal, fear, discouragement. The struggle also goes on in a climate of the analyst's civility, restraint, human warmth, and availability. Abstinence is not punishment.

Too much abstinence can traumatize the patient and motivate emergency defenses, usually flight. Typical abuses can include answering a question with a question too often. The patient might be sent away in the middle of a sentence, as not a



minute longer than the agreed-upon time for the session is conceded. None of the patient's jokes are responded to. A slip of the tongue becomes an occasion for ruthless probing, as though a butterfly is about to be assaulted with a sledgehammer.

Too little abstinence, on the other hand, turns the patient into a child. Gross instances of this usually indicate a hopelessly defective concept of psychoanalysis. I am thinking of practitioners who attend their patients' weddings, for example, or who obtain seats to a theater performance the patient is giving. I know of no patient so disturbed as to require this kind of gratification. One such magnanimous exploitation of the patient is enough to ruin the treatment situation irreparably.

There are other, more subtle erosions of the treatment process, but all originate in a retreat from the tiring burdens of analyzing the transference.

Currently, for example, there has been the tendency to provoke the patient by active interventions. A common ploy is to do something unexpected—to agree when the patient complains of hopelessness, to ape the patient's neurotic strategies, to side with the patient's paranoid ideas. Of course, if there is no indication that this is being done for his welfare, the patient will, in some way or other, break off treatment. Patients have an uncanny sensitivity to the spirit in which an analyst practices. They will put up with all kinds of buffoonery if they sense the analyst means well. But self-preservation rescues them from a completely hostile analyst.

The analyst's talking too much is another common sign of erosion. A pedantic overexplanation postpones the labor of retiring to a passive listening position to pick up the reaction of the patient to the interpretation. This soon leads to the ritual of one overly long interpretation per session, usually at the end.

Then there is the business of explaining the process rather than creating it. The analyst simply tells the patient what should happen. Often jargon creeps into the analyst's vocabulary, and while nothing therapeutic may be happening, the patient does acquire an extraordinary terminology for his own use.

"Philosophizing" is still another evasion of the analytic labor. Here the analyst responds to the patient's presentations with some truism or other about the human condition. Where the analyst has gotten involved personally in an elaborate philosophy—Existentialism is a vogue at present—he may succumb entirely to the temptation to indoctrinate the patient.

Most practitioners today are bright, earnest, ambitious professionals. They are also typical products of professional schooling and hence miseducated in matters of science and culture. By previous training, the candidate for a psychoanalytic certificate is usually a clinician (most often, a medical doctor)—that is, neither scientist nor humanist, but an often pallid mixture of both.

The leadership within the profession, moreover, shows signs of decadence and cynicism. I am reminded of the contradiction in the medieval Vatican between celibate vows and papal concubines. Lately, for example, an alarming number of celebrated analysts have been known to marry or have affairs with patients (usually half their age); each incident developed into a bewildering scandal because the basic tenets of analytic procedure prohibit even a social luncheon with a patient. Were it not so bizarre it would be amusing to note that some of these very same analytic leaders have acted brutally to students in training at the merest sign of their becoming caught up personally in a patient's neurosis.

Now this is said by way of complaint, indeed, of outrage. For the only stronghold psychoanalysis has ever counted upon was the responsibility of its own practitioners.

An added threat to the future of psychoanalysis comes from the division between the orthodox and liberal styles of analytic practice. How do they differ?

The transference relationship between patient and analyst is always ambiguous. There is nothing to be done for it. Nor does anything need to be done for it. The ambiguity is the mercurial variable which keeps the analytic situation alive. But neither the orthodox nor liberal analyst can tolerate leaving this alone.

The orthodox analyst sees the ambiguity as a threat to the certainty which he feels psychoanalysis should by now possess (a rather peculiar notion for a scientist to have about his science). His attitude toward his colleagues is not so much critical as captious, and he is forever preserving the doctrine against the profanities of his liberal opponents.

Many orthodox analysts also make a big thing about the patient's "analyzability." This is their great escape clause from the trials of the transference. Given their strict position about analytic procedure, orthodox analysts are always in a position to disqualify patients on grounds that the patient cannot produce an authentic analytic situation. That is, certain patients are too preoccupied with their symptoms to learn anything from the transference; or they are too anxious to "free-associate"; or they cannot sustain a long-standing



...ence are a significant part ...

... do what he knows to be analysis. At the first ...

...radox here is that the orthodox analyst is apt ...

On the other hand, the liberal analyst sees the ...

...lf-indulgence which masquerades as experimen- ...

...al is simpleminded. The liberal's emphasis ... feelings," "spontaneity," "creativity" disguises ...

For example, the liberal is always discovering ...e "evils of society" and complaining that his ... glects the environment in which the patient ...es. So-called "social neurosis" is "regressing" ...tient, only to return him to the "sick society"? This is the liberal's license not to do analysis. ...liberal colleague once told me how a patient got ...dish he was high for days on end. The patient ...s then dismissed from graduate school for fail- ...e to complete assignments. "You see how decad- ...nt institutions cannot accommodate the boldness ...new creative mediums!" the analyst said.

In the end, both positions refer to the analyst's ...olly human impulse to make a difficult thing ... attempt ... ...eing ... ...al clini- ...s. In America the clinician is trained ... ...iles. Medical training, ...f analytic candidates may well be a misguided ...effort to rectify the defects in the human raw ma- ...

Yet, over the past decades, the physician has ...been generally the best recruit psychoanalysis has ...had. T... ...overcome so many hurdles strung ...out over so many years—medical school, psychi-

atry, psychoanalysis, in that order—is a test of no trivial stamina.

It was undoubtedly good for the science, when it was young and of doubtful repute, for established professionals to have to submit to the further training of psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis needed this respectability. But the training situation grew unrealistic.

A long-standing proposal, advocated by physicians and nonphysicians alike (see, for example, Kurt Eissler's recent *Medical Orthodoxy and the Future of Psychoanalysis*), is an institute or graduate faculty which would eliminate the medical degree, or any advanced degree, as a requirement. Such an institute would offer a course of analytic training to college graduates, leading to a doctorate in psychoanalysis. Its graduates would not be psychiatrists or clinical psychologists but psychoanalysts. The program would be, of necessity, a very long one, for it would have to include a clinical, biological, and humanistic curriculum along with the special requirements of analytic training—personal analysis and supervision. But it would be less arbitrary than the present obstacle course, and a greater range of applicants would become available. Psychoanalysis would enjoy a transfusion of varied personnel—clinicians, researchers, experimentalists, and humanists.

At present, psychoanalysis is almost entirely a private-practice activity. This is another concern among those who love the science at least as much as their immediate gains from it.

While psychoanalysis is not geared for multitudes, it does not follow that it should be restricted to those patients qualified only by an unusual capacity to pay. But there are virtually no clinics where a prospective patient of less-than-average, or even average, means can obtain psychoanalysis. This tends to exclude as analytic subjects the large population of young adults, whose prognosis is likely to be favorable. The few clinics attached to the analytic institutes are serviced by trainees on their way to private practice, where the fees have been climbing by leaps and bounds (the routine twenty-five-dollar-per-session fee in New York City is already on its way up to thirty-five dollars). But what is also lost is the *esprit de corps* which the analyst experiences in an institutional setting. The handling of even one case under the auspices of an institution enlivens the ideals of analytic procedure and carries over into private practice. Yet, there are too few analytic clinics. Analysts don't want to staff them.

There are other problems and other proposals. But the outlook for actual change is not encouraging. Since psychoanalysis is not a guns-or-butter issue, there is no public pressure and little interest. Nor are the monetary grants, which analysts can get their share of, equivalent to the kind of moral virtue needed to sustain psychoanalysis.

It may be that the particular trial of intelligence, skill, nerve, and stamina which the analytic situation poses for the practitioner is becoming anachronistic in a society rapidly developing less sedulous values. I wish I could say I think not. But I can surely say I hope not. The disappearance of psychoanalysis would only augur a future of increased dehumanization. While it is a small institution, psychoanalysis is nevertheless both a scientific theory of the human condition and a certain ethical property which we shall miss if psychoanalysts abdicate their responsibility.

John Medelman

Why I am Not a Psychiatrist

Psychiatrists, when their surroundings and schedules allow them the luxury of saying what they please, frequently comment on those colleagues who deal with germs and tissues. "Narrow" is a word they use, and "mechanics" and "compulsive."

The other physicians fire back with ill-natured terms like "quack" and "spook." For although psychiatrists and other doctors share the M.D. degree and are trained identically for at least eight years, they are in many ways antithetical.

I knew this when I set out several years ago to become a psychiatrist—convinced, in the American tradition, that hard work would make up for my ineptitude in science. Since the first grade I had been addicted to books, mystified by numbers, and resentful of anything that could be graphed or measured. Unguided, I would probably have become a happy English professor, writing filigreed essays for the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*. But in high school a psychiatrist, a friend of the family, lent me some semi-



opular books on his trade. They vere on the ladies' magazine level, suppose, but they were fresh to ne, and fascinating. Later I came cross Karen Horney's *Neurosis nd Human Growth*, then Erich 'romm's *Escape from Freedom*. 3y the time I had finished them I ad decided to become a psychia- rist; it was obviously my calling. was in the Air Force then, and nentioned this to a doctor, a young aptain living in my barracks. Ie seemed irritated by my pre- umption. "It'll take you a while," e said. "First you'll have to go hrough premed and medical chool."

It took me my youth. In college diluted the math and chemistry f premed with humanities, and nanaged to graduate *cum laude*. ccepted that spring by the uni- ersity-affiliated medical school, I ook a summer job as an aide in a ate mental hospital, where the indows seemed blackened from ne inside and the corridors smelled of incontinent eople and a weird tobacco provided by the state. the wards trolls and zombies sat uncompre- ending but lulled before TV sets. Someone was ways screaming or conversing with a doorjamb.

It was horrible and yet it wasn't. A good-look- g, muscular girl—the wife of a truck driver— egan work when I did. She handled patients with ood-humored motherly tolerance; looking up one ay from the old man she was feeding she said. You know, this is holy work. It really is."

And one evening at a cocktail party I met the spital superintendent, the asylum's only psy- iatrist. He introduced me to another guest as he most capable . . . the most sensitive . . . the st aide with patients we've ever had." I was artled and hugely reassured. Here was evidence. was headed toward the right profession. Medical hool would be just an intervening nuisance.

But it was not so easily dismissed. The first day e were introduced to solemn department chiefs, ho popped up one after another, surveyed the ndred and fifty of us like contractors checking a new supply of pig iron, and sat down, powerful and bored. The chiefs all wore bleached coats, their robe of office; most had that royal furbelow, the stethoscope, dangling somewhere in view. There were speeches in favor of work, of discomfort, of self-abnegation and reward. It was an antique Protestant convention. Most speakers were restrained in manner and advice, but there was one fine wild man who had been a sinner; in his first student days he had worked, but not enough. The grades had been posted. He had disgraced himself! He had done well, but not well enough. And from that he had LEARNED. (And certainly he had, for he was wearing a bleached coat and dangling a stethoscope.)

Presently we went off to the anatomy amphitheater, where from the immense black coffin-like lecture table, tiers of tiny seats rose up in a huge cone; at the top one had the sensation of balancing on a parapet. Floors and stairs were marble, doorjambs and blackboard frames were thick Victorian oak. Lecturers came and went through a mysterious door on the ground-floor level.

The chief anatomist, known to the students as "Neville the Devil," gave a brief sermon on not falling behind. Then, chalking a splendid varicolored tangle on the board, he lectured about the thigh. Neville the Devil did not so much lecture as associate aloud, darting from the crotch to the

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kneecap, calling for moments of silence to commemorate world events, telling little moron jokes, firing out questions that hurtled up the tiers of seats like skewers.

And that afternoon, as we sliced uncertainly on our cadavers (whose yellowish skin had contracted with pickling, forcing the yellow eyes to bulge, fixing the stiff yellow skin in one last wild plea or challenge), he stalked the lab, urging the impossible simultaneous goals of haste and care. He would sneak up on a dissection group like an arthritic panther, and in a fierce whisper subject one student to a five-minute quiz, while the victim's lab partners would hang about, trying to be invisible.

We spent hundreds of hours with the struts and pulleys of the dead, hours the prospective psychiatrist should spend with the concepts and troubles of the living. I worked hard, if resentfully, and was confident at the end of the first quarter that I had done fairly well. But a grave assistant dean sent for me and told me that I was nearly flunking out.

"How do you like the work?" asked the head of the biochemistry department when I went to see him in response to his "bottom 10 per cent" letter.

"Not very well."

He became indignant. The papers he was shuffling shook in his hands. "Then get out! There are plenty of people eager to take your place!"

"Y'll never get through if y're not interested in the work," said the old professor of obstetrics. "There's too much to learn. If y're not interested y'll never pass."

"It's too bad that people who want to be psychiatrists can't split their education between the medical school and the psychology department," said a psychiatry lecturer, "but if you're going to get through, you'll have to get interested in bones and guts."

I asked a number of psychiatrists how they happened to choose their specialty. Many seemed to have arrived in it by accident. Two of the best local men had been drafted out of medical residencies during World War II, and assigned to psychiatric duties in the Army. Discovering they had both aptitude and interest they had gone on in the field. I began to feel there was something suspect or improper about setting out directly to become a psychiatrist, even though such a straightforward assault is the approved way to become a maritime officer or a mathematician, or almost anything that requires training.

There *are* fairly direct ways to become a mental-health worker, if not a psychiatrist. Social work and clinical psychology are the most respectable. But psychiatrists have preempted nearly all the power and are doing their best to relegate competitors to either quack or laboratory-technician status.

"The treatment of the emotionally disturbed is a medical responsibility and as such cannot be assumed by any individual other than a medically trained therapist," Dr. Alexander Levine of Brooklyn said recently. "We believe that the medical practice act should encompass psychotherapy and that the state attorney general should enforce this. We are organizing New York State psychiatrists to rally to our cause. I'm glad to report that all fourteen district branches of the American Psychiatric Association are solidly behind us."

Freud had a different view:

> A knowledge of the anatomy of the metatarsal bones, of the properties of carbohydrates, of the courses of the cranial nerves, of all that medicine has discovered about bacillary infection and means to prevent it, or of serum reactions, or neoplasms—all this is of the greatest value in itself, but will take the psychiatrist nowhere. . . . It would be unjust and inappropriate to force a man bent upon liberating another from the suffering caused by a phobia or obsession to take the long way round of medical qualification.

I never completed that long way round. In the spring of my second attempt at the sophomore year, I flunked a laboratory medicine "remake" and was dropped from the medical school.

I've often wondered how I would have done as a psychiatrist. But—without completing the four years of college, four of medical school, and the year of internship, then getting a year or so into a residency—there is really no way to find out.

I've also often wondered who took my place in a psychiatric residency. Probably no one, for there are many more residencies available than there are young doctors willing to enter them; only dermatology stirs less enthusiasm among medical students. But assuming that someone actually did take my place, who would it be? Someone who had drifted into the field and would do well? Someone who had drifted in and would do badly? Would it be someone like the medical-school classmate who said, "I think all that philosophy and humanities stuff is junk"? Almost certainly it would not be someone with the humanistic background Freud thought important. "In over one hundred recent applicants" for psychoanalytic training, reports a training analyst, "I have been appalled at the sterility of their lives—the almost complete absence of any cultural background or interest in the current socioeconomic scene." But they would have had a rich background in anatomy, the

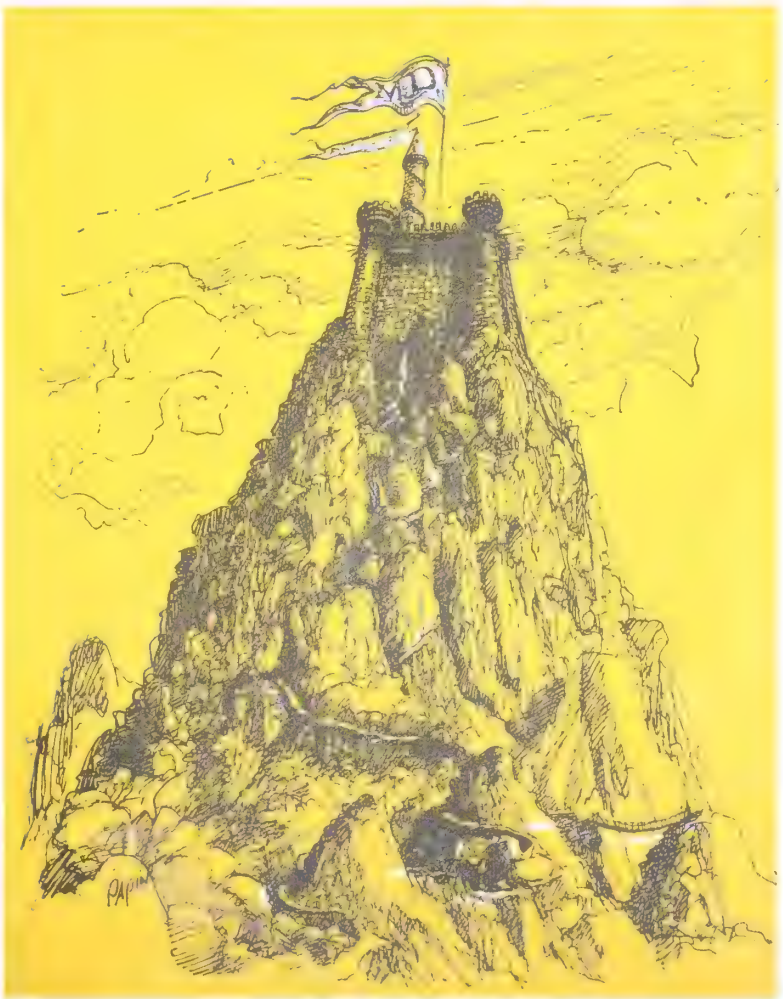
ietatarsal bones, and all that medicine has discovred about bacillary infection; my replacement ill have justified pride in the board examinaons he has passed and in the immensity of his ictual knowledge.

To meet the current shortage, psychiatrists ıould be recruited at three times the current rate. radition will have to bend, for medical knowlge is increasing at an exponential rate; but the ıedical student's archaic brain continues to umble over such things as "On Old Olympus' owering Tops A Finn And German Brewed Some ops" (a traditional aid for learning the cranial erves). Eventually physicians will either be close retirement age when they start practice (beinning psychoanalysts are now about forty), or ıey will have spent much less time learning ıings they will never use. To teach anatomy and ochemistry in their traditional detail means that her areas are being neglected. In my two years medical school, for instance, I never had a firstd course. One second-year classmate—who knew l the muscles and bones, who knew the Krebs and ori cycles and the structure of insulin—was rolling in his white coat near the ospital. A police car dashed up ıd braked beside him; one of the ficers leaned out, pointing to a an collapsed in the back seat. Get in, Doc, quick, he's dying!" got in," said my classmate, "but didn't have any idea what to do. I showed him how to drive to e emergency entrance. I'm glad knew where it was."

In the future physicians will end less time becoming diffuse ochemical scientists and begin ecializing earlier. Second-year ıdents who plan to practice inrnal medicine will have learned ıat to do for an apparently dying ın. In psychiatry, students might ar lectures by lawyers as well as ctors, and observe the seedy unppiness of a courtroom instead memorizing the muscles of the ot; they might hear about the ınetary problems of state mental spitals instead of trying to find ether they have pentose or fruce in their test tubes; and they ght exchange lectures on tumor hology for lectures on social anopology and theories of ethics. ıat they learn now has little bearing on their future work—and how well they learn it has none. In a study done by the Menninger Clinic and published under the title *Personality Patterns of Psychiatrists*, there is the direct and positive statement, "A careful study of grades in medical school failed to turn up any relationship with performance in psychiatric residency."

But medicine is a subculture as private and tradition-guided as an ancient army. Doctors resist changes—hasty changes, foolish changes, necessary changes, inevitable changes, all changes—with the gusty stubborn equanimity that is so inspiring in a sickroom in the middle of the night and so maddening when the AMA lobbyists repeat (and repeat and repeat and repeat) their opinions for the press.

It might be generations before prospective psychiatrists are allowed to exchange pathology for ethics. In the meantime most of our psychotherapists will continue to come from a subculture which does not respect them, and which insists that they spend most of their time in areas in which they may or may not have talent, studying material they will never use.



Harper's Magazine, February 1967

John Bowers

BIG CITY THIEVES

Every ten minutes, someone gets robbed in New York.
Had your turn yet?
Here's how it's done and who does it.

On a recent afternoon a secretary employed at the United Nations returned to her top-floor, brownstone apartment to find that it had been burglarized—or burgled, as they say in New York. Missing were her TV, a quantity of jewelry, a fur coat, her good dresses, her best suitcase, and a colorful bedspread. A psychologist in a brownstone down the block had also had his apartment ransacked. Clothes, books, and kitchen spices were strewn over the floor in someone's frantic search for cash. Even the ice-cube trays from the refrigerator had been emptied. Entry in both cases had been by way of a jimmy applied to the front door.

The police were polite, sympathetic, and said, "Probably junkies." They asked some routine questions, pointed out that drop-bolt locks should be installed, and took down the missing items. To date, the thief or thieves have not been caught nor the stolen property recovered.

Since 1960 burglary in New York has increased by 40 per cent to a high in 1965 of 50,106 cases. In the first quarter of 1966 the average rose to more than 5,000 a month, or roughly one every 10 minutes, 24 hours a day. Of more than $33 million taken in 1965, police were able to return only $699,000. Rates for theft insurance have become practically prohibitive, and if a New Yorker hasn't been robbed himself, he has several friends and neighbors who have.

On Monday morning the police bring the thieves they *have* caught down to the basement of Police Headquarters at 240 Centre Street to be photographed. Detectives keep their badges on the outside of their coats so that there will be no doubt as to who is a prisoner and who is the law. Without their badges the detectives do not look so very different from the men they book. Only when the one in trouble faces the camera under the harsh light does he seem menacing.

On this Monday morning a bizarre collection of suspects was being photographed. There were three youths accused of sticking up a bar in the Borough of Queens. They had weight-lifter bodies, with thick necks, trim waists, and fat thighs, and could have been football players on scholarship at a state university. A lanky Negro in Edwardian clothing posed before the camera with great dignity. Charge: possession of burglary tools. Then came a fair-skinned youngster with red-rimmed eyes and an apologetic manner, accused of concealing a bag of heroin in his pocket in Brooklyn. Two stocky men in greasy work clothes paraded by, charged with the ingenious crime of posing as oil-delivery men while "boosting" from the city's own supply of fuel oil. They were also charged with not registering their getaway truck. A plump blonde girl accused of prostitution and possession of marihuana plopped down.

"Take off the wig," the photographer said tiredly.

The girl pointed to herself in surprise, as if he might have her confused with someone else, then peeled it off, revealing pomaded black hair combed like a boy's. "It's important to always get a good shot of the person's ear," the photographer said. "It helps in identification. A person's ear looks the same at eighteen as it does at sixty. Did you know that?"

Next came a young man in Jesus hair and beard, a Mexican shawl over his shoulders, and the world-weary air of a Bleecker Street poet. Charge: breaking into vending machines. "A punk," a policeman said, eyeing his long hair. "A real loser."

Each His Own M.O.

At 400 Broome Street, on the seventh floor, are the old, musty offices of the Safe, Loft, and Burglary Squad. Detective Robert McDermott, a

polite, crew-cut man with a gun on his hip, has been on the Squad more than ten years, and is an expert on burglars. He described to me the different types of housebreakers. The "door shaker" merely enters an apartment house or hotel and begins turning door knobs until he finds one that is unlocked. A "punch-and-grab" man uses a jimmy to force open weak locks, although he may sometimes punch out the lock cylinder or unscrew it with vise-grip pliers. A "loid" expert wiggles a celluloid or piece of Venetian blind strip in a door crack to open a spring lock. Those who sneak in through fire-escape windows, swing down from ropes to get in top-floor windows, or jump from one balcony to another are called "aerialists" and are nimble and usually slight men. If the aerialist is exceptionally agile and brave, he may become a "step-over" thief, one who steps from a fire escape or ledge to a nearby open window. Many New Yorkers have illegally locked metal gates over their fire-escape windows, only to return home one evening to find that a step-over thief has come in through an adjoining and unlocked window.

These types of burglars are nearly always young drug addicts, and account for the bulk of break-ins in New York. An addict usually begins stealing from relatives and friends, and then progresses to the outside world. A door shaker, the most unskilled of apartment burglars, may learn from another addict how to loid a door or use a jimmy. And a novice may be recruited as an aerialist or step-over thief. But no known addict in New York has ever gone on to become what the police call a professional.

"The closest we ever had was a guy called Spicer," Detective McDermott said. "First thing every morning he'd go to a bar, have one shot of rye, then a whole bottle of terpin hydrate, then another shot of rye. We caught him over in New Jersey taking around a half-million dollars in jewelry and furs from Mrs. Mary Roebling."

The addict burglar looks for cash first thing in an apartment, frequently in whirlwind style. Finding none, he takes items that can be quickly sold through fences—good clothing, radio, TV. If the apartment has a doorman, he takes the items out through a basement exit. Otherwise, he strides with a confident air out the front door. Recently a woman coming in her West Side apartment house held the front door open for a young man going out with a TV set that looked familiar and a pillowcase full of clothing. He smiled, thanked her, and caught a cab. He had just burgled her apartment.

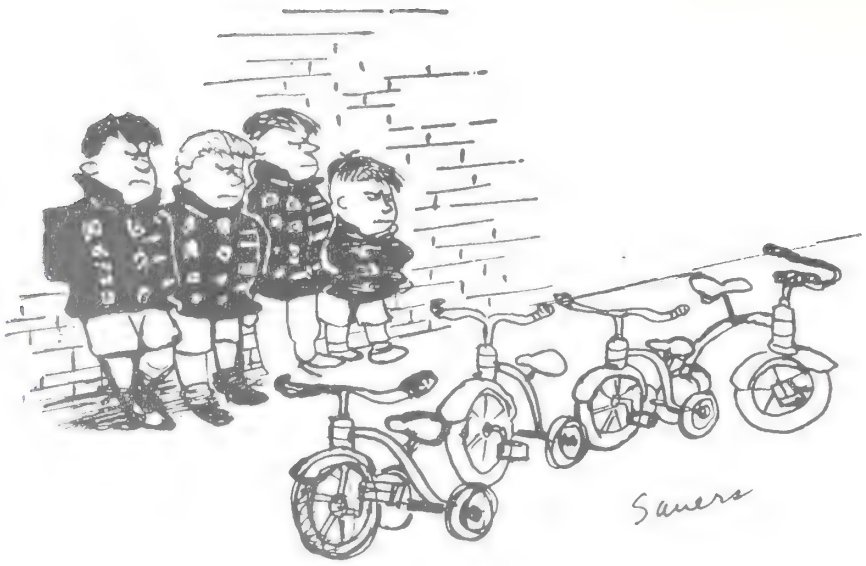
Most apartment burglaries are committed during daylight hours when the tenants are at work. A skilled burglar tries to make absolutely sure no one is inside before he breaks in. He calls from a corner phone booth, rings the doorbell several times, and has an alibi handy if challenged. Occasionally he gets tips from the neighbors about people on vacation. Some burglars follow obituaries and wedding announcements for tip-offs as to when apartments will be deserted. Not long ago a well-to-do couple unexpectedly got tickets through the mail for a hit musical. Thinking it a gift from friends, they went and enjoyed it, but returned to find that their apartment had been burglarized.

Thieves become accustomed to working certain areas, to using particular methods, and develop what the police call an "M.O." (*modus operandi*). One New York addict has been keeping a $40-a-day habit going by stealing nothing but paintbrushes. He has a good fence who gives him 75 cents a brush, and he can steal around a hundred a day. A pocketbook thief works around Times Square from 10:00 A.M. until 2:00 P.M. every day, clearing an average of $30 to $35. "He doesn't know why he chose those hours or the area," a social worker, who has dealt with him, says. "And he can't say why he steals. He claims he doesn't really like to, and wants to quit." (Purse snatchers often return purses after removing the valuables by dropping them in mailboxes or leaving them in apartment lobbies or on stairways. Youths who siphon gas from parked cars sometimes will leave enough for the owner to drive to a filling station. In both cases it could be consideration or it could be not wanting the victim to complain too hotly to the police.)

Women thieves idle through department stores, leaning over in split-second timing to drop merchandise down into outsized slacks. Male boosters shove suits inside their trench coats while an accomplice distracts the salesman's eye. At night panel trucks sweep through the streets—with a man in the rear who lifts parked scooters inside. In the garment center thieves scurry through the lofts, cutting half-dollar-sized holes in protective tarpaulins and using coat hangers to extract dresses from them. A "seat tipper" in a theater dislodges a purse from the seat in front of him with a tap of his toe, extracts the money, and then nudges the purse back in place. Sneak thieves in the guise of delivery boys or tradesmen dart through offices during lunch hours, on the out-

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John Bowers has been a New Yorker—and a happy one—for four years. He was born in Tennessee, served in Korea, graduated from the University of Tennessee, studied in Illinois, and worked for the State Department in Washington.



look for purses and watches. Until recently subway prowlers combed trains and stations after the bars close at four in the morning, looking for drunks to roll. Since April 1965, when Transit Patrolmen began riding trains between 8:00 P.M. and 4:00 A.M., major crimes on subways have been reduced sharply.

Rip, Burn, and Pick Men

The Safe, Loft, and Burglary Squad keeps folders on all known burglars, past and present. There is a picture of the man, usually a police photograph, and miscellaneous facts about him. One broad-faced man with thick lips was described as a burglar of safes. His method varied from peeling back the protective shield (a "rip" man) to going in via an acetylene torch ("burn" man). His police dossier included his favorite bars, his barbershop, his associates, girl friends, and general way of life ("lives in West Side rooming houses and reads detective magazines"). "If there's a safe burglary that looks like the work of this man," said Detective McDermott, "then we put a tail on him. Most of our work begins as surveillance. Once we bring them in, we have to have evidence."

Another folder showed a smiling, dark-haired man in an outdoor summertime pose (a non-police photo), and had much information on him. "This guy is a very successful businessman out in Queens. Owns a couple of dry-cleaning places. But, you know, every so often he gets together with some buddies and they go out of town to pull these big jewel heists. They'll fly to L.A. or Miami one morning, make their score in the afternoon or evening, and jet back home by bedtime. That's his M.O. But don't use his name, please. We got a tail on him right now."

A "pick" man is one who can open locks with wire and a tiny metal tool that has a hook on the end. He is highly skilled, having learned his trade from another burglar or from a locksmith school. A famed burglar named William MacLaren broke into business establishments by drilling a minute hole in the door lock. He covered the spot later with a gold-colored substance that was impossible to detect by the naked eye. "That was his M.O.," said Detective McDermott. "Once inside he could open a safe with the touch of his fingers. Well, a few years back we got a rash of safe burglaries we couldn't explain. Not all the money was taken, no marks were on the safe, and it looked like cases of embezzlement. Then under very close examination we found these tiny drill holes on the outside door locks. That was MacLaren's M.O., and he was currently on parole. We put a tail on him, caught him in the act, and he confessed to all the other burglaries. Funny thing, we caught him in the very same store on Fifth Avenue that we had caught him in before."

The police have to contend with the expert jewel thieves who surreptitiously enter a place, riffle a dressing table in a matter of seconds, and then get away with stones worth thousands of dollars. A few years ago a clean-cut, baby-faced young man named Alfred K. Madsen stole nearly a million dollars from suites in plush midtown hotels by loiding the doors and simply helping himself to jewelry. Dressed in expensive clothes, he looked like a well-behaved guest. Stephen Berman and Peter Tarallo, a New York University graduate, used master keys not long ago to clean out many swank hotels and apartment houses. When ar-

rested in his apartment Tarallo had a portrait of Zsa Zsa Gabor, which he had stolen from her suite at the Savoy Hilton, hung on his wall. The Harris sisters, two Negro girls in their twenties, stole over a million in jewels on the Upper East Side, posing as domestics and entering unlocked servants' doors while the real maid was doing the wash downstairs or running errands. At the height of their crime wave twenty to fifty detectives were stationed for surveillance at strategic blocks along Park Avenue.

"I Like to Have a Key"

Since skilled professional thieves are more than a handful for the Safe, Loft, and Burglary Squad, who takes care of the drug-addicted thieves, whose number has been estimated at anywhere from 23,000 to 100,000 in New York? Unless rich (some are) a male addict must steal to keep his habit going and a female must turn to prostitution. Detectives assigned to precinct squads try to keep burglaries by drug addicts under control, but most admit guardedly that it's too big a problem for them to handle.

"Look, I had three homicides in my area over the weekend," a West Side detective told me. "I have to check them out before I start after the guy stealing TV sets and pocket change."

"Back in the old days," an East Side detective told me wistfully, "we could pick up a guy on suspicion. Now, under the search-and-seizure law we have to have airtight evidence, and it's pretty hard for us to operate."

P— is a New Yorker in his early thirties who has been using heroin since the age of fourteen and has never held a job in his life. He has burglarized untold apartments, boosted countless merchandise from department stores, and once held up a filling station in New Jersey. One recent evening I talked to him in a Greenwich Village apartment. He wore T-shirt, tight khaki trousers, and high-top basketball shoes. Beside him sat his girl friend—a languid and very pretty redhead—whom he called Baby.

"I always like to have a key when I *geese* [burglarize] a place," said P—, "and you'd be surprised at all the ways you can come by that key. The other day a guy sold me the key to this model's apartment and told me the hours she would be away. You see, he'd been living with her a while back and hadn't returned the key. So I slip in there, steal furs, wigs, and money, and then I break a back window to make her think someone had broken in that way. But that guy who sold me the key! Man, you'd be surprised at the larceny in people's hearts. I got a habit. I got an excuse."

A few people had paid him to burglarize their apartments and then had split the insurance money with him. On one occasion a building "super" gave him a tenant's key. To get quick money, P— breaks in telephone coin boxes. "I like to hit those inside a building because they aren't bolted down as much as the ones on street corners. The other day another junkie showed me a new way of getting the coin boxes out. Junkies pass information around." A few months ago P— was in Rego Park, on Long Island, when he felt a strong need for drugs and had no money. "I had struck up an acquaintance with this tough-looking character in a bar, and I suddenly asked him if he'd help me knock over a pay phone. He was going along with the idea until he noticed the way my eyes were watering and my nose running, and then I've never seen such horror on a man's face. He hadn't known I was a junkie. You're around junkies all the time yourself you tend to forget what fear most people have of us."

Like nearly all thieves P— must go through a fence. For many years he dealt with a woman who ostensibly ran a couple of antique shops. "She'd buy anything I brought in, anything from bowling balls to hub caps." Now that the woman is out of business P— goes through the pawnbrokers and secondhand dealers who welcome drug addicts. When he desperately needs drugs, he will not bargain over prices. "Once I stole a funny-looking machine that had all sorts of gadgets on it. What was that machine, Baby?"

"An electronic teaching device."

"Yeah. I was in such bad shape I sold it for

A CRIME-CONTROL PILL?

Why, then, are there more serious and violent crimes every year? *Simply because there are more young people every year, and because young people have always had a higher crime rate than adults.* Because the size of the younger age group is increasing twice as fast as that of the older age group, over the next ten years California can expect an increase in the number of serious crimes of 55 per cent. . . . *What appears to be a crime explosion may in fact be a population explosion.* . . . For the present, the only sure way we know of fighting crime is birth control.

—From "Crime in the Streets" by James Q. Wilson, Associate Professor of Government at Harvard, in *The Public Interest,* Fall Issue, 1966.

twenty-five dollars. Later on I found out it was worth maybe five thousand."

One of the most lucrative dodges today, P—— said, is stealing credit cards. He also told about carting off telephones from apartments. "They can bring about twenty-five dollars in the market. You can't overlook anything that'll bring money." (One junkie he knows in the suburbs specializes in stealing bicycles, even while youngsters are pedaling away on them.) P—— never keeps much money ahead, although surprisingly he has been able to go to Paris twice. Not so surprisingly he has also been to the Tombs, the City Prison of Manhattan for Men, twice.

"Both times I took Article Nine," P—— said. "That's when the bulls have you on a burglary rap, and you sign to go to a hospital to be cured of addiction. Most addicts take Article Nine, and then go right back to drugs when they get out."

"I Never Hurt Anyone"

A few blocks away G—— works as a short-order cook. A short, stocky man with an intense look, G—— was a professional burglar for twenty years and is currently on parole from Sing Sing. "I never hurt anyone in all my years of burglary," he told me, sitting at the counter during a lull in business, stirring coffee in a mug. "I used to live in this Broadway hotel, and everybody knew I was a burglar. It was just my trade, what I did to earn a living. I never robbed anybody's home. That's for junkies. I stuck to businesses."

How did he operate? "I mostly worked Sundays between six in the morning and a quarter to eight. At that time the police are coming in for the eight o'clock shift change. They're thinking about their wives, kids, where they're going that Sunday afternoon. I'd drive around a quiet area, like down around Wall Street, and then hit a place that felt right to me. I guess I've robbed over two thousand places, and in fifteen hundred of them it was more like trespassing than busting in. Some hadn't even bothered to lock their back doors. It was simple. I wore a suit, carried my tools in an attaché case, and didn't call attention to myself."

Most businesses, G—— found out, kept ready cash hidden for Monday morning. "A restaurant owner thinks two thousand dollars is chicken feed. But I say, let me have that chicken feed! I've found cash in ventilators, dustbins, and inside soap racks in the john. Occasionally, I hit safes but only when somebody gave me a hot tip. A safe takes a good eight hours, and you have to have all the angles figured. Okay, buddy, okay, I'm coming!" A customer wanted service, and G—— unhappily went over to make a cheeseburger.

He returned to tell me about the first time he was caught. (He is a two-time loser.) "I'd just broken into this paint store on Seventeenth Street when this young cop came in waving a pistol. Of course, I tried to buy him off, but he kept waving that pistol around. He scared the hell out of me. I said, 'Now, take it easy, pal. I'll do what you want. I'll even lie down on the floor if it'll make you happier."

What was Sing Sing like? "I tell you they got men up there. And geniuses." His eyes brightened. "This one guy up there was telling me how you can hide a camera in the ceiling over a safe and then take pictures electronically of somebody opening the safe. What do you think of that? And another guy was telling me how one of these small computers can help you break a combination in a few minutes. Man oh man."

At Lexington and 80th Street Sal Schillizzi, a veteran locksmith, runs a hectic business. A solemn, heavy-set man, he deals with people who have just been burglarized. "It can get pretty depressing at times," he told me, "like the funeral business. But if people would just put themselves in the burglar's spot for a moment, it'd save them a lot of misery. Think about it. A burglar's tense, afraid, has to get in and out in a hurry. If the front door has two locks on it and is secure, he may try the windows. Should he get in there, then an alarm or a dog might scare him off. He'll burglarize the person who hasn't taken precautions."

The presence of a doorman out front does not in itself guarantee that a person won't be burglarized. "A delivery boy, laundryman, someone, goes in the building on legitimate business and then walks down a couple of floors to do some burglary. Or, a delivery boy may slip the door lock open for easy return later. Got to watch that."

Schillizzi stated that when a building is under construction there is usually a rash of burglaries in all surrounding apartments. "Figure that one out." He said that people should be careful whom they admit to their apartments and should never enter their own front door if they see it's open or notice tampering; they should call the police. "The shock of being burglarized is bad enough without running across the burglar himself. These young junkies can get violent, too. . . ."

Schillizzi walked away to talk to a pale young girl about an ear-splitting alarm system. I left for my apartment downtown which has a front door scarred by many old jimmy attempts and which I have yet to enter once without fully expecting to have been burgled.



William V. Shannon

GEORGE ROMNEY: HOLY AND HOPEFUL

Behind the carefully constructed public image of the most publicized GOP Presidential prospect is a complex—and sometimes unpredictable—personality.

As his campaign for a third term moved into its final stage last October, Governor George W. Romney, who had habitually stayed so far away from national issues and fellow Republicans as to earn the nickname "Lonesome George," could now be heard observing, casually but regularly in mid-speech, "They're beginning to have down in Washington many of the same problems we used to have here in Michigan. They're having problems with inflation and rising prices and other problems, and they're due to the same kind of special-interest government that got us into trouble in Michigan. It is a failure to deal with questions fairly and objectively and at the right time."

If the style of these remarks, off-the-cuff, slightly prolix, and very earnest, seems familiar, it is not surprising. George Wilcken Romney, fifty-nine, former Aluminum Company of America lobbyist, former president and supersalesman of American Motors Corporation, former head of Citizens for Michigan, family man, golfer, and tireless champion of moral uplift, is the closest thing to an Eisenhower in mufti to appear on the national scene since Ike moved out of the White House in 1961. More and more Republicans, looking ahead two years and famished for victory after Richard Nixon's near-miss and Barry Goldwater's total disaster, see a Romney in their party's future. And if the Democrats continue to cooperate by providing a nasty, Korea-size war in Vietnam and if Romney sounds increasingly like the peace-unity-and-moral-purity candidate that Eisenhower was in 1952, why, so much the better. No one has ever improved on that combination as a winning Republican formula.

Even before his overwhelming reelection to a third term last November, Romney had emerged as the favored Presidential candidate of the Eastern, internationalist wing of the Republican party. Fellow Governors Nelson A. Rockefeller in

New York and William Scranton in Pennsylvania, the two contenders from this faction for the nomination in 1964, had abandoned their claims in his favor. New York's Senator Jacob K. Javits had virtually proclaimed his own availability as Romney's Vice Presidential running mate. And lesser lights such as Governors John Chafee of Rhode Island and Dan Evans of Washington were making sympathetic noises. This broad support is a tribute, not to his views on foreign policy, which are still unformed, or on domestic policy, which are rather obscure, but to his potentiality as a winner. He looks like the most merchandisable personality the Republicans have come up with since Eisenhower.

Romney is well short of Eisenhower in personal prestige and foreign affairs experience, but the similarities, both big and small, are striking. Romney often opens official meetings with a moment of prayer. He has a standard speech which never fails to thrill women audiences concerning "the gravest threats to the future of our country . . . the decline in religious conviction, moral character, and family life . . . and, yes, the derogation of virginity in the future mothers of America."

Romney is anti-politics in his style and prides himself on not being a politician. "I just can't understand these fellows in the legislature who decide a thing on the basis of its party label instead of what's right," he exclaims.

He vigorously denies the interest-group basis of politics. His Citizens for Michigan organization, which organized popular support for a constitutional convention in 1961 and indirectly propelled him to the governorship a year later, was an avowedly nonpartisan group. In each of his three gubernatorial campaigns, Romney has deplored past domination of the Republican party in the state by big business ("and that was bad") and the influence of the unions in the Democratic party ("and that's bad"). In his view, corporations and unions are just "economic organizations" and have no place in politics which he sees as purely the domain of the individual.

Romney shies away from identification with any faction or definable viewpoint. Last June, he told a television panel, "Now, as I say, I think the Republican party is the only hope for genuine conservatives and genuine liberals. And really there isn't a basic difference between a genuine conservative and a genuine liberal."

He has repeatedly rejected the label of "liberal" or "moderate." He is fond of saying, "I am as conservative as the Constitution, as liberal as Lincoln, and as progressive as Theodore Roosevelt before the Bull Moose movement."

Decoding this sentence is rather like working certain algebra equations; after a lot of factoring, the answer turns out to be zero equals zero. But platitudinous thought and fuzzy expression are no barriers to political success; they may even make it easier. Moreover, like General Eisenhower, Romney projects to voters an image of simple goodness.

"Because He Thinks He Can"

I heard proof of this as I campaigned with him one day last fall in Dearborn Heights, an all-white bedroom suburb on the west side of Detroit. It is a community of neat lawns and one-family brick bungalows. The white-collar and skilled factory workers who live there normally help produce Wayne County's heavy Democratic majority, but Romney's intensive campaigning has steadily whittled down the opposition margin. In each neighborhood, he opened a "home headquarters." A variant on the storefront headquarters that John V. Lindsay used successfully in his New York City mayoralty campaign in 1965, this was simply a home where neighbors could get Republican buttons, literature, and information. There were only thirty or forty adults at each stop plus numerous children and dogs. Romney made much the same extemporaneous speech every time, beginning with a few simple jokes, then stressing the importance of education, mental health, and other state programs, and ending with an introduction of the local legislative candidates. But he talked ten to twenty minutes, and he threw himself into each speech as if he were talking to an audience of hundreds.

The comments of the listeners when I queried them were remarkably uniform: "I don't always agree with him but I think he's trying to do what is right." Or: "He is sincere." Or: "I'm a Democrat but I may vote for him. I feel he tries to be fair to everyone." "I don't know how capable a politician he is," one retired small businessman remarked to me, "but I do know he is an honest and good person."

This is, of course, the perfect image. For a Republican party looking for the right candidate to oppose Lyndon B. Johnson, the old wheeler-

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dealer, Romney's sincerity and goodness are like found money. And best of all, George Romney believes every word of his own legend.

Several years ago, a resident of Bloomfield Hills, a fashionable Detroit suburb, looked out his bedroom window at 5:30 one morning and remarked to his wife, "I wonder who that nut is running down the road."

" 'That nut,' " his wife informed him, "is our new neighbor, Mr. Romney."

A two-mile run at dawn, a form of exercise in which George Romney often indulges, is a significant clue to this latter-day Puritan. He has a strong ego, rigid religious convictions, deep reserves of physical energy, and a fantastic capacity for self-discipline. He does not smoke, or drink tea, coffee, or alcohol. When he was president of American Motors and pushing the Rambler to new sales highs, he worked an eighteen-hour day and had his car fitted out as a mobile office in which he could work or nap on long trips. In his view, very little in life will not yield to his determined assault; he *wills* success. A friend tells of attending a football game with Romney in which the halfback for the opposing team kept slicing through Michigan's superior line. "How can he keep doing that?" the friend remarked.

"He can because he thinks he can," Romney replied.

It is a little sententious but it is an authentic Romneyism. With remarkable fidelity, he talks the same in private as he does in public. His speech to a crowd of five thousand is conversational; his private conversation is hortatory. Unlike an Adlai Stevenson or a John Kennedy, the private man maintains no ironic distance from the public mask.

A newspaperman who has covered him for a long time says, "The two most important facts about him are that he is a Mormon and a salesman."

Mormonism is a missionary religion, whose membership has grown 64 per cent in the past decade. The religious missionary and the successful salesman are essentially mirror images; each has something to sell and each, despite the well-worn anecdotes and the folksiness, is fundamentally humorless about the product because its superior merits are never in doubt. Romney has the bonhomie of a natural salesman: an engaging smile, a firm handshake, the ready use of nicknames and first names, an easy, confident tone. But through the bonhomie glint the steely convictions and tireless zeal of the man of God. He is right and he knows he is right, but that's okay, friend, take a little time to make up your mind.

Romney's roots in Mormonism run deep. His grandfather, as a child of three, was one of those who fled Nauvoo, Illinois, after the Prophet Joseph Smith had been killed by an angry mob in 1844. He lived to become one of the patriarchs of the Mormon settlement in Utah. When the federal government imposed monogamy, Grandfather Romney took his four wives and thirty children to a new Mormon settlement in Chihuahua, Mexico. There George Romney was born* in 1907 (his parents were monogamous). When he was five, he fled with his parents to Texas as refugees from the Mexican Revolution. They lived on Army rations until the Church helped them relocate in Los Angeles.

His father failed in various businesses and the family moved repeatedly. "I think I went to eight different schools in as many years," Romney recalls. By the late 1920s they were comfortably settled in Salt Lake City, where the father developed a small contracting business, and George graduated from high school. After attending the University of Utah briefly, he spent two years in England and Scotland as a Mormon missionary. (If he does make it to the White House, he may be the first President ever to have delivered a stump speech in London's Hyde Park.)

Romance decided the next turn of his career. He was in love with Lenore LaFount, whom he had courted in high school. Since she was then living in Washington, he found a job on Capitol Hill as a legislative research aide and attended evening classes at George Washington University. When Lenore went to Hollywood as a starlet, George quit college and soon followed as a salesman for Aluminum Company of America. His courtship finally succeeded, and they were married in the Mormon Temple in 1931.

"George is not, I think, a man who gets any kidding or criticism from his wife in the privacy of their bedroom," speculates a friend who prefers anonymity. "If George believes in himself 100 per cent, Lenore is a 200 per cent believer."

The Romneys, who have four grown children and eight grandchildren, are a devoted couple and virtually a political team. Lenore Romney, an attractive, fragile-looking woman, has taken to politics with the same intensity as her husband. In his first campaign, she made over two hundred speeches and visited all of Michigan's eighty-three counties. She has kept up the pace, now

*Although the Constitution requires that a President be "a natural-born citizen," lawyers believe this poses no obstacle for Romney since both his parents were American citizens and retained their citizenship during their temporary residence in Mexico.

averaging five speeches a week and a huge volume of correspondence. Her message is the same as her husband's: morality and Romney.

"What we need is a scorching lesson in Christianity to combat our greatest threat, a scorching paganism," she tells audiences. "The trend is toward raising the standards of everything under the sun from beauty queens to medicine—everything except public morality. . . . Children are being brought up to think the Ten Commandments are old-fashioned. . . . We cannot count success in terms of money, prestige, and power. Success is seeking, understanding, and loving God."

She makes no secret of her fierce loyalty to her husband. Neil Staebler, who was Romney's Democratic opponent in 1964, recalls that after a joint appearance in that campaign in which the two men had some "rough exchanges," he went to shake hands with the Governor. "Mrs. Romney stood behind her husband and looked out at me and said, 'I want you to know my husband is the greatest man in the world.' "

Romney spent the New Deal years as a lobbyist for Alcoa in Washington, and the war years as head of the Automobile Manufacturers Association, and of its Council for War Production, which ironed out government-industry problems. Unlike many businessmen who entered the government in the Eisenhower Administration, Romney is no stranger to Washington. He knows his way around on Capitol Hill and also in the Pentagon and the other huge bureaucracies; the intricacies of civil-service regulations and the conflicting pressures of Congressional committees which baffled and upset some Eisenhower appointees are an old story to him. He is an urbane modern businessman in the tradition of Eric Johnston, Paul Hoffman, and Wendell Willkie.

After World War II, he joined the Nash-Kelvinator Corporation as assistant to the chairman. He was instrumental in working out the merger between Nash and the Hudson Motor Car Company to form American Motors. When the chairman unexpectedly died, the directors of the new firm naturally turned to Romney as his logical successor. He took over a company that not only was operating in the red and had a sizable indebtedness but also faced a possible proxy fight by financier Louis Wolfson. Romney did an intensive selling job on Wolfson that persuaded him to wait and see what the new management could do.

As one of those who had spotted the trend to smaller cars for in-town use and as a second car, Romney pushed ahead aggressively on the decision to base the company's future on a new-size car, the Rambler. He is generally credited with the phrase "the compact car" (not the "small" or "economy-size" car). He led the promotion and sales campaigns for the Rambler. He was unorthodox enough to criticize Detroit's standard-size automobiles in his speeches and advertising, a move which the rest of the industry regarded as downright unsportsmanlike. He labeled big cars "gas-guzzling dinosaurs" and used scale models of dinosaurs as props for his speeches. Another ploy was to hold up a vitamin pill and a loaf of bread to prove that a small item could provide more value than something large and bulky.



"Call me Gramps, call me an Old Fogy, call me anything except a Senior Citizen!"

Romney shook the in-

dustry when he suggested that the big automobile makers be broken down into smaller companies. "I am not against bigness as such," he explains, "but I am against bigness that is not disciplined by competition."

Nothing has ever come of Romney's proposal, and he is not likely to push the idea if he becomes President. But General Motors, which used to regard the Republican party in Michigan as one of its wholly owned subsidiaries, was initially unenthusiastic about Romney's assumption of party leadership. There are those in Detroit who insist that GM vice presidents, when they have nothing else to worry about, fret that the day may come when a President Romney, feeling the need to prove his independence, might order the Justice Department to file an antitrust suit.

American Motors under Romney's leadership was a pacesetter for labor relations in the industry. In the early days when the company was in serious trouble, he made pep talks in his shirtsleeves to groups of factory workers, imploring them to "get on the team" and increase productivity. As sales and profits climbed sharply, he signed contracts with the United Auto Workers that provided workers with a share in company profits above a certain level and also encouraged individual stock ownership.

As well as a salesman and promoter, Romney also proved a better than average administrator. He kept a tight hold on costs and was respected by subordinates for his willingness to make decisions and make them stick. By the time he left American Motors in early 1962 to run for the governorship, the firm had captured more than 6 per cent of the market, it was solidly in the black, and he had established himself as a big success among contemporary American businessmen.

Battling the Neanderthals

The reality of Romney's record as Governor of Michigan is considerably more revealing and more encouraging about him as a potential President than the myth he has helped to create. The myth is that in 1963 he took over a nearly bankrupt state that was politically stalemated by bitter partisanship. By a nonpartisan citizen's approach, the myth continues, Romney broke the partisan stalemate, cleaned up the fiscal mess left by the spendthrift Democrats, paid off the debt, built a surplus, and restored business confidence. As with every myth, there is truth in this version. He did, for example, adopt a nonpartisan approach in his first campaign, but that was not an innovation—many other candidates have run for office by running away from their own party—but rather a testimonial to the Republican party's weakness. As Romney points out in another context, "It was a handicap to run as a Republican in Michigan in 1962." He was the only member of his party to win major state office that year.

The reality is more complicated and more relevant to Romney as a possible national leader. Michigan used to be caught as were other states (Illinois and Pennsylvania to name two) in a constitutional bind produced by an archaic constitution and a malapportioned legislature. The national economic recession of 1958-60, which hit the automobile industry severely, brought to a crisis the friction between a liberal Democratic Governor—G. Mennen "Soapy" Williams—and a reactionary, rural-controlled legislature. A temporary solution was patched up, but the obdurate resistance of rural Republicans blocked the necessary reform: a state income tax.

Romney was no more successful than Williams in softening up the outstate Republican Neanderthals. The constitutional convention which he helped organize was elected on the same rigged basis as the legislature, and the Republican majority refused to elect him president; to his acute disappointment, he wound up as one of three vice presidents. The new constitution, although achieving several reforms, still provides that the state may not levy a graduated income tax, and it retained the rural veto in the legislature.

During Romney's first term as Governor, the Republican-controlled legislature proved almost as balky in its dealings with him as with his Democratic predecessors. He had the courage to ask for an income tax, but the legislature rejected his tax plan in 1963, and he had finally to settle for yet another increase in cigarette, liquor, and nuisance taxes. Four years later, the fiscal tangle remains unresolved. Michigan still has no income tax; it relies upon local property taxes and a regressive sales tax that includes food and prescription drugs. Romney, however, benefited from the national economic boom of the last four years which generated increased state revenues and enabled him to retire the inherited debt and build a temporary surplus. He preached frugality and practiced it when buying a new limousine or a new rug for the Governor's office, but this was as symbolic—and about as meaningful—as those light bulbs Lyndon Johnson turned off in the White House. Romney's first state budget was $20 million higher than that of his Democratic predecessor and has risen substantially each year. At present, he is not a pay-as-you-go Governor. His

most recent budget was balanced only by dipping into the surplus carried over from the previous year, because Romney sensibly decided that the surplus was less important than the expansion of necessary state programs.

In 1964, the federal courts threw out the compromise apportionment formula he had accepted as the price of getting the new constitution and instead applied a strict one-man, one-vote criterion. Michigan voters promptly swept the Democrats into control of both houses of the legislature. Although Romney deplored this result (and successfully stumped for GOP legislative candidates last fall), he accepted the consequences with remarkable equanimity. He submitted to the Democratic-controlled legislature of 1965-66 such ambitious programs for education, mental health, pollution control, and other social welfare and environmental programs that Raymond D. Dzendzel, the Senate Democratic leader, said, "One had to look twice to be sure it wasn't our good Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams up there." The differences Romney had with the Democrats were only matters of degree. Last fall, he was able to campaign for a third term on his constructive record in education, mental health, and other social programs as if he were running his own Michigan version of the Great Society.

In place of the myth of the fiscal miracle man bringing the magic of "citizen participation" to government, there is, in fact, the story of a shrewd, hardheaded, reasonably pragmatic politician who very much wants to win and has demonstrated how Republicans can do it in a major industrial state. He has been considerably more liberal than his rhetoric would suggest. He has shaped programs that serve the interests of workers and the broad ranks of the middle class. With the help of that timely assist from the Supreme Court's reapportionment decision, he has broken the power of the rural Neanderthals in the party and brought forward younger and more progressive Republicans.

Where He Gets His Advice

As he did in industry, Romney has proved in state government that he is an able administrator. His taste in people is good, and he has the sense to shop for brains wherever he can find them. Although he exalts the business ethic, he is not enamored of businessmen as such. He takes his advice from the more usual mix of financiers, political lawyers, ex-newspapermen, and college professors. He is still close to a few former colleagues from American Motors such as Edward L. Cushman, a liberal labor-relations expert who is now at Wayne State University, but he has no intimates among the leaders of the "Big Three" of the automobile industry. His chief money raiser has been Max Fisher, a wealthy Detroit financier who has also raised large sums for the United Jewish Appeal. Romney looks a dozen years younger than his age—he will be sixty-one in 1968—and has a youthful style; as Governor, he has surrounded himself with a staff much younger than himself. His executive assistant and principal idea man is Walter B. De Vries, thirty-seven, a former professor of political science at Calvin College. De Vries is currently recruiting a "brains trust" for Romney in the colleges and foundations. His press secretary is Charles E. Harmon, an astute young newspaperman. His political agent is Robert "Jack" McIntosh, a genial ex-Congressman who served in a variety of state jobs, most recently as Director of Commerce, before he quit to head up the Romney-for-President drive. Typical of the new faces Romney has tried to bring forward in the party is rookie Congressman Guy A. Vander Jagt, thirty-five. He graduated from the Yale University Divinity School, then switched to law and politics, and served one term in the State Senate before his election to the House last November.

Although Romney disavows "special-interest" politics, he has taken pains to erase the Republican party's antilabor reputation in Michigan and to woo the predominantly Democratic Negro vote. He dragooned Republican votes to put through the state's first minimum-wage law. He has signed bills increasing unemployment-compensation benefits, guaranteeing local public employees the right to strike, and establishing a safety code for construction work. "More legislation has been passed to benefit labor during the past four years than in any comparable period in Michigan's history," Romney asserts.

When the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King marched in Detroit three years ago, Romney marched with him. He is proud that he helped write a state constitution that has the most comprehensive civil-rights guarantees in the nation, including open occupancy in housing. He has also helped establish a state Civil Rights Commission which has broad powers. Romney has sought out qualified Negroes to appoint to public office and, at his urging, the Republicans last year nominated but were unable to elect a Negro for Secretary of State.

In a national campaign, his strong civil-rights record would probably insulate Romney against

attacks arising from the fact that the Mormon Church does not admit Negroes to full membership. This is scarcely likely to be a religious issue to the same extent that John Kennedy's Catholicism was a factor in the 1960 election if only because most Americans are less familiar with Mormonism than with the Catholic Church. There is also the possibility that the Mormon Church may alter its rules regarding Negroes if divine revelation suggests that the time is propitious for this forward step. Cynics in Salt Lake City believe that the prospect of Romney's nomination may spur the Deity.

Both Hawk and Dove

As Romney now begins the crucial transition from the state to the national level of politics, he has assets and also some considerable weaknesses.

The first weakness is what might be called the "information gap." Although Lenore Romney tells teen-agers to "fill yourself with culture and knowledge," her husband has read few books, and, like many successful men, has scarcely raised his eyes above the narrow confines of his daily work during the long climb to success. Quizzed last year on Africa, he made his now famous blooper about the "British blockade of Nigeria." Only after a staff man prompted a friendly reporter to ask whether he really meant Rhodesia was the Governor able to right himself.

A quick trip to Vietnam two years ago did not suffice to clarify his views on the war. Appearing on the "Face the Nation" television program last June, he managed to take several different positions. He said it was "a mistake" for the United States to have become involved in a land war in Asia, but he also said, "I don't think we had any alternative but to keep our commitments in South Vietnam." He opposed unilateral withdrawal, but he left himself the escape clause that withdrawal would be all right if a new government in Saigon were to ask the U. S. to leave. He next aligned himself with the hawks by urging the bombing of the port of Haiphong. A stalemate, he said, would not be good enough to bring the Communists to the negotiating table. They would have to be "confronted with the fact that they are going to lose if they don't come," and therefore, the U. S. should "take the military action necessary to win."

Having taken this forthright hawk position, Romney turned around and added the dovelike thought, "Or we ought to concentrate on a negotiated settlement."

At the Governors' Conference last July, he further deepened the confusion with this press conference exposition of his views:

> Well, look . . . I . . . I think it should . . . oh . . . If, if this conflict really involves the question of our stopping Communism, the international Communist conspiracy, and stopping it in South Vietnam—if this conflict is really being supported by the Red Chinese and the Russians—if this really is naked Communism, international conspiracy, then I think we have to weigh the question of how far . . . how much we can escalate without their continuing to escalate if they . . . if they agree that's the real issue in South Vietnam.

By fall, his aides had persuaded Romney to impose an embargo on further comment on Vietnam. "I expect to get into it in depth and when I do I will make such specific proposals as I think will be meaningful," he assured questioners. His confusing remarks are not the guileful ambiguities of a Nixon but rather the product of ignorance and genuine uncertainty complicated by a terrible need to be right, both ethically and politically.

On some domestic issues, such as education and civil rights, Romney talks knowledgeably and in a progressive vein. But on others, he can sound like a board-room troglodyte. He was the only state Governor to oppose last year's federal legislation on auto safety, urging that it be left to the states. Deploring critics of the automobile industry, he solemnly observed, "Any time people refuse to buy cars, this country is in economic difficulty."

One of his weaknesses as a candidate for the Republican nomination is the fear of GOP right-wingers that he is too liberal. To allay these suspicions, he has taken to warning that the country is in danger of being "enslaved by Santa Claus." "The greatest threat to the future of our nation," he told New Hampshire Republicans last year, "is the excessive concentration of government power in Washington [that is] threatening to destroy not only state responsibility and state function, but local government, personal responsibility, and the true mainspring of our greatness."

Happily, this stern rhetoric does not inhibit Romney when he is back in Lansing from accepting federal grants-in-aid which grew from $339 million his first year in office to over $450 million last year. Or, from boasting in his campaign literature as he did last fall, "We have taken full advantage of all federal programs for the benefit of Michigan."

Romney incurred the hostility of the right wing when he refused to support Goldwater in 1964. Goldwater himself has said: "I don't care how big he wins or loses in Michigan. It's going to be very difficult for people who worked their hearts out

for the party to forget that this man took a powder in 1964—without giving a reason." Actually, Romney did not bolt the ticket. He introduced Goldwater at a rally in Detroit and posed for pictures with him. He characterized his position with one of the more ingenious equivocations produced by Republican moderates in that troubled season: "I accept the action of the convention but I do not personally endorse it."

"The Romney Finger"

In addition to his shakiness on foreign affairs and the sullen hostility of the party's right wing, Romney has also to contend with the less engaging sides of his own nature, particularly his self-righteousness and his budding Messiah complex. Romney explains that he reaches decisions by seeking the facts, and then praying.

> Once you have searched out the facts and have prayed and have reached a point where you think you have an answer to the question you are undertaking to resolve, then the third step is to be believing. That means to believe that the decision you have made is the right one and to put everything you've got into it. It means giving everything you've got to carrying it out.

In one of his speeches, he asserted, "I believe that the hand of the Creator guided the formation and development of this country. . . . I believe that God has a purpose for this nation, and a plan for every individual in it." Since he so readily identifies his purposes with those of God, he regards most opposition as unreasonable.

A Michigan editor whose paper backed him in all his state campaigns, told me, "I see the analogy with Eisenhower but there is a strain of fanaticism in this man that Ike didn't have. When he gets into a new problem, he makes up his mind pretty fast as to who the good guys and who the bad guys are, and once he does there's no holding him. That doesn't make too much difference at the state level except that sometimes he's made the Democrats in the state legislature madder at him than was necessary. But when I think of him as President and dealing with the Russians and the Chinese, why, then I get a little scared."

His inner self, kept under strict Puritan rein in so many ways and driven so hard, finds release in a temper with a very short fuse. When frustrated, he stamps his feet or petulantly turns his back. Despite the pleas of his staff, he cannot resist getting into shouting matches with hecklers, and "the Romney finger," jabbing and waggling in the face of an opponent, whether he be Democratic bigwig or ordinary voter, has become a familiar sight in Michigan. "He won't admit he's got a temper, he says he's just intense," says an aide. "But to everyone around him, it *seems* like a temper."

Michigan Democrats have long ridiculed this nearer-my-God-to-Thee complex. One of them commented, "It's all right for George to want to be President, but I object to his using the White House as a stepping-stone."

Although voters have not been upset by this self-righteousness, it has often complicated his relations with reporters and fellow politicians. He calls up publishers to complain about reporters' stories or may keep an editorial writer on the phone for an hour arguing a paper's position. The number of his political peers he has privately antagonized includes many others besides Barry Goldwater. Earthy, profane James Rhodes, the Governor of neighboring Ohio, loathes him as "sanctimonious." Romney has been known to complain privately that figures as diverse as Richard Nixon, former Governor Robert Smylie of Idaho, and Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon are "too political." He was genuinely shocked by Nelson Rockefeller's divorce and has only gradually restored good working relations with him. If next year's Presidential nomination were to be decided by a popularity poll taken among Republican party leaders, it is safe to say that George Romney would not top the list.

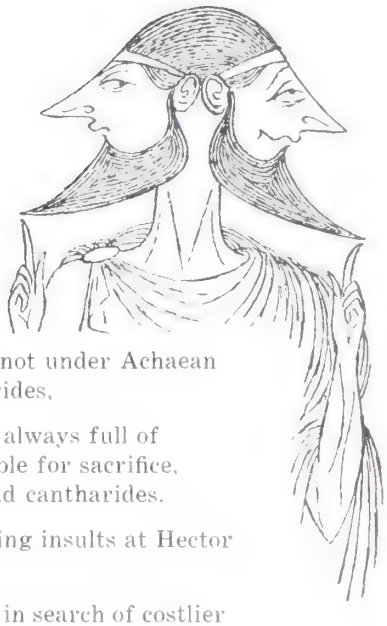
But the choice is likely to be made in the primaries, and here Romney's political assets come into play. Trim, lean-jawed, with dark hair frosted with just the right amount of silver, he looks like a President. He is excellent in delivering a ten-minute, off-the-cuff speech mixing folksiness with moral uplift. He is a superb natural campaigner, bouncing into a crowd, shaking hands indefatigably, and smiling from dawn to midnight. There are no scandals or skeletons in his private life or his public career. His record as Governor is both successful and salable. Unlike Nixon, his most probable rival, he has no defeats to live down. Unlike Ronald Reagan, he is credible as a future President.

Beyond the nomination lies the national campaign against the Democrats. Does the nation want as chief executive a supersalesman in a white Rambler with the predestinarian faith of John Foster Dulles, a man whose favorite song is Sigmund Romberg's "Stouthearted Men," and whose credo is—we can because we believe? If America is yearning once again for that old-time religion, George W. Romney is ready and has the faith.

Harper's Magazine, February 1967

VHILE HOMER NODDED:
FOOTNOTE TO THE ILIAD

y Ogden Nash



n the days when the hollow ships of the well-greaved Achaeans were beached off Priam's city there was a two-faced Achaean named Antiscrupulos,

nd he was so two-faced that his duplicity was doubled, it was quadrupulous.



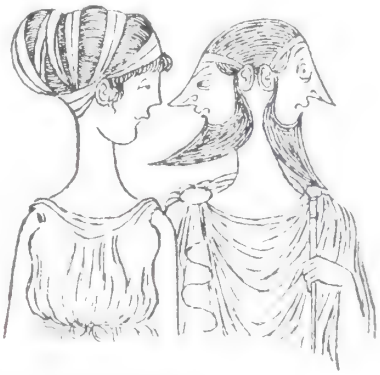
He was owner of a mighty fleet which was not under Achaean registry, it flew the flag of the Hesperides,

And his ships were never hollow, they were always full of costly cargoes such as maidens available for sacrifice, and lotus, the predecessor of LSD, and cantharides.

He was far too busy to spend any time hurling insults at Hector on the ringing plains of windy Troy,

He was always furrowing the wine-dark sea in search of costlier cargoes, and nearly always accompanied by a fascinating hetaera, which was the contemporary term for a daughter of joy.

ut once he didn't take her with him and he got home a day early and what did he behold?



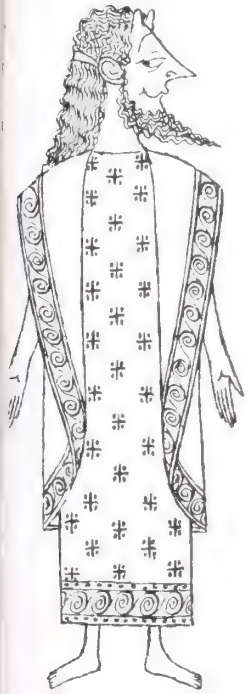
here was his hetaera in a compromising situation with a shower of gold,

nd he said, How do you excuse such misconduct? and she said, I don't need any excuse,

his isn't really a shower of gold, it's aegis-bearing Zeus.

Vell, Antiscrupulos was very moral about other people's morals, anent which he was a veritable bluenose,

nd he was also jealous as a dozen Heras or Junos.



So after precautiously sacrificing a surplus maiden to aegis-bearing Zeus he accused aegis-bearing Zeus of being a compulsive seducer and a menace to Achaean womanhood both mortal and immortal,

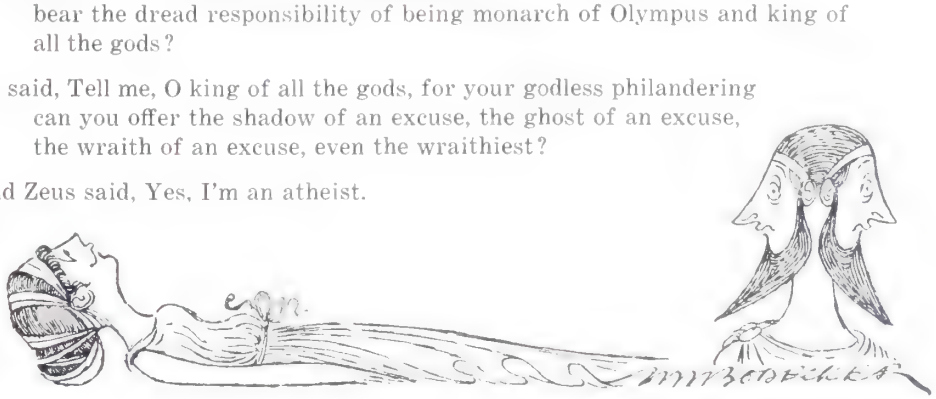
And Zeus did not incinerate him with a thunderbolt, he just gave a thunderous self-satisfied lecherous chortle.

Antiscrupulos grew even more indignant and ventured on further prods.

He said, How can you chortle off your licentious behavior, you who should set an example of marital fidelity for us humans, you who bear the dread responsibility of being monarch of Olympus and king of all the gods?

He said, Tell me, O king of all the gods, for your godless philandering can you offer the shadow of an excuse, the ghost of an excuse, the wraith of an excuse, even the wraithiest?

And Zeus said, Yes, I'm an atheist.



THE SONS OF MARTHA

A Story by Richard McKenna

On that ship they did not have bunks and the sailors slept on brown canvas Army cots. In the tropics it was too hot to sleep in the crew's compartment amidships, so they set up their cots on the well decks. Every day at one o'clock they would go to the cot locker in the glory hole and bring up their cots and lay them, still folded, to claim a place. They all tried to find sheltered places, but there were not enough sheltered places to go around. The rule of the ship was that a place belonged to the man who got there first on that day. No man could know in the morning where he would sleep that night or whether or not he would be rained upon in his sleep.

In his first days aboard, Reed Kinburn did not try very hard for one of the sheltered places. He did not talk very much to anyone.

In Port Valdez it rained once or twice every night in gentle, wandering showers that sometimes fell upon one end of the ship and not upon the other. Green hills and darker green mangrove swamps ringed half of Port Valdez, with no buildings or any other sign of man visible. Kinburn liked that. The other half was a curving reef upon which the great Pacific swells broke all day and all night in a crested, tumbling line of white water athwart the blue vastness. The reef was a living thing of coral and on the darkest nights the line of breakers along it was still a ghostly white from living phosphorescence in the broken water. The rolling, washing sound of it came gentled by distance to be a part of all the sailors' talking and also of their silences.

In his first days Kinburn spent much time looking at the reef and at the calm water on the hither side of it. No other ship rode at anchor there. The water was blue shading into green dappled with lighter greens that became almost a milkiness where coral heads neared the surface. The color pattern changed constantly with the tides and sun angles but it was always a pattern and always beautiful. Beyond the reef were only and always the blue swells like titanic muscles working blindly, lifting and coming, endlessly from over the world's edge.

"You ought to see it in a typhoon sometime, kid," an older sailor told him once sardonically.

The ship was painted gray, or *war color*, as the sailors called it, in unconscious memory of a time long past when white had been *peace color*. The sides were waist-high steel bulwarks pierced here and there with hawse and scupper holes and square freeing ports with bars across them. There were no guns mounted anywhere about the decks. There was no strain and no pain and it was all somehow connected with the fact that she was station ship for the Navy island of Levanoa.

The island was larger and more populous than the solitude of Port Valdez seemed to indicate. During the lazy afternoons the ship's boats took liberty parties up a hidden channel to a village where there was a drinking place called Mama Lottie's. From there a road led to a much larger village where there were supposed to be several drinking places. Few of the sailors bothered to go ashore and Kinburn did not go at all, for a certain familiar old reason.

To him still the most special thing about the ship was that she was his first ship and that he had fallen in love with her name before he had ever seen her. As with all Navy supply ships, she was named after a star, and all those names were good ones, but *Stella Maris* had seemed to Kinburn the finest one of all from the first time he read it, typed opposite his name on a transfer list at Goat Island. He did not yet know what he thought about the ship herself.

The movie that night was Janet Gaynor in something very sentimental that made the sailors jeer at intervals. Kinburn watched it lying on his back on No. 4 cargo hatch, his head pillowed on his

© 1967 by Eva McKenna.

folded-up cot. After the movie he did not join the drift back to the poop deck. Instead he unfolded his cot and sat on it. He was fighting a small, familiar old battle with himself.

"Come on back and have a soda pop, Kinburn," Thorpe said, passing. "Evergreen's buying for the gang."

"No, thanks. Don't feel like one," Kinburn said.

On the poop deck light gleamed through the window of the ship's service store, which was always opened right after the movies. Inside, a swarthy little seaman was selling ice cream and soda pop and candy bars. The sailors moving by him, going back there, were still mostly without names or faces for Kinburn. They were just men in dungarees and Asiatic undershirts and tattoos and all knowing each other but not him. He knew only a few of them to speak to, Thorpe and Evergreen, and the big fireman Roach, who had been assigned to break him in to his fireroom duties. Kinburn had not reached out very far for friendship.

Some of the sailors in passing glanced curiously at Kinburn. He had come aboard all by himself rather than with a draft of other new men and word had spread from the ship's office that he had been a hospital apprentice before his rating was changed to fireman third class. Both facts were enough to single him out sharply. They did not know yet where he would shake down to in their tight little universe. But all they saw when they glanced at him was a slender, wiry, brown-haired young man in regulation undershirt and dungarees sitting quietly on his cot. Nothing of the struggle within him showed on his smooth boy's face, unless it was a tense look of his mouth or the bunched muscle along the clean lines of his jaw.

He felt ashamed to have to fight himself over such a small thing as a candy bar. His rule was that he would have one every third night, and this was the third night, but the last time he had gone up there the devil of his yearning had overcome him and he had bought and eaten two candy bars. It was easy to slip. You could only buy with paper tickets which came in booklets, and the swarthy seaman had to tear them out of your book himself or they were no good. It was very easy in the sight and smell of it all to blurt out, "Make that two," and then be ashamed to countermand the order.

Voices and laughter came from the poop deck. *Gyp Joint,* the sailors called that shack, and *Gyp Joint* was the nickname of the swarthy sailor who ran it. "Hey, Gyp Joint, open up!" they would yell at him sometimes during the lazy afternoons. Finally the lights went out back there and Kinburn relaxed his jaw.

Men spread cots roundabout, rolled out bedding, and turned in. Kinburn thought on into the darkness, under the large stars. If only the *Stella Maris* did not have that gyp joint, he thought, it would be all right. It was far better than Mare Island, which was loaded with gyp joints and where you had to pay a dime to see the movies. Not yet had he escaped that thing which had always been an ache and later had become a shame to him as well. Once he had thought to escape at sixteen, when he became strong enough to do a man's work. Tomorrow he would be twenty, and he was very strong and enduring, but he still had not escaped. . . .

"Kinburn. That you, Kinburn?"

It was Roach. His thick fingers masked the beam of his flashlight.

"Something to tell you, Kinburn. Come below. I got the watch."

"What is it?"

"Come on down. There's coffee. I got some sugar."

They had to go through the engine room, down two ladders, and into a tunnel between the boilers. It was hot and steamy in the engine room. A clatter and groaning of pumps and the hum of the generator drowned out the sound of the reef. The fireroom was more open and clear of jumbled metal and the smell there was clean and sharp of fuel oil.

"Pour me a cup, too," Roach said. "I'll be right over."

The coffee was in an aluminum pitcher on the steel workbench. The cups were really thick white porcelain soup bowls from the crew's mess and they always had oily fingermarks on them. Kinburn stirred three spoons of sugar into his own coffee.

Roach was at the other end of the long, narrow space adjusting the fire in the middle furnace of the steaming boiler. A single furnace on one of the big boilers could make enough steam for port use. Roach was bent and squinting through the peephole while he jiggled the diffuser to make the flame as clean as he could. The three big Scotch

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Richard McKenna's first novel, "The Sand Pebbles," won the Harper Prize in 1963 and is now released in movie form. The author died in November 1964 leaving the manuscript of "The Sons of Martha and Other Stories," from which this one is adapted. The book will be published in March by Harper & Row. McKenna was born in Idaho and served for twenty-two years in the Navy. He retired in 1952, took an A.B. at the University of North Carolina, and began his writing career in his forties.

boilers side by side looked to Kinburn like three huge and menacing faces. That was because their upper portions beetled forward to overhang the floor plates. Three cleanout doors on each one, painted aluminum, made two eyes and a longer, narrower nose beaking down between them. Beneath each door a circular furnace front, the middle one lower than those on either side, made an upward-curving mouth. To Kinburn it looked like the smirk on the face of a cannibal.

Roach came over and took his coffee. He was big and hearty, with coarse features and coarse black hair, and something was on his mind that he could not say easily.

"We clean firesides on number three tomorrow," he began. "You and me and Rothrock got to do it. Flangeface told me, right after the movies."

Kinburn nodded. Flangeface Hogan was the water tender first class in charge of the fireroom. He was an older man with a face very like the boiler faces and he seldom spoke. Kinburn feared and disliked him and he had vowed silently that he would never wait on Flangeface and bring him coffee, as the other firemen did. Yet Flangeface had never once spoken to him and hardly seemed to see him. Roach was watching Kinburn for a reaction. Kinburn did not reveal any.

"How far you been in school, did you say?" Roach asked.

"Finished high school."

"No college?"

"Me college? Hell, no!"

"What it takes down here in the stokehole is a strong back and a weak mind."

Roach was nodding approvingly, but they had been through that before. Something else was on Roach's mind.

"I hear scuttlebutt you just changed your rate over from hosapp," Roach said bluntly.

"That's right."

Hospital corpsmen learned early that ordinary sailors resented them. The sailors called them *pecker checkers* and *chancre mechanics* and pretended to doubt that they were really men. In the short time that he had been a common sailor himself Kinburn had already begun to sympathize with their attitude.

"I didn't change my rate," Kinburn said with difficulty. "They changed it for me."

"I didn't mean nothing, only wondering was it true. And how come they done it to you."

"Roosevelt done it, same time he cut the pay," Kinburn said. "He kicked the veterans out of Navy hospitals. Then all hosapps second had to change over to seaman or fireman or else take a special order discharge."

"You didn't want a discharge, huh?"

"Christ, no!" Kinburn slopped coffee and Roach laughed. "In Frisco I seen 'em sleeping in doorways and eating out of garbage cans," Kinburn said. "Roach, you guys out here just don't know."

"We hear. Guys get letters." Roach grinned. "We know, all right."

It made a sudden bond between them. They talked about the pay cut. It was really harder on the petty officers, Roach said. They lost all their longevity too, and 15 per cent of their base pay was a bigger bite. Flangeface was losing $34 a month. But of course he still has $71 a month left. Kinburn was only losing $5.40 a month, but he felt a twinge of envy for Flangeface.

"Well, us third-class snipes still get our dollar a day," Roach said. "One day, one dollar, what the hell?" he shrugged.

"Dollar a day, jolly good pay, lucky to touch it—" Kinburn broke off the quote. "I just wish I did have a dollar a day," he finished bitterly.

"Got an allotment, huh?"

"Yeah."

He did not say how much, but when the first pay list was posted all hands would know that he had only $13 a month to keep himself decent in the world. He could no longer buy used clothing cheaply, from sailors being medically surveyed, as he had done at Mare Island. On the other hand, in Port Valdez he did not have to fight the constant lure of liberty. He did not know yet how he was going to make out with it.

"Sometimes I help my old man out with a fin. I got a big brother on the railroad helps too," Roach said. "I don't believe in allotments. Once you start one, they say the paymaster won't let you stop it without you got permission from the other end."

"I ain't got an old man. All I got is a mother and some little brothers."

"Geez, that *is* tough!" Roach shook his head. "I heard about guys, their mothers wrote to their skippers, and their skippers ordered them to make out allotments."

"I seen it happen at Mare Island. For a fact."

"Maybe they'll open up rates next quarter. This guy Roosevelt—"

"He's the son of a bitch *closed* 'em!" Kinburn broke in. He scowled. Roach was scowling too.

"If they do open up rates, them college bastards will get 'em all," he said bitterly. "Them brain trusters down in the ice plant."

They poured themselves more coffee. Roach sighed deeply. "Well, hell!" he said. "Well, about firesides tomorrow. Come down in your oldest suit of whites and white hat. After tomorrow they won't be no good for anything else."

"Pretty dirty job, eh?"

"Hah! You got no idea! But it's more than the dirt and it's more than the work. It gets you another way the first time. That's what I wanted to tell you. You're kind of high-strung, I thought . . . well . . ."

"How do you mean?"

Roach screwed up his face in the effort to say it. "It gets inside of you and underneath of you someway," he said. "The first time I cleaned firesides I thought I was gonna die in there." He shook his head and grimaced. "Might be easier if you're braced for it. So I wanted to tell you."

"Well, thanks." Kinburn was wondering if it might not be a joke buildup, the way hospital corpsmen scared recruits with references to the square needle and the shot in the left testicle. He decided that it was not. "Well, thanks," he repeated. "I'll make out."

"Soon as we finish and clean up we always go over to Mama Lottie's and drink beer till midnight," Roach said. "It goes on Flangeface's bill, that's how he wants it. So we always work like hell. We try to get over there early and cost Flangeface all the beer we can, for making us clean firesides."

"I'll drink his beer," Kinburn said. He was finishing the last of his coffee, rolling it with his tongue, tasting the sugar. "Well, maybe I better go turn in," he said.

"First tell me how come you picked being a snipe instead of a deck ape."

"I had a chance to buy a dress white jumper for half a buck from a guy getting surveyed," Kinburn said. "It already had a red watch mark on it. So . . ." He shrugged and grinned.

Roach laughed heartily. "Tomorrow you gonna really gut-hate that guy for not having a blue watch mark," he said. "You gonna figure that half a dollar bought you the worst deal in your whole life."

"Listen, Roach. I want to tell *you* something," Kinburn said. "You don't have to believe it, but I want to tell you." Roach sobered. "I made out my allotment of my own free will," Kinburn said. "And twice before they changed my rate I put in myself to have it changed to seaman and they turned me down. I wanted to go to sea, to get the hell away from there."

"I believe you."

"Well, good night, then."

"Good night. Hope it don't rain."

Kinburn ate breakfast in undress whites spotless and smoothly ironed, just as they had come last from the hospital laundry. He had cut the red-cross striker's badge off his sleeve, but much laundering had left two pink impressions of it stained indelibly into the fabric. He was not wearing underwear or socks, because he did not want to ruin any more clothing than he could help. Roach and Rothrock, at the same table, wore undress whites mottled yellow and brown and with dungaree-cloth patches on knees and elbows.

There was much joking talk about how rough it was cleaning firesides, none of it addressed directly to Kinburn, but he could feel their glances touch him. They were all watching him covertly except Flangeface Hogan, sitting at the head of the table.

Hogan was a big, dark, slow-moving man with absolutely no play of expression across his heavy face. His deep, slow voice seemed to come out of his barrel chest and there was never any tonal expression in it. He would probably announce that the ship was sinking in the same way that he asked for the salt. As always, he wore bleached dungarees and a blue-piped Asiatic undershirt and polished black shoes. Flangeface Hogan seemed not to know that Kinburn existed.

In the fireroom Roach was aloof again, as if the friendly talk of the night before had not taken place. The three fireside cleaners stood back against the workbench while the rest of the gang rigged a scaffold in front of No. 3 boiler. Some of them handed the rough, blackened planks down a trunked hatchway from the starboard bunker. Others took the small register doors off the three furnace fronts and pulled out the cone-shaped diffusers. Still others were unbolting the cleanout doors that overhung the furnace fronts. They worked with a jump and a drive unlike anything Kinburn had seen on the ship before. Skip Lea, the nervous little second class who straw-bossed the gang work, kept shouting at them.

"Higher! Pull them doors level, now!"

The cleanout doors were hinged at the top and they swung out like three canopies above the scaffold. They revealed vertical tube sheets, three solid arrays of two-inch tube ends, all clustery black with soot. A haze of dislodged soot seemed to hang in the air above the scaffold. In the clean distance beside the fuel-oil heaters Flangeface Hogan stood watching.

Skip Lea jumped up and down on the scaffold to test its solidity. He was a gingery, redheaded, sharp-featured little man in dungarees and he already had a powdering of soot on him. He jumped down with a clatter.

"Now, then, you firesiders! Over the top!" he yelled.

Roach and Rothrock jumped for the scaffold.

Kinburn climbed up more slowly. Someone behind him said pensively, in a mock-cockney accent, "Eyen't it a shyme! Eyen't it a shyme!"

The center tube sheet had fallen to Kinburn. His array was longer than those on the sides, but not as wide, and it had the same number of tubes. The work itself was easy at first. Their brooms brought the soot down in soundless slithers and fine clouds that made Kinburn cough. The soot lay so lightly on his white jumper that he could blow a spot perfectly clean with his breath but wherever he touched it, however lightly, it would smear an inky black. The metal under the soot was a reddish-orange.

"That's corrosion, from the sulfuric acid," Rothrock told Kinburn. "You want to wire-brush good around them tube ends."

The corrosion came off in reddish dust. Kinburn finished his tube sheet at the same time as the others. He kept coughing.

Punching tubes was harder work. Each tube was furred thickly inside with soot and half-full of soot along the bottom. The tube brushes were larger than the tubes and had to be forced into them by pushing and turning to compress the springy coils. The brushes were mounted on heavy steel rods about ten feet long and they had to be pushed all the way through until they came out the other end, inside the combustion chamber, where the soot fell. It was very hard work pushing the brush in but it came back quite easily and came out with a puff of fine soot.

Kinburn found that he could not punch a tube as fast as the other two men. His brush would scrape along a few inches under a hard push, sending a vibration thrilling back to his hands through the steel rod. Roach and Rothrock sent their brushes through with long, easy-looking heaves and they had breath enough to spare for joking with each other past Kinburn working silently and with set teeth between them. They joked about how much beer they were going to drink on Flangeface. Under their turned-down white hats their faces were black with soot, as Kinburn knew his own must be. Rothrock's first name was Ezra, and Roach was making a joke of it.

"*Izz-rah*!" he would roar, grimacing his whole black face and baring all his teeth on the *Izz*, gaping his mouth cavernously on the *rah*. "*Izz-rah*!"

"All right, Cocky Roach. All right, Bugfeller," Rothrock would say. "Punch tubes, you ridge-runner!"

And they did punch tubes, drawing steadily ahead of Kinburn. He poured in all the strength he had, panting and coughing and feeling sweat trickle down his back and legs. It was no use. He had about thirty tubes left to go when the others finished.

"Let's take a blow and have some coffee," Rothrock told Roach. "We can still sweep out combustion chambers before chow."

"Sure enough, we gonna make that three o'clock boat, *Izz-rah*."

Kinburn drove himself on. When his arms became too heavy and numb he would let them hang and jerk and turn them until the feeling came back. As soon as he could close his fists all the way he would seize the rod and drive the brush with angry lunges through another two or three tubes. He saw Roach and Rothrock crawl into their respective furnaces through the small access holes. Then helpers pulled burlap sack after sack of soot out of those holes and took them away somewhere. The soot came right through the mesh of the burlap, each sack trailing a cloud, and the powdery soot haze filled the fireroom even to where Flangeface Hogan stood silently watching.

Kinburn was groggy and he almost fell when he climbed down at last from the scaffold. He took a drink of water from the bucket on the workbench. A scum of soot floated on the water. His hands were a shiny black. He blew his nose on a piece of cleaning rag and the stuff was jet black. Kinburn wished that he had not learned so much, as a hospital corpsman, about the structure of the human lung. He could not keep his mind off the thousandfold branching passages and the myriad tiny pockets where air touched blood.

"Take five," Skip Lea told him. "Have a cup of joe."

"No. I'm rested and I want to catch up," Kinburn said. "What do I do next, inside there?"

Lea squinted an eye. "*Maskee*, if you want to," he said. "I'll tell you what you do."

The furnace proper was a steel tube about thirty inches in diameter and eight feet long. It was shallowly corrugated, like a bellows tube, and the name for it was *corrugation*. Kinburn felt carbon grit and crunch beneath him as he crawled through it trailing the cord of a portable electric light. The outside men were pushing his other gear in behind him and he reached back for the broom.

A massively rounded steel collar made an orifice into the combustion chamber. Soot was banked high in there and spilling out into the corrugation. It would be thigh-deep.

It was so soft and light that he could not feel it with his fingers. He could not feel his feet sink in. It moved in a sluggish cloud rising that he could not feel. He thrust a wire-brush handle into one

of the tube ends above his head and hung his light from it but the light did not illuminate anything. It did not reveal any form or outline. Blackness soaked up the light and did not let it come back. Very faintly he could see blobs and masses of soot hanging all around above him. His motions had stirred the soot and the tide was rising above his shoulders.

It had no substance. It was just blackness. It was just air stained black and choking, and the blackness was thicker at the bottom but it was rising to stop his breath and dim his eyes, and his heart was sledging away like a steam pump. Then a clear, certain little voice inside his head spoke with the authority of God Almighty:

Get out of here. Fast. Now.

His legs tried to obey but his arms fought it madly with the broom, swiping and thrusting with the broom, he choking and cursing in panic torn between them, and the blackness swirled about his face until his light was a lost red spark. Slithering, whispering, patting gently his face and hands, blackness descended upon him, and he bit his curses into its sour nothingness until his frantic broom swept light back into that place in reddish-brown walls and angles and rows of rivet heads that gave the light back to his clamoring eyes.

He dropped his broom. He was all right now. He knew what Roach had meant. His stomach rose up and he retched and heaved. Nothing came but a little sour water. It left him weak and shaky, but he knew that he was all right. He knew the blackness had reached and stained indelibly the least, last, tiniest, most hidden and remote alveolar pocket within him. He had nothing left him to protect against the blackness, and he would be all right now.

He filled the sacks with a dustpan. The soot came right back out through the burlap, but something stayed inside to fill the sacks when he tied them shut, although it had no weight. When the mess cook brought chow down for the firesiders Kinburn said he would wait until he finished filling sacks. He caught a glimpse of Roach and Rothrock eating at the workbench. They were absolutely black and exuberant as ever. Before Kinburn was ready to eat they had gone back in and he could hear the clink of their chipping hammers in the corrugations on either side of his own.

"Hand me the chow in," he told them outside. "I'll eat it in here."

Crouching awkwardly in there he wolfed the food, his black hands turning the bread black on its way to the blackness of his mouth. He wanted to save a few minutes on eating time.

He wire-brushed the combustion chamber in a driving fury, his ears sharp for the continuing hammer clinks of the other two. He brushed with his left hand when his right arm failed him, so that he would not lose time while resting it. When he started cleaning the corrugation at last, he could still hear the hammer clinks.

It was hard carbon rather than soot, and it was crusted rather loose and crumbly. A few strokes with his chipping hammer would break up a section and then his scraper could bite into it. He found a way both to press and to push with the heel of his left hand on the butt end of his file scraper, while he pulled with his right hand, and he could bring the carbon showering off in coarse flakes. Then a few vigorous strokes with the big wire brush would leave the surface a smooth, clean black. It was very awkward working in that cramped space, but the steady work noises from either side kept Kinburn feverishly at it. He was about three-quarters done with it when the noises stopped. Then he listened for the voices out there, gathering that Flangeface was inspecting the two wing furnaces. He heard a whoop from Roach.

"Okay, *Izz-rah*! Let's hit the beach!"

All the noises out there stopped. Kinburn tried to drive himself faster. When he had finished he swept the coarse stuff into a sack and dropped it outside without calling for someone to take it. He threw all his gear out clattering on the floor plates, all but his light, which he left gleaming on the clean, corrugated surface. Then he crawled out painfully himself and stood there panting. He was guessing it had been about twenty minutes since the others had gone up.

No one was in the fireroom except Skip Lea and the fireman on watch. Lea came up. He had a strange, quizzical look on his sharp features.

"Giving up, Kinburn?" he asked. "Had enough for today, have you?"

"I had enough, all right, but I ain't giving up," Kinburn said. "I'm through. It's clean in there."

"Make finish, hey?"

Lea sounded surprised and doubtful. He looked into the corrugation, then turned to face Kinburn with narrowed eyes. He was biting his upper lip.

"*Maskee,*" he said suddenly, after a moment. "I'll go get Flangeface."

Kinburn sat down wearily on the stacked planks from the dismantled scaffold. They were hard and splintery and black as the hand with which Kinburn caressed the top one. His mind wandered off to a thought of timbered hillsides and a sawmill he remembered, of moist white planks and the smell of fresh sawdust. Trees fell over and rotted back into the ground, he thought. But these planks were

dry and black and hard and they could endure forever.

Skip Lea hit the floor plates with a bang and Flangeface Hogan came soberly behind him. He did not look at Kinburn and he scarcely more than glanced into the corrugation.

"It ain't clean," he told Lea.

That was all. He turned and walked ponderously away. Kinburn found himself standing with fists clenched and wanting to scream savagely at that broad back going away from him. But no words came and the back vanished and Kinburn rounded on Skip Lea, finding his voice at last.

"That son of a bitch!" he said. "Why ain't it clean? God damn it, *you* tell me why it ain't clean!"

Skip Lea looked uncomfortable. "You only got off the crusted stuff," he said. "That underneath is the real carbon, and all you done was polish it up with your wire brush." He could see that Kinburn did not believe him. "It's baked on there almost like paint," Lea said. "You got to chip and scrape it off like it was paint."

It was in his stomach and bowels that Kinburn could not believe it. He licked his lips, holding Lea's eye.

"It ain't going to end the world for nobody if you let the rest of it go till tomorrow," Skip Lea said. "If you had enough for today, just say so."

Kinburn was getting hold of it. Tight-lipped still, he pointed to the wing furnaces.

"Are them two all cleaned?" he asked tautly. "Is there more to do in them tomorrow?"

"No more cleaning."

"Then I'll finish mine."

"*Maskee*, if you want to." Skip Lea shrugged. "You can quit whenever you figure you had enough."

He had to fight for every square inch of dull gray metal cleaned of carbon. He had poured out his strength too lavishly too early and he had none left for this hardest part of all. It was too narrow in there to sit upright and he could not work his arms properly when he lay flat. He had constantly to brace himself in some awkward position and to straighten his legs convulsively when a cramp took the muscles. His knees and elbows hurt him. He could see a score of places where on the first cleaning his hammer had broken through to true metal, and he could not understand why he had not seen it then.

Recurrently the conviction came that he could not go on and it always blurred over into hatred for Flangeface Hogan. There was no decency or feeling or fairness in Flangeface Hogan. He was some kind of mute, brute animal with arms like human thighs and a hump of muscle on the back of his neck.

The tube was like a steel bellows, successive hollows and humps ringing him round, with nowhere a flat surface. Each blow of his chipping hammer powdered carbon away only along the narrow line of impact. He beat out a narrow line from one hollow up the gentle slope and down into the next hollow. Four inches away he beat out a parallel line. Then he joined their ends with beaten gray lines like streams along the valleys and he had a four-inch square blocked out. It did not seem very big. He rough-chipped the square and cleaned it off with the scraper. The clean gray metal looked won and set apart and good to him. He started another line parallel to its edge and four inches away.

The squares end to end followed the gentle hill up the side of the corrugation and across the top, the most difficult portion. Each square in itself was not a hard job. Isolating a portion of the carbon weakened its power to discourage him. When Kinburn finished the first half of the hill the second half seemed to go easier, as if the clean gray surface wanted now to meet itself around the circle, to close the black gap separating its ends.

Twenty-four of the squares cleared one hill around the circuit. Twenty-four hills comprised the whole corrugation. It began to seem humanly possible. He broke new ground on the next hill. Then Skip Lea called in.

"Four o'clock, Kinburn. Time to knock off."

"I got a little patch to finish," Kinburn said.

He meant to finish only the square he was on, but a few more squares would finish the hill and he went on with it. When the hill was finished he thought for a moment and then began another one.

Homesteads, he discovered a part of his mind had been calling those squares for some time now. He encouraged the fantasy to emerge and he was people taking land. He was explorers blazing trails and mapping out townships. He was people moving in to cut down trees, get out stumps and boulders, fence and plow and plant and harvest the land won from wilderness. It was a pleasant fantasy and he was just getting it well begun when the fireman on watch called in.

"Kinburn, your chow's down here for you."

"Set it on the workbench," Kinburn told him. "I'll be out in a minute."

"Knock off, for God's sake!" Skip Lea's voice came in. "You done more'n a day's work now."

"In a minute. I got a little patch I want to finish."

He resented the interruption to his land clearing. He wished he knew more about that, how you

drained a swamp and built a log house and a rail fence. He was not tired any more. He did not have to experiment to find a workable position. The steady pace took him round and round without cramps. He felt the pain in his knees and elbows, but it did not hurt him. It was like chopping the tree that last summer at home. Somewhere along the way, he half-remembered and half-experienced, Flangeface was calling, had called in. "Knock off, Kinburn." *I ain't finished.* "Come out, now! That's an order!" *Go to hell.* He did not break for a moment the rhythm of his hammer.

The land clearing began to sink below the surface of his mind again, although it went right on and from time to time would break through. Memories of his hospital life began to play across the surface of his mind like movies on a screen. They were all whiteness, white surgical gowns, starched and rustling nurses, white tile and porcelain dressing rooms, white-enameled diet kitchens, white trash buckets with white lids and a white trash of gauze inside them. The corpsmen put in long hours but they did not really work, although they thought they did. They did not even have the idea of work. They could not imagine it. They were soft and fat and white like slugs and they thought that made them better than other people. What they did in the world was to mix themselves into and measure themselves against the pain and weakness and death of other men. Pain, weakness, and death were all of a whiteness. Reed Kinburn had said goodbye to all that. Health, strength, and work were all of a blackness. He knew himself black and proud and a man.

Almost with regret he saw that he was finishing. He squeezed out head first and stood up there, swaying slightly. The popeyed fireman named Dallas had the watch. He came hesitantly toward Kinburn.

"Flangeface is waiting up," he said. "I'll go tell him."

Kinburn nodded. He did not have to wait for Flangeface Hogan. A reaction was trying to flood him. He went slowly up the ladder holding to the thought that he was black and proud and done with that job. He was black and proud and weary almost to death.

The ship was asleep. He was alone in the brightly lighted washroom. It was large and square and all white enamel paint and white tile deck with mirrors along one side above the white vitreous lavatories. On the other side the showers sprayed right out from the bulkhead, with no partitions or curtains to make a shadow from the white glare. Standing naked in the middle of the room Kinburn began feeling himself to be a shadow without anything to cast it.

He was absolutely black. Under his foreskin he was black. The skin was off his knees and elbows and the raw flesh there was more black than red. He felt almost reluctant and curiously uncertain about how to begin cleaning himself. A seaman, the quarter-deck messenger, came in and whistled.

"Sure glad I ain't a snipe," he said.

"Most of you deck apes ain't man enough to be a snipe," Kinburn told him, without anger.

The sluicing shower sent black water across the white tile. The soap lathered black on his arms and chest and when he rinsed it off he was black as ever. The tide of reaction was flooding him. He lathered and scrubbed fiercely, until his cake of soap was worn thin, and his skin was still dark gray. Six times he lathered and scrubbed his left forearm, scraping with his fingernails until he drew blood, and his forearm remained dark gray.

The reaction became very strong and bad. His cake of soap was gone and he did not know how he could get another one. He began cursing softly to himself, almost in a whimper.

Flangeface Hogan came into the washroom.

He was smudged and streaked with soot from having been inside the furnace. He bulked in the doorway and his massive face was as expressionless as the face on a boiler front. Kinburn met his eyes.

"Cleanest corrugation I ever saw in my life," Flangeface rumbled.

"Loan me a bar of soap, until I can buy some tomorrow," Kinburn said.

Flangeface whirled and went out, moving fast. Very shortly he was back with a bucket and a new red bar of Lifebuoy soap. He filled the bucket and bubbled steam through the water to heat it and set it in one of the lavatories. All the while he talked.

"Shower's no good for soot. You got to have a bucket. Bucket and soap and loofah sponge. Here, I'll show you. Turn around. I'll scrub your back."

The loofah sponge grated pleasantly across Kinburn's shoulders. Loofah sponges were some kind of dried vegetable skeleton used to filter grease out of the feed water in the hot well down below. Water made them swell up. While he scrubbed Flangeface kept talking in his grating rumble.

"Cleaning firesides . . . way to try out a new fireman, see how much he can take . . . you was cleaning the thousand-hour furnace, only you didn't know it."

Whenever a boiler had a thousand steaming hours, Kinburn gathered, they cleaned firesides. All the furnaces were lit off when the ship was

under way but only the center furnace was used in port. When the middle furnace had a thousand hours the wing furnaces might have only two or three hundred hours. The center furnace was always by far the worst to clean.

"You done three men's work today . . . never seen a new man make it past five o'clock before," Flangeface rumbled on. "From the start I figured you was going to. You was outworking both them other dunnigans punching tubes and everybody down there knew it except you."

So Flangeface checked Kinburn's reaction and turned it back to pride. It was more than words or any expression in his face or voice. It was a strong, warm feeling that emanated from him without mediation. Kinburn looked at his back in the mirror and it was still a dingy gray.

"The rest has just got to wear off," Flangeface said. He handed Kinburn the loofah sponge. "Use the same water," he said, pointing to the black suds. "They ain't wore out, just because they're black. The blacker the suds, the better they work."

Kinburn scrubbed himself. Flangeface stood there, talked out but radiating warmth and approval like a boiler front. Now and then he found a few more words.

"Your cot's set up on No. 3 hatch. Sleep as late as you want in the morning. I'll tell the sheriff . . . Take tomorrow off. Get them knees fixed up in the sick bay . . .

"Go ashore soon as you feel like it. Mama Lottie will know the beer is on me as soon as she sees your eyes."

When he knew for sure that Kinburn was all right, Flangeface said good night and went out. Kinburn finished scrubbing. He was not white. He had midnight rings around his eyes, knees, and elbows because he could not scrub right up into them. But he felt clean and he liked the clean, carbolic smell of himself. The last thing he did in there was to put his black uniform to soak in the bucket of strong black suds.

Stretched out on his cot, he felt the pleasure of rest to the very center of his bones. He thought it was the most voluptuous feeling he had ever experienced. No. 3 hatch was beneath the forward overhang of the prom deck, which the sailors called the *front porch*, and it was the most sheltered sleeping place on the main deck.

Hearing the reef, he drifted toward sleep and discovered that the underneath of his mind was still scraping carbon in the corrugation. Lazily he sought through his feelings for the familiar bitterness that usually attended upon his sleep. It was not there.

THE PLAYER PIANO

by Randall Jarrell

I ate pancakes one night in a Pancake House
Run by a lady my age. She was gay.
When I told her that I came from Pasadena
She laughed and said, "I lived in Pasadena
When Fatty Arbuckle drove the El Molino bus."

I felt that I had met someone from home.
No, not Pasadena, Fatty Arbuckle.
Who's that? Oh, something that we had in common
Like—like—the false armistice. Piano rolls.
She told me her house was the first Pancake House

East of the Mississippi, and I showed her
A picture of my grandson. Going home—
Home to the hotel—I began to hum,
"Smile a while, I bid you sad adieu,
When the clouds roll back I'll come to you."

Let's brush our hair before we go to bed,
I say to the old friend who lives in my mirror.
I remember how I'd brush my mother's hair
Before she bobbed it. How long has it been
Since I hit my funnybone? had a scab on my knee?

Here are Mother and Father in a photograph,
Father's holding me. . . . They both look so *young*.
I'm so much older than they are. Look at them,
Two babies with their baby. I don't blame you,
You weren't old enough to know any better;

If I could I'd go back, sit down by you both,
And sign our true armistice: you weren't to blame.
I shut my eyes and there's our living room.
The piano's playing something by Chopin,
And Mother and Father and their little girl

Listen. Look, the keys go down by themselves!
I go over, hold my hands out, play I play—
If only, somehow, I had learned to live!
The three of us sit watching, as my waltz
Plays itself out a half-inch from my fingers.

•

This is one of the last poems written before Randall Jarrell's death in October 1965.



–there's a gourmet's hideaway around almost every corner,

here the delights of the table are matched only by the harm of the setting. For an advance glimpse of the good fe, send for your free copy of "Welcome to Holland." It lls you how a KLM jet or Holland-America Line flagship an start you on a more enchanting vacation by starting you Holland–where the good life begins.

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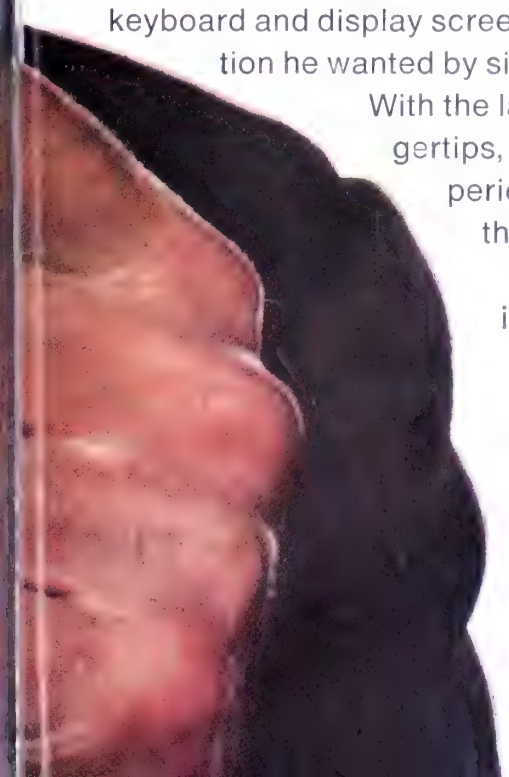
Keeping up is a serious problem.

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the French aperitif wine with the dual personality

Milton Mayer

A MUCH BETTER MOUSETRAP

If our scientists can invent moon rockets, why can't they devise a really good mousekiller—or, at least something better than the super-trap now being purveyed in the Swiss Alps?



I went down the mountain no small matter to see Herr Michel because Herr Michel is the hardware and implements man in Meiringen and I had to have an implement right away. I had to have an implement to keep the mice out—or bounce them if they kept coming in. Or, as a last, always regretful, resort, show them that the white man was master by adopting a pacification policy of search-out-and-destroy.

It was the middle of November, and the snow line was descending from the high meadows of the Berner Oberland. The mice were coming down ahead of it, just a-looking for a home. Some of them, and some of their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts, had found Chalet Flühli, which I was renting. They were gnawing their way into my investment and coming up from the cellar (which was cold) by way of the rotted wood around the water pipes.

Mind you, I didn't blame the mice for coming down, and in, and up. But I'm afraid of mice.

Don't ask me why.

It could be because I'm a city boy (or was, before I rented Chalet Flühli). Or because their tails are naked. (I'm not afraid of squirrels). Or because they scamper and I'm afraid that they'll scamper up my pants leg or down my collar.

"Afraid" is the wrong word, of course. Make it worth my while and I'll wrestle any mouse in the house. But I don't *relate* to mice the way I do to, say, butterflies and some people. Put it that way.

What I am of mice is shivery. *Unbequem,* is what I said to Herr Michel in Meiringen; uncomfortable. But I said it of Mrs. Mayer, not of me.

I'm just as shivery of them dead as alive, what's more. The formerly-five-cent mousetrap is not supposed to be disposable. You're supposed to remove the mouse and then pour boiling water over the trap so that the next victim won't smell anything untoward, and then bait it again. Instead, I pick it up by the end farthest from the mouse and heave it as far as I can into the woods from the nearest window (which I have opened before I pick up the trap). Then I keep away from the woods for a while.

There is a finer side to my shiveriness. A mouse is something to be killed. I don't like to kill (or even be killed). I don't mean that I'm physically afraid—that, too, of course—but that violence is as unendurable to me morally and religiously as it is (to anyone in his right intellect) intellectually. It isn't manly (not to say Christian) to kill, or even injure. Self-defense? A just war? Against mice? Come off it. It isn't, above all, fair play to set a trap for man or mouse. There was a time—or should have been—.

Not a word of these vaporings to Herr Michel in Meiringen. Herr Michel is a countryman and he calls a rat a mouse (and doesn't understand my German anyway). He says that there is no way to keep mice out in the late autumn. And once they are in, and warm, they get to feeling neighborly, and paying calls, and the next thing you know the place is all over mice. Herr Michel shrugs his shoulders. He has lived a long time and always in Meiringen—whence the word *meringue* was derived when a former Meiringener first baked meringues in Paris.

The night before I went down the mountain to



see Herr Michel I was setting a formerly-five-cent trap and caught my thumb in it. I always do; intentionally, I dare say, since it is an article of my faith that he who sets the trap will perish in it. The next day I was brandishing my bandaged thumb at Herr Michel—who didn't see how I could possibly have caught my thumb in a mousetrap—and telling him that I had to have an effective implement. He handed me another formerly-five-cent mousetrap and when I said, "They don't do any good; the mice keep coming," he said, "That's right. But sometimes," he added, "after a while they stop." "Why?" I said. He shrugged his shoulders. Then he said, "I heard of a better mousetrap recently. An American invention."—I puffed up.—"It's supposed to *keep* catching them somehow. And then they go away." "Why?" I said. Herr Michel shrugged his shoulders.

He said he'd get it for me in a day or two—meaning a week or two—and meanwhile I should try something else. Something else was a deadly powder with an ingredient that created a maddening thirst. The thirst drove the mouse outside and there he died. In agony. Internal contact was fatal, to mouse or man, pets, or farm animals.

The instructions were to spread the powder thickly along all regular routes of mice in the cellar. The mouse picked it up on his paws and tail and ingested it the next time he washed himself. But when would that be? As frequently as an American schoolboy? As an Uzbek goatherd? As a German dentist? The instructions didn't say.

Milton Mayer combines writing, travel, and lecturing with a biennial professorship of English at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. Last spring the University of Chicago republished his book on the Germans of the Nazi era, "They Thought They Were Free."

Holding the dreadful box in two fingers, and away from me, I went to the cellar and tried to figure out the regular mouse routes. They weren't marked. Then I pondered the agony I was supposed to spread thickly—and proceeded to spread it thinly along the routes *I* wouldn't take if *I* were a mouse. Then I retired sedately.

The next morning we had a mouse in the formerly-five-cent trap in the kitchen.

I wondered whether he had picked up the deadly powder and dusted the kitchenware with it. (I also wondered whether he had mistaken the drip of the kitchen faucet for the old millstream outside.) But I didn't let on to Mrs. Mayer, who, when it comes to taking umbrage in the kitchen, yields to few women, and to no man. I hove the whole thing, neck and crop, woodswards, whistling the while that old Campfire Girl chantey, "Be Kind to Your Web-footed Friends, for a Duck May Be Somebody's Mother."

Small shades gnawed at my sleep the next couple of weeks, and I awakened desperately parched between times. But there were no more mice upstairs, and I saw to it that I had no pressing business in the cellar. December came, and the fields and woods were white. Then the better mousetrap arrived, via train from Meiringen to Brünig and post bus from Brünig to Goldern and sled from Goldern to Chalet Flühli; a distance, all told, of about a mile as the mountain goat flies.

The better mousetrap looked like a miniature barn with a silo (a topless tin can) slid into one end. At the other end was a low entrance, mouse-high. Just inside the entrance was a tiny tin ramp operating on the seesaw principle. Suspended by stiff wires above the entrance, and resting on the banisters of the seesaw ramp, was a tin portcullis, which fell into slots, closing the entrance when the seesaw was tripped from inside.

On each side of the wooden barn, near the entrance, was a little latticed gate. Inside the rampway, opposite each gate, was a little latticed window. The gate was raised by human hand, which hand installed a small slab of Swiss cheese (which the Swiss call "cheese") between the gate and the window. The hand then closed the gate, leaving the cheese, but not its smell, inaccessible; the condemned mouse did not even get the steak dinner.

So far, so good.

Meanwhile, back at the mouse route, the mouse comes scampering along and smells the cheese. All unwary—or wary, for all I or anybody else knows—he tries to get at it from the outside and can't. Reconnoitering, he smells it from the inside at the entrance. If he stops at this point, and studies the

better mousetrap, he no more recognizes it as such than you or I. So he enters without batting a whisker, goes up the little ramp, trips the little seesaw, and the little portcullis falls behind him.

What then? What would you do?

Nothing for it but to scamper through the barn. When he gets to the other end he finds a semicircular tower going up the side of the silo. The tower entrance is open and the tower is perforated all the way up, to give him a foothold, maybe (or to persuade him that he is on his way out into the open air). Up he goes through the tower—and at the top he falls into the silo, which the householder has filled with water.

Lackaday. Mice can't swim, as the Rattenfänger von Hameln well knew.

Lackaday and *finito*.

Capito. "Marke Capito" is what is inscribed on the front of the tin silo. Under "Marke Capito" is the name "Lauchs." "Marke" and "Lauchs" indicate that the American invention comes from the Teutonic world. (Either Herr Michel thinks that the Americans invent everything or that I think so.) The "Capito" doesn't mean any more than does "Charme de Nuit" at Woolworth's perfume counter. The berry-box wood construction of the Marke Capito is pleasantly primitive, however sophisticated its concept. I see Lauchs at his modest workbench in Modesto, or perhaps Munich.

But Herr Michel had said that "it *keeps* catching them," and I couldn't see how. Once the portcullis fell, there was no way into the trap until it was raised again. It was child's play to raise it—but not to confine a child to the cellar to do the raising. There was something here that didn't meet the eye. One thing that didn't was the terminus of the stiff wires that held the portcullis above the entrance. They disappeared into the top of the tower running up the silo, but where they went, and what they did there, was beyond me.

The next morning I went to the post office and phoned the intrepid Herr Michel in Meiringen. Sure enough, he had worked it out. It seemed that the mouse, as he plunges to his watery doom from the top of the tower, goes through a plate that pulls the wires down and opens the portcullis for the next victim. The cream of the whole Teutonic jest.

Herr Michel told me that I ought to find half-a-dozen mice in the better mousetrap every morning, and, he added, after a few days they ought to go away. Again I asked why, and again he shrugged his shoulders.

I found one drowned mouse in it every day, except once, when I found two.

The queasiness wore off by and by. Apparently a man can get used to doing anything. But *being* anything is something else. I had been a neck-breaker and then a poisoner and now I was a drowner. But I kept at it for two or three weeks and then, one morning, the silo was empty and I up and quit. I had reached the point where I'd rather see—aye, be—a live mouse than a dead lion.

Mirabile dictu, there were no more mice to be heard or, worse yet, seen, upstairs or downstairs after that. By that time, of course, winter had frozen over hard and the mountain was immobilized except for householders scampering like mice to the store and back. I comforted myself by saying that by now every mouse on the mountain must have found a home—other than mine. If only this world's mice would go somewhere else! So war the better angels of our natures against the worse; and so, after many a megrim, dies the swan in us all.



I suppose the better mousetrap has some advantages over the formerly-five-cent implement—if "advantage" may be said of the ability to kill the mostest for the leastest. It operates (or is supposed to) on a self-cocking basis. It relieves the apostle of nonviolence of the nightmare horror of the snapping spring and substitutes the ever so slightly more tolerable vision of the victim's walking the plank. It lasts indefinitely and conserves Swiss cheese. It doesn't catch more thumbs than mice. It doesn't powder the kitchenware with poison or endanger pets or farm animals. And it is a triumph (though only one, these days, among many) of human ingenuity, and, as such, an instructive object of contemplation.

But it leaves the fundamental problem unsolved.

The fundamental problem is the mouse. The first law of psychological warfare is Know Your Enemy. Nobody in the Berner Oberland—beginning with Herr Michel—seems to know anything about the mouse *in se*. And if nobody there, where man and mouse have been at it for a thousand

years, then nobody anywhere. There is nothing about the mouse *in se* in the encyclopedia. Nobody anywhere seems to know what everybody everywhere ought to know about mice.

This, I suggest, is why a really better mousetrap is still wanting. Everybody knows why mice (and people) come in and why they stay until all hours. Nobody knows why mice don't come in, or why they don't keep coming in, or why they go away, if they do, or, if they don't, how to get them to go away; or what the effective counterpart is of yawning, turning off the TV, carrying the glasses to the kitchen and leaving them there, and saying, "It's been wonderful seeing you folks again."

Why did my mass production (or consumption) mousetrap characteristically catch only one mouse per night? Why did it catch two one night? Do mice, like men, learn from experience—or, at least, like man, from fatal experience? Did the fate of the one mouse in the better mousetrap warn its friends away, and, if so, (1) how, and (2) why not the friend that followed the first one up the ramp that one night? I quizzed Herr Michel sternly on these and related points. He always shrugged his shoulders and at last began looking at me as if I were odd. I put it to you: Given the prospect that mankind might beat a path to his door, is it I who am odd or he and his shoulder-shrugging likes?



Mice are in long, and ever longer, supply. They are pests, and you can't keep them out by pulling down the shades and pretending not to be home. Besides, they are known, in a pinch, to eat anything. In Chalet Flühli they ate the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* in which Mrs. Mayer had wrapped the things in the cellar. The scientific spirit (though I'm no more than a dabbler) moved me to rewrap everything in the *Financial Times* of London, which is printed on pink paper; and it seemed to me they ate a little less of the *Financial Times* than they did of the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*. That is the kind of empirical investigation that is needed on a better-controlled basis than I am competent to undertake without a government grant.

No self-respecting laboratory scientist would be caught dead without his warren, and no psychologist without his maze. We study mice, all right, but we study them to find out about man and not about mice. What is man, that we should be uniquely mindful of him? The mouse has been with us as long as we have been with each other—longer, if Genesis is to be believed. Mice fanciers—except for cats—are few. At the same time Brother Mouse is one of God's creatures. We have got to come to grips with the mouse in his very nature and resolve his right relationship to man. If, on ultimate balance, it should be resolved against him, then I say off with his (or should I say "its"?) head.

It is unthinkable that Space Age Man can find out whether the moon is made of green cheese and cannot invent a much better mousetrap. *Or that a much better mousetrap has not been invented and suppressed.* "To whose advantage?" the Romans always said (when they weren't saying *Mirabile dictu* or *in se*). To the advantage, in this case, of the worse mousetrap manufacturers.

Twenty years ago I was told (by a Nobel hydrokineticist) that there was nothing to the desalinization of water; he said that the Water Monopoly had put the kibosh on it by getting hold of the patents. Thirty years ago I was told that a coated razor blade had been invented and swallowed up whole by the Razor Blade Mob. Forty years ago I was told that the solid rubber automobile tire, attached to the rim by springs, had been perfected and bought up and buried by the Rubber Trust. Going on fifty years ago I was told that an old process for beating swords into plowshares had been pocketed by the Armaments Combine.

Now we have the "new" stainless-steel razor blade that shaves fifteen smiling barbers but (if my own experience is indicative) only five scowling laymen. And as I was rewrapping the things in the cellar of the Chalet Flühli I came across a report in the *Financial Times* of London that the stainless-steel market was now saturated and the Razor Blade Mob—the *Financial Times* didn't use that expression—was readying a new "new" blade that will shave fifty sneering sergeant majors without turning a hair.

I can apprehend, as a dedicated and conscious free enterpriser, the wholesome motivation for built-in shoddy and planned obsolescence. As a New Testamentarian I can apprehend why there is no breakthrough—nor ever will be until the Great Getting-up Morning—in man's understanding of man. What I can not apprehend is why there isn't a breakthrough in man's guerrilla warfare with the mouse. A civilization which can not master its environment has no squawk coming when it is blown apart or nibbled away.

Harper's Magazine, February 1967

)MMENTS ON ICHAEL HARRINGTON'S ;REAT SOCIETY"

uld America take the Great Society seriously? irper's" readers have reacted articulately to hael Harrington's article in the December issue. e are some of their comments.

under from the Left

an find little but cause for alarm r. Harrington's recommendation a "Council for the Great Society" stablished to perform tasks of al accounting." The horrible rama of social problems to which proposal is directed is not likely overcome by adopting his recomlation.

'. Harrington has obviously d to ask the fundamental ques- regarding any proposed mecha- for reform: Whose values will lect? To what constituencies will responsive? . . . The answer is : to the same groups whose in- ts and values created the prob- Mr. Harrington deplores.

s suggestion is only the latest in g series of proposals to enlarge cope of professional and techni- control over political decisions. rmers continue to make such osals in the erroneous belief that which have eluded the use of ical means can be attained by ssional and technical methods. planning, urban renewal, and a of other professionally planned rams have been espoused in the e of improving the lot of the but have substantially worsened condition.

ofessional and technical proc- are always, finally, political. er or later, choices among alter- es must be made, and it matters eat deal who has the power to the choices. Mr. Harrington ig- this question. But since he can us no reason to believe that the ests of the poor will be plugged the computerized processing of data by his proposed elite, it only remains to organize the poor to protect themselves from this impending danger on a new front.

RICHARD A. CLOWARD
Prof. of Social Work
Columbia University
New York, N. Y.

I see the same reality Michael Harrington does, but have mixed feelings, at best, about its promise. . . .

Since the New Deal, the American problem has not been the selfishness of traditional capitalism. Rather, the emerging problem has been a "higher immorality," a barbarism issuing from the actions of public officials, welfare-state administrators, and service-oriented professionals. Clark Kerr's liberalism led him to regiment the Berkeley campus; . . . Robert McNamara's concern about domestic social issues leads him to "salvage" uneducated Negroes to integrate the front lines in Vietnam. The service professionals in social work, antipoverty, mental health, teaching, etc. operate more on the basis of paternalism than equality toward the poor at home and abroad. Enlightened intellectuals justify and plan the nuclear arms race. American involvement in Vietnam continues on behalf of a promised "social revolution" while Ambassador Goldberg cautions against the use of force in Rhodesia and South Africa. There is not enough social conscience in the two major parties to support further civil-rights legislation, much less implement laws long on the books.

Thus while the standards of "quality" and "service" tend to introduce a more humane potential into American life, the likely outcome is a new barbarism couched in the terms of rational humanists. A sure way to hasten this corruption of values would be for decent men like Michael Harrington to be involved in lobbying for a Presidential "Council for the Great Society." His plea to "take the Great Society seriously" leads not to a "subversive strategy" but to a dignifying of a kind of men who willingly bomb Vietnam while lecturing Negroes on nonviolence. I take the Great Society "seriously" too, but as a menace to the world.

TOM HAYDEN
Newark, N. J.

Mr. Hayden is a community organizer in the Newark slums and coauthor, with Staughton Lynd, of The Other Side, *a book on Vietnam.*

I am surprised that Michael Harrington did not begin his indictment with the defense industry. The corporations involved in military production are, of course, the most heavily subsidized institutions in American life; they eat up the majority of public expenditures and direct these to most abominable ends; they exercise extraordinary influence on the formulation of national policy. Of all the aberrations of the American political economy, this is the most immediately dangerous.

This situation cannot be rectified by programs of systems analysis, cost accounting, and indicative planning. In fact, if we are to avert a war economy and a garrison state, we will have to remove from power those leaders who entertain imperial ambitions, and develop a new agenda for

America—one in which the construction of a decent and humane society is a higher priority than the pursuit of worldwide American hegemony. If this new agenda is to materialize, quite severe political conflicts will precede it.

The highest patriotic duty for the young is not to offer service to the authorities in the hope that they will live up to their rhetoric, but to resist militarism and help construct viable political alternatives for the people. I am sorry that Mr. Harrington can no longer find it in his heart to say these things, and instead appears to hope, against all reason, that the national elite will join avant-garde youth in abandoning the profit motive. What is more likely, however, is that Harrington's proposals will be realized with a vengeance as the elites attempt to engineer social peace within the framework of gross inequality and a war economy. On the other hand, maybe Mr. Harrington can convince me that the defense establishment is a figment of an overfevered imagination? RICHARD FLACKS, Asst. Prof.
Dept. of Sociology
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Hope from the Consensus

In his perceptive essay, Michael Harrington rightly emphasizes the enormous gain this nation has made by directly confronting poverty. He skirted around the jeremiad of criticizing the day-to-day issues of the poverty war and centered directly at the core of the issue, namely that eliminating poverty is now both a national challenge and a bipartisan goal. Despite the slapdash burblings from some corners, the U. S. Congress has officially adopted the poverty war and all its implications.

No American political party will ever try to operate without a poverty program. The presence of poverty in America is too harsh to ignore, its elimination is too great a challenge to resist. Whether the Democrats or the Republicans have a one-up control of Congress is miles beside the point; what needs to be both recognized and celebrated is that the leaders of this nation are committed to eliminating the causes of poverty.

But . . . ultimately, any attempt to build the Great Society or wage "an unconditional war against poverty" becomes more than politics and more than economics. It becomes a moral challenge. The difference between politics and morality is that the political man acts for the good of the people while the moral man acts because the people are good. We have evidence of this goodness: the civil-rights movement, Head Start, Upward Bound, the Job Corps, the Peace Corps, VISTA. . . .

Whether we need more institutions to construct a new nation is debatable. We have enough institutions right now to build a dozen societies; what we need are more genuine lives being lived to build one. . . .

SARGENT SHRIVER, Dir.
Office of Economic Opportunity
Executive Office of the President
Washington, D. C.

I applaud Mr. Harrington for stressing that Great Society aspirations should be taken seriously, and that "we should start talking about the actual, specific details of the transfer to a human future." But his article, instead of making this start, makes a wide range of observations which would be agreed to by most forward-looking conservatives. The needed "specifics" are these:

(1) What stands in the way of the Great Society is not ideological dissent, but concern about economic and financial practicality. Much light is shed upon this issue in *A "Freedom Budget" for All Americans* published by the A. Philip Randolph Institute in October 1966. During the ten years 1966-1975 inclusive, even moderate economic growth would result in an average annual GNP more than $200 billion higher than in 1965. Enlargement, through private and public efforts, of relevant programs by enough to absorb less than one-quarter of this *economic growth dividend* could by 1975 eradicate poverty and urban decay, serve quantitatively all of the qualitative goals of the Great Society, and underpin full employment and optimum economic growth without inflation. Thus, the preponderance of the growth dividend would accrue to purposes other than those in t "Freedom Budget." The Feder Budget during the decade ahe should average about $18.5 billi higher than the current figure. B this enlargement would absorb on about *one-thirteenth* of the avera annual economic growth dividen and only about *2 per cent* of our ave age annual GNP.

(2) This progress cannot achieved by "the Left" alone, old new, especially now that a large m jority of the people are already re sonably well cared for. It requir much wider areas of agreemer which depend upon enlarged educ tion on the point I made just above

(3) We do not need more feder agencies, but more vigorous dedic tion of existing agencies to their a pointed tasks. The Employment A of 1946 will be true to its original i tent only when the Economic Repor of the President thereunder embo the equivalent of a "Freedom Budge —a long-range balance sheet of r sources, needs, priorities, and pr grams. LEON H. KEYSERLI
Washington, D.

Mr. Keyserling is former chairm of the Council of Economic Adviser a consulting economist and attorne and president of the Conference Economic Progress.

Mr. Harrington's very percepti article is particularly pertinent sin the anti-poverty program is likely suffer the backlash of the recent n tional election.

While thinking in terms of "soci costs" is certainly needed, this shou not be thought of as confined to t government. For instance, our Er ployment Enterprise Developme Corporation has enabled over 160 pe sons, both Negro and white, in one the most "unemployable" of grou mental-hospital patients, to ea $30,000 for their personal accoun during the past sixteen months money most of these persons cou not have earned in any other wa This major "social" income w achieved for the cost of $5,000. Y this was about half of what the Jo Corps spends to train one person p year with only the hope of emplo ment afterwards. . . .

ew towns built to maximize prof- vill not do much to solve our socio- nomic problems. Such towns built er government auspices, subject olitical pressures of government, stifled by bureaucracy, will do e more. However, new towns built appropriately directed private en- prises such as we plan could help uce hard-core unemployment, in- quate housing, congested trans- tation, crime, and racial imbalance blems. . . .

he Social Systems Institute is a vate enterprise that is applying "systems approach" which Mr. rington mentions to the very blems he mentions—housing, trans- tation, and the economy. The facts icate we are coming up with an- rs, not theories.

EDWARD L. PAGE, Pres.
Social Systems Institute, Inc.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

believe that each American is en- ed to his own Great Society and t the business of this country is, l should be, people.

We can no longer tolerate poverty idst abundance, privation amongst ury, equality for some and inequal- for others. Nor can we, nor should tolerate the unequal distribution the benefits of our free-enterprise tem. If this nation can plan and nd for space and war, it can also n and spend for full employment, ality of opportunity, and mini- m standards of income, education, sing, and health. We must show same unhesitating commitment fighting slumism, poverty, ignor- e, prejudice, and unemployment t we show to fighting Communism. r free-enterprise system is flexible ugh so it can be made to work for benefit of all the people. . . .

I. W. ABEL, Pres.
United Steelworkers of America
Pittsburgh, Pa.

With Michael Harrington's thesis l his concrete proposals I find my- f in wholehearted agreement.

One wonders whether Mr. Harring- would not have given greater em- asis to political considerations if had written his article after the vember elections. Certainly he uld have been even more skeptical about the actions of Congress. The prospects are that the 90th Congress will put the "fiscal responsibility" of government above the Great Society and curtail poverty funds, rent subsidies, and other imaginative proposals for the redistribution of opportunity. . . . Taking the Great Society seriously will require formation of new aggregates of political power under skilled political leadership such as that of Senator Robert Kennedy.

One component might well be the voluntary agencies, churches, and civic-minded community groups. Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant women's groups have assisted in recruitment for the Women's Job Corps and VISTA. Many church and community groups have used the possibilities provided by federal housing legislation to become nonprofit sponsors of housing for the elderly and for middle-income families. . . .

Another source of political strength is the organized ghetto poor. The Poverty/Rights Action Center, the Ohio Steering Committee for Adequate Welfare, and the Child Development Group of Mississippi may be as influential in their way as the voter-registration program of the civil-rights organizations. Already the "maximum feasible participation of the poor" has caused consternation among city politicians and bureaucracies. . . .

RAY GIBBONS, Exec. Dir.
Council for Christian Social Action
New York, N. Y.

The Michael Harrington article reflected many things we have said in *California Homeowner Magazine* over the years. . . .

A recent survey made by Garret Eckbo, a land planner now teaching at Berkeley, pointed up the bad use we have made of land and said it was time we stopped treating land as a commodity and started treating it as a priceless heritage. In encouraging the land developer, suburban sprawl, freeways, and the decay of the downtown areas, we have cost the taxpayer millions in paying for roads, sewers, water lines, and other services which make these suburbs livable. More millions have then been spent to support the poor who were left stranded in the cities.

Out of all this subsidy one person benefits most, the landowner. What little tax he pays on idle land and slums can be deducted from his income tax, the community pays for the improvements that make his land valuable, and he sits back and waits for the price on his land to rise.

If we want to build the housing needed for the poor we first have to acquire the land at a reasonable price. The best way to do this is to tax the land and not the buildings. We tax improvements so high today that it is the installment plan equivalent of a sales tax of 40 per cent or more. By overtaxing improvements we inhibit building. By undertaxing land, we encourage speculation. . . .

In California . . . we have more city planning and less action than any state in the Union. What we need is a tax structure which rewards the builder instead of the land speculator. . . .

M. H. GREENHILL, Ed.
California Homeowner Magazine
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . A system of social accounting is crucial to any program for fundamental changes.

The first serious research into social accounting ironically came out of the inner board rooms of the Establishment: a Harvard Business School professor, R. A. Bauer, working under a NASA contract, and a Presidential Committee on Technology. . . .

A set of social accounts would . . . provide a framework for judging the social value (as well as the market value) of public and private projects. Even in the for-real Great Society Mr. Harrington is willing to imagine, decision-makers will tend to stick to the "knowables." They will continue to concentrate on those variables to which index numbers can be assigned. At present our statistical tools reflect little more than cash values. . . .

STEPHEN COHEN
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Waltham, Mass.

Skepticism from the Right

There is little point in taking seriously the "Great Society," for that

amorphous design received its quietus on November 8, 1966. Much as the election of many Republicans substantially terminated the New Deal in the autumn of 1938, the public repudiated the "Great Society" hodgepodge, and President Johnson is no champion of lost causes. Hereafter, as did Franklin Roosevelt after 1938, Johnson will address himself principally to foreign affairs—and war.

The very label "Great Society" already is as obsolete as "Fair Deal" or "New Frontier"; and it never meant more than did those catchphrases. The ghost writer who borrowed—from Graham Wallas—that tag for the Johnson Administration was dismissed by Mr. Johnson some months ago.

Mr. Harrington, nevertheless, raises intelligently some grave concerns which transcend Mr. Johnson's electioneering. He is sound and good on the damage done by the indiscriminate passion for highways, and on the mischief worked by an urban "renewal" which actually harms the people who most need help.

Yet it is strange that Mr. Harrington should have thought Mr. Johnson, with his enthusiasm for speed on the road, might lead us off the highway to tolerable urban life. It is stranger for him to propose to subsidize and bureaucratize youthful dissent, and volunteer work, by a paid "social service" program which, in operation, would be anathema to Mr. Harrington himself.

RUSSELL KIRK
Mecosta, Mich.

Mr. Kirk is the author of The Conservative Mind *and many other books.*

Mr. Harrington's suggestion that the New Left should pick up the objective of the Great Society symptomizes the confusion of the new campus radical. Lacking any real ideological base, unless it is a firm conviction against washing regularly, the campus liberal today is a sad spectacle compared with the campus Socialist or card-carrying Commie of the 'thirties. Campus radicalism just isn't what it used to be. The old hand of the 'thirties who ran the trade-union mimeograph or drummed up funds for the Spanish war was more sophisticated, intelligent, and far more assured of his purpose.

The ludicrous assumption of Harrington that "the best of the young" are against bureaucracy, corporations, profit, Libermanism (Russian version of profit), and the whole apparatus of power is without much substance.

National Merit Scholarships are won principally by young people who have racked up high grades in high school, a testimonial to their ability to concentrate, be compliant, and stock their memory drums with math and science under the pressure of parents and teachers. Once on the campus they blow their lid. They quit washing, grow beards, join picket lines, and generally horrify their old man, at the same time they regularly cash the check he sends from his savings as a manager in one of those plutocratic automobile or oil companies which his progeny would wipe out. Often they demonstrate their immaturity and lack of ideological depth by following others, some of whom are professional rebels.

"Intellectuals" today aren't necessarily the brightest or most creative, they are the opposers. When pressed for a positive program they mutter vague maunderings about "social cost accounting" or pick up the remains of a defunct political slogan. Without a substantive interest, they become important because we unfortunately pay attention to their platonic protests. Harrington and his colleagues of the New Left clearly illustrate the difficulty so many people have in discriminating between brilliance and obscurity.

GEORGE S. ODIORNE
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dr. Odiorne is Director, Bureau of Industrial Relations, of the Graduate School of Business Administration, University of Michigan.

If Mr. Harrington is right, America is in a bad way. But if he succeeds in persuading the rest of us to cure our ills by his methods, we shall be in much worse a way.

Mr. Harrington attacks status-seeking and the profit motive. . . . That is his privilege. But . . . no one can argue that people who prefer autos and profits to urban rene and big government are ipso facto ferior. Profits are a form of self-s ing, to be sure. And what is the w ing of books and articles that nounce profits? That the man maximizes his profit is less goo citizen than the man who maximi his power and influence by word pen is not demonstrable. As betw the seekers after money and the se ers after power, one is tempted side with Dr. Johnson's view that making of money is a relatively nocent employment.

The society that Mr. Harring wants—concerned for its weak members, its aged, its poor, its illi rate and helpless—is indeed a no vision. But . . . if gains for the we can be had only by beating down t successful, what sort of a system natural selection are we institutin A rich society like ours can do wi out the crudeness of a social Darw ism that aims only at the survival those fit for nothing but to survi But must we go to the other extre and stand Darwin on his head? It one thing to help the weak and to s vage neglected human talent. It is a other to uproot the system of rewar and penalties by which amoeba, bea and man have made their long wa Perhaps that uprooting of the pro esses of selection will be the mech nism by which humanity ultimate reaches the haven of stable stagn tion. In a world consisting mostly less advanced and healthily self-see ing nations, it will be no joy to live the country that first attains to th blessed condition.

HENRY C. WALLI
Prof. of Economi
Yale Universit
New Haven, Con

Michael Harrington's article shoul provoke serious thought by all rea ers about the future of America. . . Frankly, however, I am not, and believe that America is not yet read to accept a full-fledged Socialis state. That, in essence, is what M Harrington is advocating.

LEONARD A. PARKE
Community Organization
Coordinato
Youth Opportunity Cente
Norfolk, Va



Alfred Friendly

IN TURKEY, EVERYTHING COMES UP ROSES

When you live in an anti-system society, it is well to be ready for everything—from wrestling matches in an ancient theater and archaeological treasures in your garden to an amiable case of prearranged rape.

In the small Turkish seacoast village where I spend my vacations, nothing ever happens quite according to plan. Events are possessed of a gentle but intractable perversity. The cause may lie in the people, the climate, or the history, or simply in the essence of the Middle East, which is anti-system.

If today is the day planned for fishing, it is almost certain that One-eyed Ali, the local boatman, who was enlisted in the project yesterday, will find while tuning up his engine that some one of its parts has succumbed to accumulated fatigue or finally showed its resentment to the use it was being put to: after all, when the Worthington Pump Company made the device twenty-five years ago, it was intended for another purpose entirely. I will not be told about the disabled motor until the picnic has been packed and all the gear assembled on the dock for an early start. Ali would have hoped until the last minute for some miraculous cure; and, besides, to have let us know in advance of actual or incipient trouble would have struck him as somehow defeatist, or at least unseemly.

A couple of years ago, when I first came here, I would have rushed off to Manavgat, a town of 5,000 inhabitants five miles away, to see if a replacement could be found, or at least to telephone Antalya, the provincial capital sixty miles around the bay, to have the needed part sent by bus. I know better now. There will be no replacement in Manavgat and the part shipped from Antalya will not fit. Only in a week or so, by measures unexplained or inexplicable to me, Ali will have his boat fixed and we will go fishing then.

The required frame of mind for this part of the world, surely, is acceptance of what happens, or what I have come to think of as Pragmatic Mohammedanism. For all my struggling against it, honesty forces the confession that it has worked sensationally well for me and my family. Disasters continually seem to impend but somehow—I touch wood earnestly—everything comes up roses.

My wife insists that the idea of coming here was born from a reading of Lesley Branch's *The Wilder Shores of Love,* but I believe that it was some ten years ago at a cocktail party of Clarence Streit's in Washington where his son and daughter-in-law, intrepid travelers both, observed that the last great undeveloped riviera in the world was a hundred-mile stretch of beach on the south coast of Turkey. It was one of those pieces of information that worked like yeast, and we were unable to put it out of our minds. We besieged Turks whom we encountered for information; they confirmed the Streits' report that the region was glorious, the climate superb, and the whole setup heavenly. Had they seen it with their own eyes? we asked. Well, no, they confessed, but they knew a friend, and he had assured them . . .

We gathered Turkish government tourist bro-

chures which left no doubt about the beauty and interest of that part of the country, but were strangely silent about accommodations. I finally forced the press attaché to acknowledge that the hotels were no great shucks. Were there in fact any hotels at all? He said he thought there were, or would be, and ultimately he made reservations for us at a hotel in Antalya which did not exist; the one probably intended was atrocious and we were mercifully spared it.

In any case we bit the bullet. We bought a Jeep station wagon and camping equipment, and set off armed with an intricate scheme by which, through three intermediaries, we should meet an elderly gentleman who was said to be trying to start a little tourist operation at a village called Side (SEE-deh) at about the middle of the great crescent Bay of Antalya. We met him by chance, minus intermediaries, at a dinner the first night in Istanbul, which is what I mean by the advisability of abandoning oneself to Kismet or conducting one's life in Turkey in the passive voice.

It was love at first sight. Suad Shakir Kabach (I use English transliterations here and throughout) has the looks of a pirate, the manners of the last of the pashas, and the demeanor of a boulevardier, in all of which callings, and dozens more, he has been operative. In no time at all he persuaded us to come to Side as soon as possible, despite the fact that there was no hotel and we would have to stay in the house of one of the peasants, without electricity or running water. The houses were so clean, he said, cutting short all our objections, that we would not dream of entering them without first taking off our shoes, and the peasants themselves would insist on *our* personal cleanliness.

A couple of weeks later we arrived at Antalya on a road Alexander traveled before us in the other direction, coming down from the gloomy and rainy Anatolian plateau to a verdant subtropical Mediterranean coastal plain. The only possible hotel had no rooms for us—one visit to the plumbing and we were glad of it—but there was a note from Suad telling us to hasten to Side. We did, and lost our hearts from the moment we turned off the main road and followed a Roman aqueduct through the old city walls, past the huge ruined theater, and into the little village.

Suad, arms waving wildly and looking more like a pirate than ever, was there to greet us and show us a shabby house of heavy fieldstone, with Roman-cut square stones at the corners and odd bits of carved marble in the walls. We passed through a dank passageway to a vegetable garden behind the house and climbed the stairs to a rude second-floor balcony. It gave onto three spotless, sunny, and wonderfully comfortable rooms. We would not have dared enter with our shoes on, so furiously scrubbed were the planked floors and so freshly laundered the handwoven cotton carpets. And there *was* running water; one of the owner's five daughters would run it to us in a pitcher or bucket from the well downstairs; if hot water was needed, it was set to boil on the outside hearth, kindled by dry laurel leaves and so perfumed. The water closet at the end of the balcony was freshly and continually whitewashed, with a hole in the floor; the water was in a pitcher, to be sloshed down the hole for flushing. It was hygienic, as odorless as Turkish plumbing, whose smells are unrivaled in horror, can ever be, and only awkward at the beginning before we mastered the requisite balancing act.

It took only an hour or two to discover that the village is an outdoor museum, occupying a peninsula three-fourths of a mile long and about one-fourth wide thrusting into the Mediterranean. Greco-Roman ruins mix happily and intimately with the farmers' houses; and columns, capitals, bases, and carved marble fragments lie scattered about in astonishing profusion. Behind lies the plain, five to twenty miles deep until it runs against the scimitar of the Taurus Mountains, an arc of a hundred miles, snow-capped for all but three or four months of the year, and towering above vineyards and plantations of citrus, banana, olive, fig, and a dozen other fruits.

Within a week, a lifelong resolution never to own a vacation house, but to travel instead, had been eroded. We determined on having our own place here.

We finally decided on a large and ungainly warehouse, its stone walls more than two feet thick, built some three decades ago by someone who dreamed in vain that Side would again become a great port, as it had been two thousand years ago under the Romans. A Turkish friend agreed to buy the establishment (as an alien, I cannot own property outside of the big Turkish cities) and leased it to me for ninety-nine years. A contractor was engaged, and he in turn hired an architect who seems to have been overwhelmed by what we judge to have been a ten-year-old copy of *House*

Alfred Friendly, who was managing editor of the Washington "Post" for ten years, now has a roving assignment for that paper as associate editor in Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East. After serving in Air Corps intelligence during World War II, he was the first Director of Overseas Information for the Marshall Plan.

Beautiful. In due course, the plans for renovation were submitted to us, proposing what amounted to a California split-level rambler, complete with glass brick. We fought the horror off with tact, firmness, and execrable French. A year later, the house we wanted emerged. We named it Yavash Yavash (Slowly Slowly), which was unfair, for it was put in shape as swiftly here as it could have been done anywhere else. Like the Parthenon, there is no straight line in it; the plaster is mixed with seawater and has a splotched and bilious look; the safety valve was installed on the cold-water intake to the heater; all the building debris was hurled into the well; and the marble floor in the entrance hall is of a particularly horrible terrazzo. And yet, the house emerged as something more delightful, agreeable, and comfortable than we dared hope for. We are ridiculously mad about it.



"We are ridiculously mad about it."

There seems to be an infrangible rule requiring the use of the adjective "dour" in any description of the Turks. It is, in good part, an accurate word. The Turks of this village are infinitely polite and have showered us with kindness and pleasant acts. But they are not given to jokes or playfulness, unbridled laughter, or carefree jollification. Suad maintains that the pervasive lugubriousness is simply the effect of a lifelong daily exposure, from dawn till dusk, to the radio's blaring of what we have come to call bellyache music. It is a repetitive nasal wail, as ghastly when done by a female singer as a male, and is not merely sad, in a minor key way, but positively agonized.

My own theory to account for the melancholy is that Turks sense, perhaps only subconsciously, a great falling off from a glory that was. On the Anatolian plateau, or at least in Istanbul and Izmir (the former Smyrna), the memory may be of Ottoman imperial power and magnificence. But here, it is surely of Greco-Roman elegance and achievement.

Our village of Side now consists of four or five hundred people, mostly cotton farmers, truck gardeners, and a few fishermen. Their forebears had come here at the turn of this century from Crete where, as Turks, they had been confronted with something of the same troubles that haunt their countrymen today on Cyprus, and had returned to Turkey to a spot settled first by Greeks in 700 B.C. But for the preceding nine hundred years or so, Side had been abandoned, after the last and worst of the Arab incursions. In its heyday, as queen city of the Roman province of Pamphylia, it must have been a metropolis of 60,000 or more.

Its theater seated about 18,000; now one must go to Manavgat for an occasional outdoor movie. Its water supply was carried to Side by a magnificent aqueduct from a spot twenty-five miles away where the ancient Melas River bursts in an emerald-green torrent from the Taurus. Today, we take our washing water from brackish wells, and for drinking water go three miles up the road to a pipe where a flow of sulfur-flavored water comes from a small artesian well.

The only shaped stones in the houses in Side (they are used to form the corners) are those that the Romans and the Greek settlers cut square some two millennia ago; but any walk along the beaches, through the fields, or in the roads and backyard gardens of the village makes clear that ancient Side was resplendent with brilliantly white marble buildings and columns, Corinthian verging on rococo.

Today we have three one-room stores in our village, meager replicas of the rural Gen'l M'd'se emporia of my childhood in Utah; in Side's halcyon days, scores of shops surrounded a columned marketplace 100 yards square, and even more shops, with mosaic floors, lined both sides of a porticoed street leading 800 yards from the ceremonial town gates to the harbor. There were three enormous baths, two temples to Apollo and Athena, endless fountains, smaller temples, a three-story nymphaeum, and an even larger ceremonial building studded with statues. The port itself was colonnaded in white marble and sheltered a fleet that fought under Hannibal against the Romans. Now One-eyed Ali's little boat and a half-dozen like it tie up at one or the other of the town's two cement jetties.

In her book, *Alexander's Path*, Freya Stark recounts a trip she made to Selge, a Hellenistic city

fifty miles north of Side, so high in the Taurus as to be almost inaccessible now. Like Side, it possessed a magnificent theater and aqueduct, as well as a stadium and a vast acropolis. Today, a desperately poor hamlet sprawls in its remains. As they looked at the ruins, the village elders asked Miss Stark, "Were they men made like us, who built these things?"

It is a poignant question, almost heartbreaking, and can be asked equally well of any of the eighty-odd Greco-Roman towns so far rediscovered in the district of Antalya, and of a similar number, no doubt, in ancient provinces of Lycia to the west or Cilicia to the east. An affirmative answer seems to me valid only in physiological terms.

To be absolutely accurate, there *is* other entertainment beyond that provided by the outdoor movie. Thirty miles to the west lies Aspendus, famed in Alexandrine times for its horses and for welching on its capitulation agreement with the Macedonian conqueror. Today it is famed for possessing the best preserved Greco-Roman theater in the world. Its *cavea*, which seats about 10,000, is complete even to the colonnade running around the top; the proscenium stands to its full three-story height minus only the columns and statues and marble roofing that once ornamented it.

We went there first late of an afternoon to see Turkish wrestling, a sport that doubtless has descended in straight line from the days of Grecian games and is today, whatever it was then, the ultimate in dullness, even duller than college wrestling. By the time we arrived, two heavyweights were performing, ponderously and without invention. They grappled lethargically in the dirt of the orchestra, clad only in skintight and extremely heavy leather pants extending just below the knee. They were soused, pants and all, in quarts of olive oil, to which the dust clung as chunks of greasy mud. To win, one contestant had either to pin the other's shoulders to the ground or de-trouser him. Both were manifest impossibilities; it was quite out of the question for one man to retain a firm hold on the oily body of the other, and the pants, heavy as iron and almost as stiff, clung like plaster casts. Every so often, to be sure, one contestant slid his greased hand and arm inside his opponent's britches and down his thigh—eliciting an embarrassed gasp from all Westerners present—but nothing seemed to result from the act. But Turkish spectators, who filled the theater two-thirds its capacity, apparently found the matches entrancing; they had sat there the livelong day, picknicking in their places and cheering the rare bursts of action that were provided.

The second time I attended a performance was at night, when the National Theater Company of Turkey, from Ankara, staged Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex*. This time we too brought picnics, to be washed down with raki, Turkey's national hard liquor, distilled from the pulp and skins of the grape, flavored with anise and much like French Pernod or Greek ouzo. We had hauled eleven people in the station wagon, including the schoolmaster, the village midwife, and other assorted guests. Big spender that I am, I bought tickets for all, at 55 cents apiece.

Darkness had fallen and the theater was almost full to the top row when the lights came up, playing on the proscenium—no better façade for the king's palace could be dreamed of. The despairing citizens of Thebes staggered into the orchestra. Oedipus emerged from the center opening of the *scaena frons*. "Children, children . . ."

We were on our way home two hours later, crossing the Eurymedon River on my favorite and most graceful Seljuk bridge, built in the thirteenth century. We were silent, as most of Sophocles' audience must have been after seeing one of his plays presented as he intended it.

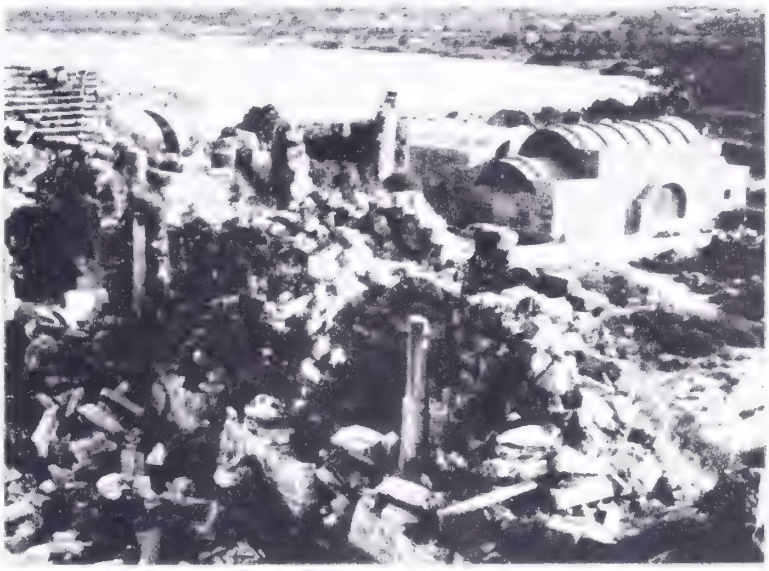
The vacationer like me can revel in the glorious remnants of the past and what seems like the inexpensive abundance of the present—for a few pennies one buys artichokes and apricots, pomegranates (pomegranate juice and the very good Turkish vodka make a magnificent drink), oranges, berries, fine vegetables, grapes and melons, and wonderful fish never more than a few hours from the sea. But to the villager, the Roman

"Crossing the Eurymedon River on my favorite Seljuk bridge . . ."



stone is only something that dents his plow, and the present is full of very hard work and, to him, high costs.

His life will surely grow easier with the advent, now swelling into a flood, of modern machinery and equipment. But for the moment, the old and the new ways exist side by side. The cotton comes in from the fields on donkeys, camels, and trucks, all of them invariably and equally overloaded. The farmers go to the fields on horses, donkeys, or on flat-bed, tractor-drawn trailers, known as *nylons* (everything new here is called *nylon* during the period of its newness). There are now a few threshing machines for the wheat, but mostly the entire process of winnowing cannot have changed in the slightest from the days when St. Paul saw it as he went up this coast on the way to Rome.



"For the moment, the old and the new exist side by side."

The fishing boats have motors of a sort, but the other equipment and the method itself are surely ancient. The nets and trotlines are buoyed with gourds, and the ends marked at night with little trays on which nails and bits of iron are suspended to tinkle as the ripples toss them and thus reveal their whereabouts. The fisherman lays the net, moves off fifty yards or so, and then executes as heavy-footed a dance on the stern of his craft as he can, an intricate, highly rhythmic step, punctuated by the smashing into the sea of a wooden device constructed on the lines of a plumber's helper. The purpose is to frighten the fish so that they will swim blindly into the nets. It seems to work; we have a lot of fish.

There are ways to cope with poverty, as I discovered from an incident related to us last year by Suad's cook, known to us as AP-UP because of her formidable news-gathering talents. There was a recent rape in a nearby village, she told us, and all concerned were very happy about it. The explanation for this paradoxical attitude, we discovered, was simple enough.

A wedding is a costly affair. For three days preceding the ceremony, the groom must provide his friends food, drink, and music (drums, a fiddle, and a pipe made by someone who has been told about a clarinet but has surely never seen one). He must provide a house for his bride. For the caravan that goes from the groom's village to that of the bride to bring her back for the ceremony on the final day, he must arrange transport of trucks, *nylons*, and jitneys. On her part, the bride must supply the bedding and household utensils and must come with at least a few gold bracelets and spangles as her dowry. (Incidentally, custom, if not law, in Turkey makes it a country arranged for the convenience of its men, as the practice of bringing the bride to the groom's village testifies. Thus, on the occasion of any future falling-out, the husband is in a position to point out to his wife that it was *she* who came to him, and if she is dissatisfied, she can bloody well get out and go back where she came from.)

At any rate, in the case of this young couple, as in others in the past, neither could afford the nuptial outlay. Accordingly, it was arranged for the girl to go into the forest and burden herself with such a load of firewood on her back as to render resistance impossible. The groom swooped down, hauled her to a nearby shack and consummated a marriage not yet performed. A few of his friends came upon the scene at the appropriate moment, bearing a gendarme with them. Under Turkish law, the lad thereupon faced trial with a possible death sentence unless the girl agreed to marry him on the spot.

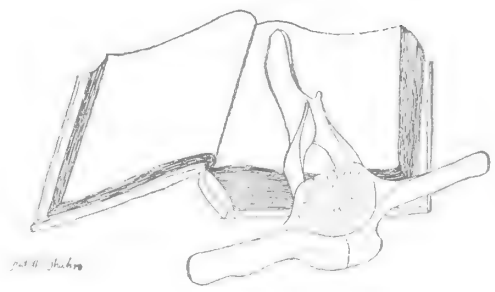
She agreed without hesitation. The only cost was a bottle of raki for the gendarme for his kindness in making himself available at the right place at the right time.

As I said at the outset, events in Turkey, or this part of it, are always unpredictable. They are also improbable, and, as far as I am concerned, unfailingly delightful.

Kenneth Rexroth

HOW POETS MAKE A LIVING, IF ANY

Some of them actually do. But—with three or four exceptions —they don't pay the grocery bill with money from verse.



About a year and a half ago I did a piece for *Harper's* on American poets under thirty-five, and I planned to do a companion piece on the economics of the writing and publishing of poetry. Here at last it is. This time also, I sent out questionnaires. Some of my questions to book publishers may seem a bit ingenuous—or disingenuous—but they are designed to reveal certain recalcitrant problems that beset poetry publishing.

Fifty per cent of the publishers say they publish one or two titles a year. Twenty-five per cent said none. Interestingly, the largest commercial publishers and the small avant-garde specialists (10 per cent of those queried) average the same number yearly—five. In addition, there are a few small publishing houses which publish only poetry. Of these the highest number of titles was eleven. Some publishers admitted to a policy of no poetry.

A few years ago there were several regular poetry series. None of these have survived except with the university presses and the avant-garde specialists. Only these houses and two others have regular poetry editors. In three firms which do not publish poetry at all, fairly well-known minor poets of the 'thirties are now senior editors and answered the questionnaire with sad irony. Most publishers who publish poetry use well-known poets and critics as readers. Like the late Alan Swallow, James Laughlin of New Directions picks his own poets and seldom relies on outside advice. The same is true of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's Pocket Poets. Corinth's Totem list is edited by LeRoi Jones. The Yale Series of Younger Poets is always edited by a poet. Denise Levertov was until recently editor of a similar list.

First orders for an average book of verse range from 250 to 5,000. Maximum reprint orders are probably 25,000 for Ferlinghetti's *Coney Island of the Mind* with New Directions, and the same amount for Ginsberg's *Howl* with the Pocket Poets. The great majority of publishers print 2,000 and then simply do not reprint unless the book is a fantastic success. Given the conditions of trade-publishing overhead, this is not a break-even point, at any possible retail price. However, this is misleading. If the general overhead is thought of as carrying the poetry, on which usually little or nothing except the printer's bill is spent specifically, the book does not lose money if it sells out. Alan Swallow, one of the most dedicated of all poetry publishers, answered this question with great intelligence:

> Break-even point is an invention of commercial publishers, who assign to each book certain costs—usually those of production, a share of editorial costs, and a percentage of return for overhead of selling, et cetera. As a general rule, one cannot make such assignments and sell enough poetry to break even, book after book. A few will; most will not. And pay royalties, too, of course.
>
> Since it is true that one cannot pay commercial prices for production (let alone assign these other costs) and pay royalties—and sell enough to bring back all out-of-pocket expense, for say

80 per cent or so of the books of poetry published, my answer for twenty-five years has been simple: I reduce the out-of-pocket expense of production by doing much-to-most of my own production; I assign to the title only those expenses, including royalties, which are encumbered thus, plus any other direct expenses, such as particular advertising, promotion, etc., that can be divided from the normal, general, continuous promotion of my entire list. Under such a plan, one can bring out a book of 100 copies and break even if he has to.

The trick is to create a kind of financial enclave within the production system of a regular trade house, a kind of Alan Swallow subsidiary. This in fact is what most publishers do. Then the problem reduces itself to one of warehousing. The print order must be kept small enough so the book will sell out. New Directions solved this problem for years by refusing to remainder any poetry titles and storing them in the barn on the publisher's farm. Today even the soiled returns of first editions of those poets who sold so poorly before the war now bring collectors' prices. Low overhead is the advantage enjoyed by most university presses. Besides, several of them have been recipients of foundation grants for the publishing of contemporary poetry.

Accounting for Taste

Most publishers do not have any poet whom they reprint year after year, like Frost, Millay, Benton, Dylan Thomas, Alice Duer Miller (*The White Cliffs*), Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg. Interestingly enough, the translations of Garcia Lorca rank amongst the very highest sellers. As far as I can determine, the maximum today is reached by Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg, both of whom have passed the quarter-million mark in America alone. Anthology permissions, foreign publication and translation, various other fees make up a small but steady income for both poet and publisher if the poet becomes well known.

A surprising number of publishers answered the question, *"Does anybody in your office read poetry for pleasure?"*, with an unqualified "No." Others, a minority, with an enthusiastic "Yes"—often the general editor or publisher himself. However, appended general remarks and answers to the question, *"Who are your own favorite living poets?"*, and to my tenth question, which I wish to discuss next, sometimes reveal an astonishing ignorance, bad taste, or active hostility—and one, but only one, questionnaire came back, anonymously, scribbled in a crabbed hand and full of personal abuse from a publishing house, whatever it was, which had not published any poetry in forty years.

The great mystery in the publishing of poetry is not the unprofitability of good poetry, once it gets published, but the difficulty it has in getting published in the first place, and the astonishing bulk of mediocre, utterly characterless verse that does get published, year after year. This is not only true in America and England, but, contrary to popular belief, it is true in France and Germany as well. For this reason I asked the following question in an effort to try to uncover the source of the prevailing bad taste in choices of first volumes of verse:

Question 10: "It is an unfortunate fact that a great deal of the poetry published in America, especially by the larger publishers, is mediocre and does not sell at all, while the important poets who do sell steadily down the years are published, at least in the first instance, by noncommercial publishers, university presses, and the avant-garde specialists. This is true, though the poetry itself may be quite conventional. *Do you have any theory as to why this is so?"*

Most respondents simply denied the assumptions of the question, but from disparate and contradictory points of view. Others were honestly misinformed about literary history. The outstanding exceptions to my generalization are cummings, first published by Boni (after his volume *8 Harvard Poets*), Hart Crane, first published by Liveright, Wallace Stevens, first published by Knopf. Without exception these books were remaindered. I bought 100 copies of Stevens' *Harmonium* at 25 cents each. Here is a representative selection of answers to Question 10:

University Presses:

We do not publish original American or English poetry, but only translations. . . . We have refrained from starting a series largely because we have not seen a clear and workable method of avoiding the mediocrity you mention. Perhaps a state university press is not the best place for the publication of original poetry. By limiting ourselves to translations, we can maintain a surer (or more nearly sure) control over quality.

I suppose that this reflects the feeling that poetry is too marginal an economic proposition to

Kenneth Rexroth's "An Autobiographical Novel" was published last year by Doubleday. He is a painter, social critic, translator of Greek, French, Spanish, Chinese, and Japanese poetry, but chiefly a poet—author of "Natural Numbers" and other volumes. He lives in San Francisco.

be worth serious attention. Also, there is in contemporary poetry such a wide range of styles, such diversity of schools, that editors and publishers tend to be uncertain of their ability to choose; they either avoid doing so at all, or choose conventionally. The best poetry will continue to be introduced by the noncommercial publishers, to the extent that their owners and editors feel strongly enough about individual poets, or the obligation to give poets a chance in print, to back their own preferences and handle the economic problems as best they can.

I have an . . . impression that poetry at the present time is passing through a period of experiment, above all the experiment of trying to see how much of reality can be presented "poetically" —that is, organized from a point of view infused with intelligent passion—while disregarding the cosmetics, hairdos, and rehearsed postures inherited from the past. This fine and necessary experiment has resulted in some losses, through discarding too much of the inherited legitimate resources of poetry in the determination to "walk naked," and has not yet (or so I think) produced the exceptional poets under forty who may yet appear.

A university publisher is likely to think that the publication of excellent poetry is a natural part of his role, even though it means a financial loss.

Publishers are notoriously ignorant where poetry is concerned and do not trust their judgment. Therefore they must depend on experts who are often "big names," established poets. This is especially unfortunate, since established poets either have pets they push, or are just humane. Many a mediocre poet comes to a publisher with lots of sweet things said about his work by name poets; commercial publishers occasionally will do one of their novelist's "slim vols" of poetry just to keep him happy.

We are aware that it is difficult to build a good poetry list. Therefore we have decided not to enter into competition with other university presses which have considerable strength in this field. Rather, we have published heavily in other humanistic areas with seeming equal need for publication outlet, including books of criticism on poets such as cummings, Stevens, Eliot, and Thomas, and an anthology.

Despite your mentioning ours as "prestige" items (attributing this opinion to us), we are serious about publishing poetry—and do not simply publish an occasional book of verse, at a predictable loss, to balm our souls or to make a gesture to culture or to create a tax loss. Perhaps if our motives were different, we wouldn't work so hard at keeping the quality up.

Another way of saying what you've said is, I think, that many first books are published by a variety of publishers, but that the important poets ultimately are published by the larger publishers. What's wrong with that? The fact that many young poets (and novelists and artists etc.) do not fulfill their promise is axiomatic. Those who do succeed become true literary properties; the noncommercial, university press, and avant-garde publishers cannot then compete (if they even should) with the larger publishers.

I certainly don't object to publishing (not necessarily here, however!) mediocre poets so long as the good ones are published too. And *that* is, to my mind, the trick: cast the net wide enough to catch genius.

Specialists in Avant-garde Writing:

I would suggest that, especially since Wall Street has invaded publishing, poetry has been ignored as noncommercial—not good business. First books of poetry are traditionally slight and their possible sales would not warrant investment in publicity. When prestige or corporate image requires the publication of a certain proportion of poetry titles, I believe that editors who are nondiscriminating and who have no serious interest in poetry will choose only traditional conventional, obvious, noncontroversial material.

There is only one reason to publish poetry, and that is a conviction of taste.

Trade Publishers:

In the Great Society in which we are all caught today, [a book] would have to warrant a printing of 5,000 copies to begin with and that, I fear, would not be possible with most of the poetry I see today. But I shall continue to read and hope.

Trade presses don't want to bother with short-run books. From the editorial point of view some poets—the ones who have not previously had a collection published—are a real headache to work with: letters or phone calls practically daily for months. And time is money, even though we can't figure into the cost of a book all the time that is wasted dislodging the poet from our hair.

My theory is that poets, like painters, musicians, sculptors, dancers, etc. have gone so private that the public puts up a defense and rejects them completely even when potentially they might well enjoy them or some of them, or aspects of some of them. Maybe the poetry readings will reestablish contact.

I just don't agree that this is so. . . . I would have thought that the important poets were published by larger publishers from the beginning. It's possible that I'm wrong about this; the people I've followed from the very beginning have been the agent Curtis Brown's authors, such as Auden and Spender, who certainly were published by larger publishers from the beginning.* We published A first and B , and we think they're good no matter what other people might think. Both these people would seem to me to be serious poets who are going to sell in the future. It's true that C ——, whose second book we are

*They weren't in England.—K.R.

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nothing that is wrong in principle
can be right in practice.
carl schurz, 1829-1906

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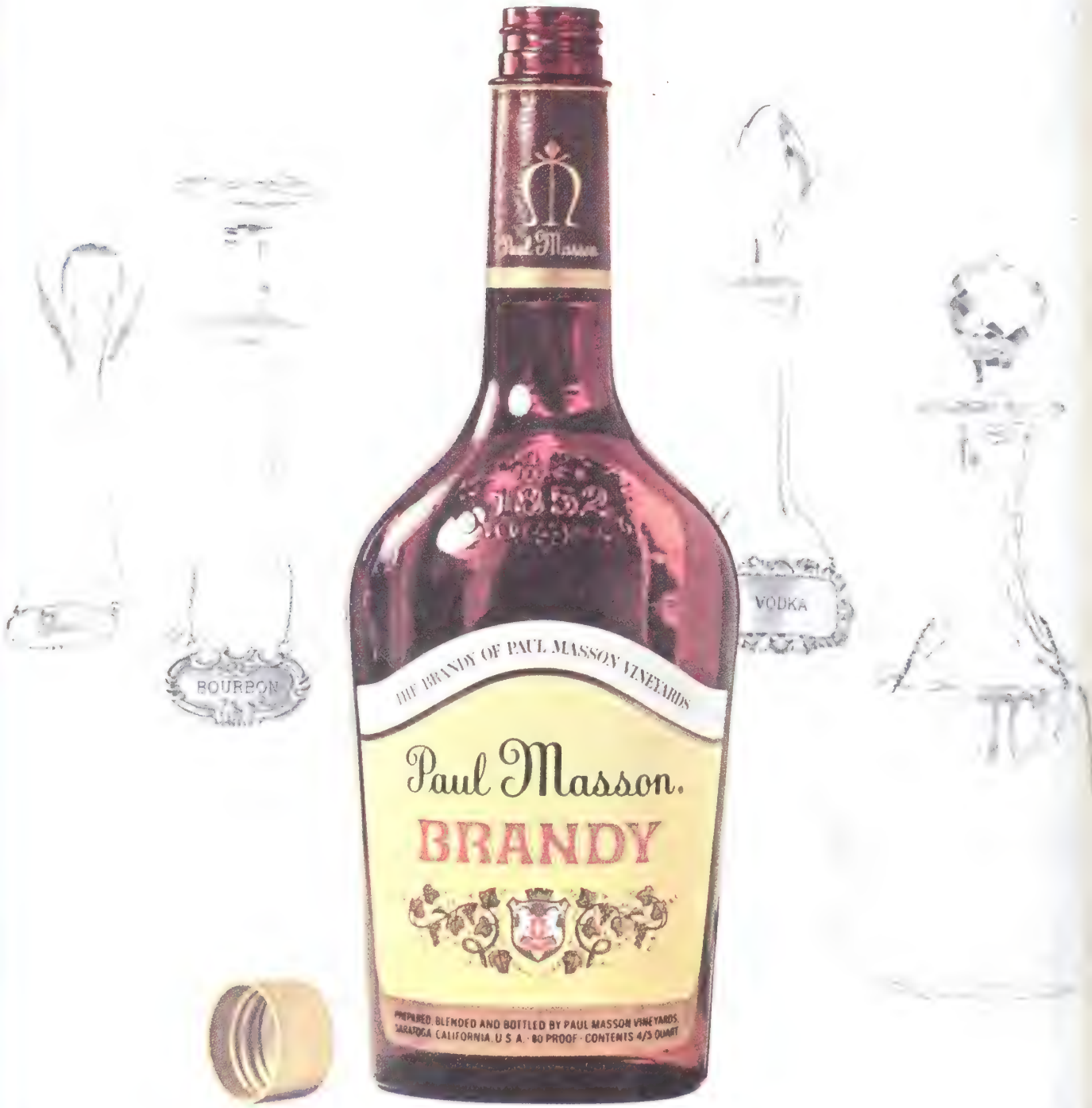


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doing, was published first by _____ State and D _____ by University of _____,* but in neither case were we offered the work of these poets until their first book had been taken. I think if there is any theory that I hold, it is that frequently young poets don't realize that they have as good a chance to be published by a large house that does go in for poetry as by anybody else.

The economics of poetry publishing is that a book by an American poet, except the half-dozen famous ones, will sell 600 to 1,000 copies in the trade edition and incur a certain loss of $3,000 to $4,000 for the publisher. Publishers expect poetry to lose money. If they publish poetry (except for the few widely accepted poets) they regard the money lost as contributions to a conscience fund.

Published, Salaried, Founded

So much for the publishers; now for the poets. How do poets live? Do any of them live exclusively off their poetry? Do many live by writing at all? If not, what do they do? The answers are simple. Only Allen Ginsberg lives exclusively on his poetry, from royalties and readings. Most of Ogden Nash's income comes from his poetry. Langston Hughes lives by writing, but he makes more money from the theater than from poetry. I live by writing but most of this income is from highbrow journalism. We are the only ones I've been able to find.

I doubt if Ginsberg's income exceeds the first rung of the income-tax ladder. I have excluded persons dependent on their spouses. There are a couple of housewives who could probably support themselves from their poetry, notably Phyllis McGinley, and there are a number of young bohemians who live on their wives or mistresses—male or female—but this is a region where sociological inquiry would constitute an invasion of privacy and lead to meager and misleading results.

Most American poets, including the avant-garde and those under thirty-five, are academicians. Robert Creeley, Denise Levertov, and LeRoi Jones are just as much part of the Establishment as Archibald MacLeish or Robert Lowell. Salaries for poets teaching routine English courses, creative writing, or occupying Chairs of Poetry range from $4,000 a year to over $20,000. These salaries, except at the very top, are those for a full teaching load. Some poets teach only just enough to get by. Others are teaching assistants and in some schools are paid very little, and in a few paid nothing. For holders of fellowships the minimum is about $600 a year. This minimum may seem astonishingly low but we forget the small colleges in the American Balkans.

A few poets—John Ciardi, Robert Lowell, Lawrence Ferlinghetti are examples—could live modestly on their income from poetry alone if they so chose. My own royalties from poetry alone average $100 a month, year in, year out, and I suppose I could live on it if I didn't have a family. All sorts of people do. This is about a median income from royalties for a successful poet—a little more than most of the older Establishment, whose books in fact do not sell very well, and a little less than the new Establishment, some of whom sell very well indeed.

A few poets live by work in no way related to literature. The outstanding examples a generation ago were William Carlos Williams, a successful small-city doctor, and Wallace Stevens, a wealthy insurance executive. There are fewer and fewer people of this kind. The population explosion, the culture explosion, and the education explosion have overwhelmed the seceders from society at the bottom and the gentlemen of letters at the top. The demand for the services which the poet can provide society is simply too great to permit withdrawal.

Archibald MacLeish, if he chose, could certainly be a very successful lawyer and "write on the side" as he did in his youth. For years he held the most prestigious literary-academic job in the country. Before that he was Librarian of Congress. Richard Eberhart resigned from an executive position in business to take a poetry chair at Dartmouth. At the other end of the economic scale, Gary Snyder, who is a Zen monk, whose life motto is "Don't own anything you can't leave out in the rain," taught last year at the University of California. Philip Whalen, who has always lived on minimum part-time jobs, is now teaching English in Japan. The largest percentage of people living by ordinary jobs and writing poetry is probably to be found amongst young Negro poets, but even here academic demand exceeds supply.

There is no reason why poets should not work as columnists, critics, and highbrow journalists generally, as they do in France. The newspapers and magazines would be glad to get them, but the social alienation which goes with the practice of poetry in America has prevented the poet from developing skills of this kind. To the best of my

*This man in fact was first published by himself, then by small California presses, then by a cooperative in a conscientious objectors' camp. Finally his eighth but first hardcover book was published by the oldest avant-garde specialist—on my persistent recommendation. It took ten years of steady nagging to get the woman who is now universally recognized as America's leading postwar poet accepted by even an avant-garde house.—K.R.

knowledge, I am the only person in the United States who writes anything like *Les Bloc-notes* of André Maurois except Norman Mailer's column that was published in *The Village Voice*. I guess it's a long time since Norman wrote much poetry.

No important American poet at the present time makes a living writing fiction. The last persons to do this successfully are the English poet, C. Day Lewis, who writes detective stories under another name, and Henry Treece, who wrote historical novels. The fact that these people are English points to the reason it is not done in America. American publishing of fiction is so obnoxiously commercialized that it is repugnant to the type of sensibility that turns to poetry. Then, too, there is another objection the poet has to living by writing of any kind. As Moses said to the lady who asked how he grew such a beautiful beard, "I don't shave every day."

Whether the cause is the American tax structure, guilty conscience, or genuine benevolence, we now live in a time of foundation explosion too. There are more foundations today in America giving away money than there are worthy recipients, and the givers miss most of the latter. The commonest American abroad is *le foundation bum*, nasalized and pronounced as in French. There are quite a few people who write verse who manage to go from foundation grant to foundation grant never touching ground, and unlike Antaeus, ever gathering strength. Although it's possible to retire for life to the Greek Isles on the savings from a series of cleverly managed grants, the verse produced by these people never seems to be much good, except for one woman who is one of America's better poets and who, to the best of my knowledge, has not been un-granted since 1945.

Singing for Their Supper

So much for the economics of the practice of poetry as we have always known it. Outside this world altogether, a new kind of poetry is growing up in a new kind of society. Poetry plays as important a role as jazz in the ever-proliferating subculture which challenges the American Way of Life at every point -the New Youth, the New Left -the mass disaffiliation which so frightens the writers of sociological editorials.

Poetry reading on the poetry circuits of the Establishment is at least as profitable as ever was vaudeville. Any established poet can ask and receive fees from $500 to $1,000 an appearance, thus nuzzling the heels of concert stars on the rung above him. Poetry readings are immensely popular in all the more civilized colleges and Mr. Robert Dylan draws larger audiences than any other assembly performer including Dr. Edward Teller.

There is another world of poetry readings altogether. Ferlinghetti, Ginsberg, and Dylan form the only bridge from one world to another. I have no idea what Bob Dylan's record sales are, but Ferlinghetti's *Coney Island of the Mind* alone had sold 135,000 copies a year or two ago and went into a new printing of 45,000. It sells at the rate of 40,000 a year and has been translated into Swedish, Danish, Polish, Russian, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Czech, Slovak, Serbian, at least, not counting pirated editions in the Orient and in the smaller Iron Curtain countries. Ferlinghetti's other books sell 20,000 a year altogether. Ginsberg's *Howl* has sold 85,000 in the U. S.A. alone. *Kaddish* has sold 20,000. *Reality Sandwiches* 10,000. Outside the United States there are editions of Ginsberg in almost all the civilized languages and in several semi-civilized ones, where he has usually been pirated. Dylan Thomas's sales are still about equal to Ginsberg's or Ferlinghetti's and he was one of the most popular "platform personalities" in American history--but not in Great Britain.

Far more important than their large sales, readings by Ginsberg, Ferlinghetti, Gary Snyder are mass demonstrations where the charisma practically reeks, and could be bottled and sold. In the new subculture, no longer very submerged, these poets have founded a new way of life. In countless coffee shops and community pads people gather nightly, play Ornette Coleman, John Handy, Cecil Taylor, Archie Shepp, with the hi-fi turned up all the way, beat congas and guitars polyrhythmically, and recite their own poetry. Usually this poetry has no life beyond the immediate occasion. Sometimes small groups, essentially neighborhood communities in the analogues of New York's East Village and San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district which are springing up all over the country, get together and put out duplicated publications of their own poems. Sometimes they even manage a hand press and produce a regular magazine. The girls set type; the fellows turn the cranks; babies crawl on the floor and cats tip over the fonts.

The first magazine of this kind from such a circle was *The Ark*, published just after World War II by the San Francisco Anarchist Circle. Since 1946 its progeny are numbered in thousands, but they still come from the same kind of group (although nobody [illegible] to call himself an anarchist anymore) and are produced in the same circumstances in the same cold-water flats. Like the old French-Canadian threat of winning

the battle of the cradle, this is a revolution which hopes to win simply by outliving and outbreeding the squares. The day may well come when the mass effect of such literature, oral and fugitively printed, will far outweigh that of *Harper's Magazine* or even the *New York Times*, or even both of them put together.

In this world there are no economic problems. This is the world of Post-Theobald Man. Like the women in the third generation on Aid to Dependent Children in the subsidized housing projects, these people not only accept their redundancy, they glory in it. Nobody works any more than enough to get his unemployment insurance. The standard of living is exactly that of the unsophisticated redundants—two pairs of blue jeans a year in Appalachian fashion, welfare cuisine of lots of rice and beans, and wine at $1.30 a gallon. Where the records and books come from, I don't know. I guess they're stolen. Paintings, like the poetry, are authentic products of cottage industry.

This is a revolutionary movement which has substituted for "Workers of the World Unite! You Have Nothing to Lose But Your Chains," "Please Let Me Alone Man; I Just Want to Do Nice Things." Innocuous as this might seem as a revolutionary slogan, it is a specter that is haunting Europe and America, and Asia as well. In Prague there is a coffee shop called "The Cellar" where Ferlinghetti is recited to records by Thelonious Monk.

Why So Many Care

Poetry, probably because it is the one art most difficult to turn into a commodity, is the focus of life in this world. An equally important reason is that contemporary disaffiliation is essentially a religious challenge to the universal hypocrisy of the Social Lie, and poetry, of all the arts, can give the most specific, most overt, most challenging, expression to religious values. Beginning with *Howl*, which is a poem by a *nabi* of the New York subway, strictly in Allen Ginsberg's own tradition, that of the Hebrew prophets, most of the poetry of the subculture of secession has been religious and its practitioners have been devoted to the theological virtues—voluntary poverty, sexual honesty, and obedience to personal integrity.

In such a culture, particularly if it is floated by, rather than submerged in, an effluent society like our own, economic questions wither away more rapidly than Lenin's State. The significant poetry of the youngest generation escapes altogether from the strictures of the dismal science. These are the people who have walked into the Great Society uninvited, without even turning down an invitation to the White House. They have taken possession of the social results of the cybernetic future.

Political organizations that represent one pole or the other of the vast evil try to use this subculture without success. Turnouts like the great Vietnam Day protests in Berkeley are not led by Trotskyites-Maoists on the Vietnam Day Committee, but are tailed by them, and it is significant that the apparatchiki cannot get along with the poets of protest.

It is the essence of the culture of the Disestablishment that it is self-supporting in the sense that its producers and consumers are one. Of course, ultimately the bill for their subsistence is footed by the taxpayers, but then, so is Edward Teller's.

The myths are: (1) the publishing of poetry in America does not pay. (2) It confers prestige on a publisher's list. (3) The kind of people who get jobs as publishers' readers are capable of selecting it. (4) Nobody reads that avant-garde poetry which doesn't make any sense, like Gertrude Stein and Maxwell Bodenheim. (5) What the public wants and would buy in large quantities if it were offered them is that nice, old-timey poetry which rhymes and which is so easy to understand, like Keats' Odes and Shakespeare's Sonnets.

The facts are: (1) Poetry does sell. (2) Since a small book of verse selling at four dollars costs less to print than a 250-page novel at the same price, and is never allotted the same promotion and other overhead, if the verse sells at all it is proportionately sufficiently profitable. (3) Much of the poetry published by the large publishing houses is written by married and unmarried maiden ladies of both sexes and only makes for a moment of levity in publishers' catalogues. (4) This must be due to the fact that few people connected with publishing read poetry for pleasure.

Good poets appear in the lists of most big publishers by accident, and are usually dropped after one book. Most of them are published because the publisher hopes to persuade the poet to write a novel, even though anthropology and archaeology are today safer bets than fiction, and good poetry that any cultivated person could pick is safer than either of them. (5) Only avant-garde poetry sells or ever has—except Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Alice Duer Miller. Only Frost of these three sold steadily till the end of his life, while *Leaves of Grass* has sold out edition after edition year after year from the day of its publication. Ogden Nash could hardly be called a conventional poet. True, he rhymes. But when? But how?

Harper's Magazine, February 1967

How It Is—

THE SCIENCE JUNGLE *by Paul Saltman*

Young scientists grow up in "a fundamentally anti-intellectual culture" and then move on into a "frenetic and frustrating existence." Or so it seems to one angry and disillusioned biochemist.

A couple of years ago I became involved on a panel for the Western Psychological Association which was about something called "The Psyche of a Scientist." It turned into a kind of psychodrama because here were all these psychologists, sociologists, and anthropologists, but I was the only real live scientist. The tribe I belong to is called biochemistry, which is sort of a subgroup in the pecking order of science somewhere below physical chemistry and above geology. And what I was listening to was a fantasy, or, you might say, the results of a con job by the natives on some poor hapless explorers who did not understand the terrain at all.

There was one speaker who had surveyed the psychological patterns of nine hundred undergraduates and then run correlations on the Minnesota Multiphasic Test of their attitudes and concerns, and individuality, and intercourse with girls, and why they dropped out of Cal Tech and went to UCLA. Another fellow from a place called the Institute for Creativity had done his correlations on some scientists in industry and why they were good guys or bad guys, or did they conform and shoot good golf, and were they rising in their companies. The third panelist, who also writes books about the scientific psyche, had interviewed some seventy famous scientists along the coast of California, and talked about their deep feelings for humanity and how they all want to understand nature and make some small contribution to the greatness all about us.

Now I know these guys she interviewed. And I knew what they told her was not true. It was their fantasy of what they would like to think they are. So when my turn came, I said, "Look, pals, here's the real world. Here's the jungle in which I live." I was annoyed that none of these panelists truly understood the frenetic and frustrating existence of the scientist in America today. And I'd like to explain why.

Let's start with the world in which young scientists grow up. It's a fundamentally anti-intellectual culture. Of course we boast a lot about being scientifically oriented and worry about Sputnik, psychedelic drugs, and the two cultures. But if you want to see what really concerns human beings in our society, all you have to do is dial your favorite TV station.

Our scientist-to-be grows up in this society, and the people who are supposed to teach him science are as anti-intellectual types as you can find anywhere. I've spent a lot of time teaching high-school science teachers and hoping maybe that some of them would be turned on about the greatness of science. But it doesn't happen often enough. Because you see, most of these people are coaches whose teams started losing, so they took up teaching modern biology. And they are absolutely noninvolved. I remember one time I was sitting on a surfboard with an old colleague who used to play basketball with me in high school, and was a coach for a while, and I said, "Bill, how do you like teaching science?" (His teams had lost.) He said, "Well, what the hell, I manage to keep three or four pages ahead of the class." It never entered his head to do anything so highbrow as read *Scientific American*, n[o]less drop in at my lab to see what s[o]going on.

The students don't learn anyth[ing] about science from teachers like t[hat] And their anti-intellectual par[ents] pound them with the idea that the [only] thing in life is financial security [and] the good All-American ethic, w[hat]ever that is. The kids know t[hat] sooner or later they're going to h[ave] to take the College Board exams [and] seek admission to a prestigious u[ni]versity. So they start when they'[re] very young to worship the Great [God] Grades. And the smart thing is [to] stay away from tough, challeng[ing] subjects like science.

By the time they wander int[o] university where I first see them [as] freshmen, their attitude toward s[ci]ence is abominable. Their image o[f] scientist is a scrawny runt whose [only] purpose in life is to synthesize a c[om]pound which when injected into be[au]tiful blondes turns them into goril[las] They are absolutely illiterate in [the] language of science, which is ba[sed] on the vocabulary of mathemat[ics] The last thing they want to be i[s] science major with four labs that t[ie] up all afternoon when the coach s[ays] be out on the field at two if you w[ant] to be a football hero.

Professor Saltman, who teaches [bio]chemistry at the University of So[uth]ern California, Los Angeles, m[ade] these observations informally in a t[alk] to the National Association of Scie[nce] Writers. His own research centers [on] diseases of humans at the molecu[lar] level.

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and three-dimensional teacher
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ge in science. The student knows
that to be a real scientist he has to be called "doctor," because if he stops at the bachelor's degree, he's a dropout or a lab technician.

So he goes to grad school. And he finds out that the professors use their students as a form of semi-slave labor. This is a terrible evil, but it is not hard to see why it exists. To support a student in a graduate program as a research assistant costs about $3,000 a year plus tuition (much less than a good tackle). And where did you the "professor" get the money? You got it by asking one of Lyndon's agencies, or some nice philanthropic organization like the John A. Hartford Foundation, which believes in encouraging science. You hold out your hand and they lay the gold on it and the minute the gold touches your palm they say, "What did you do for me lately? Where are the publications? How many meetings are you presenting your paper at? When was the last time your picture was on the cover of *Life*?"

What do you do? You go into the lab with a stick and go whop! across the graduate student's back and say, "Where's the data? Where are the numbers? Where are the publications? I don't give a damn if you love science, but grind out the numbers! Kill the rats! Chop up the spinach leaves! Where's my enzyme?"

Now when a student is under this kind of pressure his feeling for science as a love affair, science as a quest for knowledge, joy, beauty, and pleasure, is stamped out on about the fourth day. Don't forget that at the same time you're demanding data, you're demanding that he pass courses and examinations and write propositions and stand for oral



"Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink! Drink!
Where the hell are the potato chips?"

exams. This last is a curious phenomenon which makes the auto-da-fé of the Spanish Inquisition look tame.

The majority who survive this combination of ordeals become what I call trivial scientists. Instead of making positive contributions by asking meaningful questions and answering a few of them, they will be stamp collectors, obfuscators, and polishers. For some professors have conditioned these Pavlovian creatures to understand that they too, the day they exit from the lab, have to get grants and start their students collecting data for them so they can go to meetings and show slides and be hailed as heroes, and maintain the cyclic ritual.

Our hypothetical student has, at any rate, now become a member of the scientific tribe, complete with union card. He soon finds that his tribe is egomaniacal in structure, that everybody knows exactly where everybody else stands in the hierarchical order of things. Even if you're a nonmember, an outlander, and happen to drop in on a meeting of the American Chemical Society, the American Physical Society or the Biochemical Society, you can't help seeing who's making it. The heroes are playing the big stage, while the peasants are doing the Friday afternoon ten-minute talk in the men's room in the basement of the convention center. The chiefs are up in the big ballroom with the spotlights on. So, to perform in the center ring of the circus becomes the drive of our young scientist, and my drive too. For my ego is as great as the next man's, and I want to play the big hall in Atlantic City, to be carried on shoulders, and to go to Stockholm on the King's money.

Such symbols are so real in this tribe, and so mixed up with the way each tribe member lives and breathes, that when someone thinks he's not getting his share of adulation there is an awful tendency to whore out. One fast way of doing this is to fake data. I've been involved peripherally in such horror stories, and although these had happy endings (they were discovered and corrected) there is no reason to believe fraud is always punished.

There was a student who faked the data of his Ph.D. thesis, published with his professor as coauthor, and they both became famous. In the tribal tradition, the young man went off to his postdoctoral research in a most distinguished laboratory where he and his mentor published a second series of papers—all fraud. Other research workers in a nearby laboratory in the course of related experiments could not repeat the work. In a confrontation of a most weird and vicious sort, the very week before the postdoctoral fellow was to appear on the main stage at the big annual tribal rites, he was cast out from the tribe. Prizes have been awarded for outstanding research, much of which was actually refuted or retracted in the very speech of acceptance, although the check and medal were never returned. Or, as happened recently, a noted biochemist had to stand before his colleagues at a national meeting and retract a postdoctoral fellow's publications on which his name had appeared as coauthor.

These stories only typify a polar extreme of a situation all of us live in. Of course, you *should* work at science with holy objectivity. But by God, you get a theory, it's beautiful, you love it, and if the colorimeter doesn't just record the results you want, you sort of give the machine a little shove, you know, like the pinball player. Or you don't do that particular control experiment which is essential for proving your theory because what if it came out all wrong? For years you go along this way, dishonest to yourself, but not willing to admit to errors and thus lose what status you have in the science tribe.

Maybe you're too scrupulous to fake data, then why not steal it? Once while I was still a grad student, a very notable chemist from another university wandered into the lab where I was working with two lovely characters, postdoctoral fellows who were responsible for my indoctrination in the world of biochemistry. This famous man walked in the door and said, "Hey, whatcha doing?" and we said, "Well, you know we've got this and this and this, and we got this enzyme and the enzyme does the following things," and he said, "Hmmm, that's very interesting. I've been working in the same area and I didn't see any of those things." So we showed him the data books and discussed them fully with him. And we read all about our results in an article under his byline three months later in a scientific journal. We later learned he h begged, borrowed, or stolen from o ers on numerous occasions.

The worst evil inherent in wanti to be a hero isn't that it makes che and fakers out of some scientists, is the corrupting influence of t negative values attached to teachi and communicating science. T worst thing is its effect on the ne generation of scientists who ought be learning to love science. Because course you don't get to be a hero teaching. So we leave the teachin mostly—to the clods who haven't t ego drive to make it as scientists; know scientists—Nobel Prize winne —who refuse to take mere gradua students into their laboratories. ' takes too much time to educate a gra uate student," one of them told m "He's no good to me for two yea Send me your good postdoctoral f lows after you've trained them." A I told him to go to hell.

Well—all this is the seamy side science. There are other horr stories too—university politics, h to kill a dean before the dean kills y how to muscle into your best frien laboratory space, etc. But they are f another time.

Why bother to say all these ug things out loud? I say them becaus believe science is a fantastic and wo derful way of life. That the joy th can come from learning new ideas, t exploration of new relationships in living system or in an atom or in molecule more than compensates f the fact that your car is not a Cadill and you don't live in the fancie house in town. There are men in s ence—the ones I love—who feel t same about it. But there are n enough of them. And that's why I a still, as I started out, outspoken concerned. I think that is probab the healthiest way to feel right at th moment.

Until we become aware of the evils of big science we cannot hope eradicate them. Until we eliminate f covert dishonesty, until we st crushing the precious creativity students and trainees, until we ward and honor those men who ge erate, nurture, and foster the love science in themselves and their as ciates, until we hold up a true mirr to reflect the psyche of the scienti science will stay a jungle.

Harper's Magazine, Februar



Nabokov Redivivus

by Peter Buitenhuis

Speak, Memory: An Autobiography Revisited, by Vladimir Nabokov. Illustrated. Putnam, $6.

Escape into Aesthetics: The Art of Vladimir Nabokov, by Page Stegner. Dial, $4.50.

Regarding himself as if he were some ancient and distinguished contemporary, Nabokov continues to edit and republish earlier versions of his own work. His most recent book is the third edition of his autobiography published in the United States as *Conclusive Evidence* (1951), as *Speak, Memory* (1960), and now again as *Speak, Memory: An Autobiography Revisited*.

This latest edition has been copiously revised and amended since Nabokov's return to Europe, where he has consulted with relatives and other survivors of the *ancien régime* in Russia. Unlike most autobiographers, he has not been content merely to listen with the inner ear to memory's tape recorder. He has played it back alongside every scrap of corroborative evidence he could find. He has even dropped some details from the earlier versions that could not be verified. This emphasis on the facts of his life has not at all compromised the artistic merits of the original. Even in the much-expanded section on his genealogy, he has repeatedly fleshed the bare bones of historical data with hilarious anecdotes and with a felicity of style that makes *Speak, Memory* a constant pleasure to read.

Confirmed Nabokovians will relish the further clues and references to his fictional works that shine like nuggets in the silver stream of his prose. A great-grandfather, he will be pleased to learn, participated in a mapping expedition to Nova Zembla, where "Nabokov's River" is named after him. There are further analogies between Nabokov's fiction and his two other passions, lepidoptery and chess. He writes at one point on his own technique of composing chess problems: "Deceit, to the point of diabolism, and originality, verging on the grotesque, were my notions of strategy; and although in matters of construction I tried to conform, whenever possible, to classical rules, such as economy of force, unity, weeding out of loose ends, I was always ready to sacrifice purity of form to the exigencies of fantastic content, causing form to bulge and burst like a sponge-bag containing a small furious devil." What better thumbnail sketch could be made of the technique of *Pale Fire*?

On the other hand, the reader who searches in *Speak, Memory* for the influences on Nabokov's English prose is on a hopeless butterfly hunt. There are references enough to authors, but most of them are the Russian poets whom he imitated in his youth. Among the writers of English only the author of boys' books, Captain Mayne Reid, appears with any intensity. Joyce's name is dropped casually, but creates fewer apparent ripples on the pool of memory than the unknown author of an English grammar all about Ben, Dan, Sam, and Ned.

This fascinating problem of Nabokov's sources is dealt with in cavalier fashion by Page Stegner in the first book-length study of his work in English: *Escape into Aesthetics*. "If one searches for influences on Nabokov's forming literary tastes," Stegner writes, "it might be better to ignore Proust and Kafka and Joyce and begin rather with 'Uncle Ruka'" —who was a poetic and puzzle-loving relative. But a critic cannot ignore such things. Stegner's further, talismanic, reference to "Conrad, Ford, Woolf, James, and Faulkner" does not clarify the issue. If Nabokov's career is an escape into aesthetics, it is necessary to know some of the rope ladders, magic carpets, or trapdoors that he used to evade the cops of commitment, the *Polizei* of politics, the sentinels of morality, or whatever.

There are other gaps in Stegner's short study. Although he begins admirably by relating the earlier version of *Speak, Memory* to Nabokov's creative life and by writing perceptively about his technique and style in a general way, he does not give sufficient space to individual works. In particular, he badly slights that endlessly interesting book, *Pale Fire*. He ignores books originally written in Russian and since translated, even that key novel, *The Defense*. There are also irritating minor errors, like the comma persistently omitted from *Speak, Memory* and references to a book by James Joyce which he calls *Finnigan's Wake*. *Escape into Aes-*

Mr. Buitenhuis, professor of English at the University of Toronto, is teaching this year in Berkeley at the University of California.

thetics thus seems to present a scarred amputee instead of the whole writer, Vladimir Nabokov.

Mr. Stegner does raise in connection with *Pale Fire* a question which is of importance in assessing Nabokov's work. Does his concern with form, style, and fantastic complexity overcome his concern with moral truth and valid experience? Does he in this novel, as in others, betray what Henry James called "the sacred office" of the novelist by intruding like a Trollope into his own narrative and destroying the illusion of reality? To tackle these problems would take us much further than a short review allows. It may be provisionally said that Nabokov cannot take the novel form with the earnest sense of its importance that the earlier masters in the genre took for granted. To him it appears to be, after all, another game, albeit an elaborate and complex one like chess.

Speak, Memory escapes this question. Although Nabokov is concerned here, as in his fiction, with patterns and puzzles, he is still more concerned with real experience. In this final version, his autobiography has gone through a double distillation—from experience into art and from art back into experience again—that leaves the reader as with the savor and bouquet of the finest old liqueur. It remains for us to sip, let the words intricately fall onto the palate, and enjoy the aftertaste of one of the greatest masters of English prose since Conrad.

Fitzgerald as Teacher

by Andrew Turnbull

College of One, by Sheilah Graham. Viking, $5.95.

College of One is Sheilah Graham's third book of reminiscences linking her with F. Scott Fitzgerald in the final Hollywood years, which seem, in retrospect, a moving and not inappropriate coda to his gay, profligate, tormented, and nobly striving life. He had always regretted his failure to make the most of his college education, though of course like any fine artist he was a prodigious self-educator who went on learning and growing till the end. With much of the teacher in him as well, he liked to mold, challenge, and improve the human material around him. Sheilah Graham, reared in poverty in London's East End, had left school at fourteen, and Fitzgerald decided to exercise on her his theories of what a liberal education should be. Miss Graham was a syndicated Hollywood columnist, but she felt unlettered in the presence of the writers and intellectuals Fitzgerald was used to consorting with, which gave his experiment an added point, for he was profoundly considerate and buttressing of those he loved.

While chiefly concerned with the curriculum, *College of One* retraces some of the ground in Miss Graham's first memoir, *Beloved Infidel*: her girlhood in an orphanage, this time with emphasis on her studies; her broken marriage with an unsuccessful businessman twenty-five years her senior; her rise in society and the career in journalism that brought her to America; her meeting with Fitzgerald and the unfolding of their romance, obstructed by occasional hassles when he was drinking. In the background of this as of her other books is Fitzgerald's wife, whom he loyally stood by and could never put out of his thoughts for long though she was lost to him in mental illness. "If only you and I had met earlier," Miss Graham quotes Fitzgerald as saying. "Zelda and I were wrong for each other from the start." Perhaps —but Zelda was Fitzgerald's *coup de foudre*, the fatality of his prime, whose sane strangeness and orphic flights echoed his own depths. An original of rare distinction as her letters and her flawed novel proclaim, she was really an arm of his talent, not only providing him with much material by unexpected word and deed, but exalting him—at times hurting him—into poetry, and in the end, by her piteous breakdown, forcing him to take a long look at tragedy. Without her, his hold on our minds and hearts would be much less.

Fitzgerald College by-passed mathematics, science, and languages, and his knowledge of classical music was so shaky that he got his secretary's brother, a symphony conductor, to decide which composers should be studied in the music-appreciation course. There was a smattering of art, but the basic ingredients were history (largely of the survey variety) and literature, with Spengler's *Decline of the West* as the capstone. Miss Graham records some arresting *obiter dicta*. Fitzgerald called Colette's *Cheri* "the only story of a 'gigolo' I have ever been interested to read or feel to be true. It is a brilliant work of character portrayal a comedy in a genre new to us and full of a slightly macabre fascination.' Pointing out that it was Balboa, not "stout Cortez," who had stood "silent upon a peak in Darien," Fitzgerald added, "When an immortal like Keats makes a mistake, that too is immortal." He thought Swinburne's "Atlanta in Calydon," which he had quoted in *This Side of Paradise*, "the fullest and most talented use of *beau* in the English language. The *dancing est* poem."

From this conspectus of Fitzgerald's reading we see more clearly than ever that his mind was not systematic philosophic, or conceptual—except as worldly wisdom is philosophy—but inescapably literary. It was a roving plundering mind, swift and deft in concrete analogy, like that of his master, Keats. One of Fitzgerald's favorite subjects was military history and loath to discuss his books while he was writing them, he had given his editor the hint that the motif of *Tender Is the Night* was drawn from Ludendorff's *Memoirs*. When the Germans were moving up the guns for the spring offensive of 1918, Ludendorff said, "The song of the frogs on the river drowned the rumble of our artillery." In other words, beneath the Divers' beautiful veneer lurked deadliness and horror. That parallelism was the Fitzgerald touch.

Mr. Turnbull is author of a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald and editor of his letters. He is now completing a biography of Thomas Wolfe.

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New Music, Old Words

by Benjamin Boretz

Stravinsky: The Composer and His Works, by Eric Walter White. University of California Press, $18.
I Am a Composer, by Arthur Honegger. Translated from the French by Wilson O. Clough in collaboration with Allan Arthur Willman. St. Martin's Press, $4.95.

For almost sixty years, the public image of the "modern" composer has been virtually localized in the name and figure of Stravinsky. The extent of his predominance is overwhelming; compare, for example, the almost total public nonconsciousness of such masters as Schoenberg and Webern, whose gigantic imprint on the music of the immediate past and present is equally unmistakable. Yet it has been Stravinsky's flair for self-presentation, his association with the ballet,



his status as the promulgator of the world's champion music scandal, and not inconsiderably his incredibly lively and extended longevity rather than any attachment to, or even awareness of, his music that have accounted for his great réclame.

The biographer-exegete who wishes to convey the qualities of Stravinsky's career is therefore confronted by a complex situation. For, to begin with, the indifference and, frequently, a pathy with which almost every Stravinsky composition since *F bird* has been received and the sence from the "regular" con repertory of any Stravinsky v composed after the *Sacre du F temps* impose formidable burden conceptual insight and percep evocation on any attempt at ve description. The problems inherer a large-scale synthesis for nonspe ist readers are proportionately s gering.

And even the task of descril Stravinsky's work in terms of its p tion within the musical world sents a difficult problem. For multiplicity of significances his w has assumed, and the variety pretexts for sometimes violently a pathetic musical positions that it successively—and often simultane ly—provided, are surely unparall elsewhere in contemporary crea thought.

There has been, for example, Stravinsky of the neoclassic i logues, whose flag is that "pan tonic" surface of his music from Octet to *The Rake's Progress*– Stravinsky of Nadia Boulanger many of her American students. the same time, there has been the more essential Stravinsky of the found reexamination of tradit from the tradition of Russian m to that of tonality to that classic in the works of Schoenberg and W ern—a Stravinsky who compleme Schoenberg in creating a new, m dimensional musical syntax whose plications are wholly independent any surface "manner." And there too, the Stravinsky whose utteran and performances have revolutioni the composer's relation to public performer, whose insistence on

Mr. Boretz is a composer and cr of music, a member of the music ulty at New York University, and tor of "Perspectives of New Mus

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self-sufficiency of a musical obje created an atmosphere in which can be discussed and presented product of the same creative rat ity that explores and expand range of human capacity in all mensions.

Nor can one fully measure Str sky's presence in the musical without considering the ironies later years as a remarkable ana nism whose newest works still "advanced" discoveries as provoc as any in our time. But Stravins the sole survivor—by almost a ter-century—of the last composit generation for whom the avenu public prominence were still avai and he has spent that quarter-ce in bewildered isolation from hi leagues, unable to perceive the and relevance or even, one fears existence of the new musical vit emerging in the American unive where his work, in its entire r is as powerful a generative for ever.

I have mentioned these essentia mensions of Stravinsky's musica ography because none of them pears in Eric Walter White's Instead, we are yet again prese *in extenso*, with the record ja Stravinsky of our, and perhaps Mr. White's, infancy. It is an acc whose significant *moments criti* find Stravinsky in the compan certain contemporaries just be composing certain works, and w denouements are the degree of pu and journalistic success achieve first and subsequent performan surely, of all historical docume tion, the least relevant. Musical planations" consist of simple qu of Stravinsky's own literary conc without any description of how generate and are reflected in a un context of articulation and con uity; these alternate with note note detail (trivial to the music incomprehensible to the layman, pecially since no score references given for the examples) and ou geous simplicisms and flat-footed sertions of approbation or rese tion.

Virtually all the documentation the book is from published, rea available sources, especially Stra sky's own widely read books, with special commentary or even appar

organization. And otherwise, it contains a quite complete list of Stravinsky's works with their performance specifications (immensely useful to librarians of performance organizations) and reprints of some interesting journalistic documents. But where the eternal presence of so many "false Stravinskys"—including some of his own progeneration—has created a desperate need for a truly "inside" view of the sense of his life and work, White's book, for all its impressive bulk and detail, leaves the inquiring reader as "outside" as ever.

Arthur Honegger presents a diametrically opposite biographical problem; on the evidence of *I Am a Composer*, a book of dialogues and monologues, as well as of his compositional work, he was a composer whose musical concepts were like the conventional one-dimensional formulations of journalism, hard to elucidate because of their nonidentity. Thus, given the opportunity to range over any musical idea, and given a medium through which to address a literate public, Honegger chose to be concerned with details of notation, complaints about the economic and social condition of composers, depressing forecasts of the concurrent collapse of society and music, and anecdotal descriptions of his collaborations with important French poets, notably Apollinaire, Gide, Claudel, and Valéry. His description of his musical submission to Claudel's ideas ("Thus the whole musical atmosphere was created and the score prescribed, so that the composer had only to submit to its guidance. . . . It was sufficient to hear Claudel read . . . his own text . . . with such plastic force . . . that the whole musical pattern emerged") is particularly revealing in contrast with Stravinsky's complete domination of every articulative situation into which his music enters. Here, as elsewhere, Honegger reveals a sad, fundamental uncertainty about his own work that perhaps explains its tendency to project the most available, secure gestures of musical *grandeur*. But perhaps the melancholy portrait that emerges will remain valuable as a genre-picture of the frustration of a whole generation of compositional *petits-maîtres* who, in the first half of this century, found themselves stranded without a *métier*.

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Nonfiction

Biography by Remote Analysis

A new literary form seems to be in the making—the psychoanalytical biography—and two explosively controversial samples of it appear this month. The language itself is, for the layman, often so technical and unfamiliar and sometimes so flatly assured as to seem outrageous in its conclusions. In a short review one can only summarize and quote briefly; but, whatever one makes of them, these are both, because of their subjects and authors, books of extraordinary historical as well as psychological interest.

Thomas Woodrow Wilson: Twenty-eighth President of the United States. A Psychological Study, by Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt.

This book was written in the 1930s but both authors agreed that it should not be published while the second Mrs. Wilson was still alive. It is now seeing print for the first time. What Dr. Freud and Mr. Bullitt (a member of the American Peace Commission with Wilson in 1919 and subsequently our Ambassador to Paris under Roosevelt) seem to be demonstrating is that from the time Wilson was a child all his actions were directed basically by his unresolved Oedipus complex—his love-hate relationship with his "incomparable father." The book, through all its examination of Wilson's early life, his quarrels and friendships at Princeton and later as President and at Versailles, is full of flat assumptions. It becomes the story of a man struggling with his superego; of the conflict between "his passivity and activity toward his father"; till finally in Paris in a near-psychotic state he believes himself to be Jesus Christ saving the world.

Some of the "flat assumptions" follow. On teaching girls at Bryn Mawr:

> Neither his activity nor his passivity to his father was finding satisfactory outlet. To teach boys offered an outlet for both desires, for in lecturing to boys he could identify himself with the boy as well. Thus he could play son to himself and father to himself and reestablish the infantile relationship which had made him so happy. But unless the student to whom he lectured was a male, the identification became not only impossible but worse than impossible . . .

About his continuing quarrel with Dean West at Princeton:

> In his unconscious, to defeat West meant to conquer his father.

On his fight for the Treaty of Versailles:

> Toward the end of his life he became able to forget any fact which conflicted with the flow of his libido through outlets for activity and passivity to his father, and a considerable portion of the human race had to suffer for the overwhelming love which the Reverend Joseph Ruggles Wilson had inspired in his son.

On the belated cancellation of his Western trip by his doctor in 1919:

> Wilson, tears running down his face, pleaded with Grayson and Tumulty to let the trip go on, saying "Don't you see that if you cancel this trip Senator Lodge and his friends will say that I am a quitter and that the Western trip was a failure, and the treaty will be lost?" He did not say, but we may say for him, don't you see that if you cancel this trip I will not die for mankind, I will not be Christ, I will not conquer my father, I will not be God.

It becomes a gigantic simplification of history but from such seemingly unimpeachable sources it will take the highest authority to quarrel with it. In a future issue, Professor Arthur Link of Princeton, editor of *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson* and author of many books about and a biography of Wilson, will discuss the book in full-length article.

Houghton Mifflin, $

Friendship and Fratricide: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss, by Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D.

Six years of research and writing went into this study based on intensive correspondence and interviews with Hiss and his friends (Chambers never replied to the author's letters) and with literally hundreds of others who knew them both; on studies of Chambers' writings, letters, and the court records. Dr. Zeligs is a full-time practicing analyst in San Francisco and was moved to undertake the work by a serious desire to help "solve the riddle of this important event." He had never known either Chambers or Hiss, though he subsequently had many meetings and much correspondence with Hiss.

The basic conclusion of the study is that Chambers' need to destroy Hiss was a fratricidal one, with roots in Chambers' ambivalent love-hate relationship with his younger brother Richard, in whose suicide he was involved. He wanted to be the only object of tender for his mother's affection. The author goes deeply into every facet of the lives of both his subjects from birth up to the present and comes up with some—to the layman illuminating if surprising postulations. For instance, when Chambers had run away from home and nearly starved to death in New Orleans, Dr. Zeligs explains it as follows:

> This syndrome of self induced hunger and starvation, lethargy and immobility was a symbolic enactment of his own death. In this dramatized self-destructive act, Chambers appropriated the actuality of the slums to which he had gravitated, and from their depths effected a miracle of salvation. . . . Overcome with self-pity and nostalgia he lifted himself from his depression and brought about a reunion with his mother by writing for money for his return home. Having put himself through a symbolic burial in the underground slums of New Orleans and a period of "living death," he has set the stage to inflict upon his mother his suffering and impress her with the depth of his misery.

It would be ridiculous to try to give the import of a work of such scope

w excerpts, but this notion of re- is reiterated so often (explain- in part Chambers' delight in es etc.) that perhaps one more e is in order:

Vivian's [Chambers'] wish to re- lace his infant brother achieved sym- olic realization when Richard killed mself. It is postulated that Whit- ker induced his brother to destroy mself so that he would remain his other's only child. In the conception the double death there are suicidal well as homicidal components. In der to be his brother, he had to come ose to destroying himself along with s brother, then be re-created. The ntasy of being close to death was permost in Chambers' mental life. he idea spread into all areas of his fe — political, literary, religious. his helps to illuminate the destruc- vity and creativity in Chambers' fe and provides a psychological an- wer to the most intriguing of all uestions in this case: "What was hambers' ulterior motive in his need destroy Hiss?"

se are the kinds of conclusions, d in the facts of the lives of mbers and Hiss that give new and inating—if controversial—dimen- s to this strange and mysterious . Viking, $8.50

Fiction

Fetch, by Peter Everett. he author of *Negatives,* which the Somerset Maugham Award year, has written an odd but spell- ing novel about a movie projec- ist. Bruno works in a run-down don movie house, an adolescent at y-two who suddenly on the death s father inherits the house where vas born and grew up. He has ys been unsure of himself, son of mineering father, and now he s to abandon his job and go home find himself. "You never left this e," one of the characters tells "Your whole life is an act of go- back, of retreat." He has quite a . He finds a randy old uncle has ed in; the chauffeur is living there a seductively sexy granddaugh- who does indeed seduce him. The le book is full of sensuous and ual figures and descriptions— ything seen through the eyes of projectionist in terms of film un- ng or flashes of pictures remem- d: " 'If this were a film,' you tell



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BOOKS IN BRIEF

her, 'I'd go on making this same gesture for years. Always the same movement. Like Pudovkin's man falling towards water, or the slow motion of Vigo's fight in the dormitory, or those gunfights in Westerns.' ". . . It is an effective device and one becomes involved almost against one's will in the rather sordid story with its inevitably violent resolution. One admires the technique though the characters are hard to love.

Simon & Schuster, $3.95

The Man Who Knew Kennedy, by Vance Bourjaily.

A man and his wife are flying to Puerto Rico to start a cruising vacation when the news of the Kennedy assassination is announced by the pilot. The man whom they are joining on the cruise—a childhood friend of the narrator—was a friend of Kennedy's in a hospital in the Pacific and it is really around this man that the novel pivots, back to childhood and his early charm and triumphs, forward to a moment when the magic ceases to work. But around him the other characters move and wheel—all more or less of Kennedy's age and generation—the narrator and his wife, the hero's own second wife, still another drug-crazed woman, the crew of the cruise ship—all very well drawn in a continually interesting story though the end is disappointing. Obviously these are people of much the same background as Kennedy's, dealing in their personal lives with many of the same problems that Kennedy was dealing with on a national scale. From some of the conversations we get the sense that Mr. Bourjaily is saying that we all have had our Jack Kennedys in terms of the slightly older hero figure, and also our Oswalds and our Jack Rubys. But the idea doesn't stick. And though the complexities of our social mores are dealt with intelligently and compassionately, the resolution approaches melodrama. But of course our times—and Kennedy's—are like that.

Dial, $5.95

Balloons Are Available, by Jordan Crittenden.

In the front pages of this first novel the author quotes W. H. Auden:

> . . . all the modes of transport, litters, ox-carts, canoes, hansom cabs, trains, trolley cars, aeroplanes, balloons, are available but any sense of direction.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

any knowledge of where on earth one has come from or where on earth one is going to is completely absent.

The quote sets the tone of the novel —which is a novel only in the sense that there is a central character, Howard Ormsby, in all the series of episodes. There is no rhyme or reason to anything that happens but there is way-out and laugh-out-loud and often bawdy wit, and the author has the same gift for the non sequitur as the early Peter De Vries but without De Vries' involvement with his characters.

He rang the bell at the first place he saw with a room-for-rent sign in the window. The landlady came to the door with a piece of toast. "I'm eating breakfast," she said.

"No, thanks," Howard said. "I've had mine."

"Come back later" she said and shut the door.

Howard moves easily from bed to bed, usually adulterous (his job as water-heater repairman was particularly conducive to this kind of behavior) and from business to business where things happen that are so nearly like serious reports of the real that one is constantly asking, "What's that again?"

Within two months of his election to executive vice-president a separate Thermofax machine was installed solely to issue copies of the memos of Howard Ormsby. He was offered management-consultant positions with four other corporations. There was an article in *Time* magazine about him with estimates by friends of his net worth, and a photo of him getting out of a car.

In the fall of 1965 Howard came across Ellen Oldenburg at a retrospective of somebody's painting at the Museum of Modern Art.

"Hello," Ellen said.

"Hello," Howard said.

They married and settled in a home designed for prestige living.

If the point is to say that nothing much in our affluent society makes sense, so let's have fun with it anyway, Mr. Crittenden has made it. The only trouble is that vacuity, however witty and satirical, can't hold one's complete attention for even 107 pages. The author has published stories in *The New Yorker, Saturday Evening Post*, and other magazines.

Atheneum, $4.50 [ ]

No writer in this century—not even Gide or Genet—has probed the depths of desire with such shattering honesty, impact, and insight.

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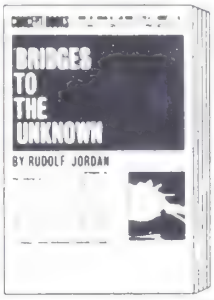
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Performing Arts: The State of Jazz

by Eric Larrabee



CHARLES LLOYD: AT HOME IN A NEW UNIVERSE

Europe discovered him months ago, but most Americans haven't yet heard of a musician who is creating a historic role for himself.

It is a tribute to the inefficiency of American communications media that a major new figure may still arise on the scene of a national art form, and no one in the general public will be aware of him. Though jazz professionals, devotees, and their allied entrepreneurs will by now have heard of Charles Lloyd, and though he is well known at least to newspaper readers in France, Germany, and Scandinavia, I think it fair to assume that in the average American magazine reader his name would not stir a flicker of recognition. Yet he belongs in the first rank of jazz musicians now playing, and in addition is a most attractive musical personality.

Charles Lloyd is a composer and instrumentalist, his instruments being primarily tenor saxophone and flute. His uniqueness consists both in his individuality as a musician and in the historical role he plays, which is the unusual one not of starting a revolution but of domesticating it. He makes the revolution intelligible; he rounds it off. Though a modern of moderns, he seems to have managed to grow up in a vanished past; his roots are in the blues even though he holds an M.A. in music from the University of Southern California and though the friends of his youth (like the trumpeter Booker Little and the pianist Phineas Newborn) helped along the revolution which he now brings fittingly to climax.

Lloyd was born on March 15, 1938, in Memphis, Tennessee, a place which for him seems to have been roughly comparable to what Vienna was for Schubert or Venice for Vivaldi—musically the right place to be from. "A beautiful feeling comes from that area of the country," Lloyd once told Burt Korall of *Downbeat*. "Many fine musicians have come out of there. The soil is fertile for growth." He is a demonstration of how much vitality there still was (is?) in a middle-South river town already a part of history. Lloyd does not have to fake the background; Memphis gave it to him and gave him, in addition, an education by his peers, like Phineas Newborn: "He talked about Bird, played his records," Lloyd has said, "and showed me what was happening."

At first Lloyd wanted to be a professor and for a time, after getting his degrees, he did teach music in a Los Angeles high school. But if his days as a student had been spent with Bach and Bartók, his evenings had been spent with Harold Land, Buddy Collette, Eric Dolphy, playing alto saxophone and flute with jazz groups small and large. In October 1960 he gave up teaching and joined the drummer Chico Hamilton's quintet as saxophone and flute player and, a year later, musical director. He had been hearing ("hearing" in the musician's sense, meaning "absorbing") the first sounds of the metamorphosis of jazz into something else: Monk, Miles, Rollins, Coltrane, and—not least—Ornette Coleman, and as composer-arranger he was soon revamping Hamilton's style and format. In January 1964 he left Hamilton to join the Cannonball Adderley Sextet, and in July 1965 he left Adderley to form a group of his own.

There is still more than a touch of the professorial in Lloyd's personal style and appearance. He wears suits which have been described as Italo-Edwardian, always with a waistcoat and a watch chain, collars rolled, ties widely knotted. His spectacles have varied from old-fashioned round metal frames to the young-French-bourgeois type, slightly tinted. His

This month, while Robert Kotlowitz is on vacation, Eric Larrabee, who wrote "Jazz Notes" for several years, contributes a special column, the first of a series to appear from time to time in "Harper's." He is a consulting editor at Doubleday & Company and a member of the New York State Council on the Arts.

che circles his mouth to join goatee, and he has a rich head —"a *café-au-lait* Trotsky," as ench magazine *L'Express* de- him. He is tall, stylish, disci- quiet, candid, and supremely ent professionally. Miracle of s, he seems to believe that should get through to its lis- and convey to them some of the makers have in making it. He e word "beautiful" without em- sment.

t Lloyd often plays is the boil- and sometimes raucous music new generation, to which iful" may not always seem an d to apply. Lloyd can also play rical and inviting warmth, and his achievements is to make ener see, as he does, that there consistency. His object is com- tion, and he has many differ- pects of himself to communi- loyd may not be alone in this to reach the listener, but he ly possesses it to a greater de- han most jazz musicians who he same aggressive style. He to make the style explicit; he s the feeling of wanting you to every moment, just what is ing. Lloyd has a rare combina- clarity with force, the essen- z energy combined with the in- ice and technique to make its rganization clear.

of this is a matter of precision: is never not-quite-on the note, in time or pitch (the sureness pitch, in fact, is an almost ng reminder that such a thing ist). Part of it is also his sense cture, his ability—as one Euro- ritic put it—to show how such ysmal music" can indeed *have* re. Naturally this is what ap- to the French, witness Alain in *Jazz* (Paris) for Septem- 966, where he praises Lloyd's t for its "homogeneity, seldom tered today, which permits it ore one after another the most possibilities, while holding an implacable logic." (If this the first time a jazz musician een credited with "implacable it is very near the first.) Part so is a matter of humor or, bet- ll, perspective—the quickness of tion combined with ironical vareness which produces wit. , if you doubt that such quali-

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ties can emerge convincingly from mere sound, to the duet between Lloyd and Gabor Szabo (guitar) in "The Things We Did Last Summer" (Columbia CS 9212), totally extemporized, totally dependent on the deployment of mutually responsive intelligences.

Perhaps one of the best things that can be said for jazz music is that, if a musician has such qualities, jazz will bring them out in him. After the Antibes Festival this past summer, when Lloyd's appearance created such a sensation that long interviews with him were soon printed in the French jazz press, he was asked both what he thought about modern "classic" composers like Stockhausen and whether he would be happy elsewhere than in New York. He said that jazz differed essentially from "the other" music in that its time was related to space, where the time of classical music is relatively fixed and defined. "For me," he said, "the relation between these two approaches is perfectly possible, and I am convinced that they will eventually resolve themselves into one and the same apprehension of the musical phenomenon"—at least that, being a free translation from the French of *Jazz-Hot*, is what I hope he said. "My music avoids systems," he went on, "and converses with the entire musical art." As for New York: "It is there that the most important work should be done. . . . I am convinced that it is in New York that we will have to develop."

It should be noted that these are the remarks of a man who had every reason to say otherwise, who was in the process of being appreciated and understood in Europe as he has only partially been appreciated at home. Lloyd's first European tour (Belgium, Finland, France, Germany, Holland, Norway, Sweden) was in April and May of 1966. He played at the Newport Festival in July, at Antibes a few weeks later, and at Monterey in September. Everywhere he has been warmly received and well reviewed, but the European press clippings—not only in sheer bulk but in ready comprehension of what Lloyd represents—are a standing reproach to laggard American appreciation of one of its own most creditable products. After a third successful European tour this past November, Lloyd became the first jazz musician ever to be invited to attend the Bergen Music Festival in Norway. It is the old, sad story of European reception first for American talent (Melville, Frost, Frank Lloyd Wright), and really it is time we outgrew it.

Lloyd has made three records so far, the last of them (*Dream Weaver*) with the same combination of musicians which scored such a success at Antibes: Keith Jarrett on piano, Cecil McBee on double bass, and Jack DeJohnette on drums—or *"à la batterie,"* as the French say. This is his best group, and has brought out of most reviewers all the possible clichés about four musicians who really play as one; the clichés are true, and justify not only Lloyd's judgment of sidemen but his requirement (a problem of French translation again) that they "love one another." It was Keith Jarrett who really staggered the Europeans. "Try to visualize"—this is Rolf E. Schade writing in the Oslo *Arbeiderbladet*—"a young man who has the technique of the great concert pianist, the modern composer's knowledge of the possible and impossible effects, and the prominent jazz musician's richness of ideas and his mastery of everything he does." But don't neglect the other two albums: the duet with Szabo is on *Of course, of course*, and there is a tribute to Booker Little ("Little Peace") on *Discovery!* which can safely be called "beautiful."

Over a Boundary

Back when the revolution was young, and Ornette Coleman was scaring people off by his honks and squeaks on a white plastic saxophone, the battle cry sounded like "Freedom for its own sake!" The demand was for greater expressiveness; to the young men like Lloyd, the music as they found it was constricting. It had built up too much pressure in them for stylistic conventions to contain. Jazz has experienced its share of revolutions, and each has in its term become traditional, tamed and absorbed back into the mainstream. But all have tended toward freedom from arbitrary limitations: four-four beat; tonic, dominant, subdominant harmonies; the voicing of instruments inherited from dance orchestras or military bands. And there cam point when the cumulative force change had become sufficient to that a threshold had been crossed. were over some kind of bound into a new universe of musical pression, and no one could quite scribe it except to say that some m cians walked there as though at ho

It should not be denied that "free music" revolution has bee frightening experience, or that s manifestations of it sound lik caterwauling barnyard of demen animals. The first frightening th is to be confronted by an artist v has successfully achieved a bre through of our conventional respon and thus stirs our emotions in indeterminate, inchoate way. The mediate impulse of self-preservat is to cry "Foul!" and take cover. next impulse is to note that the reb for all their ardor and outrage, just as much prisoners of the past, anyone else, and are building earlier achievement even as t struggle to tear it down. And t the dust settles and the corpses lost causes are decently removed burial, and the time comes to tally and see what it all amounted to.

At such a moment the role of expositor becomes more import than the role of the innovator. would be rash for anyone to arg that Charles Lloyd belongs among t innovators of jazz, but he is certai among the grea. expositors. The cuse for creating the "free" style w that something otherwise inexpr sible might be said with it; wh Lloyd has shown is that the son thing, whichever it may be amo many possibilities, can also be sa with discipline and intelligibility. T base is solid now, and structures unimagined richness and complexi wait to be built upon it. What bot ered people about Ornette Colema when he first began, was that sounded as though some of his inn vations might simply be mistake The one thing incontrovertibly a parent about Charles Lloyd is that plays nothing by mistake.

Discovery! The Charles Lloyd Qua tet. Columbia CL 2267 **Of course, course.** The Charles Lloyd Quart Columbia CS 9212. **Dream Weave** The Charles Lloyd Quartet. Atlant SD 1459.

sic in the Round *by Discus*

NO ROLLS AND TRAVESTIES

l recordings of voice and were more "honest" than hi-fi; but the record com- are beginning to get some ular effects from a source apped before.

ince the introduction of the rd in 1948, there has been a succession of transfer vocal very great singer from 1903 appeared in the recording Popular ones like Caruso and ack made hundreds of rec- s the years went on, those ere forgotten by all save col- But in 1948 it was discovered vocal art of the great singers ast could be transferred to LP vith extraordinary success. ingers had put their mouths a horn, and their voices had ptured with amazing fidelity. as it turned out, there was ore in the grooves of the old than the original manufac- ever realized. With modern g techniques they could be red and transferred in a man- uggest, almost, high fidelity. musical forms on old rec- e not fared as well. There has rtually no attempt to bring orchestral records, for exam- though as early as 1913 the rthur Nikisch recorded the eethoven Fifth with the Ber- harmonic Orchestra. Today accustomed to high fidelity, technique can make acoustic e-electric) records anything d replicas. Pianists have not uch better. Occasionally there sue of great keyboard artists ast, but here again little can with acoustic piano record- ne reissue piano discs, those re are, are mainly of post- ectric, recordings. Collectors of acoustic piano discs know that they are valuable historic documents; but the public does not buy historic documents.

In recent years, though, there has been something new in piano reissues. It started in 1950, when Columbia brought out five discs of Welte-Mignon piano rolls. In Germany, Telefunken sponsored a large Welte-Mignon series on LP. Then, last year, the British musical community was thrown into a furor with the release of three Argo discs devoted to reissues of Ampico piano rolls. Those have been released in the United States through London Records; they came out a few months ago. And now come thirteen Everest discs devoted to the Duo-Art piano rolls of many great pianists.

The piano roll has obvious advantages in LP transfer. Where old studio recordings suffer from dim sound and (often) considerable surface noise, piano rolls can today be recorded directly from any concert-grand Steinway that is equipped with a player mechanism. Thus the public gets its high fidelity. But there are disadvantages. Unless the player mechanism is in perfect condition, and unless the manufacturers of the new discs know the secrets of piano-roll regulation, the results are apt to be a travesty.

They Could Be Doctored

Indeed, many specialists refuse to take piano rolls seriously. Piano rolls could be doctored. Technicians raised and lowered the little rectangles, tinkered with the dynamic markings, and emerged with a pluperfect pianistic product as false as many magnetic tape records are today. Very few musicians can live up to their records in the LP era. False notes are corrected, vocal sounds changed, and



Clean cut



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TRADEMARK

so on. The story is still told of the late Artur Rodzinski and the pianist he was collaborating with in a session devoted to a pair of difficult concertos. The pianist could not play the notes. Every time he made a mistake, Rodzinski would stop the orchestra and wait for the technicians to come rushing out. "Don't worry, don't worry," they would say, "we'll fix it." After a week or so, a composite concerto was pieced together. Conductor and pianist went to the control room, and the latter listened with deep contentment as flawless streams of pianism rolled forth. "Not bad, not bad," the pianist said. Rodzinski looked at him with disgust. "My dear boy, it's very good. Don't you wish you could play like that?"

In recordings up to LP, there was none of this nonsense. The musician had to cut a record side, on wax or acetate, and there was no way to make corrections. If he did not like what he heard, he played and played until he got the desired results. As such, those old records are infinitely more honest than modern recordings or piano rolls.

Up to the three Argo discs, all piano-roll transfers available on LP had been unsatisfactory. The Welte-Mignon series suffered from "player piano" sound—rhythms spaced with inhuman precision, lack of color and dynamics, lack of pianistic nuance and flexibility. They were, to put it in a word, awful. Not until the release of the Argo discs did the public get an idea of what could be done with piano rolls when properly handled.

Lhevinne Revealed

Argo 41 is devoted to Josef Lhevinne; Argo 42 to Moriz Rosenthal and Sergei Rachmaninoff; Argo 43 to a miscellany of pianists, among them Leopold Godowsky, Benno Moiseiwitsch, and Mischa Levitzki. They are remarkable, especially the Lhevinne. There is much more to recording piano rolls than pressing the lever and letting the bellows go to work. The Ampico process, apparently the most sophisticated of any piano-roll company, had a separate roll in which dynamics and pedaling were indicated. A technician, working [illegible] the pianist, made a master roll [illegible] combined both rolls. To find a [illegible] strument that had the proper m[illegible] nism, to find rolls in good cond[illegible] to do the painstaking editing ([illegible] sands of individual operations), [illegible] considerable labor on Argo's pa[illegible]

But the results are spectacular[illegible] Lhevinne disc brings to us that [illegible] pianist much as he sounded in [illegible] concert hall—and in modern sour[illegible] England, where most of the c[illegible] are young and have had little [illegible] sure to the romantic style of [illegible] playing, this disc came as a re[illegible] tion. Lhevinne not only had a [illegible] nique on the Horowitz order—ju[illegible] strong, just as controlled, lac[illegible] only the Horowitz sonority—bu[illegible] also had infinite color, subtlety, [illegible] rhythmic plasticity. All this ca[illegible] heard on the Argo disc. V[illegible] Lhevinne plays Chopin's *Noctur*[illegible] *B*, with idiomatic rubatos, a soa[illegible] line, and all kinds of coloristic in[illegible] tions, we are in the presence of a[illegible] of majestic poetry that has vani[illegible] from the earth.

It was with anticipation, there[illegible] that one started to play the [illegible] Everest discs. Alas! They turn o[illegible] be a travesty. They have been ru[illegible] to market, the program notes ar[illegible] literate, the recorded sound is fu[illegible] distortion and shatter, and the [illegible] ing is seldom representative of [illegible] great artists represented in the se[illegible]

There are two discs devote[illegible] Josef Hofmann. On Everest 905 [illegible] performance of Mendelssohn's *R*[illegible] *Capriccioso*. Can this rhythmi[illegible] awkward, dynamically flat, hal[illegible] playing be that of the patrician H[illegible] mann? So one pulls out his Colum[illegible] disc of the same piece and mak[illegible] comparison. The Columbia was [illegible] corded around 1915 and is not h[illegible] but the playing is smooth, the ph[illegible] ing elegant, the finger-work sp[illegible] kling. This gives a good idea of H[illegible] mann; the piano-roll transfer i[illegible] joke, and a discredit to Hofma[illegible] memory.

Similarly, a comparison betw[illegible] Paderewski's Victor recording of [illegible] Chopin-Liszt *Maiden's Wish* (ab[illegible] 1913) and the piano-roll trans[illegible] shows the latter as unbelieva[illegible] clumsy. In all fairness it should [illegible] pointed out that Paderewski's [illegible] formance on Everest 901 of Lis[illegible] *Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10* is q[illegible]



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almost as good as his acoustic the same work. It is one of the ano-roll transfers in this series akes sense. The Busoni record certainly doesn't. If Busoni did such an eccentric manner, he 't be admitted to any present- nservatory until he had cor- his bad interpretive habits. admittedly must have been a individual pianist, but cer- not so clumsy a one as the t transfer would suggest.

er pianists in the Everest series e Granados (who never made ecords), Cortot, Prokofieff, ger, and Bauer. The last-named esented by an oddity (on disc the complete *G minor Piano to* by Saint-Saëns, in which fills in the orchestral parts as s along. It is great fun. But verest release is sure to give rolls a bad name, and profes- pianists are going to listen to s. Hofmann, Paderewski & Co. sheer disbelief. Let *this* old- assure the younger generation Hofmann really *was* a great t, and so was Cortot, and so ainger, and so were the others, s one might guess from this ised release. [ ]

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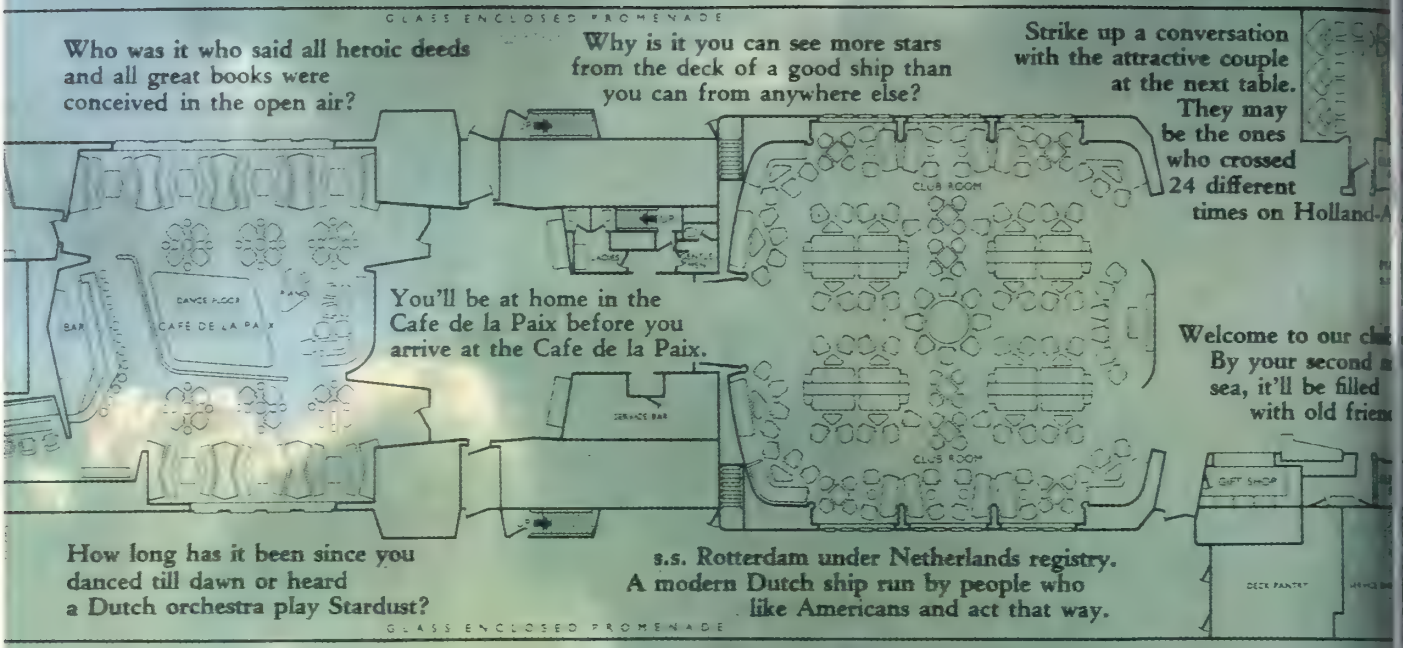


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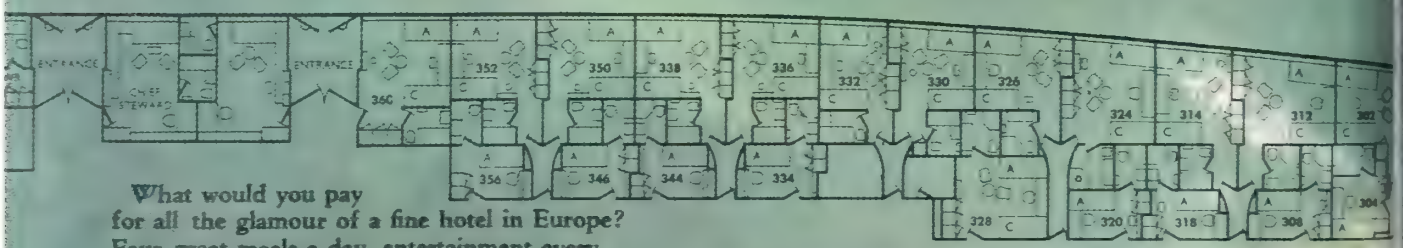
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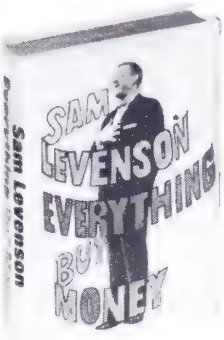
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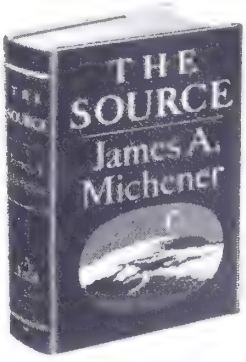
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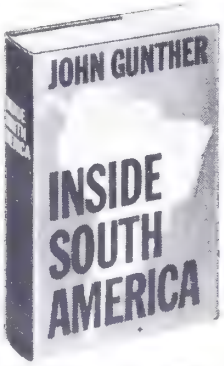
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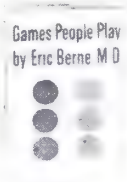
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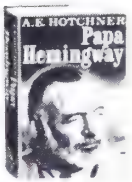
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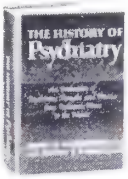
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Lette



The Beyond Within

I was sad to see Richard Todd sell the California hippy scene short ["Turned-on and Super-sincere in California," January] . . . After my first brush with super-sincerity California-style, I was somewhat abashed, coming away with an attitude like Mr. Todd's. My mistake was to ignore the fact that the American frontier, after reaching the Pacific and the moon, had nowhere to turn but within. It now can only be fairly gauged from the inside, not from secondhand references to *Look*, *Life*, or the *Berkeley Barb*. Perhaps Mr. Todd will give the turned-on world a second glance, hopefully from within.

TIMOTHY BURAK
Bellingham, Wash.

Apartheid Blues

A "mzuri sana," very good, to Leonard Levitt on his article, "How Do You Like Africa, White Man, Is It Like New York?" [January]. I too made the trip from Tanzania to South Africa and experienced some of the same cultural shocks.

I shall never forget waiting for a bus in a Johannesburg suburb only to see the bus hesitate a moment and then speed by the stop. In anger and confusion I turned to sit on the bench provided for waiting passengers, but was stopped in my tracks by the words written on it, "Nie Blankes"—non-white. With considerable disgust, I then made the half-block journey to a "white" bus stop and caught the first "white" bus downtown. . . .

GARY GABRIELSON, former teacher
Magamba Secondary School
Lushoto, Tanzania

More Roses for Turkey

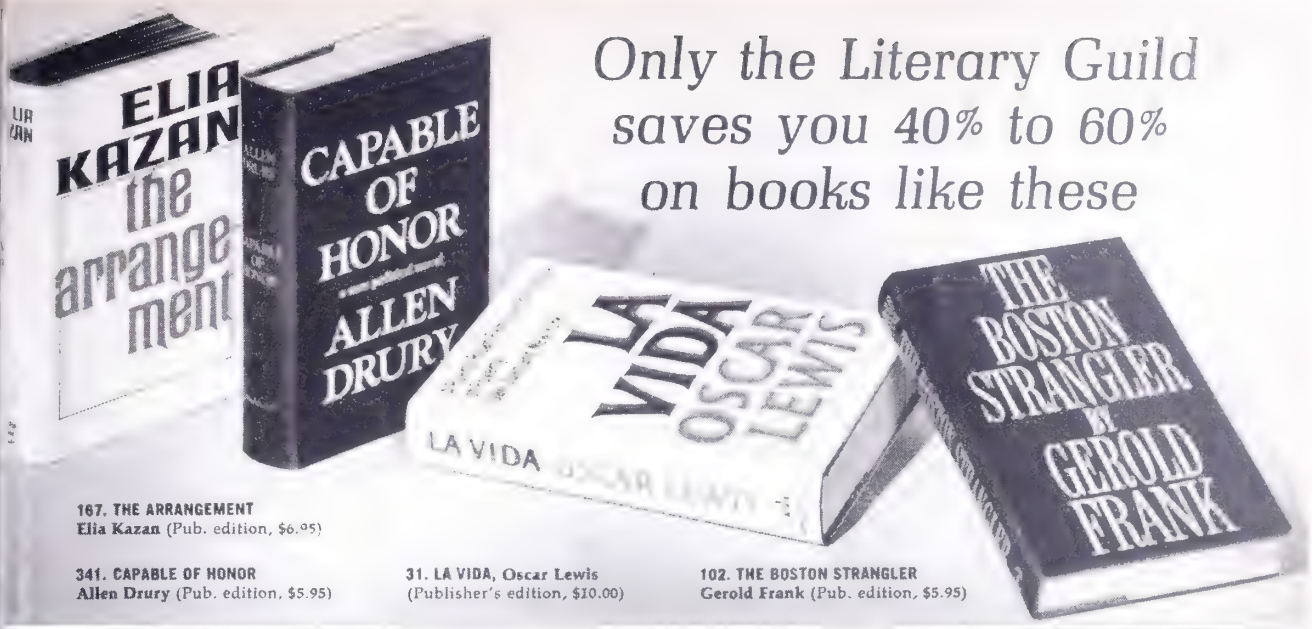
Proofs of my article ["In Turkey, Everything Comes Up Roses," February] just reached me in this mountain town. I'd like to add that since our first visit to the Turkish seacoas ditions have changed a good de tourists: pleasant motels are s ing up all along the coast.

ALFRED FRI
Visso

3 R's for 4-Year

I have read Maya Pines's fine a with interest ["A Pressure C for Four-year-old Minds," Jan but fear that some readers ma the wrong message from the de tion of the Illinois work. Whe one acts upon a human being a tices a subsequent change in h havior, the problem of interp the cause of the change is always blesome. . . . A popular superstit that the "procedure" is the ess instrument of change. We m fetish of what "we do" with or child . . . as if the making of a bore a kinship to a bouillabaiss teaching machine specialist, the tessori buff, the Summerhill ad . . . Each is successful with som dren for some time. . . . But ther ideal curriculum, . . . no one fix of strategies that will always r the child's rapt interest. It is a helpful to surprise him a little three-year-old expects to pain color and we bear down in Be style, this disconformation wil his attention and move the lea process along more quickly. If pects to be pressured then it mi better to set a more permissi mosphere. . . . A teacher, doctor, ent who cares about what he is can do almost anything and wi But many parents and teacher tinue to believe in and search f ideal curriculum, as we used to for the ideal antibiotic. Childre germs, develop protective immu against man's efforts to change This relativistic view of learnir curriculum reform should not terpreted as cause for disenchan with the problem. If a specific

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children for five years, a real gain
still been made. . . .

PROF. JEROME KA
Dept. of Social Relat
Harvard Univer
Cambridge, M

COULD IT BE THAT PRESSUI
COOKING
WOULD BE PLAYING FAST A
LOOSE?
HOW HILARIOUS TO FIND W
COOKED A GENERATION'S
GOOSE.

MRS. VIRGINIA LEE FISHER,
Child Development Labora
University of Miss
Columbia,

It will, of course, be a long time
fore we can be sure of the valu
Carl Bereiter and Siegfried En
mann's work and its general appl
tion, but we do feel it important
methods of working with young
dren be continually reexamined a
whether they are achieving the
goals of child development.

JULE M. SUGARMAN, Asso.
Project Head S
Office of Economic Opportu
Washington, I

The Muldoon F

It is 7:00 A.M. on this cold day.
husband, a member of a build
trade union, has long since left
work, bundled up in two sets of
ter underwear, earmuffs, a sv
shirt, and two pairs of socks as
as work clothes. When he returns
night he will still be bone cold. Is
Editor's Easy Chair occupied
early? . . .

Joseph F. X. Muldoon sounds
any other union buster ["How to
cue America from Plumbers, Car
ters, and People Like That," Ja
ary]. . . . A little research might h
helped John Fischer understand
meaning of hourly wages as opp
to a salary . . . The working man
paid only when he works. There
no sick-leave days, few paid holid
and vacation pay comes from
hourly income. . . . Few sons of m
bers of the building trades stay in
work. They use their union card
help finance college careers. Their
thers rarely can afford to send t
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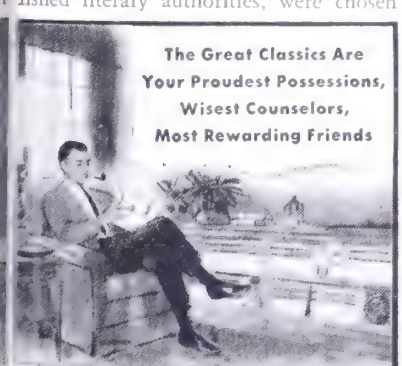
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sions. . . . Ah yes, let's put the Muldoon Plan to work; we'll use that good old Irish code name, Blarney.

THERESA SOULSBY
Spring Valley, N. Y.

John Fischer has blown some refreshing, clean air into the stale absurdities that plague the construction industry. . . . Once we have put into effect his proposals for housing we can at one fell swoop solve the narcotics-addiction problem by putting all narcotics addicts through a one- or two-week course in jet-engine maintenance and repair and show the airline mechanics that their recent strike is one in which the lesson must be taught to them. In training these narcotics addicts we will assure ourselves of a steady labor supply that can replace all of the greedy mechanics and at the same time make useful citizens out of this segment of our society. Naturally, we would expect any airline engine worked on to be flown on its first flight with the newly trained mechanic as a passenger just to assure ourselves of the diligence of the work which has been done.

Then, if any of our prisons still remain tenanted, we can . . . ship some of the excess prison population to Vietnam where they could fight as soldiers along with other Americans in such missions as helicopter rescue teams, aircraft carrier catapult crews, and other unskilled jobs which they could be easily trained for in six weeks. Incidentally, we might also send along some of the carpenters trained under Mr. Fischer's slum-clearance program who balk at working on wood-form work for concrete building superstructures thirty stories in the air in 20- or 25-degree temperatures with thirty-mile-an-hour winds. . . . We could also use some of his newly trained building electricians who have a propensity for electrocuting themselves when working around 5,000 AMP switchgear in electronically controlled monitoring panels of high-rise office-building mechanical equipment rooms.

Naturally, in order to bring into effect the $1.50 per hour wage that our newly trained prisoners are going to earn, we will have to do something about the Davis-Bacon Act which requires that all workers on federal contracts or federally financed contracts be paid prevailing wages. But then again, private enterprise should be able to finance these slum-clearance and urban-renewal projects without any federal moneys, so this question, on reflection, really becomes academic.

ROBERT F. BORG, P.E., F. ASCE
Pres., Kreisler-Borg Construction Co.
Scarsdale, N.Y.

I love the Muldoon Plan, right up to where Mr. Fischer's bibulous friend proposes to substitute a union shop system for a closed-shop system. Why didn't you all have one more drink? *In vino veritas*, and all that. You might have then seen the virtue of the right-to-work policy . . . What would have been gained . . . if you sanctioned a system by which this honest and qualified ex-con were compelled to join a union against his will as the price of holding his new-found job? He then becomes part of the whole massive structure of strikes and outrageous wage demands . . .

Here in Virginia, our people in the building trades earn a tolerably good living. There are some good, strong unions, and ordinarily union contractors get preference in contract awards because union men in these parts, by and large, are better trained and better workers than non-union men. But this is not always true. The competition from open-shop contractors is brisk. . . . All the excavation work on our new newspaper building was done by non-union workers . . . Virginia is a right-to-work state.

The Muldoon Plan, sound and sensible as it is, is foredoomed to failure by the essential gutlessness of New York. Recall the melancholy story of the newspapers. If they had made a fight twenty years ago, down to the last ditch, accepting the violence, calling in the National Guard, printing and distributing their papers willy-nilly, they could have broken Powers' stranglehold before it ever began. We might still have the *Eagle*, the *Mirror*, and something better than this pitiful hybrid that recently has appeared. But they didn't have the stomach for it. The publishers yielded to the temptations of expediency and appeasement. Sic transit gloria Munsey.

The same attitude prevails in almost every aspect of New Yorkers' lives. They will accept, with a perverted stoicism, the smog, traffic jams, the torn-up streets, the destruction of their architectural heritage; drug addiction, slums, crime out of ha they pride themselves on being in viduals, but it is a false and ph pride; . . . they are regimented sh There is no insult too great for a N Yorker to absorb. In precisely t fashion, they accepted the insults the plumbers' union. . . .

JAMES J. KILPATRICK, E
The Richmond *News Lea*
Richmond, V

The Open He

Having been a cardiac surgeon the time when open-heart surge was first evolving in the U. S., a having visited medical institutions the Soviet Union on three occasio since 1959, I should like to comme on "Diary of a Russian Surgeon" Professor N. M. Amosoff [December

Anyone who has read much of Ru sian literature is impressed with t intensity and lability of emotion o ten expressed . . . In this very colorf and at times overly melodramatic a count, one can observe rapid em tional swings between esteem and co tempt, pride and guilt, and gaiety a anger. It is little wonder that intern tional diplomacy with the Russia proves to be difficult at times.

The amount of laboratory invest gation involving the open-heart equi ment and surgical techniques Soviet medical centers, and the join effort of the medical profession an engineers appear to be tremendousl less than what had taken place in th U. S. In 1959 I was shown a rathe crude "AIK" open-heart machin in Moscow, comprised of an inade quate bubble oxygenator and pair Dale-Schuster type pumps. I was tol later that the operative mortality with this apparatus was so high tha the Soviet open-heart program had t be suspended officially in most institutions. In fact, open-heart surgical teams from Copenhagen and London spent weeks in the Soviet Union, in training their counterparts. These countries provided equipment, as did the U. S., to permit this surgery to be undertaken with reasonable risk. The performance in the Moscow Institute of Cardiovascular Surgery, as viewed later by me in 1963, was indeed very creditable. Nevertheless, Soviet surgeons still appear to be a few years behind us . . . Deaths from errors in





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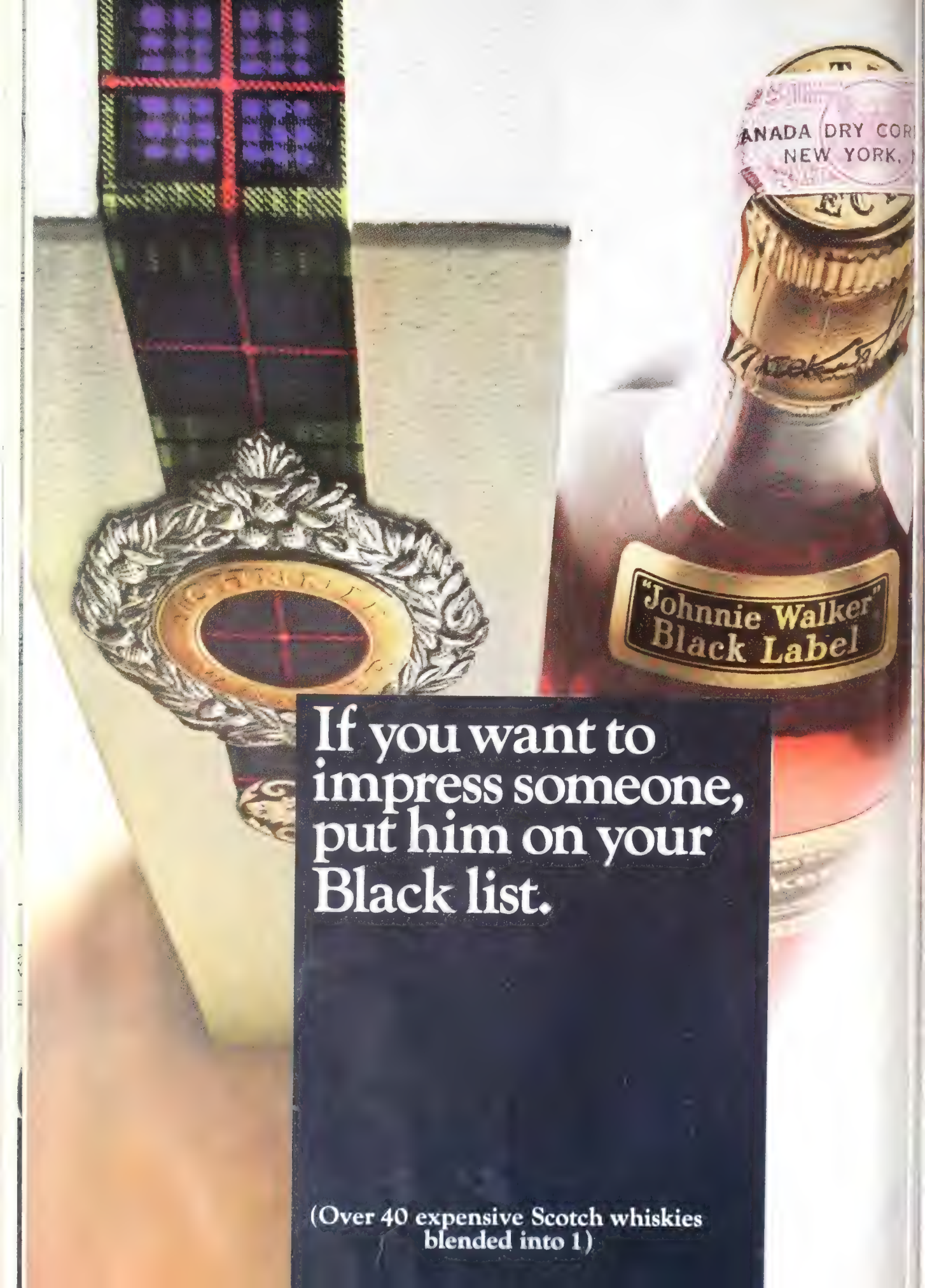
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y of a Russian Surgeon" is l. It gives the most accurate of a surgeon's life I have read.

JODY ERBICH,
sophomore medical student
Los Angeles, Calif.

Regents Praised

generally excellent article on York's Late-blooming State ity" [Ronald Gross and Jurphy, December] contains a t regarding the past role of York State Board of Regents ic higher education in New ate which may be somewhat ing. . . . The Regents have ie their complete support in ossible way during my admin-n, and through their endorse- the Master Plans of both the niversity and the City Uni- of New York, they have guar- the development of quality igher education in New York or the future.

LBERT H. BOWKER, Chancellor
City University of New York
New York, N. Y.

When Bernhardt Flopped

does Clive Barnes say "Of Miss [Cornelia Otis] Skinner saw Bernhardt" [The New January]? I was born in 1901 saw Sarah Bernhardt in Iowa. ined French poodles were fair violinist was good . . . The t was Bernhardt, who sat in ition with her skirt covering air and jabbered away in There was no acting. The who knew about these things t her face was "enameled" and e could not show emotion for cracking it. The general im- n was that 1,100 people had dly taken. . . . It was the big- p in the theater.

ALAN C. ROCKWOOD
Newton, Mass.

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Watching the Oceans: A report from General Dynam

Wouldn't it be nice if you could plan a vacation and *know* weeks ahead that the weather would be good?

Actually, 24-hour local forecasting is right almost 85 percent of the time. But longer range prediction—on which can depend anything from a vacation trip to the success of a year's wheat crop—is far less certain.

Even though information from hundreds of full-time land weather stations is supplemented by measurements in the upper atmosphere and reports from weather satellites, a vital link in the chain has been missing.

Weather is essentially born or modified as a result of the interaction of sun and air with the oceans that cover two-thirds of the earth's surface.

Oceanography and meteorology can be considered two faces of the same coin—the study of the total marine environment. And relatively little is known about it yet.

Seagoing "weather bureau":

What has been needed to fill the gap is an oceanographic "weather bureau."

It would have to stay in place in the deepest part of the sea, regardless of storm or current; collect environmental information from the atmosphere, the surface and the depths; send that information regularly and correctly back to land.

And it would have to do all these jobs without human presence for long periods of time.

With a network of such sea stations seeded throughout the world, oceanic information could be integrated with that obtained from land stations and from space. Meteorologists could determine the patterns that will create the weather next week, or perhaps months hence.

Oceanographers could analyze the subsurface currents, the levels of dissolved nutrients in the water, the migratory patterns of fish to anticipate their location for commercial fishing.

And with navigation lights, fog horns and radar beacons at known positions, such a network would provide invaluable navigation aid for ships.

Monster buoys:

Today, the beginning of such a worldwide system may be at hand—an ocean data station, more commonly known as a monster buoy, developed and built by General Dynamics for the United States Navy's Office of Naval Research.

The first prototype has been undergoing sea trials since 1964, collecting and sending its information through calm and hurricane.

This ocean data system consists of a giant pieplate-shaped buoy, forty feet in diameter and seven and one-half feet deep, containing an assortment of environmental measuring devices and the electronic and power equipment to collect and transmit to shore the data acquired.

It can be "locked" in place, moored to an ocean floor as deep as 30,000 feet, by a plaited nylon cable only two inches thick. Although the buoys are presently designed to operate for a year at a time without human maintenance, the conventional propane-powered generator systems that provide electricity for the buoy's oper carry a two-year supply of fuel.

Unlike a traditional ship, whic aggerates the motion of waves, p ularly in side-to-side pendulum rolling, the symmetrical, discus-sh buoy hull follows the slope o waves, reducing pitching and r to a minimum. Its stability kee omnidirectional antenna in prope sition to radio information to a analysis station.

Defies hurricanes:

No one really knows just how r the weather might get in a full- typhoon or hurricane—defined o a cyclonic storm with winds of 75 miles per hour—because of th vious difficulty of humans takin curate measurements under such ditions.

The General Dynamics/ONR o data station was designed to withs winds of 160 miles per hour and w 60 feet high.

Buoy Bravo, the first prototyp mained in place under winds of miles per hour and waves 50 feet during Hurricane Betsy in 1965, no interruption in its flow of info tion. Its elastic nylon mooring permits the buoy to drift slightly then pull back to position wit dragging its "anchor" of steel c

Typhoons and hurricanes, luc occur only occasionally. But th tensely corrosive environment of sea is constant. For protection, buoy's steel hull, mast and ante are coated with inorganic zinc and eral layers of vinyl.

A hundred tests:

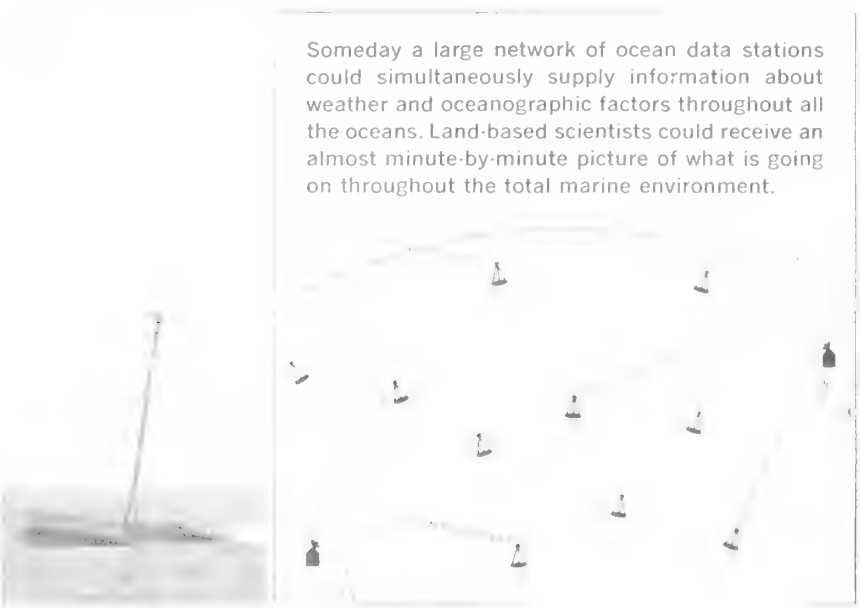
An assortment of sensors can b cated on the 38-foot-high mast an the radial spokes of the discone tenna to measure wind, humidity, cipitation, radiation (from the sky reflected back from the sea), baro ric pressure, and compass bearing

Others inside and immediately der the hull will read water tem ture at the surface, wave height, p and direction.

Clamped along the mooring li regular intervals underwater, still ers will measure temperature, pres and salinity and determine the s ture of subsurface layers of the de

Inside the hull, rugged electr components and circuitry will acq store and transmit information as many as 100 separate sensors.

These subsystems will be packa



Someday a large network of ocean data stations could simultaneously supply information about weather and oceanographic factors throughout all the oceans. Land-based scientists could receive an almost minute-by-minute picture of what is going on throughout the total marine environment.

ainers purged with nitrogen
netically sealed to provide an
solutely dry, environment.
oy at sea will provide better
ns for electronic equipment
es a dust-temperature-humid-
olled laboratory ashore.
data acquisition system will
every sensor once an hour (or
e monitored more often; indi-
ensors can be checked contin-
Measurements will go into both
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f 24 hours of data and a re-
hat will store a full year's in-
on.
six hours a ground station
errogate the buoy, command-
transmit all information accu-
during the past twenty-four
ach discharge of data will pro-
eighteen-hour overlap, giving
s a continuous record.
ground station will also instruct
y to transmit data on the par-
one of its three radio channels
will assure best reception on
f long-distance "bounce" off
osphere.

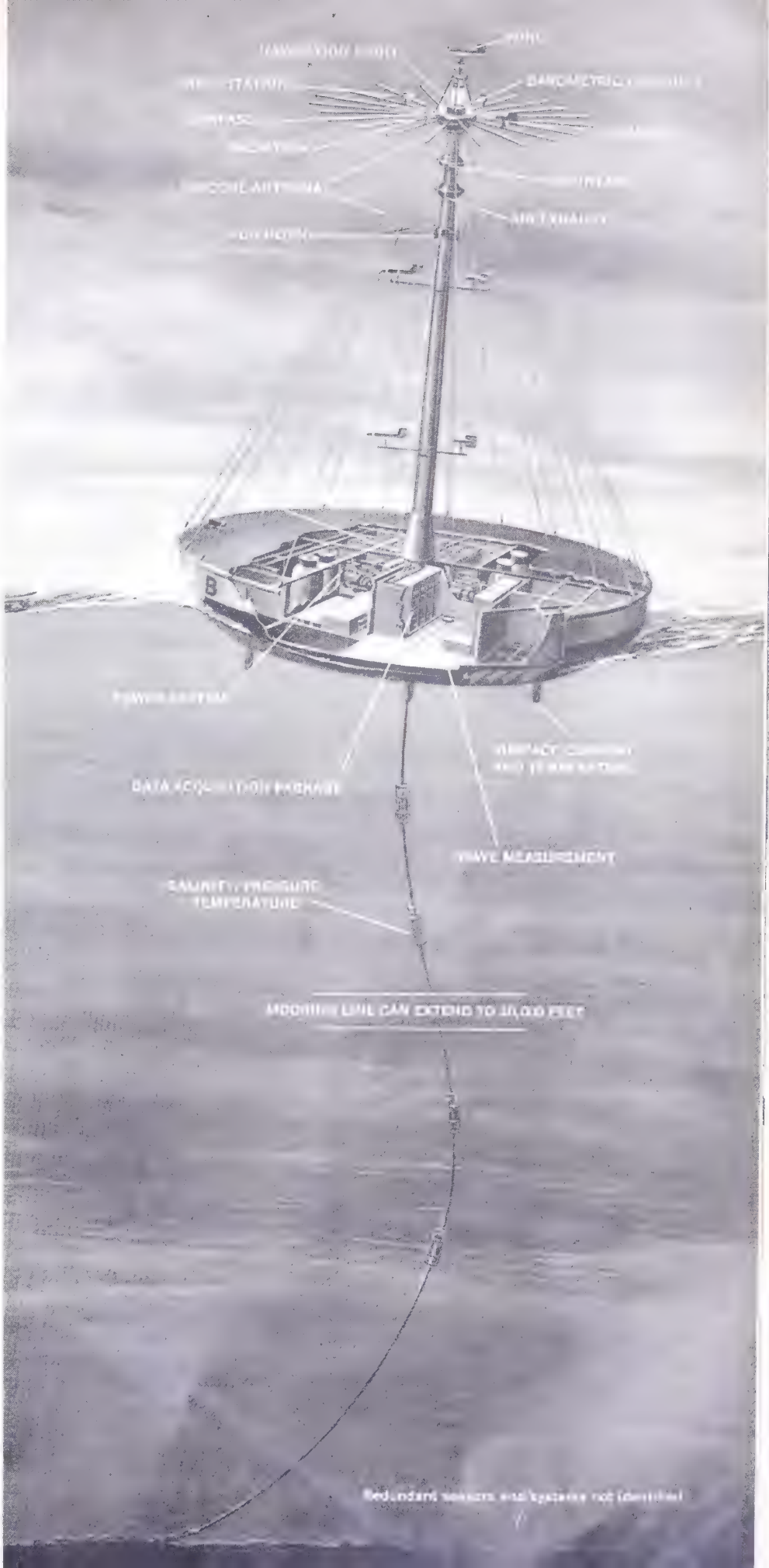
it for all nations:

prototype monster buoys do
be sure, constitute a full-scale
environmental survey. They
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tional system—one in which all
would share, and from which
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now that the practicality of an
data station has been proved,
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being worked out: the opti-
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day when data stations will be
throughout the oceans for a
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The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

FIELD NOTES ON THE EUROPEANS

A cautiously optimistic report on the new temper of our allies, ex-allies, and not-quite-enemies

Perhaps the most significant thing that has happened in Europe during the past decade is a change in mood. It has come about so gradually that many Europeans may themselves be scarcely aware of it. Such a shift in attitude and emotional tone can only be sensed, not gauged with precision. Yet it is unmistakably there, and it may be a major influence in shaping the style of European life for a long while to come.

So at least it seems to me, after six weeks of intensive conversations with Europeans. This time the outlook and temper of nearly all the people I talked to seemed markedly different from anything I had observed before. The change may, I suspect, indicate the end of the postwar period, and the beginning of a new segment of European history which does not yet have a name.

The most noticeable difference is a sharp fall in emotional temperature. In the years just before World War II—and for a long while after—practically every European you met had passionate feelings about politics. He would assure you that if The Enemy won the next election (or *coup d'état* that would mean the end of his nation, if not Western civilization. If his side triumphed, however, Utopia would be a-dawning. For until quite recently nearly everybody—certainly all intellectuals—believed fervently in some kind of panacea: Socialism, Fascism, Communism, Trotskyism, the Restoration of the Banat, or whatever. And they were equally obsessed with deep fears.

Today both fevers seem much abated. Nobody I spoke to was really fearful, in the old bone-deep way—not of a Soviet attack, a resurgence of Nazism, a proletarian uprising, the suppression of the workers by the wicked bourgeois, or even of an atomic war. Vestiges of fear remain, of course, especially among the older people. Germany is still loathed and mistrusted by most Eastern Europeans, plus many Western ones. Anti-Semitism appears to be endemic, in a low-grade, muffled form, throughout much of Austria and South Germany. Local antagonisms persist—Croat vs. Serb, Fleming vs. Walloon, Italian vs. Austrian in the disputed areas of the Tyrol. But these obsessions now seemed drained of most of their virulence. They don't arouse the murderous enthusiasm of the feuds one still encounters in the Eastern Mediterranean—Greek against Turk, Arab against Jew—nor do they dominate the political scene and the coffeehouse conversations as they did only a few years back.

At the same time, Europeans clearly have lost their faith in The Revolution, of whatever brand. So far as I can discover, men like Gustav Regler no longer exist. He was an idealistic Communist, a man with a vision for which he was willing to give his life, and nearly did. During the winter of 1934, when I was a very junior reporter for the United Press, I spent many evenings with him in a grubby little café in Saarbrücken, listening to him explain how Communism was going to conquer Europe any day now, and soon afterwards the rest of the globe. He was quite certain that this Apocalypse would wipe out everything ugly in life—not only hunger, but greed, envy, and strife. Human nature itself would change, in everything from sexual relationships to personal ambition, so that mankind would live forever after in joyous harmony.

At that time, and well into the 'fifties, such visionaries were plentiful throughout Europe. In England G. D. H. Cole and Harold Laski led in educating a whole generation of intellectuals to a similar (though somewhat less ecstatic) anticipation of the Socialist paradise. In Germany Kurt Schumacher, the postwar leader of the Social Democrats, was preaching the old-time religion with hot-eyed zeal as late as 1952. In Italy Togliatti apparently clung to some remnants of the dream until his death. But these evangels left no heirs.*

Even the Communists no longer pretend that they hope to take over Europe within the foreseeable future. Nor does anyone believe that, if they did, they could build a New Jerusalem. For a long while Europeans have been watching Communism, in its several varieties, in actual operation; and this scrutiny has dispelled, probably for good, their visions of a classless Camelot.

The present mood of European Marxists probably was best described last fall by Pietro Nenni, the grand old man of Italian Socialism, when he formally renounced the revolutionary

* Regler died in Mexico, an embittered man. He had worked in the underground against Hitler, had been seriously wounded fighting with the International Brigade in Spain, and had left the Party in disillusionment after the Hitler-Stalin pact.

The Dull Boy Who Became A Prodigy



• In 1799, an obscure Austrian clergyman, Karl Witte, told a group of skeptical friends: "If God grant me a son, I shall educate him to be a superior man — without knowing what his aptitudes may be."

• Soon, a son was born but showed little promise. The boy's own mother thought him dull. Yet by the time young Karl was six, his father's efforts seemed to be working. At age 9, he entered the University of Leipzig. At 14, he received his Ph.D.; at 23, he became a Professor and went on to a long and brilliant career.

• In Ireland, a man named Thompson heard of Witte's methods and applied them to his own sons. One became a celebrated engineer; the other became one of the world's great physicists, Lord Kelvin.

• Early in this century, Leo Wiener — rummaging in the back of a New England library — found a German book describing Witte's methods. He, too, applied them to a young son. The result: Norbert Wiener — one of the greatest mathematicians of all time, sometimes known as "the father of Automation."

• Now, these same extraordinary child-development methods are available to all parents in the new book described below.

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irkable new book tells how n add as much as 30 points r child's effective I.Q. . . . ou can help him move in school and be more suc- in an education-conscious

THE COUPON below and the blishers will send you a copy E YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR or free home trial. Properly his new book can help your chieve the kind of success in and in later life which, right ou probably do not think is e.

example, before your child is ars old, this book will help r her) read 150 words a min- add, subtract, multiply and . . . understand fractions and simple . . . even handle abstract concepts and et them creatively.

of all, your child can achieve this uccess without being pushed and with- erference with a happy, normal, well- d childhood.

book like this is so badly needed

schools are giving fast-learners every to move ahead to more interesting Meanwhile, other youngsters (who be fast learners) are being crowded slow" classes — losing precious time never regain — simply because no one ok the time to develop their abilities

t's why — a few years ago — two well- child-development experts, Siegfried herese Engelmann, decided to bring ccessful ideas of Karl Witte up to date. they tried out their methods on chil-



Today they're playing word games. Before he's five, he can be reading 150 words a minute.

dren of average intelligence, the results were nothing short of thrilling.

Now, they have written a book describing these methods. GIVE YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR MIND provides a planned program of home instruction that any parent can start using immediately. It will enable you to do for your child what Karl Witte, over 100 years ago, did for his "dull boy who became a prodigy." You will learn:

1. How to teach your child to read. The secret is knowing how to take advantage of your child's natural hunger for words: Games to teach the alphabet. 11 basic rules that make book reading easy. How to anticipate mistakes, correct them smoothly. How to encourage spare-time reading.

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follow this book's program of g — your child at Age 5 should e to do *all* this:

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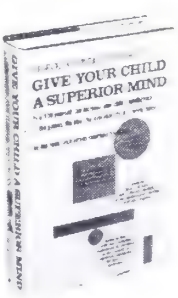
tract, tiply, and de

5. Understand concepts like Right-Left, Before and After, If-Then

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goals he had pursued for nearly fifty years. Admitting that his party had finally "put behind us the old maximalist dreams and illusions," he announced that from now on it would try to work within the existing system "without dogmas" or "ideological fetishes." He thereupon led his party into a Centerist coalition government—an example followed a little later by his fellow Socialists in Germany.

As the apocalyptic ambitions of the Left have evaporated, so have those of the Right. Fascism and Nazism are now about as dead as Zoroastrianism; and I could find no sign that they are likely to revive.

Some of my journalistic colleagues do not agree. Last winter the German National Democratic party—often described as neo-Nazi—won a few seats in the state elections of Hesse and Bavaria. As a consequence a number of respected publications here and in England began to speculate nervously about a resurgence of Hitlerism. Their anxiety redoubled after Kurt Kiesinger, a onetime member of the Nazi party, became head of Germany's new coalition government.

Such worries are understandable, but I don't think they have much basis in fact. The NPD is not really a neo-Nazi movement, in my view, nor is it very important. It seems rather to be a loose collection of Radical Rightists, something like the Birchites here or the Poujadists in France a decade ago. Without a coherent program or even a common grievance, they aren't likely to achieve a great deal more than their voting strength of last fall: less than 8 per cent. It is true, as James Cameron pointed out in the *New York Times*, that "as recently as the late 'twenties, Hitler's electoral support was almost exactly the same . . ." But it is also true that Hitler's movement then grew with cancerous speed only because the German economy was in collapse, unemployment was intolerably high, and because he could argue, with some plausibility, that the "injustices" which Germany suffered could be remedied by for of arms.

Today nothing like that exists, or in prospect. Although the long boo has now leveled off, the German eco omy is still strong and may well r sume its climb before the end of t year. Unemployment is trivial, comparison with the United States most European countries. And I d not encounter a single person in Ge many who thought that a military a venture could result in anything b disaster, incomparably worse than tl last one.

Indeed, the state of mind of the ord nary Germans whom I talked to struc me as far more realistic than at ar time since the war. They still yeai to see their country reunited; bu they are coming to understand that isn't going to happen soon—probabl not until some kind of general polit cal settlement is worked out betwee East and West. And that, in turi depends largely on a change in th nature and aims of the Europe: Communist states—an evolution we under way, but which may take de ades to complete.

The Germans are also recognizin (sometimes reluctantly and with bi terness) that they are not going t regain their lost provinces in th East. Most now seem ready to acce the Oder-Neisse boundary as perma nent. The politicians and diplomat still hope to get something from th Russians in return for a formal ac ceptance, but they know that the valu of this bargaining counter is erodin year by year.

In like fashion, the Germans ar changing their minds about atom weapons. As recently as three year ago many of them were arguing tha since their country had renounce atomic weapons of its own, it ought t share in control of the American ar senal, through some such device as a NATO multilateral force. Today eve the German military men have aban doned that notion. And many intel lectuals, plus some politicians, ar wondering out loud whether it migh be a good idea to negotiate the re moval of all nuclear weapons from German soil, both East and West.

This does not mean that the Euro pean intellectual landscape has turne altogether sunny. On the contrary



"And, Lord, bring down Thy wrath upon this, our sinful New Hampshire. Bring fierce, long winter, and deep, clinging snow!"

WHAT IS U.S. STEEL DOING ABOUT AIR AND WATER POLLUTION CONTROL?

Since 1951 alone, U.S. Steel has spent an estimated $200 million for the installation of devices for the abatement of air and water pollution.

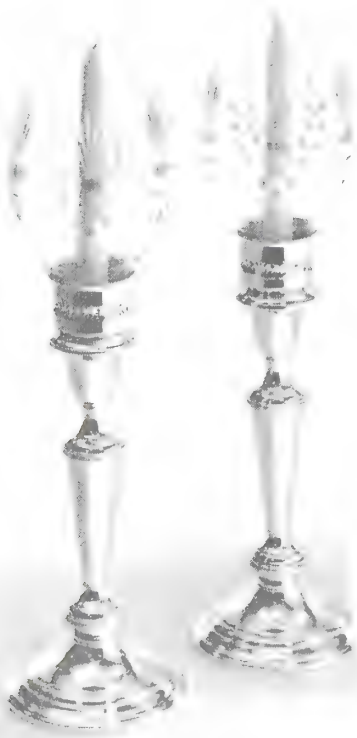
A big problem remains, however. It is the matter of designing the most efficient and economical devices, and that's a difficult job. In many cases, it costs as much—sometimes more—to remedy the final five per cent of air or water pollutants as it does the first 95 per cent. That final five per cent is the tough one.

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A message from Brother Timothy, Cellarmaster of The Christian Brothers Winery, Napa, California.



some cumulus patches are buildin which—to the American eye, at le look fairly ominous. But they are f ferent in kind from the ideolo storms which racked the continen the first two-thirds of this centur

What struck me as most u tling is a new spirit of nationa which seems to be growing, sw and quietly, not only in Germany throughout most of Europe. U the old-fashioned nationalism, i not concerned with territorial ex sion. Instead it seems to be a tur inward, a preoccupation with inte affairs. "Isolationist" is perhaps strong a term to describe it, and " tralist" isn't quite right either. it certainly is tinged with an ir tience with the problems of the w outside Europe, or even beyond borders of a single country; for reason, it sometimes takes the for anti-Americanism.

At a lunch one day in a villa o north shore of Lake Como, one o wise old men of Europe tried to t few American guests what he tho was happening. He spoke sadly, cause he had devoted the best dec of his life to the effort to bui united Europe, and now felt tha had failed. And he realized tha though he was still widely revere an elder statesman, his practical i ence had almost vanished.

"In their hearts," he said, "the ple of Europe already have abando the NATO alliance. They think Americans will protect them aga any possibility of Soviet aggress for your own reasons. But they d think it necessary any longer them to share the cost of that pro tion. And the United States ca nothing to make them pay.

"Suppose you threaten to pull y troops out of Europe? They w shrug. For they believe—rightly wrongly—that a NATO ground a is no longer needed. The Ameri nuclear umbrella is defense enou Besides, they expect you to witho most of your forces anyway, to m the needs of Vietnam. When Mr. Namara assures us that he ha such intention, he simply is not lieved.

"At least for the time being," went on, "they also have forgo the ideal of a European communit no longer have much hope that Common Market will lead to an i

The Unrushables

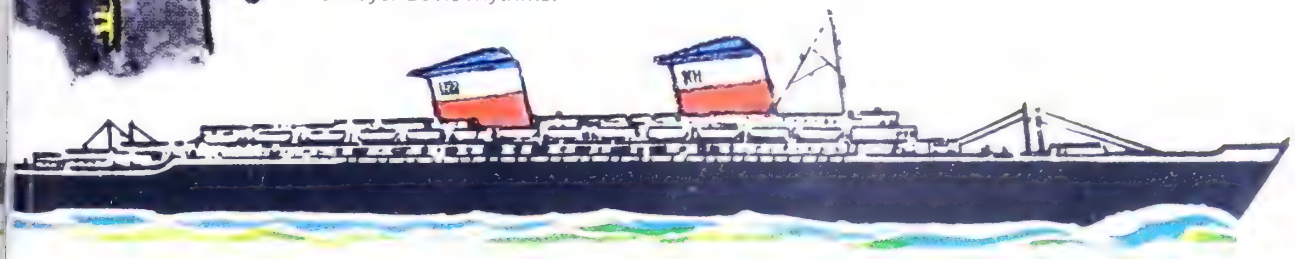
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ica's first manned moon flight lifts off, all systems must work
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You don't hear "Gee whiz!" much these days.

It's getting harder to amaze people, even the kids. Two-way wrist radios? Shirt-pocket TV sets? Yawn. The unusual is losing its "un." Why? Electronics is a big part of the answer.

Ever since the pioneering days of electronics, a lot of that answer has come from General Electric. Recent G-E developments are at left. Here are more:

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Frankly, we do keep trying to amaze you. But if a replacement is needed for "Gee whiz!" . . . how about "G. E."?

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Unique in all the world

d European economy, much less growth of federal institutions. Ie Gaulle has won. His ideas of , selfish nationalism are gaining where. Perhaps it was inevita- as soon as the threat from the faded away—or seemed to fade

er conversations appeared to m this prognosis. When a Ger- student said, "What we need is a g leader," it turned out that he hinking of de Gaulle, not Hitler; vhat he wanted was a govern- which would assert more inde- nce of American policy than rd's had done. What bothered bout that policy? Not, I was sur- l to find, the war in Vietnam. elt rather reassured that the d States was demonstrating its determination to defend a r ally. (This view was echoed ently, particularly by nationals little countries, such as Austria orway, and even by a few Yugo- But they spoke privately; prob- ıot one would have said a good for America's Vietnam policy in .) What my young friend ob- to was "American nagging." ou keep begging us to buy your ons, to help pay for the upkeep r army in Germany. Why should Ve can make our own machine -and you can support your sol- wherever you like. You fuss our trade with the Soviet bloc, ll us we ought to help feed India, arn us not to sell arms to the . Forgive me if I sound rude, e are tired of these moral lec- We are no longer an occupied y, and our government now to be deciding for itself what is for Germany, without advice oreigners."

ite one more example, an Ital- journalist—a perceptive and ing young woman—suggested ean Rusk makes himself "look clown" when he asks our Euro- llies for support in the Pacific, aid to the underdeveloped coun- "He should know," she said, we simply laugh at him. Per- ig rich countries like the United and Russia can afford to get ed in such far-off places—but we lenty to do at home." (Even me" the Europeans often are o let Uncle Sam pick up the



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tab. When floods ravaged Flo and Venice last winter, very wealthy Italians gave a single l rescue their damaged art trea They were confident that con tions would flow in from Ame as they did.)

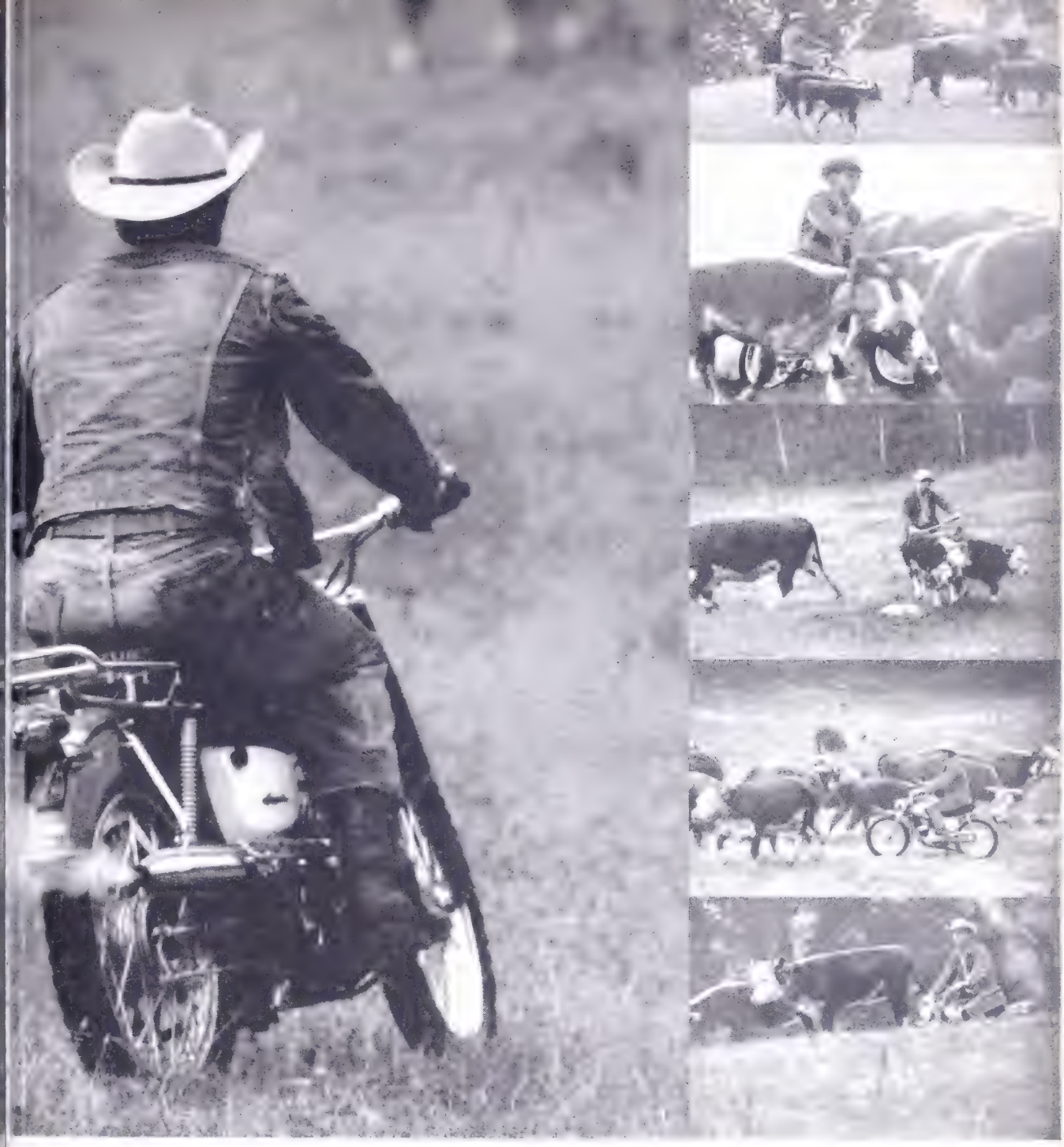
What concerned me about al was not the anti-American over We should expect that, since big tries always get scolded by the sr ones. Remember how England heyday was reviled as "perfidiou bion"? And we surely should learned by this time those ar maxims of international affairs There is no such thing as grat among nations; (2) Nobody for a benefactor.

The disquieting fact, it seer me, is our slowness in adjustin own policies and attitudes to changed atmosphere of Europe only our diplomats, but our Cong men, editorial writers, and busi men operating abroad sound—a often—as if we were still living i postwar era. Their unconsciou sumption is that Europe still n and wants, our leadership, as i during the years of the Mar Plan; that we have a right to e European help, or at least u standing, in our own undertak and that we still wield conside leverage on European policies public opinion.

These things are no longer And we do indeed "look like a cl if we pretend they are.

If we can no longer expect r sympathy or understanding, we at least command respect. To d we need to change our own attit and behavior toward Europe. does not mean, of course, any dis of chagrin or bad temper; it si means a certain coolness and det ment. A reluctance to give advic readiness to let the Europeans their own problems, conduct their quarrels, clean up their own me A thinning-out of our overstaffed bassies, to reduce the official An can presence. Possibly a withdr of a substantial part of our ar forces getting in return the best sible diplomatic bargain from Ru

Such a course would not imp retreat into isolationism. De Gaul no doubt right in assuming tha the crunch comes, we would in



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own self-interest have to help
Western Europe. But he is p
also right in calculating that no
attack is likely within the fore
future. So long as that is tru
shouldn't we let the European
the main burden of their st
ground defense?

Perhaps, too, a little less gen
would be a good thing. Seldom
of it themselves, most Europe
suspicious of it in others. I
cates, they believe, that one is
a fool or has some hidden motiv
suspicion, rooted in millennia o
ant folk-wisdom, is one reaso
they talk so much about "An
imperialism." They simply can
lieve that the United States
have poured billions of dollars
into ruined Europe unless it ho
some sinister fashion, to gain
of the European economy . . . o
the local politicians . . . or get
farm surpluses . . . or som
equally selfish. Or if not, we n
idiots, deserving contempt.

So we might do well to take a
from de Gaulle, the most res
man in Europe. He is reserve
chilly. He gives no favors, an
none. He drives hard bargains
and always he keeps an eye on
terests of his own country. A
embodies, more than any othe
vidual, the new spirit of natio
which characterizes the post-p
period.

We might not find it easy t
late his aloofness, because for a
generation—from the rise of Hi
the fall of Khrushchev—we
watch events in Europe with a
ious, hand-wringing intensity.
anything that happened there
foundly affected our vital int
Today that is no longer the case.
is happening may be a disappoin
—certainly Europe is taking a
far different from the confed
continent we once hoped for—b
hardly a threat. We have no
then, to be so nervously solicito

If we do learn to behave with
more detachment—with more r
for our own concerns and le
theirs—we may discover our
getting along surprisingly well
our European friends. For
stance would imply the respec
the recognition of indepen
which the new mood of Euro
mands above all else.



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erally they're the big companies, aders in their fields. When a com- 's stock is first listed, the Exchange o be satisfied that it has earned a ion of importance in its industry roved its ability to make a profit."

ofit the whole picture?

There are lots of guidelines for ıal listing. One is that ownership be concentrated in just a few hands; have to be at least 1,700 owners of hares or more—and some go to a ın shareowners or higher."

can I learn about listed stocks?

t's an important point. Generally is more information available on stocks. The Exchange rules re- that these companies put out finan- eports and promptly advise the e of major developments. And shareowner has the right to vote nportant matters. The investor d ask his broker for such facts."

listed, does a company always isted?

ıo means. The Exchange has stand- for de-listing a company, too."

many companies are listed on the ange?

ut 1,200 out of some 1,400,000 in ountry. But these few, as a group, ıbout 70% of the profit reported by corporations, and pay about 60% dividends."

many people own listed stocks?

Exchange estimates that more than 0,000 people own stock today, and 0,000 of these own listed stock. And urse many listed stocks are favor- ites of the big institutional investors. That means pension funds, insurance companies, and so on—so practically everybody has a stake in the market."

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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



UNFINISHED BUSINESS

An Open Letter to the Junior Senator from Massachusetts

Dear Senator Brooke:

There is a situation in the southwest corner of your state, a long way from Boston, which I wish you'd look into. At the moment I write, the situation is quiescent and under a foot or so of snow at the bottom of a pasture not far from a stream called the Green River. In spite of my best efforts to keep it stirred up, the situation is likely to stay quiescent until well after the spring thaw, when the meadow with its winter-wearied thin cloth of grass can be easily stirred by a bulldozer into a wallow of mud. Possibly the gentlemen who protect us citizens from ourselves and who inhabit the State Office Building in Boston will, like the woodchucks who live under my meadow, have emerged by the time this letter appears in print to see if they can cast a shadow.

The situation to which I refer is what I naïvely regarded as the simple matter of getting a pool dug a few yards (perhaps thirty) from a stream which runs along the edge of a meadow I own in the village of North Egremont. The stream itself, which rises in the hills of the Berkshires not more than a couple of dozen miles from where it washes the skirt of my land, is too cold even in July and August to swim in. It bubbles and swirls as clear as starlight over rocks and gravel under trees and it is not in the sun long enough to get rid of its mountain-stream chill. Trout inhabit it, and in the spring there are more fishermen than fish along my stretch of a hundred yards or so of bank, where trillium and bloodroot and dogtooth violets and skunk cabbage grow.

I was moved to undertake to have a pool dug by the experience of a friend who lives just over the New York State border and who has a somewhat similar (though smaller) stream running by his place. For a few hundred dollars a local contractor had dug a pool about 100 feet by 50, planted its banks to grass, and made a lovely little pond deep enough and warm enough for swimming. Water feeds by pipe from the stream into the pool and then back into the stream. I asked the same contractor who did that job to take a look at my situation. He came with surveyor's instruments to determine how far upstream he would have to lay pipe to get a proper fall (it means bringing the pipe along my neighbor's l of the stream, to which my neig concurred), and the contractor "I didn't have any problem a Kim's pond. But I don't know a Massachusetts laws. We'll have to out."

He got in touch with a gentle in Sheffield, Mr. Clifton R. Bou lette, who sent me a "fact sheet "Inland Alteration Projects" a sheet of "Regulations Adopted U Authority of Chapter 220, Acts 1 and an "Amendment to Chapter that became effective on Augu 1966. Mr. Bouthillette was extre polite and helpful about explai what all this meant—which, to you the trouble of looking it up, m that I had to apply to and file a and plans with my local Select (who, I've discovered, do not knowledge their mail); to the M sachusetts Department of P Works; and to the Commissione the Massachusetts Department Natural Resources. These last

Mr. Lynes works in Manhatta managing editor of "Harper's" weekends in the Berkshires, wh was born. He writes in both pl and his latest book is "Confessio a Dilettante."

bakes them out of sea spray, sunlight and soul.



the life aboard the nce" that makes difference.

S.S. France harbours chefs who now to translate Sauce Mornay etry. They exalt a perfect cut of And their Canard à l'orange is hat tears spring into the eyes at y memory of it.

e is, however, one monsieur in chens who does none of these He simply bakes petit pains.

ne knows precisely how he does each small bread becomes one of ries of the "France."

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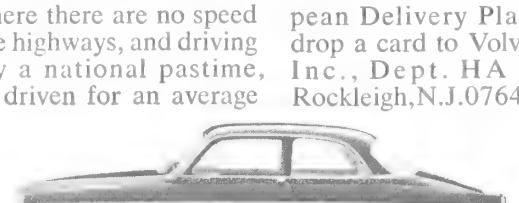
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bureaus do answer their mail u
point. I had a two-page, n
graphed letter from the Deputy
Engineer of the Department of
Works which I read all the
through wondering what it
do with me, only to discover a
in note below the signature
said, "From the plans submit
does not appear that the license
diction of the Department
Chapter 91 of the General La
involved."

I also had a letter from the
tor of Conservation Services
Department of Natural Resc
very polite, telling me that my
drawn map and plan of wh
wanted to put the pool "does
dicate a locus to enable us to pr
locate your project on a U.S
graphical Survey Sheet whi
have in our possession." That
my projected pool suddenly
like something I should ca
Army Corps of Engineers t
sult about. Instead, I got a cop
U. S. Department of the Interi
of the "Egremont Quadrangle
Minute Series, dated 1958), cut
tion about 8.5 inches by 11 inch
of it, photocopied it, indicated
cation, precisely, of my meado
put a red dot where the pool wo
approximately (houses are ind
on this map by dots, which ar
approximate; I couldn't be mo
curate with the pond), made a
ing of the pool in both plan ar
tion (as I was asked to do), ad
note that the "dimensions m
approximate" because the cont
had told me, "If we hit rock, I
going to blast, I'm just going t
over a little." I sent all this
letter of explanation (copy
silent Selectmen) and ended b
ing, "I'm eager to get started
before heavy frost sets in. Yo
operation will be most hearti
preciated."

If I had had (which I hadn't
notion that I might go ahead wi
project without official sanctio
ardor would have been damper
a note at the bottom of the Con
tion Services letter indicatin
they had sent two (2) copies o
missive to me to "Law Enforcer

You probably saw that letter,
tor, when you were in charge
enforcement as Attorney Gene
the Commonwealth, which is

an inch of



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write to you now. Your boys have me over a barrel. Presumably the "Law Enforcement" has an eye on me, but the other boys haven't answered my letter and map and plans, and it's more than two months ago (as I write) since I dispatched that letter. I heard from Joe Elliott, who runs the general store in North Egremont, when I was there one weekend late in November, that someone he didn't recognize had stopped by to ask if he knew where the pool was meant to be, and Joe didn't know because I hadn't thought to tell him. I closed my house just after Thanksgiving for the winter and I assume the squirrels and the field mice have taken up their annual winter residence there. I didn't leave copies of the plans with them either.

I'm a native of Massachusetts who lives in New York and votes there but pays taxes (indeed in Egremont, nonresidents pay more school taxes than do residents, which I find quaint) in Massachusetts, and I feel I need somebody to look out for my minority rights. That is, if I have any. Have I?

Sincerely,

R. L.



Venice Under Water

Last October the cultural and physical future of Venice came in for some discussion in this column with an article called "Is Venice Worth Saving?" In November the city was, of course, threatened as it had not been for many centuries with "high water" that made the not uncommon winter *"acqua alta"* seem like a mere puddle in the Piazza San Marco. Shortly after the Adriatic had broken the seawalls of Pellestrina, leaving the lagoon in which Venice sits threatened by further agonizing floods, a letter from a friend in Venice (he has an apartment on the top floor of a *palazzo* on the Grand Canal) came saying, in part, "I am one of the fortunate ones who live high up, but thousands of others have lost all but the muddy and oil-soaked clothes they were wearing on November fourth. The destruction is incredible. There are thousands with everything destroyed—no house to go to, no place to get warm, no clothes, little food, little water . . . and winter cold already here and getting worse."

There has been a great deal published about the simultaneous catastrophe in Florence; there has been a great deal less about what happened in Venice for the very good reason that it was less catastrophic, the loss of cultural monuments and artifacts far less appalling, and the loss of property undramatic by comparison. The event, however, deserved more attention than it received. Even at this late date, it seems worth recording. One of the inhabitants of the city who was quoted in this column was a young American sculptor, Joan Fitz-Gerald. She had rather wry comments to make on the failure of the patricians of the city to support its cultural institutions, and I wrote asking her for her account of what happened during the flood. She responded with a long and vivid letter, some of which I quote here for the benefit of those who know Venice and for those who are curious about what happens to a floating city when its feet get more than commonly wet.

"The Venetians," she wrote, "are used to the *'acqua alta,'* and in the six years I've been here, the water has risen over two feet in the Piazza San Marco (the lowest point in the city) dozens of times. Everyone realized that between the continual rise and the torrents of rain this was indeed going to be a record high. . . . Normally, the water is down by morning and everyone gets out to scrub everything with warm water to get the salt out and keep things from being ruined. This time the water was higher than ever in the morning and great pools of oil had formed on the surface of the water, caused by the heating systems being submerged; in the end this was the cause of serious damage."

She continued:

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AFTER HOURS

I put on ski clothes and rubl
and went out to look around. Iy
trance hall was about two feet ee
water and it had seeped into
before I even got the front dc
but the promise of Venice floati in
sea made me forget comfort an
out. I waded along, sometim
deep. Most of the shopkeepers h
up and gone home, but some
ready back, this time in hip boot
to save whatever they could.
was no electricity the coffee
didn't work, so we all drank
grappa, which was more suite to
occasion anyway.

The buildings seemed to be flc
the sea without any possible
tions. The boats going by were
eye level and, as the canals
ished, they simply went anywh
casionally an unmanned gondol
by like a dream. The rain had
the marble clean and all thos
glistened gloriously in a slight
saw people hanging out of th
floor windows looking forlornly
the water washing into their h
low. The *vaporetti* (water bu
all day and you'd see gondoliers
of a boat, go straight down into
or more of water and wade a
search of their gondolas. If th
found, they'd tie them up u
bridges and then wade back
where they had gotten off the
wait for another to come along
them home. Can you imagine
bridges looked like? From no
nowhere....

The principal, indeed alm
only, industry of Venice pr
tourism, and the entrepren
charm and honky-tonk who
this industry were quick to
to the emergency. "The ne
everyone was out early and
where," Miss FitzGerald wrot
saw people busy scrubbing
down, which was pretty hard
the oil and salt water. At F
the famous cafe on the Pia
Marco] the whole staff was ou
the arcade working away on
velvet chairs. It took time to
but they opened in about ten da
everything was so clean it
new."

The main hotels managed t
tain their service in spite o
flooded first floors. The Gritti
Hotel, for example, "had beer
for a week and had, as usual
up the rugs, etc., so that there
damage. . . ." Most shopkeepe
back in business in a few da

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"the fake antiques got a very a
tic-looking patina, and the pric
probably go up accordingly ne
son."

But the city's burghers found
selves in something of a bind.
reports of the damage in Flor
my correspondent wrote, "and t
that was coming into that city
all over the world really threw
into a spin. So, a week late
damage toll went up and up a
and up, and the maneuver w
in that the government aid pr
rose, and foreign help too. I
backfired in that people starte
celing reservations for the s
We are now in a checkmate."

It appears that Venice's nigh
day of catastrophic high wate
in the long run, prove to have
beneficent. It has focused the
tion of all of Italy and primari
government on the problems o
vival that were discussed in th
umn last autumn. A report fro
London *Times* in December said
flood waters which poured th
Venice have provided some
shock therapy. A new sense
gency surrounds a meeting in
tomorrow of a national comm
charged with ensuring the futu
safety of Venice as an interna
culture center. The estimated
£175,000."

And worth every penny of it



Anti-anti-Philistines

By no means all of the letters
Philistines that have come to th
partment have been suggestion
"Philistine of the Month" or in
port of the concept. (It was lau
in the July 1966 After Hours, a
first award was conferred in N
ber.) In justice to those who

"Voilà de la publicité pour Berlitz."

See? You already know some French.

And in a matter of weeks you could be speaking it fluently.

Because the Berlitz method is the fastest and most effective way to learn any language.

Just as we did here, you start right in speaking. Your instructor won't speak a word of English to you.

He starts right in with "bonjour" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between la brosse and le peigne. In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Le matin j'utilise une brosse et un peigne."



With the aid of objects, pictures, and a lot of body English, your instructor will have you speaking fluent French before you can say Jacques Robinson.

Par exemple: A Paris there are many parcs where one may go for une promenade. And there are des chaises where one may sit and regarder les fontaines, or les enfants who play and les amoureux who kiss. And if you read this once again, you should comprendre every word.

We can have you speaking fluently in five weeks if you can spare your full time, or in three or four months if you can spare only lunch hours. (Or in ten to fifteen days, if you have the stamina.*)

We guarantee our method if you guarantee your diligence.

Now all you need do is téléphoner à l'école Berlitz de votre localité and make an appointment.

You've already started your first lesson.

*10-15 day program is called Total Immersion and it really works.

Baltimore, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, East Orange, Forest Hills, Guadalajara, Houston, Angeles, Manhasset, Mexico City, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Montreal, New York (midtown and downtown), Ottawa, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Phoenix, Pittsburgh, Quebec, Ridgewood, N. J., St. Louis, San Diego, San Francisco, San Juan, Seattle, Stamford, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D.C., White Plains. For other areas write, call, or cable Berlitz Field Supervisor, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10020 (212) LT1-2680.

COMING IN HARPER'S



A photographer and a *Harper's* editor met the distinguished novelist, **Isaac Bashevis Singer,** at the Tip Toe Inn, a restaurant on Broadway in New York, to show him a selection of extraordinary photographs of Hasidic Jews–a group that is suspicious of outsiders and dislikes to be photographed. The photographer, **Nancy Rudolph,** spread the pictures on a table and in a minute waiters and customers gathered around. Mr. Singer was delighted with the photographs, and the result is a picture and text article (rare in *Harper's*) of uncommon distinction, both visual and literary, called **The Extreme Jews.**

It takes a journalist who is also a novelist to produce a subtle and narrative profile like the one **Tom Wicker** (*New York Times* Washington bureau chief and author of six novels) has written about George Corley Wallace, Jr., and his "little wife, a girl who used to work in a dime store," who is now Madam Governor of Alabama. **The Wallace story** is that of a man with a natural gift for demagoguery, friendship, and opportunism, of whom Wicker says, "It has been his genius–like that of the mysterious Big Brother of *1984* who turned War into Peace–to make Defeat mean Triumph, Retreat mean Advance."

"The public in this country is pro-bird," writes **Philip Wagner,** a famous grower of wine grapes, "just as the public in India is pro-cow." In an article on what seems to be a population explosion in birds, he takes out after these despoilers of crops, wreckers of aircraft in flight, awakeners of sleepers, and carriers of disease in a manner that is going to make the ardent bird watcher's skin crawl, and pilots and farmers (and vintners) stand up and cheer.

D. W. Brogan ("Professor Sir Denis Brogan, Peterhouse, Cambridge" on his letterhead) is something of an embarrassment to Americans who consider themselves familiar with our history. His encyclopedic knowledge of not only our history but our folklore and the subtleties of our inside jokes puts most natives to shame. (Most of his articles for *Harper's* have been about America, and his book, *The American Character,* is a small classic.) In **The English Sickness** in the April *Harper's* he turns his sharp wit and discerning political acumen on his native land and suggests how England must "join Europe" to save herself.

AFTER HOURS

that the ideal is a folly, a number f
letters are here published:

I am saddened to see the Philis e
blurb in your magazine. It doesn't
come *Harper's*.

Take issue with a man if you cho
but why demean yourself by calling
rogatory names?

DAVID HOLST
Sonora, C

I can't seem to stop thinking about
the Philistine-of-the-Month award in e
November *Harper's*. On what basis c s
a respected editor of a civilized publ
tion skewer and flay an admitted a
teur for expressing an honest opir
about art?

Here I've been going along mildly
joying the innovators and exhibition s
and other odd mice that public relati s
brings forth as mountains, with neve
thought that I was in the presence f
art, and should watch my language.
Lynes seems to say that we should sh
respect, because sixty or one hund
years ago people didn't, and now we
lieve they were wrong. Time is a teac
and art is long, but my life is not. I c
wait for history's verdict, nor am I c
cerned with the art-market quotati s
in futures. What pleases me should
my choice, and no one's business
mine.

I cannot see the difference betw
the police sergeant who shut down *W*
Afraid of Virginia Woolf? and
Lynes who creams Dr. Rafferty, an
shakes me. . . .

BEVERLY VAVO
St. Paul, Mi

. . . A sure hallmark of the Philist
is the attacking of another for a diffi
ing opinion on a subject whose cha
teristics are nebulous, at best. Since
falls into this category, and since
are attacking a man because he diff
with you, I fear you may be guilty of
very philistinism that you deplore.

PETER W. WILLIAM
Ipswich, M

It seems to me reasonable to po
out that neither Dr. Rafferty nor
police sergeant was mentioned a
Philistine because of his opini
about art, but because of the hi
moral tone and complacency w
which his opinions were delivered
the "I know what is good for you,
it is my duty to protect you fr
yourselves" attitude characteristic
the censor. This does not, however,
validate the comments above.

There was one letter, a rather l
one, from England that has a pur



1. Your hot dog's getting cold.

I'm not hungry.



2. As the father of a brand new baby, you're none too cheerful.

I had a disturbing thought.



3. Tell me.

It'll be years and years before the kid is self-supporting.



4. It's not unusual for fathers to provide for their children until they're through school.

That's not it. Jane and I love kids. We want 5 or 6.



5. Wonderful.

But what if I should die, perish the thought, before they've earned their PhD's?



6. If you plan with Living Insurance from Equitable, you can be sure there'll be money to take care of your kids and help them complete their education. On the other hand, if you make it to retirement, you can use the cash values in your policy for some swinging sunset years.

I'd like the mustard, relish, pickles and ketchup.



Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

Equitable 1-67



touch of Italian sophistication. Bolla is light and dry with a very subtle bouquet. Write us for a recipe for Corned Beef and Cabbage. Imported from Italy by Fontana-Hollywood Corp., Box 3H, 468 Greenwich St., NYC 13

Lindblad Travel, Inc. announces "On the Inca Road" -- a unique 26-day exploration of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Argentina

On this meticulously planned expedition, we will trace the ancient civilization of the Incas and their conquerors, the Conquistadores.

The golden relics and mummified remains of the warriors illustrate a fascinating era dating back more than 1500 years.

We will visit the descendants of the Incas. Participate in their colorful fiestas. Observe their religious ceremonies. During the journey, Lindblad Travel will provide for your every comfort. Cost complete from New York: $1,835.00.

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Mail the coupon now for the brochure.

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139 East 55 St., New York, N. Y. 10022 H1

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

about its vitriol that one rarel
counters on this side of the Atl

I saw, with only slightly more
passing interest, your nomination
Max Rafferty of California to be a
listine of the Month." I did not
catch the reason for his being s
ored—for having spoken out conce
a special area of knowledge in
you consider him uninformed,
having expressed his personal fe
in such a crass, prosaic, and pr
manner. Neither did I note an at
by *Harper's* to refute the nonse
preaches.

But, no matter, a POTM Club s
great, why not internationalize it?
I have missed some copies of the
zine I have not read the foundi
ticles of the organization and fo
know you may have just such a m
mind. Or, perhaps, you may feel
are sufficient Philistines in the
States to provide the club with ad
long-term members? Should a b
scope be in the cards for POTM
mit me to nominate two members
abroad:

(1) Sir Charles Wheeler of
Britain, for ten years president
Royal Academy, who had the gall
clare, "Accidental splashes of co
rags of sacking on canvas, the ma
boldly tell you, is art of great
cance. And we are all too timid
swer, 'Nonsense.' We are told that
ers who are inspired by psyc
anonymous wall-scribblers, lunati
criminals are geniuses. And we s
it whole instead of spewing it
clear-minded and honest people s

(2) Pablo Picasso of Spain, o
artist, who dared to elaborate, "T
fined people, the rich, the idlers s
new, the extraordinary, the ex
gant, the scandalous. I have co
these people with all the many
things that have come into my
And the less they understand th
they admire it. By amusing myse
all these games, all this nonsen
these picture puzzles, I became fa

Strange how that word "non
crops up all the time. But I must
that the above quoted heresy ha
to me second-, even third-hand,
been selected from the popular
Should these reports prove reliab
the exhaustive scrutiny your m
ship committee will no doubt de
give them, I suggest that Dr. R
be informed—in order that he be
no doubt as to the type of person
whom he must share at least a
his views, and honors.

C. H. W
Dorking, Surrey, E



ur credit card doesn't give you oice of airlines around the world—

e not carrying American Express

you need with so many airlines? u going to charge a ticket to ? From Elkins, West Virginia to , Ohio?

not. But the *choice* is there with Express. Fly where you want, want, on the airline you want. you only use it to charge tickets irline, the American Express es you a choice. Pay for your tickets on your next bill with *no* service charge—or take three, six, nine, or twelve months.

Comparison shopping tip: Every credit card that gives you a year to pay for airline tickets has a service charge.

American Express has the *lowest* in the business—nearly 40 percent less tha another major credit card plan.

With a card like this, who needs others?



Unquestioned credit at airlines, restaurants, hotels, motels, rent a cars, shops—world wide

Australia. Now you can fly ther with a winner.

If you're thinking about setting a world surfing record, or prospecting for gold, or hunting fossils along a coral reef, or just finding a place that's fresh, we have the place.

Starting April 1, you'll be able to fly BOAC Down Under.



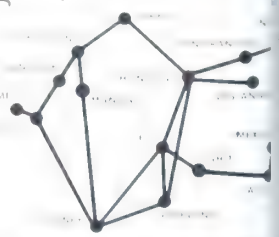
Magnificent Rolls-Royce 707 fan jets will whisk you direct from New York or San Francisco to Sydney. And you can stop over in Honolulu and Fiji at no extra fare.

BOAC is the airline that won the Atlantic. For the past two years, we've flown more passengers per plane across that ocean than any other major airline. And everything that's been making people happy on their way to London and Europe will be yours to Australia:

The roomiest, most comfortable Economy Class seat in the sky. Pilots with millions of miles behind t
Stewardesses who know what a
tini is all about. And things like Ch
Iranian Caviar, Double Consom
laced with Sherry, and Angus Be

If you plan to go on from Aust
BOAC can help there too. From
ney we'll jet you to Auckland, To
Hong Kong, Singapore, Bang
Kuala Lumpur–10 exotic cities i
In association with Air New Zea
and Qantas we'll have 19 flights a w
across the Pacific.

Your Travel Agent knows all a
our new route.
And where to stay, what to do Down Under.
Ring him up.



BOA
TAKES GOOD CARE OF



All of the arts,
poetry, music, ritual, the visible arts,
the theatre must singly and together create
the most comprehensive art of all,
a humanized society,
and its masterpiece,
free man.



Great Ideas of Western Man
Container Corporation of America

CCA

Harper's
magazine

Robert Eck

THE REAL MASTERS OF TELEVISION

Do you believe that wicked advertisers, stupid sponsors, or deceptive audience ratings are responsible for all those bad programs? If so, you are wrong. The real fault lies much deeper—and is incurable, unless we can develop a well-financed noncommercial network.

As the television network librarians begin to tally and rack this season's last cans of film and tape, it is possible to predict with sad certainty what next year will bring.

Except for more old movies, next year's commercial television will be the same as this has been. The same green tendrils of hope will grow into the same weedy crop of formula-written, formula-directed shows, ranging from pseudo-Westerns through cast-iron fantasies, to what *Variety* once called hix pix. This prediction is also valid for 1968, and the year after that, and the year after that, ad infinitum.

Why can't commercial television be improved? After all, its diseases seem to be no mystery. Everyone knows it is infested by evil advertising men who befoul the programs with their greedy touch. Their dupes, the sponsors, are for the most part a group of well-meaning, affluent bumblers—misguided souls who need instruction in cultural responsibility from you, me, Goodman Ace, and David Susskind. The networks they deal with are stupid bureaucracies, dominated by frightened vice-presidents, natural enemies of everything that is fresh and intelligent. To make matters worse, all three idiot species are being bamboozled by a fourth: the audience researcher, a charlatan who has persuaded them he can take a continuous count of the nation's many millions of television viewers, either by telephoning the homes or bugging the sets of a thousand or two families whose identities are shrouded in mystery. By contrast to these fools and villains, there are a few exemplary sponsors who, out of the sheer goodness of their enlightened hearts, pay for the programs you and I like. And waiting in the wings is a benevolent government, needing only stronger prompting to move onstage and straighten out the mess.

If these familiar figures of cocktail-party folklore even came close to representing the actualities of commercial television, there might be some hope for improvement. But they do not. They are a collection of wishes, falsehoods, and semi-truths, embodied in explanatory myths. As we shall see, it is not because of these myths but be-

cause of the more complex realities underlying them that commercial television is as amenable to reform as the adult Bengal tiger.

The Myth of the Evil Adman's Influence

While it has become fashionable among intellectual liberals to lay the sins of our materialism at the doorstep of the advertising agent, today's television programming is one sin he can rightly disclaim. He has virtually nothing to say about it. There was a time when he was a grand panjandrum of programming, but that was thirty years ago, in the heyday of radio, when advertising agencies literally produced the programs their clients sponsored. In 1940, for example, A. D. Lasker, the head of Pepsodent's advertising agency, could decide whether Bob Hope, popular star of Pepsodent's radio show, would get the thousand-dollar weekly raise he was asking for. In 1967, Johnny Carson, popular star of *The Tonight Show*, who earns over $200,000 a year, need not even say hello to an advertising agent.

Although the business patterns of radio carried over into the early days of television, by the mid-1950s the television networks succeeded in taking away from the advertising men the controls they had historically exercised over program material. In this, the networks had no choice. Not only were television shows far more difficult to produce than radio shows, but television itself was rapidly growing into a business far more vast and risky—a business in which the profits (and the eventual existence) of a network depended not on its ability to cozen sponsors but to deliver measurable audience. Programming—the means of doing this—could not be left in the hands of outsiders, semi-professionals, men to whom entertainment was only a sideline.

For the same reasons, production of television shows shifted from Chicago and New York to the foothills of the Santa Monica mountains. The moviemakers out there were not only the most expert producers of mass entertainment but also the most efficient. The money put into a live production is gone the moment the floodlights die, but films can be sold and resold, again and again, both here and abroad. A filmed TV series can be profitable even if it loses money on its first run.

Robert Eck is an associate copy director of one of the country's largest advertising agencies, based in Chicago. He has written advertising for eighteen years and previously worked for Sears and served in the Signal Corps (radar).

Nowadays, the networks make a practice of inviting advertisers and their agencies to preview the prototype films of such series (the pilots), but that's about as far as it goes. Admen do not put programs on the air, don't materially change them once they're on, and don't take them off.

The Myth of the Audience-counting Charlatans

Nothing about television has been the subject of so much childish pique and wishful thinking as the rating services which undertake to measure television audiences. Inside the business, they are hated and feared, because their tabulations can make a man a potential millionaire or a failure in a matter of weeks. Outside, they are distrusted by many egocentric citizens who refuse to believe that the viewing habits of a small group of strangers could possibly reflect their own and, by the same token, the nation's. These are the people who, in the words of a disgusted research director, "think you have to drink the whole quart of milk to discover it is sour."

The plain truth about audience counting is that nobody in his right mind would spend millions out of a private, corporate, political, or charitable purse to propel images into an uncharted void. Even the BBC uses random samples of its audience for guidance. And while random sampling can always be attacked because it only approaches perfection, so can a literal head-count. The more heads that must be counted, the more chances there are for human error in interviewing and arithmetic. This is why the Bureau of the Census sometimes prefers random sampling to a total count.

The standard, though far from the only audience sample in the television business is that of the Nielsen Audimeter survey, which measures audience continuously by means of a recording device attached to television sets in some 1,400 homes. There are a few drawbacks to this ingenious system. First, it assumes that whenever a set is turned on, so are its owners, which is usually, but not always, true. Second, families who are *not* keenly interested in television generally refuse to let the Nielsen people install Audimeters in their sets. Third, not all Audimeter recordings reach Nielsen headquarters in Evanston, Illinois, in time for inclusion in the tabulations. Fourth, the Nielsen sample has an admitted statistical error of three points.

Of course, the networks, the advertisers, the agencies, all of whom employ statistical experts, are fully aware of the weaknesses of the Nielsen

figures; but they also know that these figures are considerably better than none at all, so they use them in a fairly uninhibited fashion.

The two most important aspects of this use seem to have escaped public notice:

(1) Both the men who run the networks and the men who run the companies that use network advertising know that everyone uses the same audience figures and that, therefore, their competitors are subject to the same errors and inadequacies as are they. For competitive business purposes, the inadequacies of the ratings tend to wash out over a period of time, just as would the inadequacies of a short deck in a poker game.

(2) The audience count is not a popularity contest or even primarily a guide to the judgment of network executives. It is part of a financial measurement.

For each dollar a businessman spends, he wants a comparative measure of what it has bought. In the case of advertising audience, his measure is cost per thousand people reached. He started using this measure long before network television, or even network radio, existed. To find which of several newspapers or magazines gave him the most for his money, he divided the cost of putting an ad in each of them by the number of thousands of people who bought copies. Now he does the same for television, dividing the cost of a minute commercial (about $40,000 in prime evening time) by the number of thousands of viewers who were tuned in.

"How much do I pay for every thousand people my commercial reaches—a dollar-and-a-half, a dollar-seventy-five, two dollars, two-twenty-five?" It is on the answer to this question that television shows succeed or fail, far more than on the gross figures of the Nielsen or Trendex ratings. The BBC, of course, would never use its audience figures in this way, but the BBC has no stockholders and requires no profits.

The Myth of the Bumbling, Unenlightened Sponsors

A shocking thing has happened to most old-fashioned television sponsors. They have disappeared. In their place is a heartless scheme called a scatter plan. Except in moments of extreme frustration, nobody in the business ever wanted a sponsor to vanish. A few years ago, in fact, the networks would only sell the commercial use of a weekly show to a regular weekly sponsor or, at most, to two alternating sponsors. However, the supply of companies with enough advertising money to buy television time this way is limited.

> In later issues *Harper's* will explore the prospects for a different kind of TV programming, which may result from impending major developments in noncommercial broadcasting.—**The Editors**

NBC and CBS, then the undisputed leaders of the field, were able to attract such large advertisers without undue difficulty. But it was a different matter for ABC. Lacking the programming, the audience, and the stations to get all the large sponsors it needed, ABC began selling off its unsponsored time *à la carte*, offering smaller advertisers the chance to buy a minute here and a minute there.

What began as pure expedient has since grown to be the dominant trade practice, transformed into the scatter plan, a sophisticated purchasing device that permits the advertiser to purposefully scatter his commercials among different shows on the same network. Most television advertisers, including the biggest, are delighted with the scatter plan because it permits them to reach a wider number of viewers; it offers them more likelihood of reaching the kind of viewers they want to reach; it lets them suit their expenditures to the season (as the barrage before Christmas or June graduation indicates); and it averages their risks. Sponsored shows may turn out to be unwatched turkeys; scatter plans do not.

That's why probably three-quarters of all national television—amounting to around a billion dollars annually—is now paid for by scatter plans. It's not unusual for Procter & Gamble, one of the country's three or four heaviest television advertisers, to have commercials for its products on thirty to forty shows. A booming pharmaceutical firm such as Miles Laboratories may have commercials on half that number.

A scatter plan is born when an advertising agency tells the networks that one of its clients is in the market for television time, and describes the nature of the desired audience. If a client is a breakfast-food maker, he will usually want a family audience, which he can get by scattering his commercials among such early evening shows as *Lassie*, *Daktari*, *The Andy Griffith Show*, and *Lost in Space*. If he makes floor wax, he will pick daytime shows that appeal more to women than to children. The businesses that make stickum for false teeth and mine gold out of tired blood want to talk to older people, which means they prefer such shows as *Candid Camera*, *What's My Line?*, and *The Lawrence Welk Show*.

The scatter plans submitted by the networks

are almost never bought before being subjected to a process of juggling and horse trading: "Look, the way it is now, the price is all wrong. A dollar-fifty-four a thousand. And you've given us four minutes on *Make a Bet*, which we all know is a dog. Tell you what, though, we'll take two of those four minutes on *Make a Bet*, if you'll give us the other two minutes on a *Lucy* re-run." If the suggested changes are made and the plan bought, a housewife in Houston will see a new commercial while watching a re-run of *I Love Lucy*. She will never know or care that somewhere up North, an agency man is telling his client, "On the basis of the Nielsens, we are getting daytime women for a dollar-forty-seven a thousand," and that she is a .147-cent daytime woman.

For all his arrogant foibles, the old-time sponsor usually took a proprietary pride in his show. It was more apt to be a manifestation of his vanity than an accurate reflection of the show's intrinsic worth, but it did exist and it could be appealed to. It has been replaced by the depersonalized processes of an audience market, in which viewers by the millions are counted, sorted, graded, and sold to specification at so much a thousand head. There is not much to be gained by writing a letter of praise—or disgust—to a scatter plan.

The Myth of the Exemplary, Enlightened Sponsors

Most of the fast-vanishing breed of real sponsors remaining on television are distinguished by their benignity. They sponsor fine programs and regularly receive Good Boy Medals in the form of various trophies, plaques, and journalistic commendations, accompanied by the wistfully spoken hope that other advertisers will take the hint and become good boys, too.

This, alas, will never be. The good sponsor is a rare bird not only in its sponsoring habits but also in its generally peculiar business characteristics. Unlike the bulk of television advertisers, the sponsor of the *Bell Telephone Hour* is a huge natural monopoly whose profits will not be even slightly affected by the way it uses television. The *Hallmark Hall of Fame* is the darling of one of the last of the old school of owner-managers, a rough-hewn multimillionaire named Joyce Hall, who can do pretty much what he likes. What he likes is to sponsor inoffensive plays of proven worth, elegantly produced. The extent to which this has helped Hallmark sales will never be known since greeting-card sales do not respond to television advertising in the directly traceable way sales of many household products do.

Other "cultural" sponsors are often companies with small advertising budgets who use the opportunity afforded by public-affairs or cultural uplift shows to buy television time cheap. Prior to each season, the networks plan for and underwrite the costs of a number of thoughtful pieces of reportage and a few well-intended dramatic shows, knowing even as they do it, that low audience forecasts will make it necessary to sell them off to commercial sponsors at a loss.

A startling insight into the strange economics of such programs is provided by the case of the Arthur Miller play, *Death of a Salesman*, one of the most impressive shows of 1966. It was produced by David Susskind and sponsored by Xerox Corporation, a company that in May 1966, received a trustees' award from the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences for its contributions to the betterment of television programming. However, Susskind was not paid to produce *Salesman* by this exemplary sponsor, but by CBS, in whose vaults the completed tape reposed for some months while CBS vainly sought sponsors—and while the asking price kept dropping. When Xerox at last bought the telecast of the play, they got it for what can be described in today's market as a song. The financial realities behind *Death of a Salesman* are:

Production cost (with no profit for the network)	$580,000
Network time charges	300,000
Total cost to CBS	$880,000
Price to Xerox	250,000
Net loss to CBS	$630,000

In other words, the real sponsor of *Death of a Salesman* was the network, which cut its losses by selling the ostensible sponsorship to Xerox, a company whose enormous profits and lack of need for broad television audience eminently qualify it for the role of patron of the arts.

As time goes by, we shall probably see fewer rather than more good sponsors in television. In the case of the authentically benevolent sponsors, the by-guess-and-by-God judgment of old-line management will give way to the facts-and-figures quantification of Harvard Business School graduates. The rest of the good sponsors are dependent on the willingness of the networks to produce and sell good shows at fire-sale prices. Since the networks' recent profits have been phenomenal, we

The critical and popular success of this televised Miller play doubtless encouraged Xerox to sponsor Miller's *The Crucible*, now scheduled for showing May 1. That same success has probably also encouraged CBS to insist that this time Xerox shoulder a larger share of the cost.

can assume their current willingness to absorb losses for the sake of prestige is about as high as it is ever going to be. Any reverses in profit will probably be reflected by the departure of some of those good sponsors who are only good when the network helps them be.

The Myth of the Stupid Bureaucratic Networks and Their Frightened Vice-Presidents

"Television is a triumph of equipment over people and the minds that control it are so small you could put them in the navel of a flea and still have room beside them for a network vice-president's heart."

When Fred Allen said that in 1952, he was suffering from an illusion still shared by millions who assume from the nature of most television programming that the networks are in the communications and entertainment business.

They are not.

It is true they deal in communications and entertainment. It is true that millions of words are annually printed to describe television programming. It is also true that from time to time, a network president will strike a Belasco pose. But the fact is that, unlike a Belasco, a Merrick, or a Bing, he collects no subscriptions and has no box office. He gets every cent of his money from advertisers. The network he operates is a gigantic, electronic medicine wagon with a Hollywood cast, whose entire reason for being lies in its ability to gather millions of men, women, and children to see and hear the advertiser's pitch.

The networks' business is the audience-delivery business, and if their vice-presidents are frightened men, they have good reason to be. They are involved in a unique and frightening enterprise. Their customer, the typical television advertiser, is a maker of package goods. His products (soda pop, soap, prepared foods, etc.) cost little, are bought often, and are used in every home. His audience requirements are limitless and unrelated to cultural or socioeconomic levels. He wants as much audience as he can get as cheap as he can get it.

This customer's principal audience supplier, the network, knows that for its part, the more scatter-plan audience it can deliver per dollar of production and telecasting charges, the lower the advertiser's true cost will be, the more he will tend to use the network for his advertising, and the more money the network will make. What this has led to is unparalleled in the history of publication, radio, theater, or motion pictures—a quest for audience which, carried to its logical end, is impossible and absurd. The mechanical rabbit each network is chasing is no less than total share of total audience: all the television viewers in the United States. No network will ever catch the rabbit, but they cannot stop themselves from trying.

The consequences of the chase revealed themselves drastically for the first time during the 1959-60 season, a year that gave the lie to the irreparable optimists who thought, and still may think, that television, properly used, can slowly lift the tastes of the masses, shaw by shaw, until 25 million American families commonly spend evenings of Shakespeare in their living rooms.

In 1959, NBC and CBS were sufficiently rich and successful to try to inaugurate a process of cultural uplift and were, in fact, presenting a fairly wide spectrum of regular programming which ranged from *Playhouse 90* to the equally well-rehearsed *$64,000 Question*. ABC, unfortunately, was poor, insecure, and ambitious. In the fall of 1959, under the guidance of a shrewd, personable sales executive, Oliver Treyz, ABC launched a group of new shows distinguished by stylized violence and unstylized gore. Its many new cops-and-robbers shows included the renowned *Untouchables* series, as well as *Hawaiian Eye* and *The Detectives*, while five new Westerns brought its total number of Westerns to a total of ten a week.

This move was righteously criticized in press and pulpit but, in terms of the multitudes of viewers it could deliver to advertisers, the 1959-60 season proved the turning point in the fortunes of ABC. As an audience-delivery system, it suddenly moved up from a low third place to a close second, forcing NBC and CBS to compromise their programming standards so rapidly and completely that by spring of 1961, Ollie Treyz had what must have been the extreme pleasure of salting his competitors' wounds. In a speech delivered in April of that year, he accused NBC and CBS of slavishly copying ABC's grand new program ideas and coolly suggested they stick to their own lasts.

Of course they weren't about to follow Treyz's advice. He had taught them a lesson of the most unforgettable kind: an expensive one. In the audience-delivery business, you do not have the luxury of setting either your standards or those of your audience. Instead, they are set for you by the relative success of your competitors.

Since then, the pursuit of total audience has been conducted with tactics not always successful but usually pragmatic and cunning. In general, the networks have learned how to deftly mass-produce the predictable novelties and uncomplicated heroes, clowns, and villains that have always



"I am a great believer in the sacrifice."

delighted the mass of humanity. There is nothing new about Tarzan, who joined the NBC program lineup in 1966. He made a fortune for his creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs, fifty years ago, probably because in fashioning him Burroughs hit on a simple heroic archetype of great antiquity. Tarzan's essential character (such as it is) bears a striking resemblance to that of Enkidu, the nature-boy of the five-thousand-year-old Sumerian story of Gilgamesh. In the words of the epic, Enkidu is "the strongest in the world, he is like an immortal from heaven. He ranges over the hills with the wild beasts and eats grass . . . He fills in the pits which I dig and tears up my traps set for the game; he helps beasts escape and now they slip through my fingers." Zane Grey, Gene Porter, Conan Doyle, and most of the other turn-of-the-century popular novelists could have been highly successful television writers. Moreover, if you bother to examine such popular home entertainment devices of the 'thirties as *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*, you will find a blueprint for most of today's nighttime programming in the form of serial episodes built around a few continuing characters: the Mr. Glencannon sea stories, the Ephraim Tutt law stories, the Perry Mason and Nero Wolfe detective stories. Westerns were an editorial habit. Other program materials can be traced to the once-popular, now vanished, pulp magazines that specialized in war, Western, crime, and science fiction.

In the circumstances, it is inaccurate to complain that the audience-delivery systems are subverting the popular taste. What they are doing is accommodating it better than it has ever been accommodated before. A prime example is the TV version of the Western. Western films have been a foolproof staple of the entertainment field ever since Blace Tracey silently gunned down Silk Miller in *Hell's Hinges*, fifty years ago, because they can be filmed with cost-cutting speed and almost invariably make money. So it is hardly surprising to find a lot of television time given over to the horse opera. What comes as a slight shock is to realize that many of television's so-called Westerns—including the most popular—aren't real

Westerns at all. From time to time, a posse may still pursue the villains up the draw, a stage may be held up, there may be gunfights; but for the most part television's Western heroes are concerned with Human Problems. The badman is as frequently reformed as killed. Often he is completely missing from the script.

For purposes of audience delivery, the trouble with the authentic Western is that its appeal is restricted to grown men and small boys; so a bastard form has begun to replace it, the sagebrush soap opera: Marshal Dillon of *Gunsmoke* is Dodge City's resident sociologist and Ben Cartwright, the patriarch of *Bonanza*, is kindly, wise, old Father Barbour in chaps. Underneath the outward semblance of the violent morality play that men and boys find relieving and pleasurable, the sagebrush soap opera presents the emotionally manipulative, self-conscious interplay of communal and family personalities women enjoy. The hero may, in fact, be an entire family, because the show is intended to attract entire families.

The immense popularity of *Bonanza*, champion of this new breed, testifies to the fact that the constant attempt to deliver larger audiences has made American commercial television the most awesome mechanism of mass entertainment ever devised. Week in and week out, *Bonanza* draws audiences far larger than the total population of most European countries. A number of other shows draw almost as strongly; and during the prime evening hours, the average number of viewers attracted by the combined offerings of the three networks can be estimated at around 70 million.

That is quite a house.

To suggest in the face of such monumental achievement that the networks have failed is to spit into the wind. In their own terms, at least, they have been a resounding success. Today, as they settle into their mature business practice, we can confidently expect them to continue chasing the uncatchable rabbit with the sharpened skills and elastic agility born of bitter but rewarding experience. Theirs is an infinite pursuit which has in it small room for cultural dabblings.

The Myth of the Benevolent Governmental Power

During his tenure as crusading chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Newton Minow, with strong support from the press, managed to badger the networks into carrying slightly more public-service programming. He also managed to convey to the public the impression that the federal government was capable of improving the quality of commercial television.

That is mostly a false impression. Not only is the power to regulate program content specifically denied the Commission under section 326 of the Federal Communications Act; it is doubtful that any such power could exist because of the practical difficulties that lie in the way of defining it. To put up a stop sign at a traffic intersection, and require everyone to come to a full stop before crossing, is a perfectly workable arrangement. But to put up a sign saying "good judgment," and to pass a law requiring everyone to use good judgment before crossing, verges on nonsense. Yet the problem of defining good judgment at an intersection is trivial beside the problem of defining good judgment in the construction of the 7,000 hours of programming each station broadcasts in the course of a year.

What the government can do—and has done very little—is encourage alternatives to commercial network television. With Minow cheering it on, Congress did pass a law requiring that all new TV sets be capable of receiving ultra-high-frequency signals. This was done in order to stimulate establishment of UHF stations, but whether these will ever provide an attractive alternative to the networks remains to be seen. The two UHF stations in my area fill their time with ancient, sub-B movies, sportscasts, travelogues, old BBC programs, and the Manion Forum.

The FCC could, but probably will not, improve educational television by approving the Ford Foundation plan to form a nonprofit corporation to manage the forthcoming domestic communications satellite. This plan would give educational television its first national hookup free, plus a badly needed $30 million a year out of the satellite's commercial revenues.

Again, by encouraging that fifteen-year-old orphan, pay-TV, the FCC might help create a desirable alternative to present commercial programming. A year ago, after studying the 1965 petition of Zenith Radio Corporation—which, with RKO General, has been running a long-term pay-TV experiment in Hartford, Connecticut—the Commission declared itself ready to authorize national pay-TV, subject to comment from those affected by it. At this writing, it had not acted, but favorable action was expected.

The common denominator of these alternatives is that all of them—UHF, satellite communications, pay-TV—are products of advances in a sophisticated and rapidly accelerating technology. This technology itself eventually may supply the most flexible and practical alternative to commer-

cial television in the form of a simple, low-cost video recorder-player for home use. There now exists a small recorder which uses ordinary quarter-inch audio tape to record and play back both color and black-and-white television programs. Invented by Marvin Camras of the Illinois Institute of Technology's Research Institute, it is capable of recording or playing two hours of unbroken material and could be made to sell for less than $300. In essence, the video recorder (and someday there will be even easier and cheaper forms of it) is an alternative not only to commercial television, but also to pay-TV, for widespread ownership of recorders would result in a video recording industry and in the sale, rental, and library loan of recorded television programs of much the same general range as today's audio recordings. The effective differences between commercial television, pay-TV, and video recording can be put this way: no matter how much you might like to see a special television production of *Der Freischütz,* you are not likely to see it on commercial television. In the improbable event that it does appear, it will do so just once, on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon, and it will be thoroughly fractured by commercials. Your chances of seeing it on pay-TV would probably not be a great deal better. If it should be programmed, there would be no commercials, but you would have to watch it on one of the few days it was being presented. With video recorders and recordings, your chances of seeing *Der Freischütz* would be quite good. You could rent it without any commercials and watch it any time of the day you pleased.

Unfortunately, however, this agreeable prospect lies some distance in the future—by five, ten, or fifteen years. Right now, the large electronics firms are too busy making color sets for the multitudinous majority who dote on commercial television to worry about making recorders for the minority who do not.

And until video recording or some other alternative is realized, we will continue to be stuck with commercial television, which will continue to grind its repetitive, skillful, profitable way. Television reviewers will angrily scold, instructively praise, and loudly hope. Television producers will brag about hairbreadth advances over mediocrity. Television executives will count their cultural contributions and discuss their frequently magnificent public-information programs. Do not be deceived. Critics and defenders alike are symbiotically linked to the great audience-delivery systems. Those systems are married to cost-per-thousand, compelled to the pursuit of total audience, and—with factories in Hollywood, main offices in New York, gala introductory promotions each fall, and franchised dealers throughout the country—are among America's biggest and most successful mass-production businesses.

Ask NBC to give you just two unbroken hours of fine, honest repertory one evening a week for thirty-nine weeks.

If they will, General Motors will build you an Aston Martin.

Harper's Magazine, March 1967

HYMN TO AN AUTOMATIC WASHER

by Richard Moore

O wise God of our fathers,
we love You, yet . . . one question bothers:
has no one ever quashed
reports that Jesus seldom washed?
And who can think a greasy
and soiled St. Francis of Assisi
could cleanly love The Lord?
Shall we imagine he ignored
those lice between his toes
when he blessed each creature that grows—
each creature, born or hatched?
Shall we suppose he never scratched—
though vexed with itching poxes?
Who can resolve such paradoxes?

You can, God of our daughters!—
swirler of heated soapy waters,
immaculate machine,
where DUZ does everything so clean.
Cleanse us, if we have sinned,
spin-dry us, lest we flap in wind,
exposed to harmful germs.
As every snowy shirt affirms
with underdrawers in chorus,
a new white Idol stands before us,
rolling its sudsy eye.
America, thy sons reply,
Down with the old gods! Beat
them into scrap, they're obsolete.

Warranted washer, prim
in thy enamel and chrome trim,
we celebrate thy birth.
Whirl on! Protect us from the earth!
Lead forth this Land's creations
and sterilize the unwashed nations;
O thou, our helm and shield,
launder those lilies of the field!

Larry L. King

GOD, MAN, AND WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY

He is an international traveler who is strong for states' rights; a Honda "50" hot-rock who plays the clavichord; in one moment a mixer-and-mingler with a Rotary Club grip and in the next a Grand Duke icily looking down his nose to accept the peasants' birthday bows. He is an author who sometimes sides with censors, and a celebrated intellectual who has spoken of "the hoax of academic freedom"—a swinging Old Fogy who has become a legend in his time.

In case you just got off the Greyhound, the William F. Buckley, Jr., described here is the same one who publishes *National Review*, ran a noisy third for Mayor of New York City in 1965 on the Conservative party ticket, attacked his alma mater in *God and Man at Yale* hardly before the ink had dried on his parchment, and who as a six-year-old boy wrote the King of England that England had damn well better pony up her war debts. A devout Catholic, he assayed the encyclical of Pope John XXIII as "a venture in triviality"; a failed politician, he thinks he was "hit by grace when political intelligence was distributed." He is a New York East Side high-camp swell, by way of rural Connecticut, who excites support for his aristocratic polemics even in the *lumpen* wastelands of Queens. He can publicly describe a debate opponent, Gore Vidal, as "a philosophical degenerate" only moments before privately offering to stand him to drinks. His enemies, laid end-to-end, would reach from here to Southern Purgatory, to which they variously damn him for inciting racial hatred, dividing the Republican party, defaming Democracy, and betraying the John Birch Society.

Certain of New York's literati in their posh watering places speak of Buckley's "charm," "verve," and "style." He uses these in justifying U. S. bombing of Red China "on the grounds the good guys of this earth have got to keep the bad guys from getting nuclear bombs." When will the Africans be ready for self-government? "When they stop eating each other." "Segregation is not intrinsically immoral" and the Freedom March on Washington was "a mob deployment." He would abolish the graduated income tax, farm subsidies (but not the oil-depletion allowance), unemployment compensation, collective bargaining, most welfare programs, Sin in the aggregate, and, for all I know, Christmas seals. *National Review* ("My number one love") is committed "to standing athwart history yelling 'Stop!' "

Why is Bill Buckley (consort of the late Senator Joe McCarthy, Goldwater, and Young Americans for Freedom, to throw in a little reverse guilt-by-association) the social darling of so many Establishment liberals? Irving Howe, the critic and *Dissent* editor, who sees Buckley as something fashionable to have around—the way every salon or cocktail party in the 1920s and 1930s had its adopted Parlor Pink for amusement and diversion—speculates why he "took in certain people":

"Perhaps one reason is that we have no tradition in this country of right-wing intellectuals. Think of the archetypal American reactionary and you summon an image of a stumbling primitive who wants the United States to quit the U. N., drop the bomb, bust the unions, clean up the Reds, abolish the income tax. But that someone wanting a good many of these same things could also write a paragraph of lucid prose and make a clever wisecrack was not really within the bounds of our experience. . . ."

Norman Mailer seems to find in Buckley the greatest spectacle on earth. "No other actor," Mailer has written, "can project simultaneous hints that he is in the act of playing Commodore of the Yacht Club, Joseph Goebbels, Robert Mitchum, Maverick, Savonarola, the nice prep-school kid next door, and the snows of yesteryear." John Kenneth Galbraith calls him "the only reactionary I ever met with a sense of humor." Publisher Tom Guinzburg at Viking Press, Buckley's old roommate at Yale, thinks "many liberals find Bill—well, bearable, because they sense he feels pain."

Murray Kempton finds in Buckley an admirable mixture of naïveté, sentiment, and geniality to go with his other qualities. "There are occasions," Kempton once wrote, "when Buckley tempts you to remember Macaulay's grudging compliment to Burke, which was that he generally chose his side like a fanatic and defended it like a philosopher." Even the writer Michael Harrington, who once described Buckley as "an urbane front man for the most primitive and vicious emotions in the land," speaks approvingly of his inner sense of irony, and of how remarkably relaxed he is in private.

Beware of Amiability

Some months ago I resolved to inspect William F. Buckley, Jr., in a clinical sense. My aim was to take a personal look at Buckley's fatal charm and, having looked, to judge arbitrarily whether he has "mellowed" and "doesn't honestly believe all that jazz"—as some friendly liberals contend—or whether he really skins and eats crippled babies alive. I knew that our more obvious dissimilarities (Yale vs. Texas Tech, Skull & Bones vs. West Texas Boosters, oilman-financier father vs. dirt-farming daddy) might preclude any immediate appreciation of Mr. Buckley's subtler charms, but I was willing for him to take that risk.

I now report that Mr. Buckley can, indeed, charm the socks off a rooster; that his wit is no mere illusion; that he is an instinctive aristocrat, who, while accepting the tributes of a Park Avenue doorman, can look down his nose as if sniffing something malodorous; that he drives in Manhattan traffic as if Lin Piao and the Red Guards are in pursuit; and that he is a refined, polished gentleman who, sitting among artifacts of culture in his own home, can call a guest a son-of-a-bitch in an Oxford accent and with the cold eyes of a lynch-mob leader.

Buckley's *National Review* offices lack the luxury of his Connecticut estate or his elegant pad in New York's East 70s. The offices sprawl over three floors of a decrepit building on East 35th Street between Third and Lexington, a neighborhood of mixed circumstances.

The elevator sneaked up to the third-floor hall littered with cardboard boxes. A middle-aged lady with dark hair cut in a severe Dutch bob greeted me in Buckley's office: he had been unavoidably detained, but do please have a seat. I sat at a long table. The lady came bearing the latest issue of *National Review*, along with a bound volume of Buckley's syndicated newspaper columns. "To get the current topics first," she instructed, "read from back to front." I said perhaps that was as good a way to read Buckley as any, smiling to show that I was really one of this earth's good guys. The secretary disappeared wordlessly, to adjoining quarters and I turned to inspect the battleground from which Bill Buckley fights against the world, liberal flesh, and the devil.

Buckley's desk was a profusion of books, papers, memos, and manuscripts. From it he directs a staff of twenty-odd, including several reformed Old Leftists whose dreams have turned to clabber, in getting the weekly word out to 97,000 readers. Photographs and paintings of sailing sloops brightened an otherwise cheerless room that has walls the exact color of Gulden's spicy brown mustard. Buckley's maps pull down from the wall; if they were all pulled down in tandem one would have a perfect view of a flat world.

The bulletin board displays Buckley's humor. (He once posted a picture of Karl Marx wearing a Goldwater button.) A telegram, curled, aging, and with a dateline from somewhere out there on the wrong side of the Hudson warned: S-747 AND H.R. 1932 TO DESTROY WALTER-McCARRAN IMMIGRATION LAWS, THEREBY FLOODING AMERICA WITH 750,000 TRAINED REVOLUTIONARIES NOW WAITING TO LEAD NATIONWIDE REVOLT. GET BUSY. URGENT. A clipping from *National Review:* "Conservatives are organizing a Paean for Earl Warren. They're going to gather at the Supreme Court and Pae on him." Dear John letters from Birch Society sympathizers told of their cooled ardor following Buckley's excommunication of Robert Welch from the high priesthood of conservatism: *"You utter rat!!!* . . . Traitor! . . .

Larry L. King reports on politics and people from Washington (see "My Hero, LBJ" in "Harper's," October 1966), but he frequently gets around also in New York. His novel "The One-Eyed Man" was published last summer by New American Library.

Finks like you who turn their peashooters on the John Birch Society."

Buckley has more brass than seventy-six trombones come marching by, and no suspicion that he could possibly be wrong about anything. It is on the record that as a small boy Buckley (1) two days after arriving at a private school proceeded to explain the deficiencies of the institution to its startled president; (2) dictated exactly how short his sisters should be permitted to wear their skirts; (3) crashed a faculty meeting at Millbrook School to accuse a teacher of robbing him of the right to express his political views in class, then "proceeded to expound to the stunned faculty on the virtues of isolationism, the dignity of the Catholic Church, and the political ignorance of the school staff."

In 1946, at a San Antonio army base for less than forty-eight hours, Lt. William F. Buckley, Jr., wrote the Commanding General "telling him that he found a great waste of manpower, that his staff was inadequate, and expressed surprise that such things could be." Buckley was snatched from the brink of military class warfare by an intermediary who counseled him against mailing the letter.

Buckley's father (a native Texan who came up from scratch to leave a $110-million oil fortune) was no shrinking violet either. He was kicked out of Mexico after taking the wrong side of one too many revolutions, sent inter-family memos to his children advising them on everything from politics to the healthful benefits of walking, and in general exhorted them—in the words of a daughter—to become "absolutely perfect." "What this country needs," he advised his son in 1953, "is a politician who has an education and I don't know of one. There hasn't been an educated man in the Senate or House of Representatives since Sumners of Texas quit in disgust three or four years ago." Yet even a man of such strong sentiments felt constrained to write his son that he must "learn to be more moderate in the expression of your views and try to express them in a way that would give as little offense as possible."

That must have been the most wasted advice since the Prime Minister counseled Edward VIII against hanging out with divorcees. Buckley once told a crowd to Norman Mailer's face that as a political analyst Mailer "comes close to being the most ignorant man I have ever met." When Democratic nominee Abraham Beame during the Mayor's race boasted that "I was educated by the City of New York," Buckley observed—"which fact should be obvious." Buckley called Republican John Lindsay "Destiny's tot," and of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., he has said, "No one believes anything he says, anyway." And the barb that caused his trouble with the primitive Right: "For all I know, Robert Welch thinks *I'm* a Communist plot." His passion for verbal hip-shots, combined with the imperial demeanor, inspired Buckley's siblings early on to tag him "the young Mahster," and, years later, prompted James Wechsler of the New York *Post* to say, "You allow yourself to become mellow and amiable, then suddenly you discover he is practically calling you a traitor. . . . I just won't allow myself to get amiable."

Private Message to Mailer

I was almost to the point of reading Buckley's column when he burst into his office in a great clomping of heels. He grabbed my hand to give it a healthy wring, making a two-syllable word of "Hi!", beaming as if I had at long last come with the rent money or to spring him on bail. He apologized for tardiness occasioned by a luncheon engagement in some distant cavern of the city, then called for coffee and offered cigars. Immediately he began to interview me: What was my background, what had I written, what sort of article did I propose to write about him, where did





I live, was I married, what was Lyndon Johnson *really* like?

We sized each other up like two fighters in mid-ring, Buckley hooking me with a couple of jokes and scoring with an anecdotal right-cross: "When I sent Norman Mailer a copy of my latest book I turned over to the index in the back and wrote 'Hi!' by his name. Knowing Mailer, he'll *immediately* go to the index to evaluate his own role, and that 'Hi!' will just kill him!" We sipped our coffee and laughed at Norman Mailer. Buckley chuckled at a couple of my stories, didn't counterpunch when I jabbed him lightly with a couple of my Leftist wisdoms, and was such an eager host that he plopped two ersatz sweet pills into my coffee over protests that I never use sugar. He used all his equipment: the deep, rolling voice; flourishing, theatrical gestures with the cigar; the leaping eyebrows, popping eyes, and the smile that bursts suddenly to display a great sea of teeth. He was winning on points easily. Then James Wechsler's ghost warned me not to get amiable.

"Your more enthusiastic opponents," I said, "have warned me of your charm. Will you please turn it off anytime I give the hand signal?" Buckley obliged by saying that he would remain alert for my signs of distress. I wanted to ask more specific definitions, I said, of certain cloudy proposals in his book, *The Unmaking of a Mayor*, (published in 1966, a year after his unsuccessful campaign against John V. Lindsay—and to quiz him on a number of points raised in earlier articles about him that I had secured from the Library of Congress. "How many articles did they send you?" he asked. Oh, maybe sixty-five or seventy. "My God!" Buckley said, "there must have been *thousands!*" Obviously the federal bureaucracy had bungled again.

In *The Unmaking of a Mayor* Buckley frets over being misquoted in the press and of being habitually misunderstood by his critics. He makes the valid point that reporters sometimes do not permit the facts to botch up an otherwise excellent story (as he several times proved by producing taped recordings of his campaign press conferences and then comparing his utterances with stories purporting to report them), and he grieves that so few took his third-party candidacy for Mayor seriously. There was that nasty accusation that he had said Harlem residents throw garbage out their windows and then wallow in it, that he encouraged cheers for Alabama peace officers who had beaten civil-rights marchers at the Selma bridge, and that he advocated "concentration camps" for nonproductive New Yorkers said to be sapping the city purse through welfare programs—lies or distortions or misquotations all.

Buckley had gone on at length in his book about the *New York Times*' attacking him for using the term "epicene resentment" in alluding to demonstrators against the war in Vietnam. The *Times* and all politicians smart enough to know what "epicene" means upbraided him for charging the demonstrators with a certain tutti-fruttiness. Buckley answering that "epicene" means sexless and, besides, he didn't mean the demonstrators: he meant their *resentment*. Couldn't everybody see that was an insinuation of a different color? Buckley replowed this old ground with me. I then quoted him on the same subject: "I wonder how these self-conscious *bodecardiers* of protest would have fared if a platoon of American soldiers who have seen the gore in South Vietnam had parachuted down into their mincing ranks?" Had he said that? Yes, he had. Well, was not "mincing" a far more suggestive word—and didn't it clearly designate the demonstrators themselves rather than some "resentment" they might harbor.

"I see what you mean," Buckley said, frowning. "Your point is that 'mincing' is a much stronger word than 'epicene.' I tend to agree."

No, I said, my point was that he had called the demonstrators fags.

Buckley's smile was cool; he said they certainly



could use me over at the *New York Times*. No, he did not concede that he had impugned anyone's manhood: "If one takes metaphor away from the language—God, what have we left? Isn't political rhetoric dull enough already?"

The telephone rang. It was a family conversation, having to do with weekend plans, and I got this insane image of the wife saying to the husband, "Honey, will you stop by the store and pick up a bucket of caviar?" Suddenly Buckley clapped his hand over the receiver and called to me, "You could, perhaps, crucify me for the use of 'mincing' by seeking its most narrow, personalized definition or application. But then *you* would be squarer than *I* for having suggested a censure of sexual terms. So who's to judge which of us is right? Who's to establish the standard? It's really a matter of . . . sophistication." Buckley dipped back to the telephone as if to signify he claimed the point.

The People on Welfare

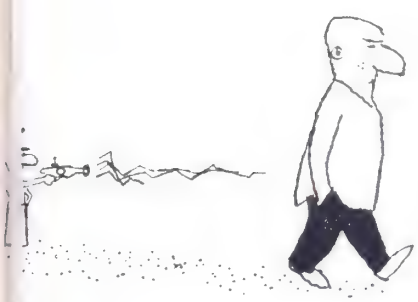
Michael Harrington's *The Other America* is often credited with inspiring the government's war on poverty. After debating Buckley, Harrington concluded that his opponent "knows absolutely nothing of poverty." Harrington said he had been loaded with facts, figures, and examples to prove his debating points, but that Buckley rebutted with "rhetoric or jokes; he simply slid by the questions." Buckley has been shielded from poverty, and the sight of its horrors. He therefore could not, Harrington implied, be a competent judge of welfare programs or pass verdict on how much help society owes the chronically poor. Did Buckley agree? I asked. No, he did not. Well, *had* he seen poverty at first hand: visited a ghetto, known the indescribable odors of a flophouse, seen the desolate camps of migratory workers, or shanty towns abandoned when the coal vein played out?

Buckley stared at me for long moments. "No," he said, "I have not. That's one of my shortcomings." He paused. "I really mean that. It *is* a shortcoming. I'm not the type to have been of any use to Associated Press, say, if I'd been in Dealy Plaza on November 22, 1963. I learn by reading. After all, you must remember that the people who write the best books on the Civil War were not at Gettysburg." Another pause, then: "So while it's true I haven't actually been *around* poverty, I think Mr. Harrington has little or no reason for judging me ignorant of the subject." He seemed nettled and, I thought, for the first time a bit unsure of his ground.

Buckley had written, "The purpose of education is to educate, not to promise a synthetic integration by numerically balancing ethnic groups in the classroom." Isn't there education I asked, in children's learning to live with, observe, or get to know as individuals children of other races? Buckley nodded, "Sure." Well, then? In tones you might use to a backward child, Buckley said, "But that's merely a *by*-product! If it happens, well and good. Education, you see, is an *intellectual* rather than a *sociological* process." He sighed. "Sometimes I get *so* fatigued just explaining over and over what I *mean* when if people would only read or listen . . ."

All right. I had read and listened to his announcement for Mayor, and many of his pronouncements during the campaign. Very funny stuff. But how could he complain of not being taken seriously enough when asked how many votes he expected to get "conservatively speaking"—he had answered, "Conservatively speaking, one." Or, when queried on what he would do if elected, had variously answered "demand a recount," "I hadn't thought about it," and "put a net under the window of the editor of the *New York Times*"?

Buckley said that well, dammit, political dialogue was so gawddahm *dull*, so bereft of humor, so spiritless; one hoped to bring a touch of life





to the game. And one knew, too, that one's serious proposals would hardly get the slightest mention in the press, so one bid for attention by making remarks which one knew would at least get one in the newspapers. After all, he had had far less campaign funds than the Democrat or Republican candidates; it was necessary to compensate by breaking into the news columns.

He added, "I made many serious proposals during the campaign, all dealing with *specific* problems of this city. The newspapers chopped them down to a few sentences, or lost them on the back pages. For instance, my transportation paper contained some *damn* good ideas- we've a terrible, messy, almost hopeless traffic problem in New York. Among my recommendations was the now infamous, if I may call it that, crosstown bikeway. The newspapers singled the bikeway proposal out, to the exclusion of all others, making it sound extremely frivolous. It isn't frivolous at all." He brooded a moment. "From the standpoint of strategy my timing was bad. I released the transportation paper in the last tremors of the campaign. There was never any opportunity to counter the impression that the bikeway proposal was a joke."

There had been much breast-beating, if not many cerebral strokes, over Buckley's campaign proposal to encourage "nonproductive" citizens to quit New York. Resolved: that welfare recipients not infirm or tied down by small children be required to perform labors for the city* and, should they balk, that they be encouraged to seek areas where opportunity might knock louder. If they refused to go—well, their welfare grants would be discontinued. Might this not, I asked, constitute a rather unfeeling eviction of people from their chosen ground through a form of glorified blackmail?

My God, Buckley said, didn't people *want* opportunity? Besides, there probably wouldn't be all that many people involved. I objected: thousands would oppose the idea on principle, or for other reasons of their right, and would not go. Buckley countered that liberals were such pessimists: maybe he had more faith in people than I did. Would he propose to enforce his decree by moving welfare-staters out at bayonet point? Ah, he said, the old "concentration camp" concept again! No, he would not want anyone to have that power, including himself. However, the law gave the city a wide latitude in establishing welfare qualification standards, he said, and the right set of standards might motivate more people to go. But some *wouldn't* be motivated, and if he should arbitrarily cut off welfare benefits wouldn't there be chaos: hungry families, evictions, more school dropouts, more crime, more festering of the wound?

Perhaps so, Buckley said. Certainly there would be many problems. How would you administer such a law? Where would you draw the line? Candidly, he answered his own questions: "I don't know. Perhaps my idealism convinced me that God and the Conservative party would find a way." He had hoped, however, that the mere introduction of the subject would inspire new thinking on the welfare problem.

Had Buckley "mellowed," as friendly liberals claim? "I suppose," he said, "there's a situation in which the Hungarian Freedom Fighter could be said to have 'mellowed,' isn't there?" The dazzling grin: "No, I don't think I've mellowed. My God, I should *hope* not. No, I think the liberals are finding it increasingly difficult to rebut the charges we make in *National Review*. There simply can't be anything wrong with the *liberal* truths, you see, so there must be something wrong with *mine*. Therefore, I can't mean half of what I say—it's merely an affectation, a pose—or I have somehow mellowed like a ripe old pear. So convenient for them, isn't it?" He leaned back in his chair, waving the cigar like a baton, vastly pleased.

Buckley founded *National Review* in 1955. Though circulation has grown from the initial 8,000 to almost 100,000, the magazine continues to lose money. (So do most political magazines with one-eyed views of the issues, whether left or right.) The editor's lecture fees, royalties from writing, and similar undertakings are largely plowed back into the magazine. Buckley led me to the bulletin board and pointed to a scroll attesting that the American Institute of Management deemed William F. Buckley, Jr., worthy of recognition for "his individual executive managerial abilities." Beaming, the honoree pointed to a connecting line he has drawn from the scroll to the document posted next to it: a financial statement showing *National Review* $2,181,222.23 in the red.

Does he feel pain or disappointment in seeing his pet causes repeatedly rejected by the electorate? "Individuals sometimes hurt me," he said, "but not events. I have almost lost the capacity to feel pain in the sense that I expect any sudden reversal of the trends. I do wish the opportunity to get *across* to more people without having to fight past their taboos, or preconceptions. I get awfully tired"—and here he slumped in his chair as if suddenly blackjacked—"simply saying, 'I

*Buckley said this proposal has long existed on the books, though it has never been enforced.

didn't say that,' or, 'What I said was this.' I suppose it's all part of the hot pursuit after publishable copy."

Our talk was low-key until I remarked on charges that have been made against Buckley as a racist—one which he emphatically denies, and cites as the blackest of all smears against him during the race for Mayor. ("If I lived in South Carolina," he once said to explain his position, "I would vote for segregated schools in my community; in Stamford, where I live, I'd vote for integrated schools. I hope that if I lived in South Carolina I would take a position aimed at doing what I could to increase the opportunity of Negroes to the point where I no longer felt segregation was necessary. Maybe it would take a hundred years or ten years.") Sitting in his office, Buckley said he held no brief for militant segregationists like Lester Maddox, who chased Negroes from his Atlanta restaurant with guns and axe handles rather than serve them in compliance with civil-rights laws. "If Maddox had promised to use the axe handle, should they come into the restaurant, on LBJ, who sponsored the bill, or on Earl Warren, who ratified it," Buckley said, "it would have been easier to understand."

Into the room burst a cadre of revelers: a half-dozen members of the *National Review* staff, returning from the four-hour celebration of lunch, Buckley explaining something about a special occasion. He introduced his sister, Priscilla, who is managing editor, the art director Jim O'Bryan, a jolly man whose name was lost in the joyful noise (and who hugged against his breastbone the bronze bust of some hero unknown to me), and several young ladies whose high spirits might have been equally charged to the natural exuberance of clean-living Conservative youth and generous applications of strong waters. "Had I gone to lunch with them," Buckley said, cheerfully, "the interview would not be over—merely starting."

In my Texas twang I said, "I thank I'll mosey over to the *New Republic* and tell 'em you got some real swingers over here."

One of the young ladies reached out as if to tweak my beard. "With that accent," she said, "you wouldn't dare!"

Up Park Avenue Way

Preparing to leave his office Buckley struggled with an attaché case so stuffed with paperwork it would close only after he pressed the top down with one knee. Even then, it played jack-in-the-box with him. "A nice . . . lazy . . . weekend . . . in the country," Buckley said, fighting the locks.

He asked which way I might be going; I said I was to meet a friend at Toots Shor's. "Would you like to ride part way with me?" he asked. I accepted.

While Buckley and I talked inside his office, the Devil had invented a machine, christened it "Honda 50," and parked it in front of the elevator outside the door. "Where the hell," I asked, "did *that* thing come from?" Buckley grinned: "My staff . . . Here, will you hold this? And catch the elevator door for me?" Taking his attaché case, I said that I had now carried Lyndon B. Johnson's and William F. Buckley's bags in the same lifetime, and believed I would call it a career. Half-lifting, half-shoving the Honda 50 into the elevator, Buckley remarked that obviously I had little left to live for.

On the street, he reclaimed the attaché case to lash it to the back of the motor scooter.

"Ah . . . is *this* what you offered me a ride on?"

Buckley broke out in another grin. "Chicken?"

"Well . . ." I shifted from foot to foot, more than faintly agonized.

Curiosity overcame cowardice after a brief but spirited battle; my person was sandwiched between Mr. Buckley and his attaché case. "What happens," I mumbled, "if we fall?"

"We'll discuss that contingency when we come to it. Now, don't try to balance. That's my department."

"Is there anything I can hold on to?"

"Grip the seat," Buckley instructed. I gripped the seat, fingers curved under in the manner of someone in the last throes of arthritis. We weaved and bobbed up 35th Street, charting the uncertain course of two dawn revelers. "No, no!" Buckley admonished. "Don't try to balance yourself. It's not as if one's liberalism could balance another's conservatism. The *driver* keeps it in balance."

So I sat there as we headed up Park Avenue, cotton-mouthed and feeling vulnerable and exposed. What would happen to the Conservative party, I wondered, should one of the True Believers suddenly catch a glimpse of William F. Buckley, Jr., tooling up Park Avenue on a souped-up Kiddie-Kar in the company of a popeyed, pale radical whose beard was flowing wildly in the wind; who, furthermore, believed in majority rule, and who in periodically strengthening his grip on the Honda seat inadvertently squeezed the living constitutional flesh? No doubt the Stock Market would fall and new cracks might appear on the Liberty Bell.

We hit an intersection where rush-hour cars

and cabs had snarled. Buckley said, "Here's where this thing really pays off." Then we scooted between the lines of cars and cabs at an indecently reckless rate.

"Do you have Medicare?" Buckley shouted. We caromed around a sharp corner on the ramp separating the Commodore Hotel from the Heliport in the Pan Am Building, going faster than the 15-miles-per-hour recommended by Mayor Lindsay's traffic signs. We brightened a dark tunnel, gaining two car lengths when Buckley artfully cut a cab off from its intended path, and emerged just in time to make a screeching halt at a traffic light.

In front of a Park Avenue apartment house another traffic tangle blocked our path. Wretched souls waiting under a canopy for taxis smiled on us. The uniformed doorman stepped into the street. "Do you think you could of straightened this out"—he gestured toward the snarl—"if they'd let you build your bikeway?" He moved closer, leaned in, and confided, "I done all *I* could." Buckley beamed at him down a great expanse of Roman nose.

At the next intersection a pedestrian yelled, "Hey, Mister B., what would John Lindsay say?"

A few minutes later Buckley pulled over to the curb. I climbed off the Honda while passers-by who stopped to stare made a mockery of the old saw that New Yorkers would not pause to see a free earthquake. Making Buckley a present of my clammy hand, I promised that I would not forget him as long as I lived. He disappeared down a narrow lane between two endless rows of honking automobiles.

Reagan the Politician
Buckley the Actor

After his television show a few days later, at Buckley's home in the East 70s, I warily skirted the Honda mocking me from the entrance foyer and trailed the entourage, which included Robert Novak, the Washington columnist who had been Buckley's TV guest, through a large anteroom where red carpeting marched up the staircase. As we entered a well-appointed study, Buckley gestured toward a painting of his own creation and cracked, "Did you see my latest Warhol?" He spoke Spanish on the telephone before pointing the way to drinks. Somebody said we needed ice. "No," Buckley said, "I just ordered some on the telephone." Presto, a maid appeared with ice.

After a round of drinks and chit-chat (would it be Romney or Reagan in '68?; how much would the Great Society back-track in the 90th Congress?; Buckley told the back-of-Norman-Mailer's-book story again) we moved into a living room no bigger than the Carlsbad Caverns, with antiqued pieces, smartly set off by off-white and red, that did not come from Discount Gene's. It was there, over bite-sized sandwiches and wine, that I encountered a small gale. Novak remarked that "the most dissimilar campaigns" he'd known were those of two men presumed to be at least ideological first cousins: Ronald Reagan and Buckley.

"They're both fine actors," I said, "but then again—perhaps where Mr. Reagan talked issues, Mr. Buckley cracked jokes."

I assumed this to be a witticism, but the humor was overlooked by Mr. Buckley.

"You son-of-a-bitch," he snapped. "You haven't read my book!"

Where I was raised the code instructed that if somebody called you an SOB without prefacing it with a mitigating smile, you hit him in Memory of Mother. Mr. Buckley was as far from smiling at the moment as I was from being named in a Codicil to his Will. I felt the heat of blood while wondering whether to hoot and dance in the tradition of the Old West, meanwhile probably making a pluperfect ass of myself, or whether to pass the whole thing off with the kind of sophisticated drawing-room worldliness they do not teach at Texas Tech. Perhaps because it crossed my mind that anyone who would upbraid the King of England at age six might, at age forty, be inclined to hit back, I decided on a policy of nonviolence.

Cleverly, I said, "No, I've read your book." Mr. Buckley's eyes might have frosted his wine goblet. Ten minutes later he took Novak to a crosstown party, leaving me alone with the wine, the maid, and my memories.

"Born of Absolutes"

My personal observations of William F. Buckley, Jr., are limited to those unusual instances cited here and to one earlier encounter at a Washington party touting his latest book—hardly enough to pose as expert. They are, however, enough to permit the formulation of certain impressions by one who has read all his books, many of his articles, speeches, debates, and columns, interviewed a number of his friends and foes, and for more than a decade observed him at work.

Happy Hour liberals to the contrary, I am convinced that Buckley "really believes all that jazz." He believes it because, for one thing, he was

taught from childhood to believe it as surely as he was taught to believe the dogmas of the Catholic Church. He believes it because he is congenitally incapable of presuming himself without Solutions. He believes outside the popular political pale because of ancestral precedents: a family history boasts that four generations of Buckleys were "all prone to unpopular beliefs," and the Buckleys' reverence for ancestors is rivaled only by the Japanese.

Most of all, however, he believes it because of his limited experience with The World; he knows nothing of life in the streets. ("He has," his ex-roommate Tom Guinzburg said, "a rather child-like naïveté about many things. There are whole areas outside his experience.") When he speaks of his "distrust of public education," one must remember that he was not educated in tax-supported schools. Is it not true that a man naturally fears the unknown? Mr. Buckley has had but fleeting contact with life as most of us know it: full of social terrors, old debts, and bread crumbs. When he inspires his followers to rail against public assistance to unwed mothers and their illegitimate offspring, you must remember that he has never known (1) a girl "in trouble" who would not have the money to buy an abortion even if the law permitted, (2) a home without all-providing, all-counseling parents, or (3) a hungry child. He can call for an end to unemployment compensation because he has never drunk 20-cent beer with an out-of-work stiff drowning the pain of not having the rent or money for the milk bill. He does not, therefore, realize that to end unemployment compensation would (1) strip the last thin ribbon of hope from that man and (2) relegate him to the ultimate humility—the welfare rolls, which, in time, Mr. Buckley also would purge.

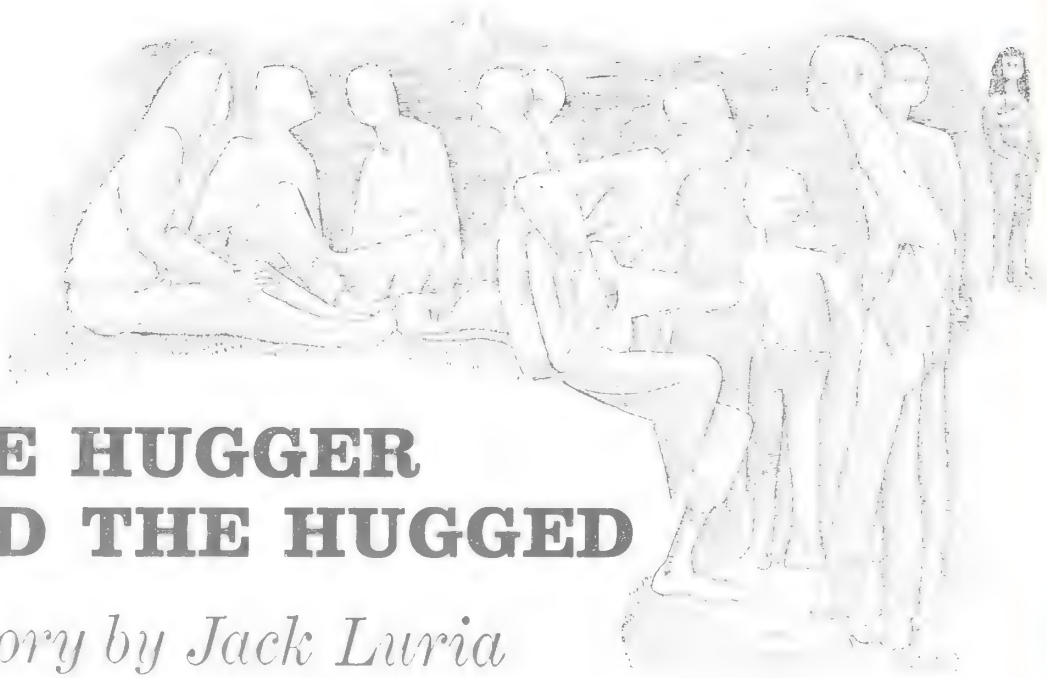
When Buckley says that if he were a South Carolinian he would vote for segregated schools, one must remember that he *is*, in truth, at least a part-time South Carolinian: a family retreat at Camden, S.C., was always full of grinning servants to welcome "the young Mastah" home from Yale or the San Antonio military-base wars. No doubt, like countless Negro cooks and butlers in the South whom I have often been told of over drinks at the Country Club, they didn't want integration "forced" on them. Perhaps this is why Buckley can advocate that South Carolina's problems be settled by South Carolinians, or Mississippi's by Mississippians, without recognizing the obvious fact that he is leaving the solutions to J. Strom Thurmond and James O. Eastland. Buckley can write, "In today's all-white neighborhoods it is reasonable that the schools should be overwhelmingly white. In today's Negro neighborhoods, it is reasonable that they should be overwhelmingly black." "Not a word"—noted Laurence Stern in the Washington *Post*—"about improving the tired physical plants or tragically undermanned staffs in the slum schools, which Buckley would preserve in the full purity of their deprivation."

Admittedly, Buckley is a man of great energies and impressive personal accomplishments: author, lecturer, debater, editor, television personality, columnist, public figure, international ski-bug, expert sailor, and world traveler. When I remarked on this to a close friend of Buckley's, I was reminded, "Well, if you had the advantages, money, and help he has, you could be pretty productive, too. Taking nothing away from Bill, he's got research people to look up his facts, staffers to make appointments *he* wants, or to be buffers between himself and bores or pests." When Buckley drives up to his house he can abandon the scooter at the curb, and somebody will spring out to park it. He doesn't have to grocery-shop, drive the children to school in a car pool, or stand in line at the tax office while an IRS employee counts on his fingers what you owe Uncle Sam thirty minutes before the filing deadline. Buckley will never fret over whether social security will see him through to the grave, whether his children will be equipped to face the world or be accepted in it, or whether he can rescue his wife's gift from Lay Away by Christmas Eve.

He is fortunate in one sense, almost tragically unfortunate in another. Knowing how difficult it is for me to conceive of what it must be like to be rich, I think of how impossible it is for Buckley to conceive of being poor.

For some—a John F. Kennedy who could have his eyes opened by a glimpse of the wretches in Appalachia, a Nelson Rockefeller raised to ways of philanthropy, a Franklin D. Roosevelt who was pushed by personal ambitions and the accident of illness to growth beyond the bounds of *noblesse oblige*, an Averell Harriman atoning for the industrial sins of his forefathers—there is always the prospect of being smitten by humane grace, of achieving some degree of understanding, and the empathy that leads to the gnawing doubts that sire compassion and, in time, point the path to social reform. For a William F. Buckley, Jr., born to absolutes, nurtured on dogma, possessed of an ego that would shame de Gaulle, and a self-certainty that precludes even the idle thought of doubt, there is little hope of stumbling upon new truths, or even of seeing life through the other fellow's eyes, however myopic or temporary the view.

Harper's Magazine, March 1967



THE HUGGER AND THE HUGGED

A Story by Jack Luria

There was the summer I was on the staff at Leamington House, on a hill in the Berkshires which overlooked a white steeple, a cow pasture, and a golf course. In the days of the Model T Ford, Leamington House had been a posh resort for gamblers and roués. It was not a single house, but a series of gray frame cottages belted together by rambling porches, porticoes, and random stairways that led up to bat-ridden attics and gargoyled turrets or down into musty cellars where you risked breaking your neck over long-discarded wooden horses and old sofas spilling their guts.

Now Leamington House had been turned into a summer camp for teen-agers. The camp brochure said it was special, "for young people who wanted a summer spent exploring cultural interests beyond the opportunities offered in the classroom." Campers attended three hours of "creative workshops" each day. They could choose from among dramatics, folk and classical music, painting, psychology, folk crafts, modern dance, humanities, and creative writing.

The dominant motif of the place was rebellion. The kids were seething with protest against the suburban mores of their middle-class parents. They spat out their contempt for comfortable split-level homes with half-acre lawns, sleek motor cars, and winter cruises in the Caribbean. The boys were marking time until they would bum across the country on a pilgrimage to the hungry i. The girls blew smoke rings at the sun, dreaming of free and easy living in pads in the East Village where mattresses laid wall to wall on the floor screamed a defiant No to the rat race. And yet I sensed a strange conformity among these individualistic rebels. Huddling together on the grass, they seemed to be thinking one common thought, dreaming a group dream.

There was one camper who stood outside of this summer world, a girl named Roberta Winters. Few girls of sixteen are without physical charm, but Roberta was unattractive to the point of fascination. She wore her stiff, wiry black hair in a tight bun, and had something of Prussian officer as well as old-maid aunt about her. Not even dungarees and sweat shirt could give her the air of sloppy informality this armor hung over the others.

Apart from her appearance (for which she might have been tolerated), Roberta invited alienation by her inflexible heterodoxy in a society of heretics. In her high-pitched voice, which could cut like a piece of jagged glass, she mocked their undiscriminating enthusiasm for Pete Seeger and Bob Dylan, James Baldwin and Joan Baez, bongo

drums and Lawrence Ferlinghetti. She sneered at their romantic illusions about the young, the Negro, the poor man, the pot smoker, and the underachiever. She had no idols of her own; she simply smashed those they worshiped by common consent. Cynicism they could understand because there is a cynical fringe in any circle of true believers. But she refused to substitute the myths of unbelief for those of the faithful, insisting on standing apart and alone.

Roberta rejected not only her peers but the one adult among us whom the campers had, by tacit but inviolable agreement, exempted from their rage against the world of grownups. He was the director of Leamington House, Elmer Aspen, who was school superintendent of a town in northern Westchester. A mountain of a man in his mid-forties, he turned a glowering moon face to his staff, but strode in avuncular, beaming glory among the youngsters.

Sometime in his career as a teacher in the lower grades, Elmer had discovered that a wordless embrace was a miraculous comforter of the very young. Later, when he became host and master at Leamington House, he found that young people on the threshold of adulthood were just as responsive to this therapy. A silent crushing bear hug was his answer to homesickness, gloom, frustration, and the vicissitudes of puppy love. I suspected that the therapy was not all one-sided, for Elmer's wife, who took care of all the mundane details of management, hardly had time for him all summer.

In the course of the summer almost every girl came to Elmer for the bear-hug treatment; boys, who had their maleness to consider, succumbed only under extreme duress. Not Roberta. Armored against feminine need, she reached out for no one. Since she habitually wore dark glasses, we could only guess what her eyes spoke. All we saw were her tight lips and set jaw. Surely she was unhappy, yet for an entire month she went her proud, defiant way without asking or receiving quarter. I wondered when and how she would finally break down.

It came one day in August. To begin with, Roberta cut her early morning workshop and told Elmer to drop dead when he caught her. For punishment she was docked, which meant that she had to go up to her room at eight o'clock and miss the movie scheduled for the evening's activity. While the movie was on Elmer went up to Roberta's room, ostensibly to talk with her, and he found her smoking. She had committed the only capital offense at Leamington House!

I ought to explain that there was no general taboo against cigarettes at Leamington House. But the antique hotel was the third building on its site, the other two having gone up in flames. Hence the one absolute rule in the otherwise permissive code of the camp was a total prohibition against smoking indoors. To violate it was not simply to rebel against authority; it was to jeopardize the safety, even the lives, of the group.

Elmer acted. Within minutes, the Campers' Council, having been called to an emergency session, voted to have Roberta sent home the next day. Later in the evening Elmer rounded the staff up to break the news.

"I'm asking you to approve the decision to send Roberta home tomorrow," he said. His owlish face looked unaccustomedly drawn. "If you're not behind me on this, tell me."

There were an even twenty of us around a long table. It occurred to me that once businessmen in convention had sat at this table. Where they had argued the amount of stock dividends we were sitting in judgment on a human being.

A bit dazed by the suddenness with which Elmer had confronted us, we sat in silence for some moments. The folk-crafts specialist, a mild, mousy man named Alan, was the first to speak. "Aren't you asking us to approve a *fait accompli?*" he asked. "Can we overrule a decision of the Campers' Council? Especially if you agree with it."

"Nothing is final unless you approve," said Elmer. He seemed to be pleading with us even though it was obvious that our opinions would not change anything.

Tongue in cheek I offered, "Isn't there a middle ground? Can't we vote to send Roberta home but stay the execution of the sentence until the last day of the season?"

"This isn't a joking matter!" Elmer snapped. "You're trifling with our lives. I'll listen to anything serious and reasonable you have to say."

"But all season I've been running all over the place with a lit pipe in my mouth. Why haven't you fired me?" I demanded.

"Supposedly you're an adult. I assume you're more responsible than a camper."

"Then you've never seen me knocking ashes out of my pipe into wastepaper baskets," I retorted.

"But why aren't we talking about the girl in-

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stead of what she did?" broke in Len. Len was the balding, bearded psychoanalyst from Worcester who ran the psychology groups. "I want to know *why* the girl broke the rule."

"It was a calculated act of hostility," said Elmer.

"Why? Against whom?" Len persisted.

"She was lashing out at her peers. At me. Isn't that obvious?"

"But why? You never cuddled this girl, did you? Why not?"

"She never wanted it. That was part of her pose of super independence. She was telling everyone she needed no one."

"All right. Here's a girl that seems to reject love. Does that mean she doesn't need it? Isn't she really saying that she needs more, not less, affection than the others?"

"What a way to say it! By bugging everybody at Leamington House? Everyone would have enjoyed cutting her throat!"

"Wasn't there any sympathy for her at the Campers' Council?"

"That's the amazing part of it. At first I suggested to the Council that Roberta be given a choice between a public apology and sudden death. The kids on the Council wouldn't even hear me out. One of them said, 'She knew the rule. If you don't send Roberta home, I'm going right up to my room and light up.' I tried to convince them that it might be harder on Roberta to humble herself before the entire camp. But no! They just weren't going to give her a chance to cop out."

"Are the kids running Leamington House?" Alan murmured.

"I'm afraid so," said Elmer. "Anyway, that's the feeling I've tried to give them: that as camp director I'm simply carrying out their will."

"I always thought you were running the camp. Anyway you hired me," Alan reminded him.

Elmer paced back and forth for a while. "We could overrule them of course. They'd grumble, but they'd take it," he said at last. "But it isn't a question of their will against ours. The issue is whether one kid can oppose herself to all of us—even to the extent of playing with our lives."

Len snorted loudly. "Aren't we admitting simply that this kid Roberta came in last in a popularity poll? Since when are teen-agers worried about safety? Tell me, would they have been so ready to condemn Roberta if she'd been a likable kid?"

"Probably not," admitted Elmer. "But let's get away from personality back to principle."

"Principle my arse!" cried Len. "We're just drawing a moral curtain around a problem of personalities. I want to know what aggressions the kids are acting out against Roberta."

"Right! Let's not delude ourselves that we're upholding some righteous ideal!" I blurted out. "On one side you've got the group, the boss man, and the law. On the other side only that poor drip Roberta. It's a damned uneven contest."

Len half rose from the chair, shaking his fist for emphasis. "This isn't a small thing at all—to endorse the rejection of a kid by her peer group. Does anyone of us know what it will do to her? If we're adults, we ought to be able to think better than children."

Elmer's heavy shoulders sagged. "*Think* better, Len?" he demanded. "If you can separate your thinking from your feeling, you're the most fantastic headshrinker in the business. The trouble is you feel out of it. So you can kid yourself into believing that you're thinking objectively."

The palaver dragged on past midnight. The staff grew increasingly walleyed and droopy while I fell to watching Elmer and Len's shadows fighting on the wall, agile bearded devil thrusting against shaggy bear. In the end we voted seventeen to three to send Roberta home.

Yet it didn't end predictably at all. At lunchtime Elmer was to drive Roberta into town, where she would get the bus to New York. She still had the morning to get through. I watched her come out of the house after breakfast and lie down on the grass near the swimming pool. When the call came for the first workshop, a strange thing happened. A trickle of kids started toward her. They said nothing, just sat pulling at blades of grass and watching Roberta stare up at the sky.

As the morning went on, the handful around Roberta swelled to a crowd. Toward noontime the whole camp had gathered in a tight knot around her. The outsider had suddenly been moved into dead center. It was eerie: almost a hundred kids in a silent huddle around one girl. She lay there motionless, her immaculate sweat shirt and face very white in the sun, while Elmer drove up in a station wagon and carried her trunk and duffel bag down.

Only when he came and stood by her did she seem to come to life. She pulled herself listlessly erect. Suddenly, for the first time that summer, he put his arms around her. She reached out to him so violently that her dark glasses fell to the ground. With both hands she hung onto his neck.

Elmer lifted her onto the seat of the station wagon and started the motor. Only when the dust of the driveway was settling did the tears of the hundred mingle with those of the one.

Harper's Magazine, March 1967

NEW POEMS *by Yevgeny Yevtushenko*

Translated by George Reavey

FEARS

Fears are dying out in Russia
like the ghosts of bygone years,
and only like old women, here and there,
they still beg for alms on the steps of a church.

But I remember them in their strength and power
at the court of triumphing falsehood.
Like shadows, fears crept in everywhere,
and penetrated to every floor.

Gradually, they made people subservient,
and set their seal upon all things:
they taught us to shout when we should have kept
silent,
and to shut our mouths when we had need to shout.

Today all this has become remote.
It's strange even to recall nowadays
the secret fear of being denounced,
the secret fear when someone knocked at the door.

And what of the fear of speaking to a foreigner?
A foreigner's one thing, but what of speaking to
one's wife?
And what of the limitless fear of remaining
alone with silence after the brass bands have
stopped?

We were not afraid of building in the blizzard,
or of going into battle while shells exploded,
but at times we were mortally afraid
of even talking to ourselves.

We were not corrupted or led astray;
and Russia, having conquered her fears,
gives rise—not without reason—to even
greater fear among her enemies!

I wish that men were possessed of the fear
of condemning a man without proper trial,
the fear of abasing ideas by means of untruth,
the fear of exalting oneself by means of untruth.

the fear of remaining indifferent to others,
when someone is in trouble or depressed,
the desperate fear of not being fearless
when painting on a canvas or drawing in black
and white.

And as I write these lines,
and am in too great a haste at times,
I have only one fear as I write them—
the fear of not writing with all my power.

TENDERNESS

Where and when did it become the fashion,
"To show indifference to the living,
to the dead attention"?
Men begin to stoop,
take to drink—
One after another men drop out.
And for the benefit of history
tender speeches are pronounced about them—
in the crematorium . . .
What deprived Mayakovsky of his life?
What thrust a revolver in his hand?
Despite his harsh voice
and appearance,
he should have been given,
while still alive,
just a modicum of tenderness.
The living merely give trouble.
Tenderness is only the reward for death.

These poems are from Yevgeny Yevtushenko's new volume published in Moscow in late 1966, entitled "Mail Boat."

Harper's Magazine, March 1967

Wolf Von Eckardt

REDESIGNING AMERICAN AIRPORTS

They all suffer from too many planes, too many people, too many cars. Must things get worse? Or have we solutions at hand that can keep air travel safe, fast, and pleasurable?

Back in 1948, according to the *Official Airline Guide,* it took an average of one hour and 55 minutes for an air trip from downtown Boston to downtown New York—one hour for ground travel and 55 minutes in the air. Today, despite jets, the trip takes two hours and 49 minutes, almost half again as long. At rush hour and in bad weather it takes even longer, of course.

Congestion on the way to and within airports is not limited to New York or Boston, however. All air transportation is in a state of crisis. Airports everywhere suffer from too many planes, too many people, too many automobiles and the traffic jams they cause on the landing field, the access roads, parking lots, baggage systems, restaurants, lounges, and restrooms. For many of us, air travel is often a harrowing experience, and it will become worse. We will be flying more and enjoying it less, while the gap between aircraft technology and airport development continues to widen with alarming speed.

As a "spin-off," as the technicians call it, of war preparations, new "stretched" and "jumbo" jet airplanes able to carry three hundred, four hundred, and eventually a thousand or more passengers, will soon get us around cheaper than railroads. In another decade or so, still more amazing machines will take us across oceans and continents faster than sound. But on the ground all these marvels are likely to make more problems. And more airplane noise to disturb our sleep, thought, and conversation, is only one of them. As so often happens, technological improvement is likely to bring a marked deprovement of our comfort and environment.

Technically, of course, this is not inevitable. We know how we can spare ourselves the idiotic, humiliating paradox of having to spend more time in getting from our homes and offices *to* the airport than *from* the airport to a destination halfway around the world. We know how to design efficient airports, as Dulles International near Washington proves. We know how to build models of efficient rapid transit like Japan's new monorail, which takes you from downtown Tokyo to Harmada airport in 15 minutes, a trip that takes an hour and a half by car. With thoughtful regional planning, sound architectural design, good ground transportation, and less than half of the $13.7 billion the airlines in this country are planning to spend on the new jumbo jets in the next ten years, we could match progress in the sky with efficiency and amenity on the ground.

But we don't know where—among the cities, the airport authorities, the airlines, the aircraft manufacturers, and the federal government—to place the responsibility for coordinated, systematic airport planning and construction. Nor do we know where to find the money to build better airports and more direct access to airports or, rather, who should pay for them. As William E. Downes, Chicago's aviation commissioner and president of the Airport Operators Council, put it, "The airport is, at best, one of the smallest of the hungry children at the city-hall table. The others —bigger and hungrier—include highways, education, welfare, and public safety."

Although the federal government is spending billions on supersonic aircraft research and development (in addition to what the airlines will

spend on jumbo jets), it is cutting down on the already meager funds being used to assist airport construction and improvement. Lowell K. Bridwell, Deputy Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation, has told the airport operators that "It will be unrealistic to assume that anything dramatic will happen in airport aid because of the budget pressures that are on."

All Curves Rising

Even if we suddenly stopped compounding such old purgatories as New York's Kennedy and Chicago's O'Hare, and started to build properly located and designed airports, it would take five years at the very least before the first plane could land in them. By that time, the experts say, present airline passenger traffic—which already carries more people than our buses and trains combined—will have doubled. In another five years it will have doubled again. At the same time, air cargo is likely to triple and triple again since the new jets can be quickly converted from carrying passengers during the day to freight at night. (The trick is "q.c.," as the industry calls it, quick change from flying coach to flying boxcar.)

We can probably trust the government to assure reasonable safety in the air, for that, again, is merely a technical problem, though a tough one. O'Hare, for instance, which is the busiest airport in the world, recently handled 2,000 flights in and out in a single day. This meant that two planes took off or landed simultaneously every 20 seconds during rush hours that day. Traffic at O'Hare is still increasing at the rate of about 25 per cent a year; the strain on the men in the control tower is already so great that they can work only one-hour shifts.

In addition to coping with their own traffic congestion, airliners must be safely steered through mosquito clouds of what in aeronautic parlance is called "general aviation," the private planes flown for sport or business. Today these private planes account for 97 per cent of all civilian aircraft in this country and together they spend about four times as much time in the air as all our approximately 2,000 commercial domestic airliners combined. Ten years ago there were some 58,000 private planes. Today there are almost twice as many and the forecast curve rises steeply.

The airlines, of course, would dearly like to get these general aviation fellows off the big airports to reduce congestion. But the Federal Aviation Agency holds that everyone is safer under its central control. Besides, the agency argues, the general aviators have a right to use the public airports their tax money helps to support. And corporation executives themselves, who like to fly from meeting to meeting, want to land where they can make quick connections with scheduled flights.

What happens to air passengers on the ground—the more difficult part of air transportation—is, by Congressional edict, outside the FAA's jurisdiction. The FAA can only make sure the airport fits into its national airport plan. The selection of a site, its design, and construction are the business of the cities or local authorities which finance them through bond issues. The FAA itself, unfortunately, was allowed to build only the two airports serving Washington. One of them, National, is now hopelessly overcrowded. But the other, Dulles, is exemplary.

Designed by the late Eero Saarinen, together with engineers Ammann & Whitney and consultant Charles Landrum, and completed in 1961, Dulles' landing field can cope with anything likely to come down to earth in the next twenty years. The terminal is among the most impressive works of mid-century architecture. And to me, boarding a plane at Dulles is as much of an exciting pleasure as the smoothest jet flight, soft music, martinis, smiling stewardesses, and all. Many people besides myself go the 30 miles out of their way from Washington to enjoy its unique convenience.

But the airlines hate Dulles airport with unfathomable passion.

When Saarinen sent out his teams with counters and stopwatches to see what people really do in airports, he found that all other airports are based on the notion that the plane must be brought to the terminal. That was fine as long as only a few planes had to roll up to a simple terminal box along a simple landing strip. As more planes came along, primitive convenience gave way to increasingly complex inconvenience. Either the box grew long corridors or "fingers" to accommodate more gate positions, as at O'Hare, Miami, San Francisco, Dallas, and Atlanta, all of which keep extending them, or separate units were scattered on the landing field, as at Kennedy.

The fingers, of course, are sheer hell for the traveler, as anyone knows who has hiked what seems miles along these noisy, confusing, crowded, hard-paved, and slippery corridors, baggage in

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At Dulles International Airport in Washington, passengers sit in a mobile lounge which carries them to the plane. (Trans World Airlines photo)

hand and/or babe in arm, anxious to catch a connecting airplane. At one time, airport designers decided that a passenger should not be required to walk more than 600 feet at most from his taxi or limousine to his plane. The average walking distance at major U. S. airports now exceeds 2,000 feet, or more than two long city blocks. At O'Hare the distance is nearly 5,000 feet.

The inferno is even worse in "unit" airports, notably Kennedy, where landing and takeoff congestion approaches chaos. So does the confusion and congestion on the ground. To get from one unit to another, from TWA to Eastern, say, the traveler must throw himself into a frantic melee of excited humanity, taxis, cars, and limousines to join the stampede into a bus. Then he must fish out the 25 cents fare and try not to miss his destination. This would hardly put anyone in a mood to appreciate the extravagant temples the airlines have built to themselves amidst what is undoubtedly the world's gaudiest kaleidoscope of modern architecture.

The Navy has recently tested the idea of a third concept—a circular runway design with the airport terminal in the center. This and the unlimited takeoff and landing distances are indisputable advantages. At some point, however, planes would encounter crosswinds or even tailwinds. Worse, the space for ground facilities within the costly, banked runway circle is limited and leaves no room for expansion. Everything—people, cars, cargo, and aircraft that must be serviced and maintained—would have to be brought in and out by expensive tunnels. Both the Navy and the FAA have pronounced the idea impractical except, perhaps, for small, good-weather airports.

At Dulles, Saarinen decided to leave the airplanes out in the field and take the passengers to them. You enter the terminal from the arrival driveway (there is a separate departure driveway below) from which you have to walk but a few steps inside that marvelous hall to the check-in counter. From there it is usually about 200 feet and at the very most 1,170 to your flight gate. Beyond the gate you take a comfortable, handsomely designed seat in a spacious lounge that holds ninety people and their hand baggage. At departure time this lounge, which is on wheels, moves smoothly about a mile out to your plane. Here the lounge, like some huge lobster, emits a tentacle, a covered ramp, that attaches snugly to the airplane entrance. You walk in, acknowledge the welcome of the stewardess, get settled in your seat, and a minute or two later, without much taxiing, find yourself in the air. On arrival, of course, you are taken by the mobile lounge just as pleasantly into the terminal building.

To a large extent Dulles is such a pleasant experience because it still has less traffic than it is capable of handling. But it is far from being a "ghost port," as the airline people claim. Dulles' traffic is increasing faster than O'Hare's did in its youth. What's more, Dulles was designed to grow. It has 15 square miles to expand on, and the terminal building is designed somewhat like a slice of sausage that can be lengthened at will on either side. The Dulles system, however, has not been adapted anywhere else. The International Air Transport Association (through which all companies but Icelandic Airlines fix fares and the kind of service you get) states flatly in its guidebook on airport design that "the 'mobile lounge' . . . is felt by the airlines to be highly undesirable."

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For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P. O. Box 997-O, Los Gatos, California



This man wants every dress marked size 9 to fit like a 9.

What's he doing at IBM?

Robert White found a way to use an IBM computer to remedy one of shopping's persistent little annoyances. You find a rack of dresses marked your size—only, when you try them on, some fit well, some don't.

One reason is that dresses are designed on a dummy in one size, then scaled up to larger sizes, and down to the smaller ones. It sounds easy, but transposing the fine lines that give a dress style is made complicated by an inescapable fact of life. The human body doesn't scale up and down in proportion.

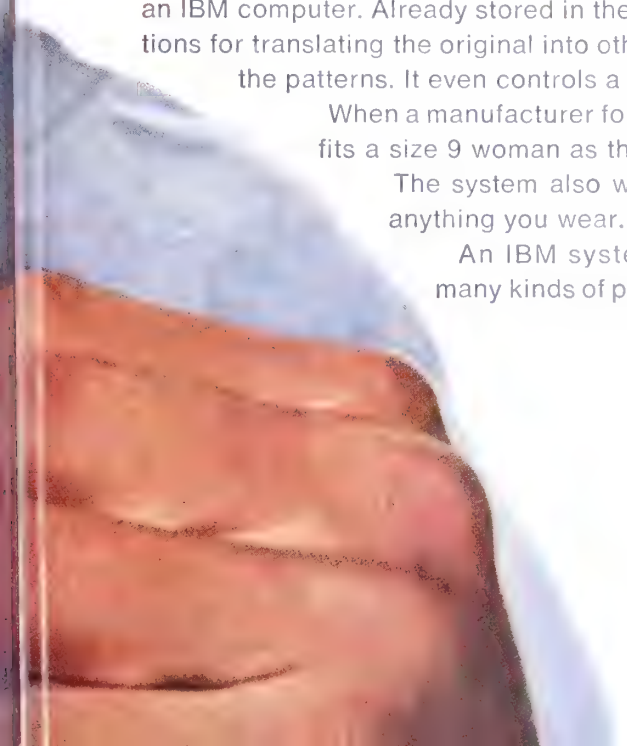
Usually, thousands of patterns have to be calculated, drawn and cut out by hand for each new line of dresses. Errors can crop up, and a dress that fits the dummy's size to a T may end up fitting you like a lump.

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JAPAN AIR LINES

the worldwide airline of Japan

"Well, first of all, these things are much too expensive," explained Boyd Ferris, IATA's airport expert at the organization's headquarters in Montreal. To be sure, each of the twenty-four mobile lounges at Dulles cost almost a quarter-million dollars. That cost, however, would come down considerably if these vehicles were produced in greater number. Nor do the airlines pay for its operation; the airport does. It costs Dulles $6.50 a trip to move ninety passengers out to the plane.

For the airlines it is actually much cheaper to service their planes out on the field than to wheel them to the terminal. It costs $11 a minute, according to Cole Morrow, FAA's airport service director, to taxi a jet. Taxiing the jumbo jets, the largest of which will be about as long as a football field, will cost about $50 a minute. This says nothing about the cost of constructing, heating, cooling, and maintaining the huge finger terminals. "To reduce rental fees," says Najeeb Halaby, the former FAA administrator, who nursed Dulles along, "an airport must be designed to handle big volume. And Dulles is so designed."

But then, the litany goes, the mobile lounge does not permit "trickle loading," which is simply the airlines' notion that passengers trickle into their planes one by one at leisure and get settled in their own good time instead of being herded in like sheep. Yet most conventional airline gates to a plane are closed until the passengers have formed a long line. When the gate is finally opened, all that restless humanity gushes into the plane like a torrent. On a large jet 20 minutes must be allowed until everyone gets settled in his seat.

"But think what a nuisance it is to transfer from one plane to another at Dulles. You have to take a mobile lounge into the terminal and then another out again," says Ferris. Is that more of a nuisance than those hikes at O'Hare or scrambles for a 25 cent bus at Kennedy? "At any rate, we don't like all those vehicles running all over the field," the answer comes. "They're not safe." Are they less safe than a lot of big planes taxiing about?

At the Airport Operators Council in Washington I was let in on a deep secret: The mobile lounge lengthens the scheduled flying time of the airlines. Rather than list the time the door of the plane opens and closes, they must list the time the door of the lounge opens and closes; that adds about 15 minutes.

What bothers the airlines even more is that, in the view of their managements, the mobile lounges obliterate their corporate identity. Though fiercely competitive, the airlines don't really have enough differences to compete with. The planes are the same, the rates are the same, and so are service and food in the air. But like so much American business, forever confusing public relations with public service, the airlines want undying brand loyalty from the moment a passenger enters the airport. They want travelers to themselves—bag, baggage, and all their complicated "processing." In the beginning Willow Run airport near Detroit tried to pool its facilities to avoid duplication and promote efficiency, but the airlines resisted the idea to the point where the airport itself has now been completely abandoned.

Airports, too, resist change. Abroad the airport is under the management of the government airline—BOAC in England, Swissair in Switzerland, etc. In the U. S. airports are supposed to make money or at least return the bondholders' investment. They make their money from the users' fees of the airlines and private planes as well as from concessions. These include newsstands, restaurants, bars, souvenir shops, and such, which are deliberately placed in the traveler's way like "impulse-shopping" counters in department stores. They also include the parking lots and taxi limousine services, which explains the airport operators' bias against adequate public transportation to the airport. Nor do the airport operators like to antagonize the airlines; as long as the airlines choose to sabotage "mobile lounges," we won't have any. Passenger comfort is not very high on the priority list of airport builders.

Tampa's Horizontal Elevators

The new $21.5-million airport at Tampa, Florida, however, will at least save us long walks. Passengers are to be shuttled from the central terminal in electric cars to satellite loading terminal buildings 1,000 feet away with ten gates each. These cars, running on elevated tracks, are electronically controlled; Westinghouse, which will install them, calls them "horizontal elevators." Each holds seventy people with their handbags, and negotiates the 1,000 feet in 40 seconds. They are undoubtedly more convenient than the slow and inefficient "moving sidewalks" that airport operators now talk about everywhere. In fact, the new gadget is promising for all manner of urban transportation. But in contrast to Dulles, Tampa's passengers must still endure the line, the waiting, and confusion at the satellite terminal and then finally climb up into the plane. And the tracks, of course, are not very flexible.

Flexibility is important, for no one really knows what aircraft technology will bring. The aircraft

manufacturers don't like to shout from the rooftops what they have up their sleeves for fear their competitors might hear them. Besides, they tend to be overoptimistic about the performance of their new models. As late as 1958, for instance, the aircraft manufacturers told the airport operators at a meeting in Puerto Rico that the jets would need runways only 8,400 feet long. It turned out they needed 10,500 feet. The airports still haven't recovered from the costly turmoil that resulted. Now they have been told that the new jumbo jets can land and take off on existing runways, provided the pavement is strong enough for their weight. But no one can count on that until the planes are actually in production.

"We can make sure that the big planes have enough doors," says Boyd Ferris. "But we have no idea what will happen when the doors open. With eight hundred people coming out all at once, clamoring to retrieve their baggage or, heaven forbid, lining up for customs, health, and passport control, we may well be trying to pour too many peas through the old funnels." At a meeting in Phoenix, Arizona, the airport operators explored various ways of coping with the problem. But they ended up with no precise idea of how to solve it.

There is seldom any argument about the need for new airports and just as seldom any agreement about where to put them. The three airports serving New York City, for instance—Kennedy, La Guardia, and Newark—will officially reach their absolute capacity by 1970. Unofficially, a spokesman for the New York Port Authority, which runs them, just laughs a sort of desperate laugh, then says, "Hell, they are way over capacity already!" Yet for seven years the politicians of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut have vainly searched for a place where a fourth airport wouldn't start a revolution. Even a swamp out in Morris County, New Jersey, was not acceptable to the powerful residents in the area.

Where Is "Out of Town"?

Noise, of course, is the chief reason why people object to airports anywhere near where they live. There is, however, little hope that the screech of jets can be substantially reduced. "You just can't release that much energy without making noise," says Morrow. The engineers keep trying to muffle jet engines somewhat, but they see greater promise in planes that rise steeply into the sky, thereby spreading less noise over the earth.

Even at that, airports will obviously still have to be located away from residential areas. But that does not mean they need be inaccessible. "Everyone wants to put the airport out of town," says Gordon Edwards, a bright young city planner who has recently been added to the FAA staff. "But there is no more out of town."

Edwards, like most city planners, is confined to dispensing general guidance. He urges first of all that cities acquire potential airport land in advance of actual need. He would have them buy enough for future expansion and allow for plenty of wooded land as a buffer against noise. At Dulles the FAA planted no less than 1.5 million trees. Around or near the well-planned airport, Edwards sees industrial plants of all kinds, which would want to be near their air-freight warehouses; these plants can cope with the noise and they also help pay off the land investment. The growing army of airborne briefcase carriers is also attracting more hotels and conference centers to the airport. They, too, must be planned for. In Atlanta, a whole encampment city for these sales troops has already sprung up. Businessmen descend upon it from all over the South, hold their meetings, and fly off again without ever venturing downtown.

Above all, Edwards and other enlightened planners urge rapid-transit connections to our airports, existing and future. As a national average, 60 per cent of all travelers arrive at the airport in their own cars. Only 20 per cent come by taxi, 12 per cent by coach limousine, leaving 8 per cent to public transportation. The highways are clogged at rush hour, which is also the time most people want to fly. Adding more freeways has only increased traffic. Ever more sprawling parking lots demand longer and longer walks. Multistory parking garages, now in operation at the Toronto airport and proposed for Tampa, reduce distances but increase costs. In addition, they don't help to clear up the traffic jams around the terminal for taxis, limousines, and buses.

Only Cleveland is at this point extending its subway to the airport. Atlanta has included an airport stop in its proposed subway system, but San Francisco and Washington have not. The very idea of fast trains to take passengers out to the planes from the city is running into a widespread fog of negative thinking. It seems particularly dense around the New York Port Authority which considers it utterly unfeasible to run subways or trains to its Newark, La Guardia, and Kennedy airports.

"Who would want to get off a comfortable plane and lug his bags into a train or subway?" I was asked time and again, as though this were any more trouble than lugging one's baggage into a taxi, limousine, or bus. Most air travelers, the

argument continues, come from or go to their scattered suburban homes rather than downtown. And then comes the repetitive refrain: Trains to the airport would never pay. With the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads happy to assume 90 per cent of the cost, there is no such problem about more freeways, of course. Some airport operators would now like to double-deck them to increase their capacity.

In sprawling Los Angeles, which seems truly beyond redemption by mass transit, the Department of Housing and Urban Development is financing experiments with a "sky-lounge." This vehicle moves on the ground to collect passengers at various downtown stations and is then lifted by a Sikorsky YCH-54A "flying crane" helicopter and flown right to the plane at the airport. Others pin considerable hope on the small STOL (short-takeoff-and-landing) and VTOL (vertical-takeoff-and-landing) planes that loom on the horizon. In another two or three years these new crossbreeds between a small plane and a helicopter, the VTOL fans believe, will take us from tiny landing fields or even rooftops anywhere in our metropolitan areas to airports or nearby cities. Perhaps. Those VTOLs will be hellishly noisy and sound no more pleasant than their name. In any event, their scattered stations, much as sky-lounges, rapid transit, mobile lounges, and well-designed airports themselves, will cost money, lots of it. What's more they must be planned to make sense, not just dumped upon us like the new monster planes. They must be planned in the overall context of our urban environment.

This will require, as Senator Edward M. Kennedy has put it, "a total transportation-systems blueprint for the future." As yet the organizational machinery to devise such planning and coordinated action simply does not exist. Noting this, Downes has recently proposed an Aviation Planning Commission, comprising top leaders of government and industry. Its job would be to coordinate government and industry planning. It would draw the blueprint Kennedy asked for on the basis of data that the manufacturers would be asked to yield, and work out the necessary financing techniques whether they be research contracts, loans, grants-in-aid, revolving funds, or other methods.

Downes would place the Aviation Planning Commission in the newly established Department of Transportation. Its Secretary, Alan S. Boyd, should now be evolving a national transportation policy which delegates to each competing mode of Transportation. Its Secretary, Alan S. Boyd, proach, with the help of Downes' national Aviation Planning Commission, would help to get not only aviation but all transportation moving again with the efficiency and convenience that our marvelous technology is capable of offering.

FLAT PATTERNS

by Peter Rodgers

Flat patterns are best. Unobtrusively they
stand out by simply being what
they are. As in a Matisse painting colors that
elsewhere would flame gaudy, settle into near gray
brilliance. Or take on
the truly beautiful vulgarity of neon
lighted paintings by one
"of our younger luminaries." Which,
by the way is a particularly nice
choice of words. Sun-
like: luminaries that touch
our lives with their light;
throw back our common images multiplied
as in a world of mirrors: real pyramids
of Campbell's soup; dime store
snapshots of Marilyn Monroe
—Poor goat. But that is art, and is beautiful.
Life, friends, is another story. Pull.

"A VERY STERN DISCIPLINE"

An Interview with Ralph Ellison

Ralph Ellison's memorable first novel, Invisible Man, *winner of the National Book Award for 1952, brought him immediately to the front rank of American writers. His essay, "Harlem Is Nowhere," appeared in* Harper's *in 1964, and was included in his book of essays and reviews,* Shadow and Act.
Ellison is a native of Oklahoma City. In 1933 he went to the Deep South to Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, where he majored in music. Later he came to New York City to study sculpture, but he turned to writing and since 1939 his stories and articles have been widely published. This interview, which Ellison has revised from the original tapes, was conducted by three young Negro writers *(see page 79).*

Interviewers: *Do you think that one of the faults of the Negro writer is that he is unable to come to terms with the human condition, particularly that of the Negro in America?*

Ellison: Here I don't like to speak generally. The conception of the human condition varies for each and every writer just as it does for each and every individual. Each must live within the isolation of his own senses, dreams, and memories; each must die his own death. For the writer the problem is to project his own conception eloquently and artistically. Like all good artists, he stakes his talent against the world. But if a Negro writer is going to listen to sociologists—as too many of us do—who tell us that Negro life is thus-and-so in keeping with certain sociological theories, he is in trouble because he will have abandoned his task before he begins. If he accepts the clichés to the effect that the Negro family is usually a broken family, that it is matriarchal in form and that the mother dominates and castrates the males, if he believes that Negro males are having all of these alleged troubles with their sexuality, or that Harlem is a "Negro ghetto"—which means to paraphrase one of our writers, "piss in the halls and blood on the stairs"—well, he'll never see the people of whom he wishes to write. He'll never learn to use his own eyes and his own heart, and he'll never master the art of fiction.

I don't deny that these sociological formulas are drawn from life, but I do deny that they define the complexity of Harlem. They only abstract it and reduce it to proportions which the sociologists can manage. I simply don't recognize Harlem in them. And I certainly don't recognize the people of Harlem whom I know. Which is by no means to deny the ruggedness of life there, nor the hardship, the poverty, the sordidness, the filth. But there is something else in Harlem, something subjective, willful, and complexly and compellingly human. It is "that something else" that challenges the sociologists who ignore it, and the society which would deny its existence. It is that "something else" which makes for our strength, which makes for our endurance and our promise. This is the proper subject for the Negro American writer. Hell, he doesn't have to spend all the tedious time required to write novels simply to repeat



Ralph Ellison, by George Ford

what the sociologists and certain white intellectuals are broadcasting like a zoo full of parrots—*and* getting much more money for it than most Negro writers will ever see. If he does this he'll not only go begging, but worse, he'll lie to his people, discourage their interest in literature, and emasculate his own talent.

This is tricky terrain, because today the sociologists are up to their necks in politics and have access to millions of governmental dollars, which, I'm afraid, have been secured at the cost of propagating an image of the Negro condition which is apt to destroy our human conception of ourselves just at the moment when we are becoming politically free. Those who buy this image are surely in trouble, no matter the money it brings.

One of the saddest sights currently to be seen is that provided by one of our most "angry" Negro writers who has allowed himself to be enslaved by his acceptance of negative sociological data. He rants and raves against society, but he's actually one of the safest Negroes on the scene. Because he challenges nothing, he can only shout "'taint" to some abstract white "'tis," countering lies with lies. The human condition? He thinks that white folks have ruled Negroes out of it.

A few years ago there was a drunk who collected newspapers from the shops along Broadway between 145th and 153rd Streets. He was a Negro who had fought the wine for a long time and who when drunk was capable of a metaphysical defiance. His favorite pastime was to take a stand near a stoplight and accost white people who stopped for the traffic signal with shouts of "Why don't you go back down town! I want all you white m . . . f . . . s—mens *and* womens—to go on back down town!" Our hate-mongering fellow writer reminds me very much of this man, for he is about as effective and no less obscene. Yes, we do have a terrible time in dealing with the human condition.

One critic has said that the Jewish writer went through a similar period. I think he was trying to say that the Negro writer would very soon get over this and become the major strength in American literature.

I hope he's right, but I wouldn't want to make

a prediction. I think, however, that the parallel is much too facile. Jewish writers are more familiar with literature as a medium of expression. Their history provides for a close identification with writers who were, and are, Jewish even when they wrote or write in languages other than Yiddish or Hebrew; and this even when that identification rests simply on a shared religious tradition and hardly on any other cultural ground whatsoever. It reminds me of our attempts to claim Pushkin and Dumas as Negroes.

By contrast, neither Negro American expression nor religion has been primarily literary. We are by no means, as is said of the Jews, "people of the Book"—not that I see this as a matter for regret. For we have a wider freedom of selection. We took much from the ancient Hebrews and we do share, through Christianity, the values embodied in the literature of much of the world. But our expression has been oral as against "literary." And when it comes to the question of identifying those writers who have shaped American literature—the framers of the Declaration, the Constitution, and Lincoln excepted—we tend to project racial categories into the areas of artistic technique, form, insight; areas where race has no proper place. We seem to forget that one can identify with what a writer has written, with its form, its manner, techniques, while *rejecting* the writer's beliefs, his prejudices, philosophy, values.

The Jewish American writers have, on the other hand, identified with Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, and Joyce *as writers* while questioning and even rejecting their various attitudes toward the Jews, toward religion, politics, and many other matters. They have taken possession of that which they could use from such writers and converted it to express their own personal and group sense of reality; they have used it to express their own definitions of the American experience. But we Negro writers seem seldom to have grasped this process of acculturation. Too often we've been in such haste to express our anger and our pain as to allow the single tree of race to obscure our view of the magic forest of art.

If Negro writers ever become the mainstay of American literature, it will be because they have learned their craft and used the intensity, emotional and political, of their group experience to express a greater area of American experience than the writers of other groups. What the Jewish American writer had to learn before he could find his place was the American-ness of his experience. He had to see himself as American and project his Jewish experience as an experience unfolding within this pluralistic society. When this was done, it was possible to project this variant of the American experience as a metaphor for the whole.

However, I don't believe that any one group can speak for the whole experience—which isn't, perhaps, desirable. They can only reduce it to metaphor, and no one has yet forged a metaphor rich enough to reduce American diversity to form. Certainly the current group of Jewish writers—among whom there are several I admire—do not speak adequately for me or for Negroes generally. But during the 'thirties Jewish writing, although more skillful, was as provincial as most Negro American writing is today. That's the way it was and we don't solve problems of history by running away from them. And what I mean by provincial is an inability to see beyond the confines, the constrictions, placed upon Jewish life by its religious and cultural differences with the larger society; by its being basically the experience of an immigrant people who were, by and large, far less cultured than their more representative members.

It took long years of living in this country, long years of being a unique part of American society and discovering that they were not *forced* to live on the East Side, of discovering that there *was* a place for the Jews in this society which did not depend upon their losing their group identity. They discovered that they possessed something precious to bring to the broader American culture, on the lowest as well as on the highest levels of human activity, and that it would have a creative impact far beyond the Jewish community. Many had not only to learn the language but, more wonderful, they had to discover that the Jewish American idiom would lend a whole new dimension to the American language.

How do the situations of the Negro and Jewish writers differ?

I think that Negro Americans as *writers* run into certain problems which the Jews don't have. One is that our lives, since slavery, have been described mainly in terms of our political, economic, and social conditions as measured by outside norms, seldom in terms of our *own* sense of life or our *own* sense of values gained from our *own* unique American experience. Nobody bothered to ask Negroes how they felt about their own lives. Southern whites used to tell the joke about the white employer who said to a Negro worker, "You're a good hand and I appreciate you. You make my business go much better. *But* although you work well every day, I can never get you to work on Saturday night, even if I offer to pay you overtime. Why is this?" Of course, you know the answer: "If you could just be a Negro

one Saturday night you'd never want to be a white man again." Now this is a rather facile joke, and a white Southern joke on Negroes; nevertheless, it does indicate an awarcness that there is an internality to Negro American life, that it possesses its own attractions and its own mystery.

Now, the pathetic element in the history of Negro American writing is that it started out by reflecting the styles popular at the time, styles uninterested in the human complexity of Negroes. These were the styles of dialect humor transfused into literature from the *white* stereotype of the Negro minstrel tradition. This was Dunbar and Chestnutt. It helped them get published but it got in the way of their subject matter and their goal of depicting Negro personality. And let's face it, these were times when white publishers and the white reading public only wished to encounter certain types of Negroes in poetry and fiction.

Even so, it was not a Negro writer who created the most memorable character in this tradition but Mark Twain, whose Nigger Jim is, I think, one of the important characters in our literature. Nevertheless, Jim is flawed by his relationship to the minstrel tradition. Twain's drawing of Jim reflected the popular culture of the 1880s, just as the Negro characters you get in much of current fiction are influenced by the stereotypes presented by the movies and by sociology—those even more powerful media of popular culture.

The Negro writers who appeared during the 1920s wished to protest discrimination; some wished to show off their high regard for respectability; they wished to express their new awareness of the African background, and, as Americans trying to win a place as writers, they were drawn to the going style of literary decadence represented by Carl Van Vechten's work. This was an extremely ironic development for a group whose written literature was still in its infancy—as incongruous as the notion of a decadent baby. More ironic, this was a time when Eliot, Pound, Hemingway, and Stein were really tearing American literature apart and reshaping its values and its styles in the "revolution of the word." We always picked the moribund style. We took to dialect at a time when *Benito Cereno, Moby Dick,* and *Leaves of Grass* were at hand to point a more viable direction for a people whose demands were revolutionary, and whose humanity had been badly distorted by the accepted styles.

During the 1930s we were drawn, for more understandable reasons, to the theories of proletarian literature. So during the 'twenties we had wanted to be fashionable and this insured, even more effectively than the approaching Depression, the failure of the "New Negro" movement. We fell into that old trap by which the segregated segregate themselves by trying to turn whatever the whites said against us into its opposite. If they said Negroes love fried chicken (and why shouldn't we?), we replied, "We *hate* fried chicken." If they said "Negroes have no normal family life," we replied, "We have a staider, more refined, more puritanical family life than you." If they said that Negroes love pork chops, we replied, "We despise them!" With few exceptions, our energies as writers have too often been focused upon outside definitions of reality, and we've used literature for racial polemics rather than as an agency through which we might define

NOTES ON THE INTERVIEW

Thomas C. Dent of New Orleans, founding editor of the magazine Umbra, *writes:*

None of us had known or even seen Ralph Ellison when we asked to talk with him. We also knew that he was not aware of our workshop of young black writers on the Lower East Side in New York City, or of our magazine, *Umbra,* which contained our work and the work of other young writers sharply at odds with white America.

A character in his novel was the source of numerous inside jokes which we delighted in springing on unaware outsiders. We would say, "Man, look at that *Rinehart,*" or, "The Rinehart in that cat is *too much,*" and if you hadn't read *Invisible Man* and hadn't loved it you were just out of luck. It is only natural, then, that we looked upon a discussion with Ellison with unusual anticipation.

Ellison greeted us courteously, but seemed extremely reserved. We commented on the stunning view of the Hudson River from his apartment on Riverside Drive. It looked like a quiet place, where orderly things happen. He looked like any professor or lawyer, only, in his polo shirt, more relaxed. He was then, in 1965, a man of about fifty, slightly balding but, I thought, surprisingly youthful. He answered our questions with short, well-formed statements; everything he said had the ring of knowledge, of scholarship.

The second interview followed a few months later. We could not get our tape machine working, so Ellison, who is facile at these things, worked it for us. We talked for almost an hour past our allotted time. The product of this effort was an absolutely inadequate tape, whereupon we requested a third interview, at which I was not present but which must have lasted, from the length of the transcription, three hours. This is the one you will read. It was both ours and Ellison's firm hope that the interview could be published in *Umbra,* a hope not realized because the group has since dissolved. The interviewers were James Thompson, Lennox Raphael, and Steve Cannon.

experience as we ourselves have seen and felt it. These are negative charges, I know, but they seem true to me.

Indeed, it's very difficult, even today, for younger Negro writers to come along and overcome these negative tendencies. Far too often they have been taught to think in Jim Crow terms: "I can do thus and so—not because human beings express themselves in these ways, but because such and such a *Negro* dared to do so." And if no other Negro has involved himself in the activity in question, then we tend to draw back and doubt that we might do very well even as pioneers. And so the younger writer comes along and tries to write on the models of other Negro writers rather than on the best writers regardless of race, class, or what have you—completely ignoring the fact that all other writers try to pattern themselves on the achievements of the greatest writers, regardless of who the hell they were.

This is how the Jim Crow experience has gotten into our attitudes and set us back. We have been exiled in our own land and, as for our efforts at writing, we have been little better than silent because we have not been cunning. I find this rather astounding, because I feel that Negro American folklore is very powerful, wonderful, and universal. And it became so by expressing a people who were assertive, eclectic, and irreverent before all the oral and written literature that came within its grasp. It took what it needed to express its sense of life and rejected what it couldn't use.

But what we've achieved in folklore has seldom been achieved in the novel, the short story, or poetry. In the folklore we tell what Negro experience really is. We back away from the chaos of experience and from ourselves, and we depict the humor as well as the horror of our living. We project Negro life in a metaphysical perspective and we have seen it with a complexity of vision that seldom gets into our writing. One reason for this lies in the poor teaching common to our schools and colleges, but the main failure lies, I think, in our simpleminded attempt to reduce fiction to a mere protest.

I notice that you mentioned, quite some time ago, that you learned a lot of skill under Richard Wright. Do you find that he gauged his craft to the great writers of the world?

He certainly tried to do so. He was constantly reading the great masters, just as he read the philosophers, the political theorists, the social and literary critics. He did not limit himself in the manner that many Negro writers currently limit themselves. And he encouraged other writers—who usually rebuffed him—to become conscious craftsmen, to plunge into the world of conscious literature and take their chances unafraid. He felt this to be one of the few areas in which Negroes could be as free and as equal as their minds and talents would allow. And like a good Negro athlete, he believed in his ability to compete. In 1940 he was well aware that *Native Son* was being published at a time when *The Grapes of Wrath* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* would be his main competition. Nevertheless, he looked toward publication day nervously but eagerly. He wished to be among the most advanced artists and was willing to run the risk required.

Earlier you referred to the minstrel as a stereotype. Is it possible to treat such stereotypes as Sambo, or even Stepin Fetchit, as archetypes or motives instead of using them in the usual format?

Well, in fiction stereotypes partake of archetypes. And to the extent that stereotypes point to something basically human, they overlap. And yes, in literary form stereotypes function, as do other forms of characterization, as motives. But the point is that they act as *imposed* motives which treat reality and character arbitrarily. Thus to redeem them as you suggest, the writer is challenged to reveal the archetypical truth hidden within the stereotype. Here archetypes are embodiments of abiding patterns of human existence which underlie racial, cultural, and religious differences. They are, in their basic humanity, timeless and raceless; while stereotypes are malicious reductions of human complexity which seize upon such characteristics as color, the shape of a nose, an accent, hair texture, and convert them into emblems which render it unnecessary for the prejudiced individual to confront the humanity of those upon whom the stereotype has been imposed.

So in answer to your question as to whether it is possible to use such stereotypes as Sambo and Stepin Fetchit, I'd say that it depends upon the writer's vision. If I should use such stereotypes in fiction, I'd have to reveal their archetypical aspects because my own awareness *of*, and identification *with*, the human complexity which they deny would compel me to transform them into something more recognizably human. To do less would be to reveal a brutalization of my own sense of human personality.

On the other hand, let's take Faulkner. When Lucas Beauchamp first appears in Faulkner's work he appears as a stereotype, but as he was

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developed throughout the successive novels, he became one of Faulkner's highest representatives of human quality. Or again, when Ned in the last book, *The Reivers,* is seen superficially he appears to be the usual head-scratching, eye-rolling Negro stereotype. But beneath this mask, Ned is a version of John, the archetypical Negro slave of Negro folklore, who always outwits and outtalks his master. Ned masterminds the action of the novel and in so doing he is revealed as Faulkner's own persona. He is the artist disguised as Negro rogue and schemer.

This suggests that attempts to approach stereotypes strictly in racial terms is, for the Negro writer, very, very dangerous. We must first question what they conceal, otherwise we place ourselves in the position of rejecting the basic truth concealed in the stereotype along with its obvious falsehood. Truth is much too precious for that.

On the stage of Town Hall a few days before the 1964 Democratic Convention, a group from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party talked of their experiences. To the facile eye one of the men who talked there might well have been mistaken for the Sambo stereotype. He was Southern, rural; his speech was heavily idiomatic, his tempo slow. A number of his surface characteristics seemed to support the stereotype. But had you accepted him as an incarnation of Sambo you would have missed a very courageous man—a man who understood only too well that his activities in aiding and protecting the young Northern students working in the Freedom Movement placed his life in constant contact with death, but who continued to act. Now I'm not going to reject that man because some misinformed person, some prejudiced person, sees him as the embodiment of Uncle Tom, or Sambo. What's inside you, brother; what's your heart like? What are your real values? What human qualities are hidden beneath your idiom?

Do you think the reason for this is that Negroes in the U.S. are caught, if they allow themselves to be, in a bind? Do you think that the Negro writer then is forced, sometimes, to go away to gain a perspective? Or can he transcend his situation by remaining in it?

Well, again, I would say that the individual must do that which is necessary for him individually. However, I would also say that it is not objectively necessary to go away. He might solve his problem by leaving the Village or by leaving Harlem. Harlem has always been a difficult place for Negroes to gain perspective on the national experience, because it has sponsored a false sense of freedom. It has also sponsored a false sense of superiority regarding Negroes who live elsewhere. I remember getting into an argument during World War II with a fellow who insisted that Southern Negroes had no knowledge of boxing or baseball. This came from refusing to use his eyes around New York.

One frees oneself, as a writer, by actually going in and trying to get the shape of experience *from the writer's perspective.* I see no other way. But this, unfortunately, requires a writer's type of memory—which is strongly emotional and associative—and a certain amount of technique. You must pay the Negro community the respect of trying to see it through the enrichening perspectives provided by great literature—using your own intelligence to make up for the differences in economy, in class background, in education, in conscious culture, in manners and in attitude toward values. Human beings are basically the same and differ mainly in life style. Here revelation is called for, not argument.

How do you mean, "argument"?

I mean that it's futile to argue our humanity with those who willfully refuse to recognize it, when art can reveal on its own terms more truth while providing pleasure, insight, and for Negro readers at least, affirmation and a sense of direction. We must assert our own sense of values, beginning with the given and the irrevocable, with the question of heroism and slavery.

Contrary to some, I feel that our experience as a people involves a great deal of heroism. From one perspective, slavery was horrible and brutalizing. It is said that "Those Africans were enslaved, they died in the 'middle passage,' they were abused, their families were separated, they were whipped, they were raped, ravaged, and emasculated." And the Negro writer is tempted to agree. "Yes! God damn it, wasn't that a horrible thing!" And he sometimes agrees to the next step, which holds that slaves had very little humanity because slavery destroyed it for them and their descendants. That's what the Stanley M. Elkins "Sambo" argument implies. But despite the historical past and the injustices of the present, there is from *my* perspective something further to say. I have to *affirm* my forefathers and I *must* affirm my parents or be reduced in my own mind to a white man's inadequate—even if unprejudiced—conception of human complexity. Yes, and I must affirm those unknown people who sacrificed for me. I'm speaking of those Negro Americans who never knew that a Ralph Ellison might exist, but who by living their own lives and refusing to be

destroyed by social injustice and white supremacy, real or illusory, made it possible for me to live my own life with meaning. I am forced to look at these people and upon the history of life in the U. S. and conclude that there is another reality behind the appearance of reality which they would force upon us as truth.

Any people who could endure all of that brutalization and keep together, who could undergo such dismemberment and resuscitate itself, and endure until it could take the initiative in achieving its own freedom is obviously more than the sum of its brutalization. Seen in this perspective, theirs has been one of the great human experiences and one of the great triumphs of the human spirit in modern times. In fact, in the history of the world.

Some might say to your argument that you are [illegible] Negroes, rather than reporting historical reality.

But hope and aspiration are indeed important aspects of the reality of Negro American history, no less than that of others. Besides, it's one of our roles as writers to remind ourselves of such matters, just as it is to make assertions tempered by the things of the spirit. It might sound arrogant to say so, but writers, poets, help create or reveal hidden realities by asserting their existence. Otherwise they might as well become social scien-[illegible]

I do not find it a strain to point to the heroic component of our experience, for these seem to me truths which we have long lived by but which we must now recognize consciously. And I am not denying the negative things which have happened to us and which continue to happen, but I am compelled to reject all condescending, narrowly paternalistic interpretations of Negro American life and personality from whatever quarters they come, whether white or Negro. Such interpretations would take the negative details of our existence and make them the whole of our life and personality. But literature teaches us that mankind has always defined itself *against* the negatives thrown it by both society and the universe. It is human will, human hope, and human effort which make the difference. Let's not forget that the great tragedies not only treat of negative [illegible] but they treat them within a context of man's will to act, to challenge reality and to snatch triumph from the [illegible]

You said it's unnecessary for one to leave the country to get a perspective. We notice in some of your older writings that after having come back from Rome you sat up in New Hampshire and wrote Invisible Man.

No, I started *Invisible Man*—that novel about a man characterized by what the sociologists term "high visibility"—in Vermont, during the few months before the war came to an end. I was cooking on merchant ships at the time and had been given shore leave, so I accepted the invitation of a friend and went up there. I had no idea that I was going to start a book. But maybe I should add this: it isn't *where* you are that's important, but what you seek to depict, and most important of all is perspective. And the main perspective through which a writer looks at experience is that provided by literature—just as the perspective through which a physician looks at the human body is the discipline of medicine; an accumulation of techniques, insights, instruments, and processes which have been slowly developed over long periods of time. So when I look at my material I'm not looking at it simply through the concepts of sociology—and I do know something about sociology. I look at it through literature; English, French, Spanish, Russian—especially 19th-century Russian literature. And Irish literature, Joyce and Yeats, and through the international literature of the 'twenties. And through the perspective of folklore. When I listen to a folk story I'm looking for what it conceals as well as what it states. I read it with the same fullness of attention I bring to *Finnegans Wake* or *The Sound and the Fury* because I'm eager to discover what it has to say to me personally.

Living abroad is very necessary for those Negro writers who feel that they've been too cramped here and who wish to discover how it feels to live free of racial restrictions. This is valid. I should also say this: I came to New York from Tuskegee with the intention of going back to finish college. I came up to work. I didn't earn the money so I stayed. But while I lived at the Harlem YMCA I did *not* come to New York to live in Harlem—even though I thought of Harlem as a very romantic place. I'm pointing to an attitude of mind; I was not exchanging Southern segregation for Northern segregation, but seeking a wider world of opportunity. And, most of all, the excitement and impersonality of a great city. I wanted room in which to discover who I was.

So one of the first things I had to do was to enter places from which I was afraid I might be rejected. I had to confront my own fears of the unknown. I told myself, "Well, I might be hurt, but I won't dodge until they throw a punch." Over and over again I found that it was just this atti-

tude (which finally became unselfconsciously nondefensive) which made the difference between my being accepted or rejected, and this during a time when many places practiced discrimination.

This requires submitting oneself to personal ordeals, especially if one grew up in the South and Southwest. Nor is this because you are afraid of white people so much as a matter of not wishing to be rebuffed. You don't wish to be upset when you're going to see a play by having a racial hassle on your hands. This distaste is very human. I've had a white Mississippian stop me on the streets of Rome asking if he would be admitted to a certain place which had caught his eye. I said, with a certain pleasurable irony, "Sure, go ahead; just tell them you're a friend of mine."

What do you consider the Negro writer's responsibility to American literature as a whole?

The writer, *any* American writer, becomes basically responsible for the health of American literature the moment he starts writing seriously. And this regardless of his race or religious background. This is no arbitrary matter. Just as there is implicit in the act of voting the responsibility of helping to govern, there is implicit in the act of writing a responsibility for the quality of the American language—its accuracy, its vividness, its simplicity, its expressiveness—and responsibility for preserving and extending the quality of the literature.

How do you regard President Johnson's statement that "Art is not a political weapon?" He made it at the White House in 1965.

I don't think you've got it complete; let's read it. He said, "Your art is not a political weapon, yet much of what you do is profoundly political, for you seek out the common pleasures and visions, the terrors and cruelties of man's day on this planet. And I would hope you would help dissolve the barriers of hatred and ignorance which are the source of so much of our pain and danger."

You think that he is far ahead of many people?

He is far ahead of most of the intellectuals—especially those Northern liberals who have become, in the name of the highest motives, the new apologists for segregation. Some of the *Commentary* writers, for instance. Let's put it this way. President Johnson's speech at Howard University spelled out the meaning of full integration for Negroes in a way that no one, no President, not Lincoln nor Roosevelt, no matter how much we love and respected them, has ever done before. There was no hedging in it, no escape clauses.

About Robert Lowell's refusal in 1965 to participate in the White House Art Festival, was this justly done, or do you think that he was engaged too much in politics? Do you think it was necessary?

I do not think it was necessary. When Lowell wrote to the President—and it was a skillfully written letter—he stated his motives of conscience, his fear that his presence would commit him to the President's foreign policy. In other words, he feared the potency of his own presence in such a setting, a potency which would seem to rest in his person rather than in the poetry for which we praise him and consider him great. But he didn't stop there, the letter got to the press, and once this happened, it became a political act, a political gesture.

I think this was unfortunate. The President wasn't telling Lowell how to write his poetry, and I don't think he's in any position to tell the President how to run the government. Had I been running the Festival I'd simply have had an actor read from Lowell's poetry—with his permission, of course—for then not only would we have had the best of Lowell, but the question of his feelings concerning foreign policy wouldn't have come up.

Actually, no one was questioned as to his attitudes, political or otherwise—except by Dwight Macdonald. It wasn't that kind of occasion. Any and every opinion was represented there. Millard Lampell, who had been picketing the White House, had part of his play presented, and his background is no secret. So it was not in itself a political occasion, and all of the hullabaloo was beside the point. I was very much amazed, having gone through the political madness that marked the intellectual experience of the 'thirties, to see so many of our leading American intellectuals, poets, novelists—free creative minds—once again running in a herd. One may take a personal position concerning a public issue which is much broader than his personal morality, and the others make a herd of free creative minds! Some of my best friends are mixed up in it—which leaves me all the more amazed.

Speaking of herd activity, do you think that writers, generally, band together for the added stimulation or appreciation that they need? Or do you think that it is a lack, on their part, of a certain kind of intelligence?

It depends upon their reason for coming to-

gether. I think it very important for writers to come together during the early stages of their careers, especially during the stage when they are learning their techniques, when they are struggling for that initial fund of knowledge upon which they form their tastes and upon which artistic choices are made. And it's good for artists to get together to eat and drink—for social activities. But when they get together in some sort of political effort it usually turns out that they are being manipulated by a person or group of persons who are not particularly interested in art.

In other words, are you denying what happened to you in the 'thirties, during The New Masses *experience?*

No, I don't deny that at all; instead, I speak out of that experience. But what happened to me during the 'thirties was part of a great swell of events which I plunged into when I came to town an undergraduate musician, and through which I gradually transformed myself into a writer. The stimulus that existed in New York during the 'thirties was by no means limited to art; it was also connected with politics, it was part of the *esprit de corps* developed in the country after we had endured the Depression for a few years. It had to do with my discovering New York and the unfamiliar areas of the society newly available to me. It had to do with working on the New York Writers Project and getting to know white friends, and being around Richard Wright and around *The New Masses* and the League of American Writers crowd.

But, if you'll note—and the record is public—I never wrote the official type of fiction. I wrote what might be called propaganda having to do with the Negro struggle—but my fiction was always trying to be something else; something different even from Wright's fiction. I never accepted the ideology which *The New Masses* attempted to impose on writers. They hated Dostoevski, but I was studying Dostoevski. They felt that Henry James was a decadent, some sort of snob who had nothing to teach a writer from the lower classes—I was studying James. I was also reading Marx, Gorki, Sholokhov, and Isaac Babel. I was reading everything, including the Bible. Most of all, I was reading Malraux. I thought so much of that little Modern Library edition of *Man's Fate* that I had it bound in leather. This is where I was really living at the time. So perhaps it is the writers whose work has most impact upon us that are important, not those with whom we congregate publicly. Anyway, I think style is more important than political ideologies.

Do you see, then, a parallel between the 'thirties and the 'sixties, with this new resurgence of young Negro writers, with this turning toward Africa and, shall we say again, the resurgence of a particular kind of provincialism in New Negro writing?

I think that we should be very careful in drawing parallels. This is a period of affluence as against the poverty of the Depression. True, during that period a lot of Negroes had the opportunity to work in WPA at clerical jobs and so on, so that for us the Depression represented in many ways a lunge forward. We were beneficiaries of the government's efforts toward national recovery. Thanks to the national chaos, we found new places for ourselves. Today, our lunges forward are facilitated by laws designed precisely to correct our condition as a group—by laws which start at the very top and which have the Supreme Court, the Executive branch, and Congress behind them. This is quite different from the 'thirties.

As to Africa, I think it probably true that more of the present crop of writers are concerned with Africa than was true during that period. In fact, quite a number who were concerned with communism are now fervid black nationalists. Oddly enough, however, their way of writing hasn't changed significantly. Of course, I might not know what I'm talking about, but there seem to be fewer Negro writers around who seem publishable at the moment. Surely there are fewer than the more favorable circumstances of today warrant.

Some people think that you should play a larger part in civil rights. . . . This is similar to Sartre's rebuttal to Camus in Situations, *this idea of "engagement."*

Well, I'm no Camus and they're no Sartres. But literature draws upon much deeper and much more slowly changing centers of the human personality than does politics. It draws mainly from literature itself, and upon the human experience which has abided long enough to have become organized and given significance through literature. I think that revolutionary political movements move much too rapidly to be treated as the subjects for literature in themselves. When Malraux drew upon revolution as the settings for his novels he drew for his real themes upon much deeper levels of his characters' consciousness than their concern with Marxism; and it is to these deeper concerns, to the realm of tragedy, that they turned when facing death. Besides, political movements arise and extend themselves, achieve themselves, through fostering myths which interpret their actions and their goals. And if you tell the truth about a poli-

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tician, you're always going to encounter contradiction and barefaced lies—especially when you're dealing with left-wing politicians.

If I were to write an account of the swings and twitches of the U. S. Communist line during the 'thirties and 'forties, it would be a very revealing account, but I wouldn't attempt to do this in terms of fiction. It would have to be done in terms of political science, reportage. You would have to look up their positions, chart their moves, look at the directives handed down by the Communist International—whatever the overall body was called. And you would be in a muck and a mire of dead and futile activity—much of which had little to do with their ultimate goals or with American reality. They fostered the myth that Communism was twentieth-century Americanism, but to be a twentieth-century American meant, in their thinking, that you had to be more Russian than American and less Negro than either. That's how they lost the Negroes. The Communists recognized no plurality of interests and were really responding to the necessities of Soviet foreign policy, and when the war came, Negroes got caught and were made expedient in the shifting of policy. Just as Negroes who fool around with them today are going to get caught in the next turn of the screw.

Do you think there is too much pressure on the Negro writer to play the role of politician, instead of mastering his craft and acting as a professional writer?

Yes, and if he doesn't resist such pressure he's in a bad way. Because someone is always going to tell you that you can't write, and then they tell you *what* to write.

Among the first things the Negro writer has to resist is being told that he'll find it difficult to make a buck. I waded through tons of that. But I decided that I would make sacrifices, go without clothing and other necessities, in order to buy books, in order to be in New York where I could talk to certain creative people and where I could observe this or that phenomenon. Resisting these warnings is most important. And if you deflect this particular pressure, there will always be people who will tell you that you have no talent. We understand the psychological dynamics of it—Booker T. Washington gave it the "crabs in a basket" metaphor: if a Negro threatens to succeed in a field outside the usual areas of Negro professionals, others feel challenged. It's a protective reaction, a heritage from slavery. We feel, "Well, my God, he has the nerve to do that—*I* don't have the nerve to do that; what does he think he's doing, endangering the whole group?" Nevertheless the writer must endure the agony imposed by this group pessimism.

Why do you think this exists?

Because our sense of security and our sense of who we are depends upon our feeling that we can account for each and every member of the group. And to this way of thinking any assertion of individuality is dangerous. I'm reminded of a woman whom I met at a party. We were discussing Negro life and I uttered opinions indicating an approach unfamiliar to her. Her indignant response was, "How do you come talking like that? I never even heard of you!" In her opinion I had no right to express ideas which hadn't been certified by her particular social group. Naturally she thought of herself as a member of a Negro elite and in the position to know what each and every Negro thought and should think. This is a minority group phenomenon, and I won't nail it to Negroes because it happens in the Jewish community as well.

In the interview that you had in Robert Penn Warren's Who Speaks for the Negro? *he addressed a question to you that has something to do with Negroes being culturally deprived, and you answered that many of the white students whom you'd taught were also culturally deprived. They were culturally deprived, you said, because while they might have understood many things intellectually, they were emotionally unprepared to deal with them. But the Negro was being prepared emotionally, whether intellectually or not, from the moment he was placed in the crib. Would you expand that a bit?*

I think you've touched *the* important area that gets lost when we hold such discussions. I get damn tired of critics writing of me as though I don't know how hard it is to be a Negro American. My point is that it isn't *only* hard, that there are many, many good things about it.

But they don't want you to say that. This is especially true of some of our Jewish critics. They get quite upset when I say: *I like this particular aspect of Negro life and would not surrender it. What I want is something else to go along with it.* And when I get the other things, I'm not going to try to invade the group life of anybody else. And of course they don't like the idea that I reject many of the aspects of life which they regard highly. But you know, white people can get terribly disturbed at the idea that Negroes are not simply being restricted from many areas of our national life, but that they are also judging certain aspects of our culture and rejecting their values. That's

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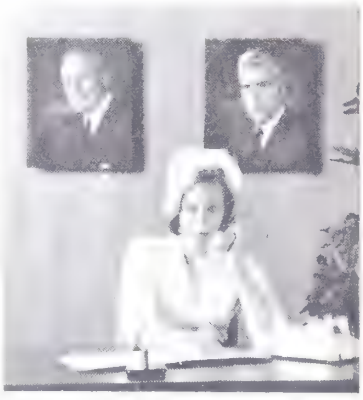
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Why shouldn't a physican inspire himself and compliment his favorite teachers at med school by asking them for portraits for the walls of his office?

And thus we try to turn thoughts toward making constructive use of the talents of the modern professional photographer. It is easy to forget that photography was invented by artists as a tool, artists without compunctions against serving other than their own inner needs. (Scientists got into it later.)

It was a fairly messy operation for a generation. Then a young man named George Eastman and various competitors introduced photographic plates that didn't have to be exposed while still wet. Eastman did well enough to quit his regular job at a bank, but he wanted far more than just a little business of his own. In going on to fulfill his ambition, he convinced much of the civilized world that you don't need a professional photographic artist to derive happiness from photographs. Yet today there are many more people making far better livings as professional photographers than before George Eastman made his score. And they love us for supplying the products they need for prosperity.

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where assumptions of white superiority, conscious or unconscious, make for blindness and naïveté. For in fact we've rejected many of their values from the days before there were Jim Crow laws.

Only a narrowly sociological explanation of society could lead to the belief that we Negroes are what we are simply because whites would refuse us the right of choice through racial discrimination. Frequently Negroes are able to pay for commodities available in the stores, but we reject them as a matter of taste—not economics. There is no *de facto* Jim Crow in many areas of New York, but we don't frequent them, not because we think we won't be welcome—indeed many Negroes go to places precisely because they are unfairly and illegally rejected—but because they simply don't interest us. All this *we* know to be true.

Negro Americans had to learn to live under pressure—otherwise we'd have been wiped out, or in the position of the Indians, set on a reservation and rendered powerless by the opposing forces. Fortunately, our fate was different. We were forced into segregation, but within that situation we were able to live close to the larger society and to abstract from that society enough combinations of values—including religion and hope and art—which allowed us to endure and impose our own idea of what the world should be and of what man should be, and of what American society should be. I'm not speaking of power here, but of vision, of values and dreams. Yes, and of will.

What is missing today is a corps of artists and intellectuals who would evaluate Negro American experience from the inside, and out of a broad knowledge of how people of other cultures live, deal with experience, and give significance to their experience. We do too little of this. Rather we depend upon outsiders—mainly sociologists—to interpret our lives for us. It doesn't seem to occur to us that our interpreters might well be not so much prejudiced as ignorant, insensitive, and arrogant. It doesn't occur to us that they might be of shallow personal culture, or innocent of the complexities of actual living.

It's ironic that we act this way, because over and over again when we find bunches of Negroes enjoying themselves, when they're feeling good and in a mood of communion, they sit around and marvel at what a damnable marvelous human being, what a confounding human type the Negro American really is. This is the underlying significance of so many of our bull sessions. We exchange accounts of what happened to someone whom the group once knew. "You know what that so-and-so did," we say; and then his story is told. His crimes, his loves, his outrages, his adventures, his transformations, his moments of courage, his heroism, buffooneries, defeats, and triumphs are recited with each participant joining in. And this catalogue soon becomes a brag, a very exciting chant celebrating the metamorphosis which this individual in question underwent within the limited circumstances available to us.

This is wonderful stuff; in the process the individual is enlarged. It's as though a transparent overlay of archetypal myth is being placed over the life of an individual, and through him we see ourselves. This, of course, is what literature does with life; these verbal jam sessions are indeed a form of folk literature and they help us to define our own experience.

But when we Negro Americans start "*writing*," we lose this wonderful capacity for abstracting and enlarging life. Instead we ask, "How do we fit into the sociological terminology? Gunnar Myrdal said this experience means thus and so. And Dr. Kenneth Clark, or Dr. E. Franklin Frazier, says the same thing . . ." And we try to fit our experience into their concepts. Well, whenever I hear a Negro intellectual describing Negro life and personality with a catalogue of negative definitions, my first question is, how did you escape, is it that you were born exceptional and superior? If I cannot look at the most brutalized Negro on the street, even when he irritates me and makes me want to bash his head in because he's goofing off, I must still say within myself, "Well, that's you too, Ellison." And I'm not talking about guilt, but of an identification which goes beyond race.

You have said that Hemingway tells us much more about how Negroes feel than all the writings done by those people mixed up in the Negro Renaissance.

What I meant was this: Hemingway's writing of the 'twenties and the 'thirties—even of the 'forties—evoked certain basic, deeply felt moods and attitudes within his characters which closely approximated certain basic attitudes held by many Negroes in regard to their position in American society, and in regard to their sense of the human predicament. And he did this not only because he was a greater writer than the participants in the Negro Renaissance, but because he possessed a truer sense of what the valid areas of perplexity were and a more accurate sense of how to get life into literature. He recognized that the so-called "Jazz Age" was a phony, while most Negro writers jumped on that illusory bandwagon when they, of all people, should have known better.

I was also referring to Hemingway's characters'



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attitude toward society, to their morality, their code of technical excellence, to their stoicism, their courage or "grace under pressure," to their skepticism as to the validity of political rhetoric and all those abstractions in the name of which our society was supposed to be governed, but which Hemingway found highly questionable when measured against our actual conduct. Theirs was an attitude springing from an awareness that they lived outside the values of the larger society, and *I* feel that their attitudes came close to the way Negroes felt about the way the Constitution and the Bill of Rights were applied to us.

Further, I believe that Hemingway, in depicting the attitudes of athletes, expatriates, bullfighters, traumatized soldiers, and impotent idealists, told us quite a lot about what was happening to that most representative group of Negro Americans, the jazz musicians—who also lived by an extreme code of withdrawal, technical and artistic excellence, rejection of the values of respectable society. They replaced the abstract and much-betrayed ideals of that society with the more physical values of eating, drinking, copulating, loyalty to friends, and dedication to the discipline and values of their art.

Now I say all this while fully aware that Hemingway seldom depicted Negroes and that when he did they were seldom the types we prefer to encounter in fiction. But to see what I mean one has only to look upon the world of Hemingway's fiction as offering a valid metaphor not only for the predicament of young whites, but as a metaphor for the post-World War I period generally. Seen in this inclusive light he tells us a hell of a lot about the way Negroes were feeling and acting.

At any rate, this is how I use literature to come to an understanding of our situation. It doesn't have to be, thank God, *about* Negroes in order to give us insights into our own predicament. You do not, to my way of thinking, assume that a writer can treat of his times, if he writes well, *without* revealing a larger segment of life than that of the specific milieu which engaged his attention; for it must if it is to be valid go beyond and touch the reality of other groups and individuals. Faulkner tells us a great deal about many different groups who were not his immediate concern because he wrote so truthfully. If you would find the imaginative equivalents of certain civil-rights figures in American writing, Rosa Parks and James Meredith say, you don't go to most fiction by Negroes, but to Faulkner.

You have said that you don't accept any theory which implies that culture is transmitted through the genes. What, then, is your reaction to the concept of "negritude"?

To me it represents the reverse of that racism with which prejudiced whites approach Negroes. As a theory of art it implies precisely that culture is transmitted through the genes. It is a blood theory.

There are members of my family who are very black people, and there are some who are very white—which means that I am very much Negro, very much Negro American, and quite representative of that racial type with its mixture of African, European, and indigenous American blood. This is a biological fact; but recognizing this, and loving my family, and recognizing that I'm bound to them by blood and family tradition is by no



"Take five."

means to agree with the proponents of negritude. Because even while I affirm our common blood line I recognize that we are bound less by blood than by our cultural and political circumstances.

Further, I don't believe that my form of expression springs from Africa, although it might be easier for me as an artist if it did, because then, perhaps, a massive transfusion of pure Nigerian blood would transform me into a great sculptor. I've been reading the classics of European and American literature since childhood, was born to the American tongue and to the language of the Bible and the Constitution; these, for better or worse, shaped my thought and attitudes and pointed the direction of my talent long before I became a conscious writer. I also inherited a group style originated by a "black" people, but it is Negro American, not African. And it was taught to me by Negroes or copied by me from those among whom I lived most intimately.

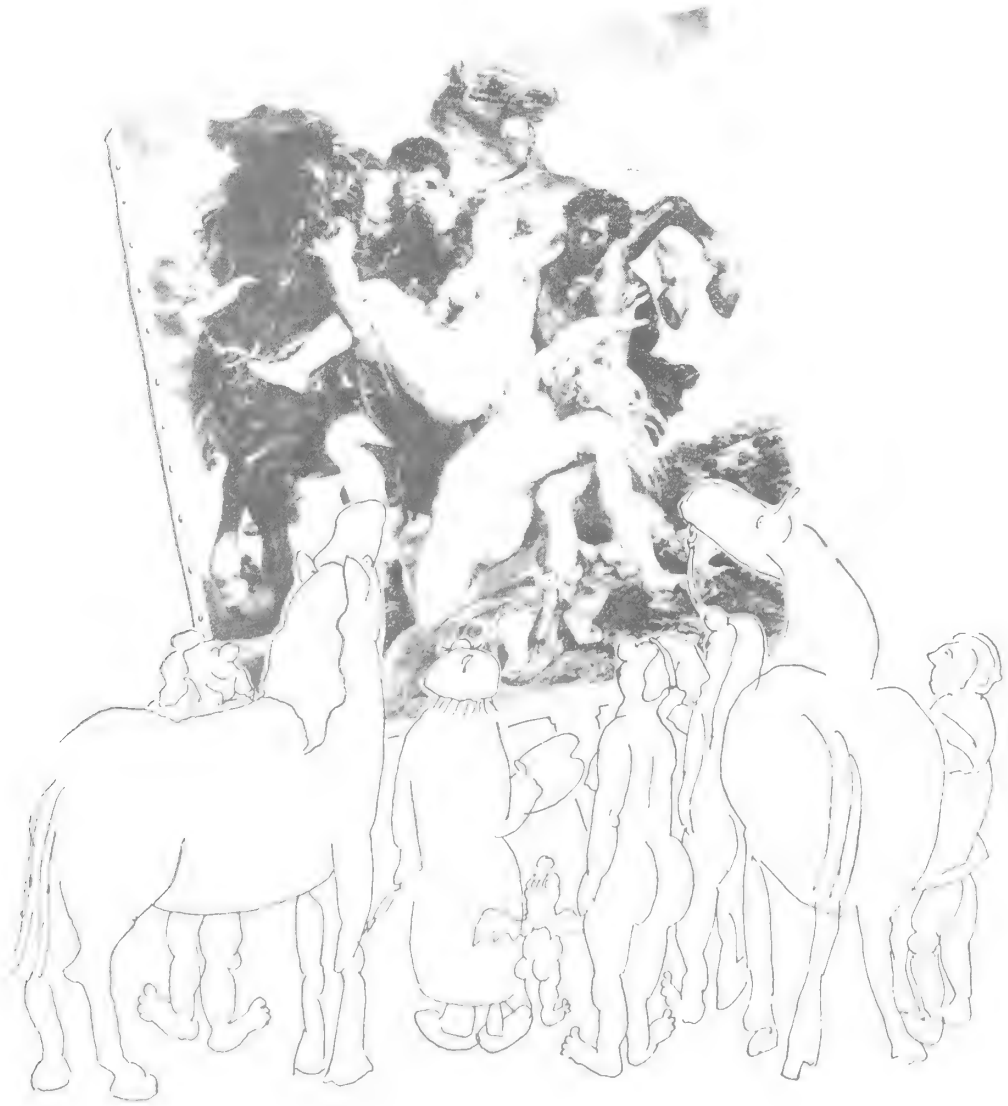
All this is similar to the notion that Negroes have a corner on soul. *Well, we don't.*

You're right, and anyone who listens to a Beethoven quartet or symphony and can't hear *soul* is in trouble. Maybe they can hear the sound of blackness, but they're deaf to *soul.*

Richard Wright was called a white man.

I've had something like that happen. When I was teaching at Bard College a young Negro girl approached one of my white colleagues and said, "Is this Mr. Ellison a Negro?" Now I can't understand that; it sounds like she was putting him on. Because there I was facing classes with my big African nose, teaching American literature and highlighting the frame so that they could become aware of the Negro experience in it—and she wants to know whether I'm Negro! I suppose the social patterns are changing faster than we can grasp.

Recently we had a woman from the South who



helped my wife with the house but who goofed off so frequently that she was fired. We liked her and really wanted her to stay, but she simply wouldn't do her work. My friend Albert Murray told me I shouldn't be puzzled over the outcome. "You know how we can be sometimes," Al said. "She saw the books and the furniture and paintings, so she knew you were some kind of white man. You couldn't possibly be a Negro. And so she figured she could get away with a little boondoggling on general principles, because she'd probably been getting away with a lot of stuff with Northern whites. But what she didn't stop to notice was that you're a *Southern* white man . . ."

So you see, here culture and race and a preconception of how Negroes are supposed to live—a question of taste—had come together and caused a comic confusion. Such jokes as Al Murray's are meaningful because in America culture is always cutting across racial characteristics and social designations. Therefore, if a Negro doesn't exhibit certain attitudes, or if he reveals a familiarity with aspects of the culture, or possesses qualities of personal taste which the observer has failed to note among Negroes, then such confusions in perception are apt to occur.

But the basic cause is, I think, that we are all members of a highly pluralistic society. We possess two cultures—both American—and many aspects of the broader American culture are available to Negroes who possess the curiosity and taste —if not the money—to cultivate them. It is often overlooked, especially in our current state of accelerated mobility, that it is becoming increasingly necessary for Negroes themselves to *learn* who they are *as Negroes*. Cultural influences have always outflanked racial discrimination—*wherever and whenever there were Negroes receptive to them, even in slavery times*. I read the books which were to free me for my work as a writer while studying at Tuskegee Institute, Macon County, Alabama, during a time when most of the books weren't even taught. Back in 1937 I knew a Negro who swept the floors at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, who was nevertheless designing planes and entering his designs in contests. He was working as a porter but his mind, his ambitions, and his attitudes were those of an engineer. He wasn't waiting for society to change, he was changing it by himself.

W*hat advice would you give to a young person of eighteen who was setting out to be a writer?*

My first advice would be to make up his mind to the possibility that he might have to go through a period of depriving himself in order to write. I'd remind him that he was entering into a very stern discipline, and that he should be quite certain that he really wanted to do this to the extent of arranging his whole life so that he could get it done. He should regard writing very much as a young physician is required to regard his period of training. Next, I'd advise him to read everything, all the good books he can manage, especially those in the literary form in which he desires to become creative. Because books contain the culture of the chosen form and because one learns from the achievements of other writers. Here is contained the knowledge which he must have at his fingertips as he projects his own vision. And because without it, no matter how sensitive, intelligent or passionate he is, he will be incomplete.

Beyond that, he shouldn't take the easy escape of involving himself exclusively in *talking* about writing, or carrying picket signs, or sitting-in as a substitute activity. Because while he might become the best picket in the world, or the best sitter-inner, his writing will remain where he left it.

Finally, he should avoid the notion that writers require no education. Very often Hemingway and Faulkner are summoned up to support this argument, because they didn't finish college. What is overlooked is that these were very gifted, very brilliant men. And very well-read men of great intellectual capacity. So no matter how you acquire an education, you must have it. You must know your society and know it beyond your own neighborhood or region. You must know its manners and its ideals and its conduct. And you should know something of what's happening in the sciences, in religion, in government, and in the other arts.

I suppose what I'm saying is that he should have a working model of the society and of the national characteristics present within his mind. The problem of enriching that model and keeping it up-to-date is one of the greatest challenges to the Negro writer, who is, by definition, cut off from firsthand contact with large areas of the society—especially from those centers where power is translated into ideas and into manners and into values. Nevertheless, this can be an advantage, because in this country no writer should take anything for granted, but must use his imagination to question and penetrate the façade of things. Indeed, the integration of American society on the level of the imagination is one of his basic tasks. It is one way in which he is able to possess his world and, in his writings, help shape the values of large segments of the society which otherwise would not admit his existence, much less his right to participate or to judge.

Harper's Magazine, March 1967

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Isaac Asimov

OVER THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE

Radio astronomers are charting outer space. But science has still to solve the ultimate riddle of Genesis.

It isn't often that a scientist can make the front pages by giving up a theory, but Fred Hoyle, the English astronomer, managed to do so in the fall of 1965. He gave up on "continuous creation" because of objects fifty billion trillion miles away in space and ten billion years ago in time.

It was necessary to go that far from the here and now to settle the most grandiose clash of theories in all the history of science. Those theories involve nothing less than the birth (or non-birth) and death (or non-death) of the universe. The dispute began a half-century ago, when astronomers still knew very little about the universe outside our own Milky Way galaxy—a lens-shaped conglomeration of 130 billion stars 100,000 light-years across (a light-year is roughly six trillion miles in length). Here and there in the sky one could glimpse small patches of cloudy light which, some astronomers suspected even then, might be other conglomerations of stars, other galaxies. These might be millions of light-years away.

The light from these galaxies, or from any glowing heavenly object, can be gathered by means of telescopes, then spread out into a faint rainbow (or "spectrum") crossed by a number of dark lines. Each dark line is produced by a particular chemical element and has a particular place in the spectrum, *if* the light source is stationary with respect to the earth. If the light source is receding from us, those lines would all be shifted toward the red end of the spectrum; the greater the velocity of recession, the greater the extent of this "red-shift." If the light source is approaching us, the lines would shift toward the opposite, or violet, end of the spectrum in a "violet-shift."

In 1912, the American astronomer, Vesto Melvin Slipher, began to collect light from the various galaxies in order to measure the nature and extent of the shift of the dark lines. He fully expected to find that roughly half would show a red-shift and half a violet-shift; that half were receding from us and half approaching us.

That proved not to be the case. To Slipher's surprise, only a few of the very nearest galaxies showed a violet-shift. The others all showed a red-shift. By 1917, he had found two galaxies which were approaching us, and thirteen that were receding. What's more, the size of the red-shift was unusually great. Individual stars within our own galaxy showed red-shifts that indicated recessions of less than a hundred miles a second, but Slipher was detecting galactic recessions of up to 400 miles a second, judging by the amount of the red-shift.

Another American astronomer, Milton La Salle Humason, began exposing photographic film, night after night, to the light of very faint galaxies, allowing the feeble rays to accumulate to the point where a detectable spectrum would be imprinted upon the film. In this way he could measure the motions of particularly distant galaxies. *All* the faint galaxies showed a red-shift, with never an exception. And the fainter (and, presumably, more distant) they were, the greater the red-shift. By 1936, he was clocking velocities of recession of 25,000 miles per second, better than one-eighth the speed of light.

In the late 1920s, the American astronomer, Edwin Powell Hubble, had generalized this phenomenon, evolving what is now called "Hubble's Law." This states that the distant galaxies recede from us at a rate proportional to their distance from us. According to present notions, this steadily increasing velocity of recession reaches a value equal to the velocity of light at a distance of about 13 billion light-years from the earth. If a galaxy recedes from us at the velocity of light, the light

it emits in our direction can never reach us. This means that nothing we do, no instrument we can possibly use, can detect that galaxy. We could not see its light, receive subatomic particles from it, or even detect its gravitational field.

The distance of 13 billion light-years represents, then, the edge of the "observable universe." Whether or not there is anything farther is of no moment, for nothing farther can impinge on us or affect us in any way. Our universe, then, is a gigantic sphere of space, pockmarked with galaxies, with ourselves at the center and with its edge 13 billion light-years away in every direction.

When the Egg Exploded

It seems odd that we should happen to be at the center of the universe and that the galaxies should all be racing away from us. What is so special about *us*? The answer is: Nothing, of course. If there seems to be something special, it can only be an illusion.

Einstein's general theory of relativity, advanced in 1916, can be made to fit the view that the universe is expanding. As it expands, the galaxies within it find themselves scattered through a constantly enlarging volume of space. Each one finds itself farther and farther from its neighbors. In such a universe, it would seem to an observer on *any* galaxy that all the other galaxies were receding from him (except for one or two very near ones that might be part of a common cluster). What's more, it would seem to an observer on *any* galaxy in an expanding universe, that other galaxies receded at a rate proportional to distance. Indeed, the general appearance of the universe would remain the same regardless of the position in space from which it is viewed. This is called the "cosmological principle"—"cosmology" being the branch of science that studies the general properties of the universe as a whole.

This expansion may simply be an intrinsic property of space, but in 1927 a Belgian astronomer, Georges Edouard Lemaître, advanced a physical explanation. The universe might be expanding because it was showing the effects of a colossal explosion that had taken place billions of years before. Originally, Lemaître suggested, all the matter of the universe had been collected into one solid, very dense mass of material. This "cosmic egg" exploded in the vastest imaginable cataclysm and broke into pieces that eventually evolved into the present arrangement of galaxies. The galaxies are still separating from each other following that original explosion and thus create what seems to be an expanding universe.

Others have taken up this view since 1927 and have worked out its consequences in great detail. Perhaps the most vocal proponent of this "big bang" theory (as it is popularly called) is the Russian-American physicist, George Gamow. This theory envisages a universe that changes drastically with time. At first (about 10 to 15 billion years ago, astronomers now estimate) the universe was just a globe of superdense matter. Then it became an exploding mass of very hot fragments, very close together. With time, the fragments cooled off, spread apart, evolved into stars and galaxies, and continued to spread apart. Now the fragments are millions of light-years apart and as time goes on they will become even farther apart.

The Riddle of Time

The "big bang" theory with its necessary view of a universe that changed with time, did not satisfy all astronomers. To three of them in England —Hermann Bondi, Thomas Gold, and Fred Hoyle— it seemed, in 1948, that the cosmological principle (by which the universe was assumed to appear generally the same to all observers) was incomplete if it referred only to observers at different places in space. They extended the notion to observers at different moments in time and called the result the "perfect cosmological principle." By this extended view, the universe as a whole did not change with time, but remained essentially the same in appearance throughout the eons.

But the universe *was* expanding, they admitted. The galaxies *were* drawing farther apart. To save their extended principle, Bondi, Gold, and Hoyle suggested that as the universe expanded, and as the galaxies moved farther apart, new matter was being continually created everywhere at a rate so slow as to be indetectable by our most delicate instruments. By the time two galaxies had doubled the distance between themselves as a result of the expansion of space, enough matter had been created between them, even at this exceedingly slow rate, to conglomerate into a new galaxy.

In this way, although the universe expanded

Isaac Asimov, who is associate professor of biochemistry at the Boston University medical school, is famous as a writer of scientific popularizations, with 78 books to his credit. The most recent is "The Universe" (Walker, 1966); the next—"Is Anyone There?"—includes this article and will be published in June by Doubleday.

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forever, the distances between neighboring galaxies remained always the same, for new galaxies formed within the sphere of the observable universe as fast as old ones moved outward beyond its limits. The appearance of the universe as a whole remained the same then through all the eternal past and into all the eternal future.

Each view—the "big bang" and "continuous creation"—has its separate beauty and each has its proponents, led by George Gamow and Fred Hoyle, respectively. Even among nonastronomers, emotional attachments were formed. Some people found themselves attracted to the colossal superspectacle of a huge "let-there-be-light" explosion, while others found an austere glory in the thought of a universe without beginning and without ending, a universe that changed continually and yet remained always in the same place.

But which theory, if either, is correct? Is there no way to choose between them? The choice might be easy if only astronomers had a time machine. All one would have to do would be to get into the time machine and move ten billion years into the past (or into the future) and take a quick look at the universe. If it looks just about the same as today, then the "big bang" cannot be right and "continuous creation" will seem plausible. If, on the other hand, the universe looks radically different from what it is today, then "continuous creation" can't be right and "big bang" will hold the field.

Colliding Galaxies

Oddly enough, astronomers *do* have a time machine, after a fashion. Light (or any other form of radiation) cannot travel faster than 186,282 miles per second. This is fast, on the terrestrial scale, but it is a mere creep in the universe as a whole. Light from the most distant galaxies we can see takes a billion years or more to reach us. This means that when we look at the very distant galaxies we are seeing the universe as it was a billion years ago or more.

All we have to decide, then, is whether what we see far, far away is essentially the same as what we see in our own neighborhood. If the very distant galaxies are just like the nearer ones and show no change, then we can forget about the "big bang" (which postulates change). If the very distant galaxies are quite different from those in our own neighborhood, indicating a clear change with time, we can forget about "continuous creation" (which postulates no change).

But it is very difficult to see things at the billion-light-year mark and beyond. All we can make out, at best, seem to be tiny patches of foggy light. If there are significant differences in the fine structure of those distant galaxies as compared to our own, we are almost bound to miss them. In order for a difference to be detectable across billions of light-years of space, it would have to be a huge and very general difference. Through 1950, nothing of the sort had been detected.

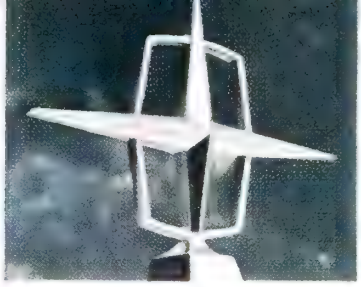
In the meantime, however, a new kind of tool had been developed for peering into the ultimate depths of space. It had its origins in the work of an American radio engineer, Karl Jansky, who was engaged in 1931 in the nonastronomic problem of countering the disruptive effects of static in radio communication. There was one source of static which he could not at first pin down and which, he finally decided, had to come from outer space.

His announcement made no splash at the time. For one thing, it seemed interesting but impractical. The radio waves from outer space were very short, and devices for detecting feeble beams of such radiation had not yet been developed. Radar apparatus, however, involved the detection of just such radiation, and by the time World War II was over the effort to make radar practical had resulted in new abilities to deal with short-wave radio from outer space. In this way radio astronomy was born and huge receiving devices (radio telescopes) were turned on the heavens.

Radio waves were detected from the sun and from a few cloudy objects which seem to have been the remnants of stars that had once exploded in a ferocious manner. Radio waves were even detected from the central core of our own galaxy, a core that is hidden from sight (as far as ordinary light is concerned) by the existence between it and the earth of vast clouds of light-absorbing dust.

By 1950, over a thousand separate sources of radio-wave emissions had been marked out in the sky, but only a very few of them had been pinned down to something visible. The trouble was that even short radio waves are much longer than ordinary light waves; and the longer the waves, the fuzzier the "vision." Trying to find the exact source of a faint beam of radio waves was rather like trying to spot the exact source of a light beam viewed through frosted glass. All you see is a smear of radiation.

Nevertheless, a particularly powerful source of radio-wave radiation (called "Cygnus A") had, with patience and perseverance, been boxed down to a very small area by 1951. Within that area, the German-American astronomer, Walter Baade, noted a peculiarly shaped galaxy. On closer study,



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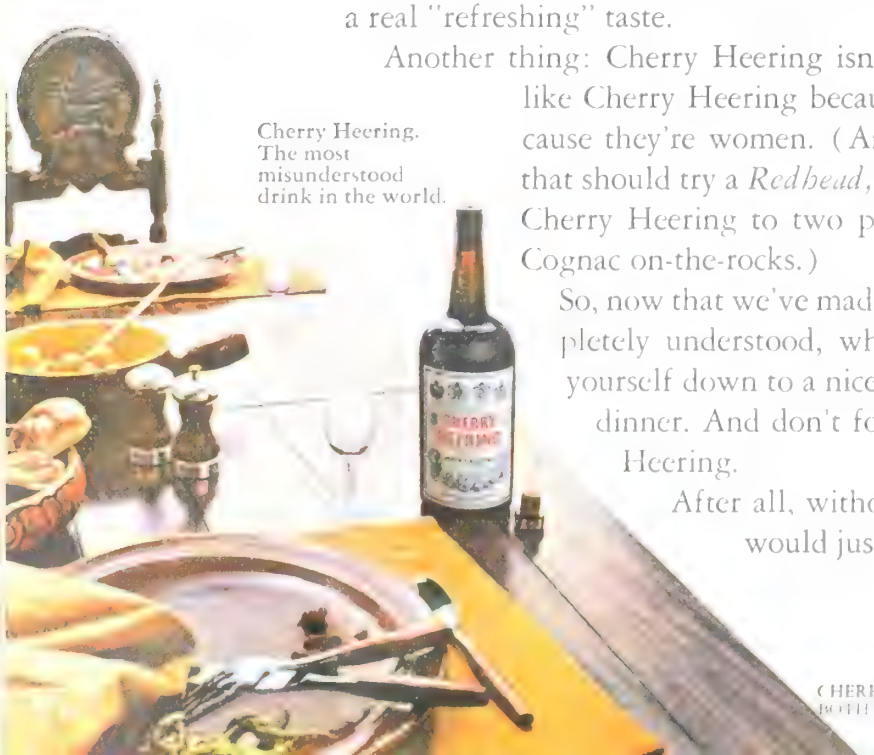


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it seemed to be not one, but two galaxies; the two being in collision. The source of that particular beam of radio waves apparently was a pair of colliding galaxies 700 million light-years away. For the first time, it became clear that radio waves could be detected at enormous distances. Indeed, radio galaxies which emitted radio waves as powerfully as Cygnus A did could be easily detected at distances so vast that their light would be indetectable by even our most powerful ordinary telescopes. The knowledge that radio telescopes could reach back in time over an unprecedented number of eons opened up exciting possibilities for astronomers. It might be that virtually all the radio-wave sources were far-distant galaxies which emitted radio waves in enormous concentration because they were colliding or exploding or undergoing some other huge catastrophe. To be sure only a very small percentage of galaxies were likely to be involved in such catastrophes. But the universe contains many billions of galaxies and a few thousand could be "radio galaxies."

It seemed reasonable to suppose that the feebler the radio-wave source, the more distant the galaxy it represented. In that case, it would be possible to count the number of such sources at various distances. If the "continuous creation" theory is correct, then the universe is always generally the same throughout time and there ought to be the same number of catastrophes taking place at all times. In that case, the number of radio sources for a given volume of space ought to remain at a steady value with increasing distance. If, on the other hand, the "big bang" theory is correct, the youthful universe one detects at great distances must have been much hotter and more crowded than our present universe. In such a youthful universe catastrophes might reasonably be expected to be more common than in our own. Therefore, the number of radio sources for a given volume of space ought to increase with distance.

In the mid-1950s, the English astronomer, Martin Ryle, undertook a careful count of the radio sources and announced that the number of sources did, indeed, increase with distance as the "big bang" theory required. Ryle's work was not completely convincing, however. It rested upon the detection and measurement of very faint radio sources and even slight errors, which might easily have occurred, would suffice to wipe out completely the trend upon which Ryle had based his conclusion. The backers of "continuous creation" grimly clung, therefore, to their own view of the universe.

New Knowledge—New Mysteries

As astronomers continued to pin down radio-wave sources into narrower areas, several in particular attracted attention. These seemed to be so small that it was possible they might be individual stars rather than galaxies. If so, they could be quite close and Ryle's assumption that all radio sources were distant galaxies would be upset and



"The betterment of mankind! That's all you think of!"

with it his conclusion. "Continuous creation" would then gain a new lease on life.

Among the compact radio sources were several known as 3C48, 3C147, 3C196, 3C273, and 3C286. The "3C" is short for "Third Cambridge Catalogue of Radio Stars," a listing compiled by Ryle and his group, while the remaining numbers represent the placing of the source on that list. An intense effort was made to detect the stars that might be giving rise to these 3C sources. In America, Allan Sandage was carefully searching the suspected areas with the 200-inch telescope at Mount Palomar, ready to pounce on any suspicious-looking star. In Australia, Cyril Hazard kept his radio telescope focused on 3C273, while the moon bore down in its direction. As the moon moved in front of 3C273, the radio-wave beam was cut off. At the instant of cutoff, the edge of the moon was cutting across the exact location of the source.

By 1960, the stars had been found. They were not new discoveries at all; they had been recorded on previous photographic sweeps of the sky but had always been taken to be nothing more than faint members of our own galaxy. A new painstaking investigation, spurred by their unusual radio-wave emission, now showed, however, that they were not ordinary stars after all. Faint clouds of matter seemed to hover about a couple of them, and 3C273 showed signs of a tiny jet of something or other emerging from it.

What's more, their spectra, when obtained by two American astronomers, Jesse L. Greenstein and the Dutch-born Maarten Schmidt, proved to be most peculiar. The few lines that were present were in locations that couldn't be identified with any known element. It was a most puzzling mystery and was abandoned for a time. In 1963, Schmidt returned to the spectrum of 3C273. Six lines were present and it suddenly occurred to him that four of these were spaced in such a way as to resemble a well-known series of lines that should be in a far different part of the spectrum. In order for these four lines to be in the place they were actually observed, they would have had to have undergone a red-shift of unprecedented size. Could that be?

He turned to the other spectra. If he allowed very large red-shifts, he could identify every single one of the lines involved. Within the next two or three years, a concentrated search of the skies uncovered about forty of these objects altogether. The spectra of more than half were obtained and all showed enormous red-shifts. One, in fact, is receding at a record velocity of 150,000 miles per second and is estimated to be about eight billion light-years away (fifty billion trillion miles.)

Such red-shifts would mean that these apparent "stars" are very distant, for according to the expanding-universe theory, a large red-shift is always associated with huge distances. In fact, these queer objects had to be farther away than any other known body in the universe. At such distances, what looked like stars certainly could not be stars. No ordinary star could possibly be seen at such huge distances. The objects were therefore called "quasi-stellar" ("star-like") radio sources, and quasi-stellar soon came to be shortened to "quasar."

The quasars are a rich source of puzzlement for astronomers. If the red-shift is interpreted in the light of the expanding universe and if the quasars are indeed billions of light-years away, then they have unusual properties indeed. To appear as bright as they do at such enormous distances, they must be glowing with the luminosity of ten to a hundred galaxies. And yet there are many reasons for supposing that they are not very large in size. They may be only one to ten light-years in diameter rather than the 100,000-light-year span of an ordinary galaxy.

What kind of body can it be that has its substance crowded into so tiny a fraction of a galactic volume and yet blazes with the light of dozens of galaxies? There are almost as many theories as there are astronomers—but as far as the fate of the "continuous creation" view of the universe is concerned, the theories don't matter. The mere fact that quasars exist might be enough.

The key point is that there are many quasars far away and no quasars within a billion light-years of ourselves. This means that there were many quasars in the long-gone youthful universe and none now. The number of quasars (which may be the source of all or almost all the radio-wave beams studied by Ryle) may increase with distance and, therefore, with the youthfulness of the universe. This means that we have detected one important change in the universe with advancing time—the number of quasars diminishes. That is enough to eliminate "continuous creation."

It is enough, that is, *if*, indeed, the quasars are far, far distant objects. The belief that they are rests on the assumption that the gigantic red-shift they display is part of the expansion of the universe. But what if it isn't?

Suppose that quasars are small portions of nearby galaxies, hurled outward by core-sized explosions. Examples of "exploding galaxies" have indeed been detected in recent years and astronomers are now carefully tracking down galaxies which for one reason or other—odd shapes, wisps of fogginess, signs of internal convulsion—look



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unusual. A few quasars have been detected not far from such "peculiar galaxies."

Is this coincidence? Do the quasars happen to be in the same line of sight as the peculiar galaxies? Or were they cast outward with monstrous velocities from those galaxies as a result of explosions involving millions of stars? If so, the quasars might not all be unusually far away from us, after all. Some might be close, some far, and their distribution might not force us to give up the "continuous creation" theory.

This is possible, but there are arguments against it. Suppose that quasars are objects hurled out of galaxies with such force as to be traveling at large fractions of the speed of light. Some of them would indeed be hurled away from us and would show a gigantic red-shift that would be misleading if it were interpreted as representing a recession caused by the general expansion of the universe rather than by a special explosion of a galaxy. A roughly equal number would, however, be hurled toward us and would be approaching us at large fractions of the speed of light. They would then show a gigantic violet-shift.

Then, too, some would be hurled neither toward us nor away from us, but more or less across our line of sight in a sideways direction. Such quasars would show only a small (if any) red-shift or violet-shift, but, considering how close they might be and how rapidly they might be moving, they would alter their positions in the sky by a slight but measurable amount over the couple of years they have been observed.

The fact is, however, that no quasars have been found that show a violet-shift, and none that alter position. Only red-shifts have been observed—gigantic red-shifts. To suppose that comparatively nearby explosions have cast out quasars in such a way as to produce red-shifts only is to ask too much of coincidence. So the weight of the evidence is in favor of the great distance of the quasars and against the "continuous creation" theory. That is why Fred Hoyle gave up.

What About Man's Fate?

The elimination of "continuous creation" does not necessarily mean the establishment of the "big bang." Suppose there is some third possibility that is as yet unsuggested. To strengthen the "big bang" theory it would be useful to consider some phenomenon that the "big bang" theory could predict, some phenomenon that could then actually be observed.

Suppose, for instance, that the universe *did* begin as an incredibly dense cosmic egg that exploded. At the moment of explosion, it must have been tremendously hot—possibly as hot as 10 billion degrees Centigrade (which is equivalent to 18 billion degrees Fahrenheit.) Then if our instruments could penetrate far enough, to nearly the very edge of the observable universe, they might reach far enough back in time to catch a whiff of the radiation that accompanied the "big bang." At temperatures of billions of degrees, the radiation would be in the form of very energetic X-rays. However, the expanding universe would be carrying that source of X-rays away from us at nearly the speed of light. This incredible speed of recession would have the effect of vastly weakening the energy of the radiation; weakening it to the point where it would reach us in the form of radio waves with a certain group of properties. Through the 1960s, estimates of what those properties might be were advanced.

Then, early in 1966, a weak background of radio-wave radiation was detected in the skies; radiation that would just fit the type to be expected of the "big bang." This has been verified and it looks very much as though we have not only eliminated "continuous creation" but have actually detected the "big bang." If so, then we have lost something. In facing our own individual deaths, it was possible after all, even for those who lacked faith in an afterlife, to find consolation. Life itself would still go on. In a "continuous creation" universe, it was even possible to conceive of mankind as moving, when necessary, from an old galaxy to a young one and existing eventually through all infinity and for all eternity. It is a colossal, godlike vision, that might almost make individual death a matter of no consequence.

In the "big bang" scheme of things, however, our particular universe has a beginning—and an ending, too. Either it spreads out ever more thinly while *all* the galaxies grow old and the individual stars die, one by one. Or it reaches some maximum extent and then begins to collapse once more, returning after many eons to a momentary existence as a cosmic egg.

In either case, mankind, as we know it, must cease to exist and the dream of godhood must end. Death has now been rediscovered and Homo sapiens, as a species, like men as individuals, must learn to face the inevitable end.

—Or, if the universe oscillates, and if the cosmic egg is re-formed every hundred billion years or so, to explode once more; then, perhaps, in each of an infinite number of successive universes, a man-like intelligence (or a vast number of them) arises to wonder about the beginning and end of it all.

Harper's Magazine, March 1967

Samuel B. Hadden, M. D.

A WAY OUT FOR HOMOSEXUALS

A distinguished psychiatrist reports on an alternative to unthinking "tolerance" or puritanical rejection in dealing with a widely misunderstood cause of human unhappiness.

In the treatment of mental and emotional illness, many variables determine the outcome—among them the patient's age, the gravity of his illness, his capacity to react and respond, and, of course, the therapist's skill and experience. A vital factor too is the therapist's attitude toward a particular disorder and those afflicted by it. If, for example, he feels that some aberrations cannot be successfully treated or feels any distaste for treating the condition, he will communicate his pessimism and dislike to the patient, and failure is almost inevitable.

Some psychiatrists may still maintain such handicapping attitudes toward homosexuality. These negative views are often supported by reference to Freud's classic statement that "To undertake to convert a fully developed homosexual into a heterosexual is not more promising than to do the reverse. . . ."

This position on the part of psychiatrists plays into the hands of the homosexual organizations which seek to improve the legal and social status of their group and bitterly resent the implication that they are abnormal, maladjusted, or unhappy. These associations serve a valid function insofar as they try to educate the public to the fact that homosexuals can be constructive and useful citizens. But their insistence that homosexuality is no more abnormal than left-handedness is misguided. And they perform a disservice when they insist that homosexuals cannot change, and even attempt to glorify homosexuality as a desirable condition. One of the largest groups is the Mattachine Society based in San Francisco. Its magazine, the *Mattachine Review*, in a typical article told its readers, "Have you ever consciously realized that much of the known history of this world has been shaped by homosexuals? . . . Many of the greatest Kings, soldiers, lovers, scientists, artists, poets, writers, tyrants, villains, sailors, explorers, religious leaders, prophets, statesmen, businessmen, spies, educators, heroes, victors, and losers were homosexuals. Men who literally shaped our destiny, made our rules, set down our patterns and our heritage—hundreds of these were homosexuals, wholly or in part."

While there is little doubt that some homosexually afflicted males have attained to positions of prominence, they did so in spite of, not because of their homosexuality and most would in all probability never have freely chosen this pattern of sexual adjustment.

In my observation, homosexuals are deeply troubled people. Unfortunately their numbers are increasing as a result of pressures in our society—particularly in our cities—which damage family relationships and deprive many children of the experiences essential to healthy psychological development. I will presently discuss in specific terms how these factors contribute to homosexuality. The point to be made here is that our society has not yet achieved a rational philosophy on this subject. On the one hand, because so many homosexuals are prominent in the worlds of art, letters, music, and the dance, many sophisticated Americans regard this sexual abnormality as not only tolerable but almost a necessity for success in these fields. At the opposite pole is the puritanical, bourgeois point of view which sees this condition as loathsome and disgusting—something unmentionable to be swept under the rug.

Both attitudes—coupled with the residual pessimism of psychiatrists—result in our doing little to cope with a grave social problem. In my view,

we should treat homosexuality as a handicapping disorder. And I further believe that society has a right to expect those afflicted to seek treatment, just as we expect the cooperation of the TB patient and his family. But knowing, as I do, that treatment of homosexuality is difficult and the outcome uncertain, I would like to discourage the hostility and contempt which society so generally manifests toward homosexuals.

A Pattern Repeated

My interest in this problem dates back to my reaction to the inhumane and unscientific attitude of otherwise enlightened people toward it. The incident that triggered my concern took place more than thirty years ago. One day a physician friend telephoned to ask whether I could see a young man named Eric, the son of a wealthy suburban family, who had been arrested for homosexual solicitation. The doctor used the vilest epithets in describing the youth. When I suggested an hour for an appointment, I heard the doctor say, "Eric, is that okay with you?" I was horrified to realize that this boy had been forced to listen while the doctor to whom he turned for help denounced him for disgracing his family and the community.

When Eric came to my office he was understandably distraught and wretched. The immediate cause of his misery was, of course, the fact that he had been arrested and exposed. But as we talked then, and at several subsequent sessions, it became apparent that his more profound troubles had their roots in his disturbed relationship with his father and mother and his lack of any close ties with boys or girls of his own age. This was a pattern I was to see repeated many times in the lives of other homosexuals. In this young man's case, his parents' coldness toward him was demonstrated in the fact that their prime concern was with the damage he had done to their own social standing. At no time did they show any real compassion for him or make any sustained effort to help him. Consequently, when the criminal proceedings against him were ended, they hustled him away into permanent exile in another city and I never saw him again.

A year or so after this incident, I began to experiment at Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia with group psychotherapy—then a relatively new technique. We began to use it as an expedient measure one day when the whole staff wanted to get away early and when we were confronted with an unusual number of patients whose symptoms had been diagnosed as psychosomatic. Rather than ask most of them to return another time, I gathered a group together in a classroom. There we spent an hour discussing stagefright and the many physical symptoms—from clammy hands to nausea—it can cause. We made it clear that most of their current symptoms, like those of stagefright, were due to emotional problems. The next week, to my surprise, several members of this informal group sought me out to tell me that they had been greatly relieved and that they hoped we would have another session soon.

I arranged to meet with them on a regular basis and subsequently expanded my use of group psychotherapy to other settings. I found that many patients benefited from interaction with one another, that they gained reassurance from the knowledge that their problems were not unique and that I, as therapist, could help them in a candid, direct way not immediately possible in a one-to-one relationship. However, group therapy was still a new technique and for a time its use was considered rather questionable. Although its value was soon demonstrated, I used it in the hospital and clinic setting for over twelve years before I began to set up groups in private practice. On several occasions I added homosexuals to these groups but invariably they dropped out. Despite my best efforts and theirs, they felt rejected by the other members.

After a few of these discouraging experiences it occurred to me that groups made up exclusively of homosexuals might succeed. The essence of group therapy is, after all, the experience of honest discussion with others who share like problems. Those similarly affected cannot be fooled and they are not hostile or disapproving. My experience with groups made up exclusively of male homosexuals has been very gratifying. (There is growing evidence that homosexuals can also be benefited by effective individual therapy as well as by having them included in groups with other disorders, but it is desirable that the patient and the group both be well advanced in treatment and sufficiently mature to accept homosexuality as an illness.)

I am at present conducting five therapy groups, each with five to eight members. Two of the groups are made up exclusively of homosexuals and each has eight members. They are conducted as open-end groups. By that I mean

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Dr. Samuel B. Hadden, who practices psychiatry in Philadelphia, recently retired as Chief of Neuropsychiatric Service at Presbyterian Hospital, and associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

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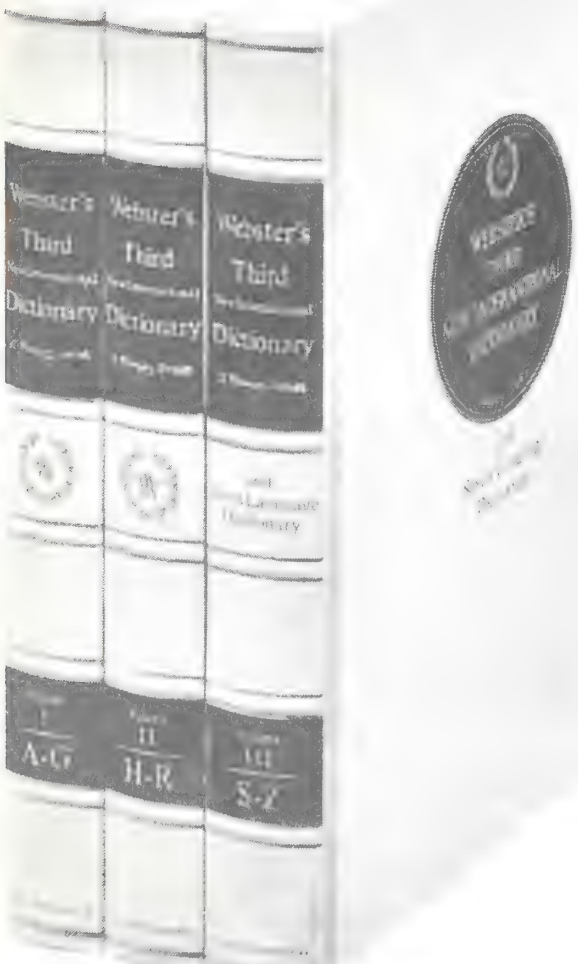
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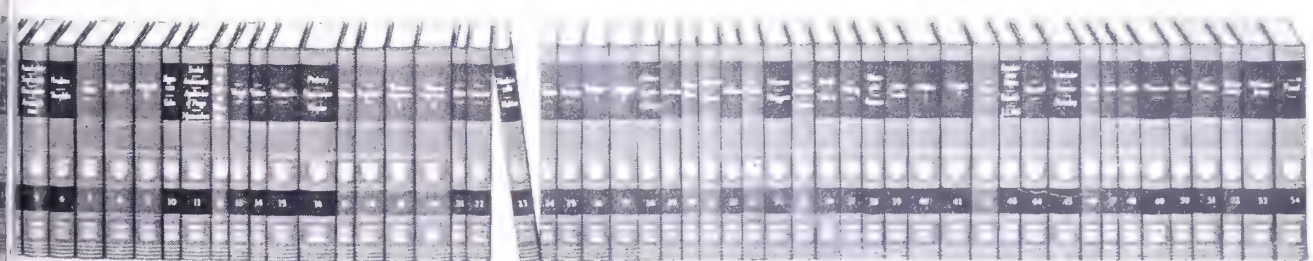
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as patients leave the group, additions are made so that each group currently includes members who are considerably advanced and others who are just beginning treatment. The patients I have treated are all above average intelligence, well-educated, and reasonably prosperous. Accordingly, they are more promising subjects for treatment than the clientele of the average social agency.

As each patient is brought into the group, we make it clear to him that we do not regard homosexuality as a particular disease, but as a symptom of an overall pattern of maladjustment. We emphasize that it was determined by experiences they have had and that treatment can provide corrective experience. We make it clear that we shall strive for a complete reversal of their sexual pattern and we anticipate their full cooperation. We do not speak of cure, because this word implies the restoration of a preexisting state of mental health, and from earliest childhood none of the homosexuals I have known have been truly psychologically healthy individuals. I anticipate that better than one-third of the patients who persist in treatment will experience a reversal of their sexual pattern, but it may be necessary to continue in treatment for two or more years.

Motivation for Change

I assign patients to groups whose members are of similar intelligence and age. Adolescents do not do well in groups with men old enough to be their fathers. (I have had no success with men over fifty—none has remained in treatment for more than a few months.) However, a wide variety of sexual patterns has been included in these groups—among them two transvestites. (One of these dropped out after thirty sessions because his "marriage" to a physician for whom he "kept house" was threatening to break up. The other is still in treatment, has progressed to the point of dating girls, and is well integrated in heterosexual circles; all homosexual contacts and activities have stopped.)

Why does a homosexual seek treatment? Sometimes he is driven by his own anxiety or a depression which often involves suicidal tendencies. He may fear exposure or blackmail.

All patients whom I see are referred by other physicians and most of the homosexuals by other psychiatrists. They are all seen in several individual sessions during which I become acquainted with each individual's problem, learn something of his attitude toward it, and explain what is expected of him as a member of the group. In the group, each individual is known only by his first name. We place no restrictions on our patients' behavior outside the group, but we express a desire that any discussion or other interaction that occurs outside be brought into the group for discussion.

In Pennsylvania—as in several other states—the court requires sex offenders to seek psychiatric treatment as a condition of parole. These patients, predictably, do not enter treatment with any strong motivation to change. Quite the contrary—they may be initially hostile to a situation which seems punitive rather than helpful. But when such an individual joins a group, an extraordinary alteration of attitude tends to occur in a short time.

A typical case was Earl, a young man who had been a fine student and an outstanding gymnast in high school. Several colleges offered him scholarships. After a year at a state university he switched to divinity school. There he became active in boys' club work and gave gymnastic exhibits before church and YMCA groups which involved trips away from school. He was twenty years old when—on one such expedition—a faculty member initiated him in overt homosexuality. The relationship continued for two years. Then the teacher, to Earl's consternation, advised him to marry and suggested his own daughter as a desirable bride. Earl panicked, fled to the seashore, where he spent the summer as a lifeguard and had his "coming out" (the term used by homosexuals for formally joining gay circles). In the fall he left the divinity school, finished up in a secular college, and got a teaching job. Shortly afterward he was arrested in a public washroom. The court put him on probation with the proviso that he seek psychiatric treatment.

At the first group session, Earl made it clear that he was there only because of the court order. He found it incredible that admitted homosexuals could possibly find heterosexuality a desirable goal. When he was asked how long he had been traveling in gay circles he protested the use of the word "gay," insisting that all his companions were interesting, successful, and even distinguished men. Someone interrupted him to ask what he had been doing in the washroom when he was arrested—was he seeking intellectual comradeship? He confessed that he was looking for a tough, aggressive man, preferably someone who didn't seem to be homosexual.

In subsequent sessions he began to see—as other members of the group had seen before him—that what he and his friends really wanted was to be accepted by a man who was all male. For the first time in his life he felt he was among a group

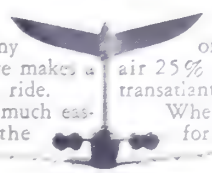


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of peers who saw through his pretenses. Over the next few months his manners and even his character began to change. He told us that he was doing better work, becoming more responsible and truthful. Today, after two years of treatment and three intervening years, he is married, a father, and a successful man in his field.

The capacity to break down protective rationalizations is one of the great strengths of group therapy. I recall, for example, another patient—Philip—who also started out by denying any desire or intention to change. He preferred to associate with homosexuals, he said, because, among other reasons, they are pleasant, amusing people, less boisterous and aggressive than other men. By coincidence, the newspaper that day had reported the arrest of a homosexual for murdering a boy and dismembering his body. One of the group confronted Philip with the clipping and it turned out that he was acquainted with the offender. Other members of the group recalled other brutal, aggressive acts by homosexuals they had known. The session served to bring to the surface each one's subconscious awareness that homosexuality is, in fact, an ugly and dangerous way of life that is basically self-defeating. The hazard of "cruising" with the risk of assault, robbery, blackmail, and arrest was discussed and the rewards of a homosexual life were considered to be meager.

As has frequently happened on similar occasions, the whole group became involved in a discussion of the problems of the homosexual way of life. Several bitterly condemned society's harsh attitude toward them. But another came to the defense of society and presently they were arguing the pros and cons. Several admitted that no one would want to remain homosexual if it were possible for him to change. Finally the older members of the group conceded that they defend homosexuality only because of their fear that they cannot change. Such an admission by fellow homosexuals is deeply disturbing to a new member; but his very anxiety activates a desire for change.

Damaged Children

As in all group psychotherapy, the task of the therapist is to help all members of the group understand themselves and each other, to encourage all to participate. The therapist must be a tolerant and accepting person. He must also be a strong, just figure and establish a relationship of mutual respect with every member of the group so that they may identify with him in their quest for a greater degree of maturity.

At his first session every new member is asked to talk briefly about his homosexual activity, how he feels about it, and why he came into treatment. He is then informed that he need not reveal additional autobiographical material until he is ready and anxious to do so as a contribution to a pertinent discussion. However, it is pointed out that each member eventually gives a meaningful account of his life—his feelings, fantasies, dreams, and early experiences. He talks of his relationship with his parents and their relationship to each other. In recalling his own painful experiences and discussing those of others he begins to gain helpful insights.

Although homosexuals are at least as individual as all other people, there are certain recurring patterns in their early life histories (none of which, of course, is unique to homosexuals). A disturbed relationship with a parent is usual—the mother may have been harsh, rejecting, and threatening or seductive and overly protective. The father may also have been harsh and threatening or weak and ineffective. Often there has been open conflict between the parents or an undercover struggle between them for the dominant role.

Unfortunately, there is an endless variety of ways in which maladjusted parents can damage their children psychologically. If the father is hostile or rejecting, the son may turn away from masculine behavior. The same thing can happen if a father is absent from home too much or is so weak and passive that he provides no effective pattern of masculinity with which his son can identify. A hostile, dominating mother becomes a threat to the child, and along with her all women become threatening, potentially castrating figures. Contrariwise, the mother may be sweetly seductive, dominating the life of the child by cajolery and preventing him from making a masculine identification.

A classic example of how an overprotective mother thwarts a boy's normal growth was told to one group by Harold. When he was three, he was given a splendid new suit as a birthday present. Handsomely decked out, he went to the park with his mother, sat on a bench next to her, occasionally venturing a few feet away to roll a ball toward her which she rolled back to him. Another mother, assuming Harold must be bored with this tame game, asked if he wouldn't like to join her son in the playground. Harold rejoined, "I don't want to. I might spoil my clothes. I might get hurt. And I think the other children play silly games."

Harold's doting mother often told this story as an example of her darling's precocity. When he



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e was a big difference be- n playing nurse and Wilma h's first day as a nurse's at St. Joseph's Hospital in Michigan. When ordered to a patient a bath, she fainted. ng out of it, Wilma heard the r's remark, "This kid is never to make it as a nurse."

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repeated the anecdote to the group, another member said he realized that his own adored mother also never let him do anything he wanted to do but always convinced him that he would get more pleasure out of doing things her way. As others recalled similar experiences, they began to voice the anger they had long felt—but consistently suppressed—toward their beloved mother. Reliving an experience of this sort in a group has an impact that seldom occurs in a one-to-one treatment relationship.

Overly protective attitudes on the part of one or both parents tend to deprive a child of opportunities for effective play relationships with other children. These are especially important in the preschool years when toddlers run, romp, roll around, and embrace each other in their scrambling play. Through these intimate physical contacts the child gains a sense of acceptance and warmth. He suffers little bumps and learns that these small hurts are accidents at the hands of friends and that they are the price he must pay for belonging. Through this kind of rough physical play children acquire agility and coordination. But more importantly, they gain a sense of participating and belonging and feeling close to others.

I am fully convinced that the delicate, effeminate physique of some homosexuals is not due to any constitutional or glandular difference but results from the fact that they have been deprived of rough physical play in early childhood. By the time they reach school they have neither the strength and agility nor an inclination toward rugged team sports.

It would indeed appear that early relationships with other children—possibly even more than relationships with parents—play a vital part in sexual development. Thus, for example, studies of children brought up in the Israeli kibbutzim show that although they are subject to the common range of neuroses when they grow up, there have been no instances whatever of homosexuality among them. These children have considerably less than what we would consider normal contact with their parents but, from the time they are toddlers until adolescence, they live in close companionship with the same group of boys and girls of their own age and participate in scrambling group play at the appropriate age.

Urge to Belong

The average homosexual, as I have come to know him, is aware that he is different or maladjusted by the age of six—before he starts school. His years in grammar school are lonely and uncomfortable. Mother buys him a fiddle or guitar or sends him to art classes. Since he is not part of a group, he has plenty of time to practice. In high school he may win some distinction through his individual talents—as an actor, writer, or performer in the school orchestra. The prominence of homosexuals in the arts, in my view, does not reflect any special talent among them but rather the fact that they have been deprived of the rugged but distracting avocations of normal boys and turn to the arts to attain some significance. The homosexual, when he grows up, because he knows he is different, is likely to be attracted to any occupation in which he is not expected to be as other men are. This is probably why there is a high proportion of homosexuals among certain occupations such as hairdressers, interior decorators, and the clergy.

The homosexual is prone to be a lonely, aloof individual who has a strong need for contact with another human being, particularly when he is under pressure of any sort. He fears women as castrating, frustrating creatures (an oft-recurring theme in his dreams). Masculinity is what he wants; but since he cannot attain it himself he seeks, in effect, a sexual partner who is an image of what he would like to be himself.

In the therapy group, he finds himself for the first time accepted by other males—not as a sexual object but as an individual, and his fearsome sense of isolation is relieved. As the group progresses toward a stage of verbal give-and-take and even teasing, he learns to tolerate a kind of emotional "rough-up." With a sense of belonging for the first time, he begins to work with the others toward a total masculine identification. Specific changes are reported to the group. One will start wearing a different kind of clothes; another will have his hair cut short; others report that they are working more efficiently, becoming more responsible and productive.

"How do I know I'm changing?" one man asked. "Well, in the old days when I walked home each evening from my office, I was always good for at least a couple of bids. Now the boys don't even notice me. I must look different."

In fact, a homosexual cannot be recognized as such unless he wishes to be, just as one cannot identify a prostitute unless she wishes to make her trade known to potential customers. The homosexual's peculiar mannerisms and style of dress are his signals to potential partners when he is "cruising."

Several previously homosexual patients are now happily married and relieved of all homosexual drives. One who was married when he began treat-



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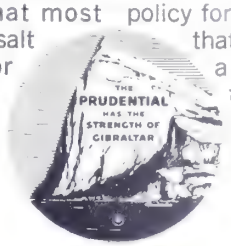
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ment was headed for divorce. He was a university teacher who frequented gay circles and used the marriage as a cover-up. He sought treatment after he was arrested. His wife agreed to stand by him only till after the trial. However, she changed her mind during the course of his treatment and now says she is glad she did not go through with the divorce. They are a happy, well-adjusted couple raising a family in the healthy home they provide. Their sexual life is now ideal.

Group psychotherapy is not, of course, the only effective treatment for homosexuality. Dr. Edmund Bergler, for example, in his book *Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life?* writes:

> In nearly thirty years I have successfully concluded analyses of one hundred homosexuals, and have seen nearly five hundred cases in consultation. On the basis of the experience thus gathered I make the positive statement that homosexuality has an excellent prognosis in psychiatric-psychoanalytic treatment of one to two years' duration, with a minimum of three appointments each week—*provided the patient really wishes to change*. A considerable number of colleagues have achieved similar success.

It is my hope that an increasing number of psychiatrists will come to share this optimistic view. Some are still shirking their responsibility to alleviate a significant and remediable cause of human misery. The problem of homosexuality will not go away of itself. On the contrary, the widespread breakdown of family life and the emotional immaturity of many parents are bound to result in an increased incidence of homosexuality. At the same time, urban living poses new hazards; the child brought up in a city apartment does not have the opportunities for intimate play with his own age group, which, as I have pointed out, is particularly important in the preschool years.

The Community's Role

A generation ago, the person who drank too much and whose drinking complicated his own life and the lives of his family was regarded as a "drunk," guilty of the sin of gluttony. He was scolded, coerced into taking the pledge, and in many other ways his friends and family endeavored to impress upon him that he was selfish and had other serious moral defects. When these measures failed to bring about sobriety, they usually gave up and consigned him to the "drunk tank," had him locked up or otherwise abandoned. Medical attention was sought only for the complications of his drinking and at such times the physician was called upon to give him a good scare and to reinforce the efforts of his family and others who regarded the problem as a moral issue. These and other drastic measures were never very effective in helping the individual to solve a drinking problem.

The lot of the alcoholic has changed substantially. Today the alcohol problem receives much attention from medicine and a more understanding community. It is now recognized as an illness, and those afflicted and their families are commonly joined in an effort to understand the illness better and work toward helping the afflicted individual attain sobriety.

Today we still regard homosexuality as a moral and social problem, but we will make little progress toward its solution until we come to recognize it for what it is—a medical and psychiatric problem. Like the drinking of many individuals, a homosexual pattern of behavior is but a symptom of the person's state of maladaptation or immaturity.

Progress toward the solution of the problem of the alcoholic has been advanced by the alcoholic himself and his family. While all alcoholics do not affiliate with Alcoholics Anonymous, this organization has helped develop community awareness that alcoholism is a medical problem. Medical research is progressing toward a better understanding and hopefully toward a solution. In the expanding interest in homosexuality as a medical and psychiatric problem, there is no such cooperative interest shown by the homosexual. On the contrary, those who speak of it as an illness are vigorously attacked in the journals published by the homosexual segment of the population.

From the community's point of view it would be desirable to develop far more facilities than are now available for group therapy. The mere matter of cost makes this sensible since group therapy is far less expensive than individual treatment. If—as I believe we should—we wish to make a serious attack on this problem, then we must make large-scale use of a tool which is effective and economically feasible. In my experience, group therapy is such a tool. Its use is spreading and good results are consistently being reported.

I sincerely hope that as the public comes to understand homosexuality better, the afflicted will be regarded as sick persons in need of help. With a change in public attitude, I hope that the homosexual himself will recognize the true nature of his condition and instead of trying to have society accept it as a desirable way of life, he will seek treatment and cooperate in community efforts to develop more effective treatment facilities and to work toward the prevention of this distressing state.

Harper's Magazine, March 1967

Washington Insight *by Clayton Fritchey*



FABIAN BACHRACH

ARE WE BEING TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT VIETNAM?

t returned from Southeast a,"Harper's" Washington Cor- ondent appraises the news erage there, the criticism of the S. press, and the "credibility" he Administration.

Republicans think they have de- ped a consensus of their own. r months of probing, many GOP essionals are beginning to believe may have hit upon a promising of exploiting the Vietnam war in year's Presidential campaign: it he so-called "credibility gap," ch is already attaining the status cliché, and thereby acquiring a of its own. That is to say it bids to become one of those rare but aging generalizations (like the 2 "Mess in Washington" theme) ch, once established, tend to grow heer repetition.

ince the question of credibility is ipally related to the Administra- 's veracity vis-à-vis Vietnam, its ial appeal to the Opposition is it offers an almost foolproof way apitalizing on public dissatisfac- over the war without running the of offering definite alternatives. war has been an inviting issue all g, but up to now the GOP has dled it gingerly for fear of being ped into an unpopular position of wn.

few Republican leaders like Rich- Nixon and Senator Mark Hatfield Washington have been willing to open positions on the war. Nixon been quoted as saying it would be astrous" for the party to try to in 1968 with a "peace offensive." field's reaction was that it would be disastrous "if the Republicans cynically exploited the war for a selfish political aim." He did not agree "that any offensive that would be in the direction of peace from a policy viewpoint would be disastrous." This is just the kind of intraparty conflict that other Republicans wish to avoid, and hence their instinctive embrace of credibility as an attack on which all Republicans can safely agree. The comment of numerous Republican officials, returning to Washington for the new session of Congress, indicates that the party is increasingly aware of finding an exposed nerve. It can see that the President is sensitive to the credibility charge.

All this has had an unexpected side development, for it has raised questions about the credibility of the press as well as of the Administration. The alleged information "gap" really comes down to discrepancies between press reports and government reports on the progress and nature of the war, and this in turn has focused new attention on the large press corps headquartered in Saigon. Its integrity, its fairness and detachment, even its courage, are being seriously challenged, and some of the harshest criticism has originated in the Vietnam press camp itself. The President also has reservations about the Vietnam press coverage, especially on political developments. At the time of the Vietnam elections last year, Johnson said he was "encouraged by the progress" out there, but that he couldn't follow this progress "in the press as fully and in depth as I would like to." He also said, "I have to go back and dig up some of the cables from day to day, because the progress that the committee is making in the electoral developments is not as headline-grabbing as some of the other distressing incidents."

Marshall's Challenge

A more damaging criticism, however, has come from the distinguished military historian and war correspondent, Brigadier General S. L. A. Marshall, Retired, several of whose articles on the Vietnam war have appeared in recent issues of *Harper's*. After spending several months in Vietnam, much of it in the field, General Marshall publicly and bluntly charged many, if not most, of his fellow correspondents with serious derelictions. In an article in *The New Leader*, he said, "Individual battles, ever the mainstream of the fighting story in Vietnam as in any other war, continue to be ignored solely because the majority of U. S. correspondents . . . don't give a damn about them. Perhaps the reporters are ignorant of war and do not wish to expose their innocence, or so fearful of the front that they cannot endure the thought of staying with it."

The overwhelming majority of correspondents, he added, "do not get to the front; and in that regard, at least, the American press continues to be derelict in its main responsibility. The story of the war is not being told in its daily columns; there we find only tangents and sidebars."

The average correspondent, he thinks, "prefers a piece that will make people on the home front squirm and agonize. . . . Any demonstration or riot, especially a Buddhist demonstration-riot, is sure-fire copy. . . . The

war is being covered primarily for all bleeding hearts and for Senator Fulbright . . ." In eight weeks in the field Marshall said he saw only three newsmen, although there are several hundred accredited to Vietnam. In Saigon, he charges, "the deplorable thing is that young writers too lazy to gather the facts themselves sit around and sneer" at all that is said at the official briefings.

Rebuttal from the Wire Services

This is a harsh indictment, and, coming from so authoritative a source, it has aroused strong feelings among the Vietnam correspondents. When I was in Saigon recently it was still a grim subject of debate. There are those who share some of Marshall's criticisms, but there are many others who don't, and their rebuttal has been equally blunt. The major wire services, for instance, took particular pains to answer back, since they have the responsibility of covering the war for thousands of papers. Wes Gallagher, the general manager of the Associated Press, says the AP has more than thirty men in Saigon, sixteen of whom rotate in the field with the troops. Three have been killed and seven wounded in the last eighteen months. As to Marshall's complaint that the battle known as Operation Paul Revere was neglected by the press and "did not make one headline" in the U. S., Gallagher said the AP had carried twenty separate stories on it, totaling over 10,000 words. Correspondents, Gallagher adds, "have covered both military and political developments, and every military man and public leader has emphasized that winning the political battle is at least half of winning the military battle in Vietnam." The AP, he says, has men in Saigon "who have been there up to four years covering every development in the war at great personal risk. Mr. Marshall spent by his own statement part of three months. Mr. Marshall infers that American newspapers are unwilling to spend money for Vietnam coverage. The AP, which is owned and supported by American newspapers and broadcasting, spent $750,000 in Vietnam last year."

Francis T. Leary, executive editor of United Press International, also said Operation Paul Revere had been fully reported. "It is a pity," he said, "that General Marshall did not acquaint himself with the UPI file before joining the clique that attempts to smear the press generally in an effort to smokescreen government and military information shenanigans designed to try to keep the press from doing its job."

And from the Reporters

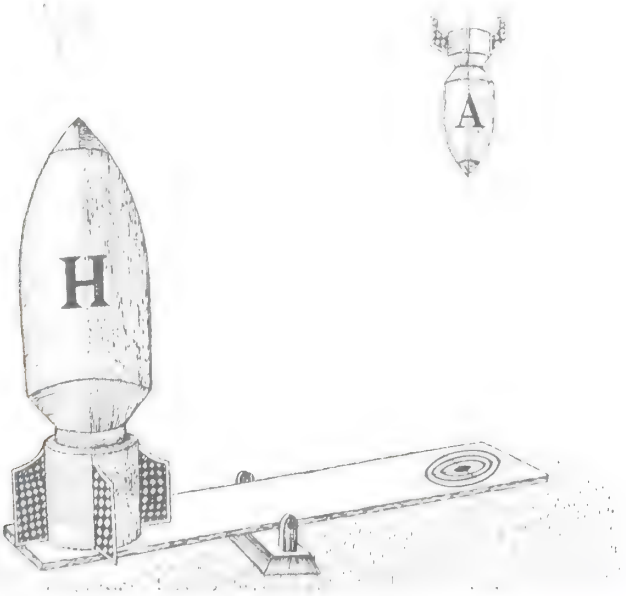
Individual rebuttals have also come from eight of the best-known Vietnam correspondents, including two (Malcolm Browne and Peter Arnett) who have won Pulitzer Prizes for [illegible] war reporting. Writing in *The [illegible] Leader,* these younger reporters [illegible] gued almost to a man that the [illegible] correspondents are trying to [illegible] Vietnam as if it were a conventi[illegible] war of the past. But, says Bro[illegible] "This is not a war for real estate[illegible] World War II and Korea, and the[illegible] no front." Browne also seemed t[illegible] voicing the sentiments of the ot[illegible] in saying:

"There are those who treat e[illegible] war in modern times as a kin[illegible] sporting event, writing each disp[illegible] as a hard-hitting cheer for the [illegible] team. These men are important [illegible] military morale. Probably the f[illegible] of the type in American journal[illegible] history was Ernie Pyle. But in[illegible] opinion, they tell us almost not[illegible] about how a war is going, even th[illegible] they tell us in moving detail what[illegible] GIs are doing and suffering. I su[illegible] that in a war like Vietnam it is [illegible] to know how our GIs are get[illegible] along, but it is vastly more impor[illegible] to know what the war is all ab[illegible] where it seems to be going, and [illegible] the Vietnamese are doing and th[illegible] ing."

It would be good to see a t[illegible] Browne concludes, "where each wi[illegible] on Vietnam began tending his [illegible] garden and sticking to the busine[illegible] hand—covering Vietnam. De[illegible] Marshall, Alsop, Beech, Assis[illegible] Secretary of Defense Arthur Sy[illegible] ter, *Time* magazine and some oth[illegible] that is what the hard core of the V[illegible] nam press corps has been doing[illegible] along. Fortunately for America, [illegible] hard core is the leader in cover[illegible] Let the others keep pace if they c[illegible]

Robert Shaplen, of *The [illegible] Yorker,* says the war remains "es[illegible] tially a political one." He believe[illegible] is "proper and fitting" that the n[illegible] and demonstrations "should be f[illegible] covered, as they have been, not [illegible] cause they are 'sure-fire copy,' [illegible] Marshall says, but because they a[illegible] vital part of the whole picture."

John Mecklin, who has served t[illegible] as war reporter and U. S. public [illegible] fairs officer in Vietnam, agrees t[illegible] military operations are vital, [illegible] they are consequential only as t[illegible] relate to the complex of other p[illegible] lems that torture Vietnam: the [illegible] gent need for leadership in Sai[illegible] that can stir popular support; the [illegible] ruption among local government



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UNIROYAL

cials that often undoes our military gains . . . the mounting inflation that drives the population to despair . . . the social disintegration brought on in part by the massive American presence." These, he is sure, "are the factors that will determine the eventual outcome."

They Know the Angles

All of these comments certainly add up to very serious differences, but they are by no means exhaustive. General Marshall has not been intimidated by the rebuttal; in fact he has since offered additional criticism. And when I was in Saigon I heard still more countercharges from his targets. There is simply not space to list the entire bill of particulars either way. It is startling, however, for the visiting correspondent, such as myself, to see at first hand how divided this far-away press corps has become. The reasons for it are not too hard to discover, for the U. S. has never before been involved in such a war, and hence the press action is as different as the military action. War reporting is always a competitive trade, but in the two world wars and Korea most of the correspondents naturally concentrated on the fighting, for these conflicts had large fixed fronts and the battles were on a massive scale, often marked by decisive results. Like the people at home, the reporters shared an untroubled common belief in the justness of the American cause.

So, despite normal journalistic rivalry, the press camps of those days were often marked by a certain camaraderie and bantering goodwill. But in Saigon today the American correspondents are divided in precisely the same way as the American people. That is, there are hawks and doves and owls and whatnot. Most of them, it seemed to me, were making a manful effort to be detached in their reporting, but where strong opinions exist there is bound to be tension.

Moreover, the Saigon press corps is noticeably divided by age. The older correspondents, especially ones who made reputations in previous wars, can't help being a little patronizing toward the younger reporters who are covering their first war. In this war, however, some of these relative youngsters were early on the scene, and they are not awed by their seniors. In fact, they can be pretty patronizing themselves; they don't make much effort to conceal their opinion that this is "definitely a young man's game."

The sharpest schism, however, is over the military versus nonmilitary aspects of the war. The veterans who acquired valuable military expertise in earlier wars naturally like being with the troops, and there is no doubt that their "action" dispatches are distinguished by a sophisticated grasp of the fighting. On the other hand, many of the younger men, particularly those who have watched this unique war escalate for years, are absorbed in the intricate politics of the situation. They have come to know most of the angles, and their reporting often reflects shrewd insights. The argument among the correspondents over where the emphasis on coverage should be need not trouble the American public, for it is getting the benefit of the whole range of reporting. In fact, Robert Shaplen thinks "that in some respects the war has been 'over-covered,' " and he feels that this "has perhaps confused the American public."

The View from Home

My own view is that Americans are, or at least should be, extremely well informed about the war. It is not necessary to go to Vietnam to keep up with it. Indeed there are days when it is possible to get a better all-around view of the war from, say, Washington, than in Saigon. The home-front reader now has instantly available to him the immense, complementary coverage of the American wire services, foreign wire services, syndicated wire services, the special coverage of the larger dailies, the newsmagazines with their weekly perspective, the monthlies with still greater perspective, and also the stream of books pouring from the presses. And finally the expanding daily coverage of television and radio.

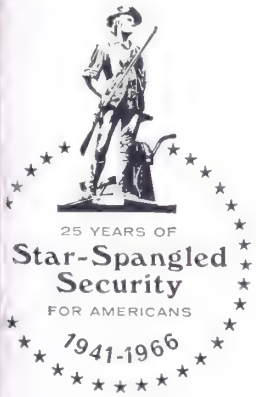
A careless reader could certainly be confused by this mountain of information, but an attentive, discriminating one can get a broad, dependable view of the war if he wants it. A first-hand look at Vietnam is surely helpful, but I saw little that came as a surprise. Generally speaking, the situation seemed to be much as press reports had led me to expect. There were days in Saigon, with its heavily sored press, that I longed for A can papers and radio and telev with their infinite range of hard comment, and analysis of the wa home-front reader also has the a tage of press and diplomatic re on the war from Hanoi, Peking cow, and other capitals, from the correspondent in the field is shut off. Also, as Richard Fry the Washington *Star*'s brillian fense Department correspondent vividly proved, it is sometime sible to report the war better b ering the Pentagon than the front, where newsmen on the have difficulty in promptly getti the scattered facts of fast an persed action. Not long ago, Fry demonstrated that the original muniqués and news stories of a 4 fantry Division "battle" were overdrawn. Instead of "h waves" and "heavy casualties the "start of an offensive to cut Vietnam in two," Fryklund fo was a minor engagement with light American losses and "n damages to a surprised enemy." is not the first time Fryklun quickly set the record straight, vice which helps the reader an that acts as a brake on careles incomplete briefing and reportin

In a guerrilla war it is never to be easy for reporters, or the tary press officers who brief th be always accurate, especially o operations. But that is not the k credibility gap that Washing talking about. The Republicans they have the ammunition to that the Administration's dereli on informing the public abou war are calculated and perv With Congress back in session, v look forward to Republicans *The Congressional Record* with ments such as the following fro Miami *Herald:*

> Looking back over the years the U. S. picked up the burde French cast off in Vietnam, litt has been stated officially has borne out by events. Broken p and unfulfilled predictions li fallen milestones along the w the present sorry situation. . . . ington should try leveling wi people, however unpalatabl truth may be, before the people to lose faith.



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NATO: The Ailing Alliance

by Roger D. Masters

NATO and Europe, by General André Beaufre. Knopf, $3.95.

There's no hiding the fact anymore—NATO is becoming unhinged. Bonn's foreign policy has taken a decidedly pro-French tone under the Kiesinger cabinet; London is slowly coming to see that its "special relation" with Washington is politically useless and no substitute for participation in the Common Market; Belgium, Italy, and other small powers in the alliance are increasingly fearful of our indirect economic domination.

Whatever political benefits might have resulted from the establishment of a nuclear planning committee in NATO, the recently announced seven-member group comes several years too late and is far outweighed by the European desire to avoid entanglement in our Far Eastern adventures. Secretary of State Rusk only drove this point home by inviting NATO troop support in Vietnam and insisting that the alliance would bind our European partners to defend us against Chinese attack.

If we fail to reconsider our fundamental policy assumptions towards NATO, we run a needless risk of destroying the alliance or robbing it of meaning in an era of declining bipolarity. This is why General André Beaufre's *NATO and Europe* is one of the most important books to be published in the last year.

Of General Beaufre's stature as a strategist, little need be said; his *Introduction to Strategy* and *Strategy and Deterrence* proved that French military thinking has come abreast of the nuclear age. Moreover, General Beaufre is convinced that the alliance has a continuing role to play in the defense of the West; he can't be accused of either archaic nationalism or Gaullist hostility to Washington. If Americans reject his sober criticisms and constructive proposals out of hand, NATO is indeed in serious trouble.

Beaufre begins by reminding us of a fact that the Secretary of State seems to have forgotten at the NATO council's December meeting. According to Article 6 of the North Atlantic Treaty, "an armed attack on one or more of the Parties is deemed to include an armed attack on the territory of any of the Parties *in Europe or North America*, . . . on the occupation forces of any Party *in Europe*, in the islands under the jurisdiction of any Party in the *North Atlantic area* north of the Tropic of Cancer or on the vessels or aircraft *in this area* of any of the Parties." The commitments of the United States in the Pacific are simply not relevant to NATO, and our European allies have every reason to feel they have the right as well as the self-interest to avoid a major war arising out of our policy toward China.

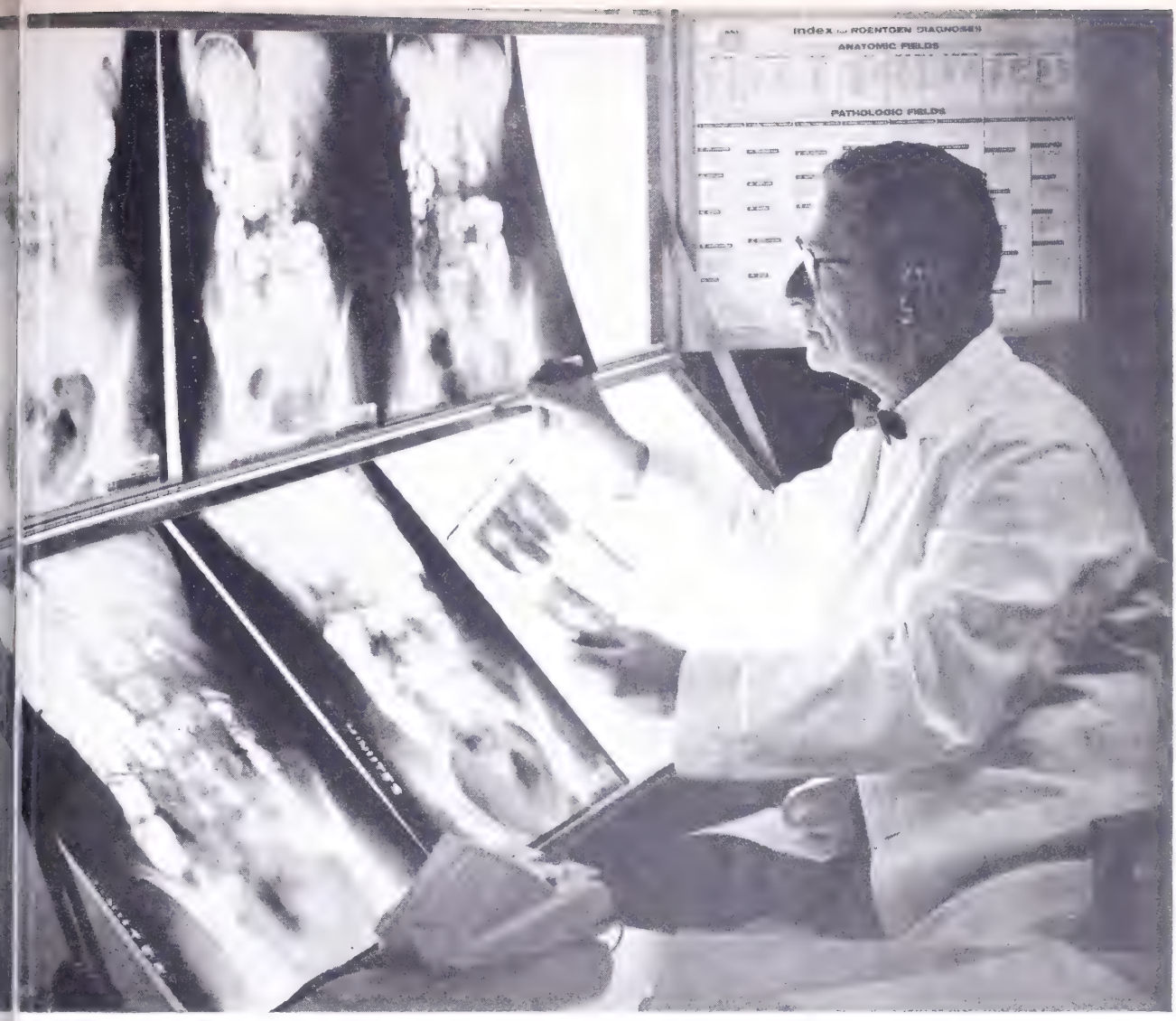
Moreover, each of our allies is only committed to take "such action *as it deems necessary*" (Article 5); contrary to prevailing opinion, no NATO partner is automatically committed to aid us in a Sino-American war. Insofar as NATO has any meaning, it can only be understood as an alliance oriented toward Europe. As a consequence, we must focus on those issues and interests that give some promise of keeping the alliance together; since the conditions under which NAT was formed no longer exist, it mu be fundamentally reorganized if o ties with Europe are to be preserve

General Beaufre's account of t origins and structure of NATO pr vide a clear picture of the past, bas on firsthand experience at the hig est military echelons of the allian His reasoning is solid and persuasiv even if one disagrees, it is impossibl to deny that Beaufre's point of vie represents a legitimate divergen from the policies of the Johnson A ministration.

The main point of the book is w stated by Beaufre himself:

> This objective—making a fre start toward the creation of a Eu pean politico-military identity—m not be considered in any sense as step away from the United States. is the solution that Kennedy foresa many years ago now, when he spo of organizing the Alliance based "two pillars." At the time it was ge erally thought that this idea cou not be realized until Europe w united, while now it appears reas able to believe that Europe runs t risk of never being united unless s lays the foundation stones of t union in the form of a Europe branch of NATO.
>
> At this juncture a problem ari that was posed as long ago as 19 that of the dilemma between Eu pean union and Atlantic union . . .

Mr. Masters, who teaches political s ence at Yale, has just completed "T Nation Is Burdened: American F eign Policy in a Changing World." will be published in April.



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doctors, "private eyes" are in demand. Your octor relies upon a special medical "detective" for ccurate and complete diagnosis. A surgeon needs track down and pinpoint a lesion before operation. hopedic surgeon needs one to follow the progress ealing fracture. ■ General practitioners, orthopediatricians, internists—doctors rly every area of medicine—rely a skilled, medical "private eye" as a radiologist . . . a physician ly trained in the medical and eutic use of x-ray. ■ Through his lized knowledge, the radiologist other physicians by providing radiographic (x-ray) interpretation of a particular problem. And in so doing, he aids other medical specialists in treating injury or disease. ■ In some cases, it is only through the specially trained eyes of a radiologist that accurate diagnosis can be completed. For some patients, the work of the radiologist includes actual treatment, using therapeutic x-ray to help arrest a cancer. ■ Today, an increasing number of medical students and interns, in considering areas of specialization, are choosing radiology—preparing, through special training, for this highly gratifying and rewarding career as an important member of the modern medical team.



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Atlantic community with the United States is without question a reasonable and desirable idea, but this community would be very dangerous if it were effected under present conditions, with a divided Europe. In my opinion European union is a prerequisite to a reunion with the United States, hence the necessity to start working now toward European union, taking advantage of the reorganization of NATO to lay the politico-military foundations of this union.

To achieve this goal will not be easy, especially given the preoccupations now dominant in Washington. As Beaufre points out, we must come to accept a European nuclear force that is truly independent, abandoning the shibboleth of "centralized command and control" that has been a polite façade for our veto and hegemony in NATO.

Instead of a futile attempt to do business as usual, Beaufre calls for a reorganization of NATO into a three-tiered alliance: an Atlantic "civil and military directorate" at the summit (serving as a planning committee and not as an integrated military command); a "Supreme Command in Europe," staffed by the Europeans and able to control the French and British nuclear forces in wartime without an American veto; and national operational commands (which could be merged, on the Continent, as "the beginning of a European defense community" developed into a political federation).

Beaufre is perhaps overly optimistic, especially with respect to the chances of securing a political agreement by means of institutional reform; apparently he has no idea whether General de Gaulle would accept such a program. Still, Beaufre's analysis must be praised as a healthy and objective effort to find a middle ground in the maze of conflicting interests and policies now dividing NATO.

It will certainly be a tragedy if present opportunities to reform the Western alliance are lost because we ignore the wise counsels of a French strategist. This happened to the West once before, when a French colonel warned in the 1930s of the strategic implications of tank warfare, and of the danger should Germany launch a massive and highly mobile attack.

New Pacifiers for Parents

by Ernestine Gilbreth Carey

Most of Us Are Mainly Mothers, by Carol Bartholomew. Macmillan, $4.95.

How to Raise Children at Home in Your Spare Time, by Marvin J. Gersh, M.D. Stein and Day, $4.95.

In an era when the average new mother is nineteen years old and when one out of every five families moves every year, maternal nerves can be heard jangling from coast to coast. Fortunately, Mrs. Carol Bartholomew, California mother of six sons, and Dr. Marvin J. Gersh, busy New York pediatrician, have now provided surprisingly similar commonsense tranquilizers. Both say, in essence, "Girls, come, come now. Quit taking yourselves too seriously. Once you've handled a problem the best you can, stop worrying. You and your family will live longer this way. You'll enjoy yourselves more too."

Neither Dr. Gersh nor Mrs. Bartholomew has tried to write an "authoritative guide" to compete with Benjamin Spock's renowned *Baby and Child Care*. Mrs. Bartholomew, already known as the author of *My Heart Has Seventeen Rooms*, summarizes her intentions this way: "What I do hope to convey is a point of view: . . . that no mother should allow herself to be overwhelmed by the needs of her family, and that the ideal of perfection in any aspect of our lives is an impossible and dangerous goal." . . ."Our life may not be endlessly rewarding, but it can be very funny. Let it be fun for you!"

Similarly, Dr. Gersh believes that "child rearing is so serious that no parent can afford to take it seriously," and he manages to be amused when confronted by a fretful mother worried about her two-year-old because he "does not have any problems he is supposed to have," or when awakened by the phone at 3:00 A.M. to hear a young mother complain about the color of the stain on her baby's diaper, though the child himself seemed fine. "And Dr. Spock at such times says that you should call the doctor," she explained. "I asked her," say Gersh, "why she had not calle Spock."

Dr. Gersh has made his ch coverage businesslike in spite characteristically light, nons tone. A mother needing first-a formation, help in identifying and spots, and even a detailed of antidotes to poisonous plant find all this and much more. I trast Mrs. Bartholomew has da tackle feminine matters lik deadly, overmaternal, Dumb mother. She has no love for the w waiting hand-and-foot, day-i out, "on her demanding, intol and rude young. . . . This ty courages her children to impo her constantly," and makes th ahead twice as hard for the chi

Both books would be more if they included at least one ch for fathers. And it is disappo that Mrs. Bartholomew does n cuss recent findings on those ke school years at home. (A intelligence, many experts insis least 50 per cent achieved by th he is three or four.)

But readers can rejoice b neither author has felt compel use psychoanalytic jargon. (S huzzahs for Dr. Gersh whose in sive medical qualifications i two years as assistant residen chologist in Bellevue Hospital.) mother years ago, I found suc that I had no need for Dr. Fr "findings-in-depth" when our son replaced all the family pictu his album with those of Winni mongrel dog. With much trepid I asked him why. "My teache dogs die sooner," he told me with children can be as hearty ing and as simple as that.

Three of Mrs. Carey's five boo autobiographical recollections o ily life. Her brother, Frank B breth, Jr., was coauthor o best-known of these, "Cheaper Dozen" and "Belles on Their She has a son and a daughter.



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In Search of God and Man

by Philip Scharper

The New Theologian, by Ved Mehta. Harper & Row, $5.95.
Dissenter in a Great Society: A Christian View of America in Crisis, by William Stringfellow. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95.
To Deny Our Nothingness, by Maurice Friedman. Dell, $7.50.

Since the end of World War I Christian theology has become rather like an intellectual smorgasbord. One does not have to wait long before the revolving table to sample some rather exotic theological fare: "religionless Christianity," "Christological atheism," or the *theology* of a God who is dead, absent, silent or who simply no longer answers his phone.

These are days, then, in which the parish parson sometimes sounds like the village atheist, to the great confusion of his flock and the frequent indignation of his vestrymen.

One of the more notable recent instances was the publication of *Honest to God*, by the Right Reverend John Robinson, an Anglican Bishop who seemed to be saying that the traditional Christian concept of God had been hopelessly discredited, and that atheists were right to reject it. In England, the book caused one of those tizzies which the British love—a debate carried on in learned journals and newspaper columns, on television panels and radio programs, in pubs and clubs across the land.

A happy consequence of the debate was that it led Ved Mehta, of *The New Yorker* staff, to investigate the current state of Christian theology, or, more accurately, Protestant Christian theology. The result of his findings, *The New Theologian*, is a very helpful summary for the layman of the major men and movements in contemporary Protestant thought.

There is, however, a distinctive value in *The New Theologian* for the theologically informed as well as for the merely interested. Mr. Mehta visited many of the theologians of whom he writes, and he gives the reader, if not portraits, at least sensitive silhouettes of Robinson, Tillich, Barth, Niebuhr, Hamilton, and Van Buren, among others. His book ends, appropriately and touchingly, with his visit to Pastor Eberhard Bethge, a close friend of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who arranged for the publication of the letters and papers Bonhoeffer had written from the time of his arrest by the Nazis in April 1943 until his death two years later in the concentration camp at Flossenburg.

It is Bonhoeffer, dead at thirty-nine, who is the source-spring of much of Bishop Robinson's thought as well as that of the young Americans who form the rather loose group of God-is-dead theologians. But Mr. Mehta seems to suspect (as do I) that what has made Bonhoeffer such an influential theologian is not only his elusive, half-glimpsed vision of a "religionless Christianity in a world come of age" but his own manner of living—and dying. "It is by taking life in its stride," wrote Bonhoeffer, "that we throw ourselves utterly in the arms of God and participate in his suffering in the world and watch with Christ in Gethsemane. That is faith—and that is what makes a man and a Christian."

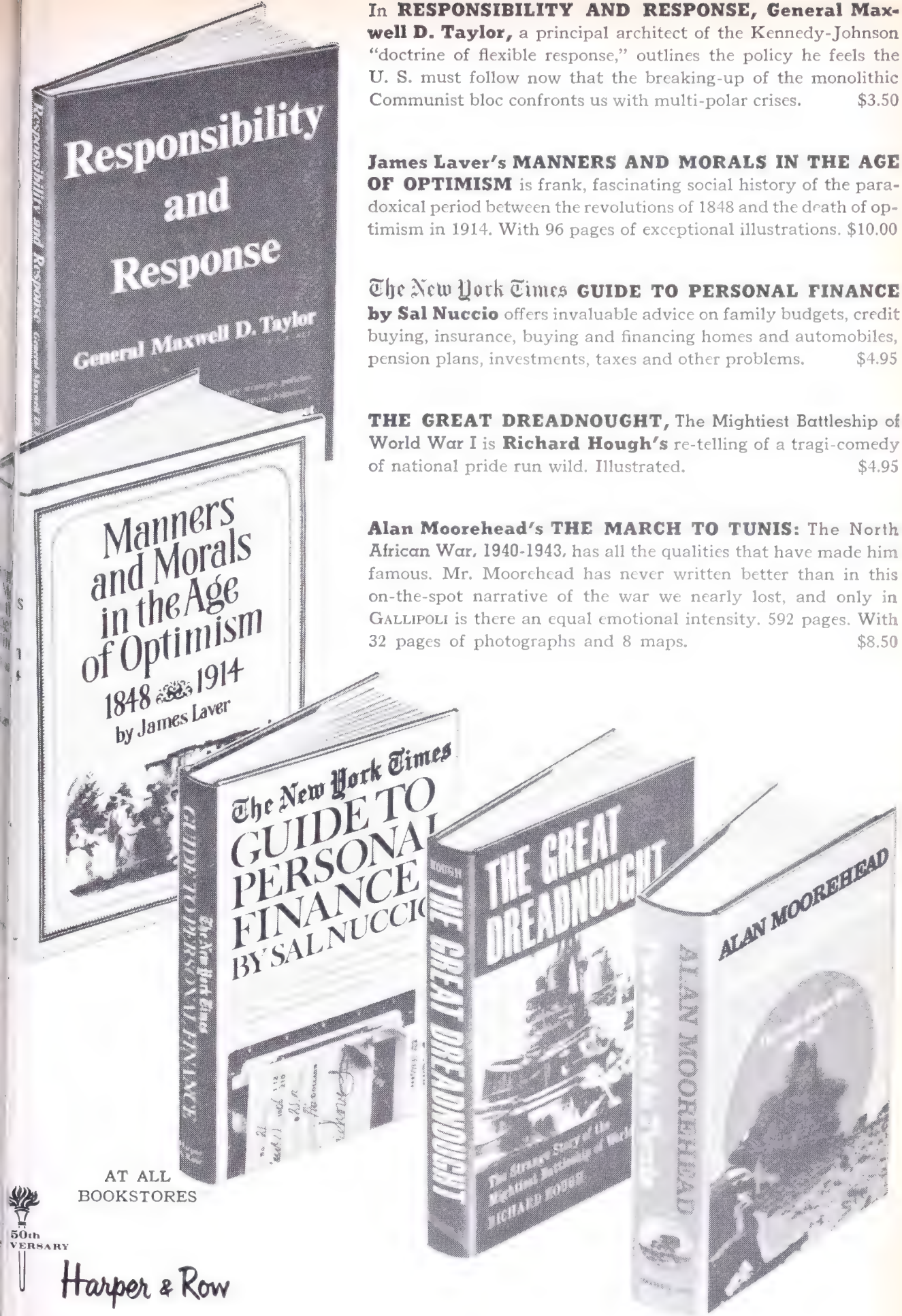
If Dietrich Bonhoeffer was, in the context of Nazi Germany, a Christian martyr, William Stringfellow is, in the context of contemporary America, a Christian prophet, valiantly striving to finger the sick spots of the community and to point out the path that may lead to healing and redemption.

In *Dissenter in a Great Society* Stringfellow dons again the prophet's dusty mantle and strides into the marketplace to warn the complacent burghers that they are inviting the judgment of God. In his earlier *My People Is the Enemy* Stringfellow had dealt with the inadequate response of the churches to the racial crisis; in *Dissenter in a Great Society* he is concerned with the whole of what he regards as the *malaise* in American life: the continuing struggle between the races, the enshrinement of property and the desecration of people, the meaning of the rise of rightist groups, and the gospel of Goldwaterism. In a time when the phrase "The Great Society" ha



"Please, no puns!"

Mr. Scharper, essayist, columnist, and critic of American life and the Catholic press, has been editor in chief of the publishing house of Sheed & Ward since 1957.



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passed into our language and finds frequent echo on the lips of politicians, Stringfellow points out that the paint is peeling on our bandwagons, and that many of the instruments are sadly battered and out of tune.

The criticism Stringfellow makes of these and other features of American life is not new, obviously. What makes his work interesting is that he writes as a radical Christian. The stones he casts are dug from the rock-strewn fields of the Gospels, and, for this reason, it is not surprising that his favorite targets, like those of Jesus, are religious hypocrites who wash their hands in innocence of the wounds inflicted on the world.

It is interesting to note that Stringfellow is deeply aware of the problem which bothered Bonhoeffer and which has led the death-of-God theologians to their paradoxical formulations. It is, oversimply, the role of religion in a world where the secular has increasingly established its autonomy, and God is no longer needed as a deus ex machina, an illicit Problem Solver for the complexities of human life.

Stringfellow lived for seven years in a Harlem tenement; he is more used to sidewalks than seminary swards, and all this perhaps has given him a prophet's passion for action rather than a theologian's concern for conceptual subtleties. In any case, Stringfellow answers the question of Christianity vis-à-vis secularization with characteristic forthrightness:

> To be a Christian is to receive and know and participate in the unconditional, extravagant, inexhaustible, expendable love of God for all that He has made and called into being. To be reconciled by the virtue of Christ is to be restored to one's own identity in the Word of God, which authorized one's life in the first place, and to be free to identify and affirm the integrity of all other life in that same Word.
>
> To be a Christian, to be already reconciled, means to love the world, all the world, just as it is—*unconditionally.*

It is one of the great virtues of *Dissenter in a Great Society* that the author can write thus, again and again, without once seeming either self-conscious or preachy. But then, what Aristotle called the *ethical* argument, the character of the writer himself, has always been the prophet's most convictive *and* persuasive argument.

Maurice Friedman, author of *To Deny Our Nothingness,* would, I suppose, agree with Aristotle on the force of the ethical argument. In commenting on Plato, Friedman writes:

> The greatest contribution that Plato has made to the lived moral life of mankind is not his idea of the good or the subtleties of his dialectic, but his image of Socrates in the *Apology,* the man who showed in his life and death what it means to say that "an unexamined life is not worth living."

The author of several significant studies of modern man, Maurice Friedman in *To Deny Our Nothingness* is concerned to show that we need an image of man—more exemplary than descriptive—to aid us in the always uncertain search for ourselves within the dimension of authentic human existence.

In a richly complex study, Friedman shows that the major writers, philosophers and psychologists of our time hold up different images of m and each is tempted to feel that he discovered *the* image. But *the* ima in Friedman's analysis, is no one these, but a composite of all: Modern Socialist (Malraux, Lev the Modern Vitalist (Bergson, zantzakis); the Modern Mystic (dous Huxley, T. S. Eliot); the Psyc logical Man of Freud and Fromm,

Space makes possible only a words of praise for Professor Fri man's synthetic study of mod man's efforts to understand hims Whether he is dealing with a theol cal existentialist like Tillich or atheistic one like Sartre, with Sim Weil or Samuel Beckett, the aut shows not only insight, but empat

As a result, reading *To Deny Nothingness* is, in itself, an exp ence of great value, not only for light it sheds upon modern m quest for the lineaments of human but also for something of grea value: the book opens our nerve e and makes us more aware, even as read, of the moving mystery of w it means to be human.

Gardening under Lights and in the Greenhouse

by Ernesta D. Ballard

Bonsai: Indoors and Out, by Jerald P. Stowell. Van Nostrand, $4.95.
The Complete Book of Gardening Under Lights, by Elvin McDonald. Doubleday, $4.95.
Greenhouse Gardening for Fun, by Claire L. Blake. Barrows, $6.95.
The Flowering Greenhouse Day by Day, by Elvin McDonald. Van Nostrand, $6.95.
Greenhouse: Place of Magic, by Charles H. Potter. Dutton, $5.95.

Gardening indoors and under glass has long been a popular topic for horticultural writers. The library of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society contains some sixty books on houseplants and more than thirty on greenhouse gardening, beginning with *Flora Domestica or the Portable Flower-Garden* by Elizabeth K published in 1823, and continu through the mid-nineteenth-cent publications *The Exotic Gardener* J. Cushing, and *The Greenhouse Winter Garden: A Manual for Amateur,* by F. E. Field, to the works reviewed here.

There is still much of interest value in the old texts. *Flora Do tica* offers "directions for the tr ment of plants in pots and illus tions from the work of the poets combination that would exceed

Mrs. Ballard is executive secretar the Pennsylvania Horticultural S ety and author of "Garden in House" and "The Art of Trai Plants."

ities of most modern garden
. Its advice on watering and
(including root-pruning, the
" of bonsai growing, which
mericans are going all the way
n to learn) could scarcely be
ed upon today. *The Window*
er, written in 1882 by Edward
e Rand, gave me cause for
n when I read it three years af-
ting a book on the same sub-
n it I found many techniques
planations I had thought were
l in my own work.

nineteenth-century gardener
is horticulture, and the results
ieved would need no apologies
While he lacked such niceties
matic ventilation, electric hu-
rs, and synthetic organic insec-
he was not plagued by modern
g—which makes the winter air
s resemble nothing so much as
hara Desert. In addition to such
an favorites as aspidistra and
ferns, he grew a wide range of
plants, including many varie-
begonia and tropical ferns,
f which are hard to find today.
n fact, a discouraging exercise
the long lists of tropical plants
ed at flower shows in the nine-
and early twentieth centuries.
s exhibits are humdrum by
ison.

this wealth of knowledge from
t, why do we bother to write—
—new books on indoor garden-
ry year? One reason, of course,
there are new developments in
des, fungicides, and fertilizers.
ere are new plants. The Afri-
olet was released commercially
. Dozens of new orchids are in-
ed every year. Columneas have
rated in the last decade. Harold
re, in his book *African Violets,*
ias, and Their Relatives, writ-
956, noted that "fifteen species
umnea] and a few hybrids are
le in commerce or from botani-
rdens." The May/June 1956
f *The Gloxinian*, official publi-
of the American Gloxinia Soci-
s thirty-two species and dozens
es and cultivars, all introduced
r. Moore's definitive work.

lly, new books are needed to
thought and discussion. Lib-
yde Bailey, a giant in horticul-
ords as well as deeds, said that
grow old, and the advice be-
too familiar. The sentences

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The Swivel Chair



Editorially the subject of war in Southeast Asia must have consumed more tons of newsprint than any other since the last presidential election. Confusion has been compounded. It is time to hear a historian who has also worked in the tight inner circle of policy-making. Such a writer is Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., distinguished Pulitzer prize winner for history and biography and Special Assistant to two Presidents during a crucial time in our deepening involvement in Vietnam.

THE BITTER HERITAGE: Vietnam and American Democracy 1941-1966 predictably drew the wholehearted approval of the publishing trade journals as soon as advance galleys were distributed. "Incisive, clarifying, calm, Mr. Schlesinger deals with the situation from a position of informed authority in relation to the seats of power; of the many, this is the one book on Vietnam which appears to hold a usable key in this connection, to provide a move acceptable to the administration," said the *Kirkus service*. "An insider's excellent short basic review of the American experience with Vietnam, even back to World War II," said the *Publisher's Weekly*.



But also among early readers were two distinguished generals and this put another, highly professional, widely significant, challenge to the book.

General Matthew Ridgway wrote, "A brilliant historian presents a perceptive and forthright analysis, offering common sense suggestions, not glib solutions, and, in my opinion demolishing with reasoned logic many of the slogans which have guided and the strictures which have narrowed our views in dealing with the great problems of foreign relations, and in particular, at the moment, with the No. 1 problem of Southeast Asia."



General James Gavin wrote, "I have read a great many books and articles about Vietnam during the past year. Practically all of them deal exclusively with the situation within that distraught country and none concern themselves with what might happen within our own society as a consequence of our Vietnam policy. Yet, this may be the most serious result of the Vietnam business. To understand it, one must know America, its history and traditions. Arthur M. Schlesinger, is, therefore, especially well qualified to interpret Vietnam in these terms . . . It is not a long book, but it is meaty with historical fact and sound postulation. I would consider it must reading for anyone who would understand the meaning of Vietnam to Americans."

As this goes to press, **THE BITTER HERITAGE** is about to be published. It is, to quote the General, must reading for the American public.



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need to be transposed and the order of the chapters varied, now and then, or interest lags."

The indoor gardener who finds his interest lagging should read *Bonsai: Indoors and Out*. Jerald P. Stowell is an American, writing for Americans. While he respects the Japanese approach to the growing of dwarfed trees and plants (his book is dedicated to Yuji Yoshimura, a master of bonsai), he is determined to adapt Japanese techniques to American needs. For hardy bonsai, he emphasizes the use of native material. For indoor bonsai, he recommends plants that will grow in American houses and suggests ways of displaying them attractively. I liked his pictures and discussion of "accent plants"—shrubs, herbs, and grasses planted in small, shallow oriental containers and displayed as accents for a larger tree, or for a painting, sculpture, or other decorative object. Mr. Stowell lives in New York. He works in an office all day and works at his hobby in his spare time. This should take care of the idea that bonsai need watering twice or thrice a day.

The Complete Book of Gardening Under Lights, by Elvin McDonald, opens the door to another specialized field of indoor growing, equally fascinating. A minimum of two 40-watt fluorescent tubes are needed to supply enough illumination for growing plants, but there are differences of opinion as to whether they should be the agricultural tubes designed expressly for the purpose or the ordinary tubes used in offices and houses, and, if the latter, whether they should be "natural," "daylight," "cool white," "warm white," or a combination. In any event, artificial light is not a panacea for the indoor gardener's problems. There are many other factors to be considered. Temperature, humidity, fertilizers, and the growing medium must all be suitable for the plants being grown. Happily, the reward is worth the effort. The results achieved through the proper selection of equipment and plant material and the careful control of environment verge on the incredible. Mr. McDonald is in his element in this field. He is an expert on gloxinias (he founded the American Gloxinia Society when he was fourteen years old), and these plants do better under fluorescent tubes than in natural l From his encyclopedic knowledg has compiled a book which is titled "Complete."

While greenhouse gardening i joyed by thousands more people than it was even fifteen years a too, is still a somewhat specia branch of horticulture. As in the of gardening under lights, the cessful manipulation of the pletely artificial greenhouse env ment requires considerable know of equipment, plant material, in cides, and fertilizers, as well a miliarity with a number of speci techniques.

The three greenhouse texts cussed in this review all contai basic information which an am greenhouse operator needs. A same time, each reflects the part interest of its author. Claire L. likes orchids, and she devotes a space to describing different and their requirements. Mr. M ald, who likes all kinds of plant cusses fully many species primarily for flowers. Charles F ter, a commercial grower who greenhouse gardening so muc his business is also his hobby into detail about greenhouse cor tion and equipment and about g regulators and other chemicals

Miss Blake's book is well org and clearly reflects her own co able experience. Several chapte given over to greenhouse desi construction helpful and ne considerations for those who a planning. Inexplicably, she ha lected the gesneriads, the g group of plants that has come i indoor garden since William brought the first begonia to E in 1777. Also, I wonder how s experienced grower can reco "manure tea," which belong wood-burning stoves and horse buggies. Nevertheless, *Gree Gardening For Fun* will inde vide fun for many, and will be ularly appreciated by those ho who have plenty of time.

Mr. McDonald is a writer inexhaustible fund of things as illustrated by his two bo viewed here. He has given a gr of thought to greenhouse oper the course of editing *Under Gl* magazine published by Lo

n for people who buy their uses. *The Flowering Green-ay by Day*, his fifth book, is a for greenhouse growers. The tion contains a brief but ade- discussion of construction, ment, and technique. It is fol- twelve chapters with operat- ctions and what to expect in of flowers month-by-month. 13 is a listing (with descrip- f the author's favorite plants. ast to Miss Blake's book, Mr. ld's is directed at the grower spare only a small part of his his greenhouse.

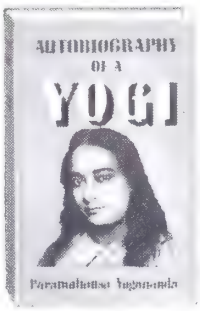
house: Place of Magic is a enlarged, and rewritten ver- Mr. Potter's earlier work *Be- ie Greenhouse Roof*. His new as up-to-date information on ontrol and takes into account nt realization that enrichment greenhouse atmosphere with ay be as important as the ient of the soil with chemical ers. It also contains informa- growing bedding plants, with gestion that the amateur may use these to make a little on the side. (Miss Blake also a chapter to the subject of money from your greenhouse Judging from my own experi- running a small retail green- ith an enormous inventory of neous species, I would say se portions of both books are ken with a grain of salt.) Mr. text is overly long and repeti- out everything you need to there. His information will be ly useful to the retail florist erates a small greenhouse n conjunction with his shop.

ur of these authors are knowl- e and helpful. Of the group, owell comes closest to those orticultural writers who link utiae of horticulture with the es of botany and aesthetics history of plants and garden- his best he reminds me of au- ke Wilhelm Miller who, in his *hat England Can Teach Us Gardening*, published in 1911, d the following:

e appeal to the stomach is deeper d than the aesthetic sense and nglish are blessed with a sturdy est in the simple joys of eating. first step they took to get [ripe] was to build high walls to keep

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out thieves. Then they found out that better fruit could be grown against these walls than in the open. And, when some genius discovered that the finest fruit of all could be grown under glass, there were thousands of miles of brick walls all ready to be turned into greenhouses, simply by adding glass on one side."

Insights like that one make reading worthwhile.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

A World Elsewhere, by John Bowen.

Edmund Wilson remarked some time ago (in *The Wound and the Bow*) that "the people of the *Philoctetes* seem to us more familiar than they do in most of the Greek tragedies." Sophocles' play, in case you don't remember, is about the Greek prince, enroute to Troy, who was left alone on a bleak island to die of an agonizing and stinking wound in the leg—but who was brought back alive to Troy, ten years later, when the Greeks found out, by an oracle, that he was indispensable to their victory. (He had Heracles' magic bow.) The play is written with unusual realism, and can wring more straightforward pity and terror out of you than many of the more violent and heroic plays about people like Orestes and Oedipus. But it is not well-known and rarely performed.

Now this bright young British author brings it up again in his new novel, using it as a basis for a similar clash of moralities (public and private) in contemporary times. He makes a remarkable success of it. His modern parallel does not have the same aura of grandeur as the old story: to bring a Grand Old Man of politics, living in self-imposed exile, back to London to perk up a tottering administration is not quite the same thing as bringing back a betrayed warrior to win the Trojan War. But all the old motivations of the Greek emissaries (the wily [illegible] seus and the honorable, but cor[illegible] Neoptolemus) are suggested [illegible] wittily distributed between a [illegible] dull, but pushy young MP [illegible] flashy, but quite sharp lady pr[illegible] from the BBC. The Grand Ol[illegible] himself doesn't emerge as muc[illegible] than a figurehead; but what he[illegible] ing, filling out time on the [illegible] Lemnos, is writing his own [illegible] of the *Philoctetes*. So Mr. [illegible] dovetails this "manuscript" [illegible] with the current story and illum[illegible] them both.

It is a good novel in itsel[illegible] would be worthwhile if it did n[illegible] than bring people back (or for [illegible] to the old neglected masterpie[illegible]

Coward-McCann [illegible]

I Don't Need You Any Mo[illegible] Arthur Miller.

A bunch of stories that does [illegible] ing, either way, for Mr. Miller [illegible] utation as a Great American A[illegible] To be fair, Mr. Miller himself [illegible] foreword) makes no great cla[illegible] them, so perhaps one should l[illegible] at that.

The title story gets nicely unc[illegible] skin of a five-year-old Jewis[illegible] having problems with his pa[illegible] There is a good, very short, [illegible] called "Fame," about a celebrat[illegible] thor, with two hits running on [illegible] way, who bumps into an old [illegible] chum who doesn't know him a[illegible] thing other than an ex-buddy [illegible] best story is called "The M[illegible] which is the origin of the movie [illegible] same name, and is much bette[illegible] the movie turned out to be. It is [illegible] ably an unfair thought, but [illegible] cross one's mind in reading to w[illegible] how much of the story's success [illegible] to the fact that the character [illegible] Roslyn never actually appears, [illegible] as in the movie, it was a large, [illegible] role, played by Marilyn Monroe.

Viki[illegible]

The British Museum Is F[illegible] Down, by David Lodge.

Two points of special interest [illegible] this new comic novel from En[illegible] One is that Graham Greene say[illegible] "very funny" (which it is, quite [illegible]

Mr. Cook, who writes for the [illegible] and television, is also a poet and monthly reviewer in these colum[illegible]

How to leave tips.



Rome.
At the height of the season a taxi driver takes you straight to a clean, moderately-priced hotel and they have a room. Reward him lavishly. The man has made a miracle.

Paris.
A discerning maitre d' sits you next to a movie starlet. Give him a moderate amount over the normal service charge for extra effort. Don't overdo it. The French expect you to be cool about these things.

Athens. A waiter brings you *retsina*—the resinated Greek wine—without warning you about its unusual taste. Taste it, smile knowingly and ask for another one. And reward him an extra drachma or two for not treating you like a tourist.

Tel Aviv.
Tipping is not always the answer here. Some Israelis even resent it. But American cigars are very popular. Offer one as thanks for extra service and watch the recipient light up.

o.
guide talks you into taking a camel ride to see the Sphinx.
him something for good salesmanship. But don't be vindictive.
ook at a camel and you should have known better.

New York.
How-to-leave Tip: Leave New York for any of the above destinations on an Olympic Airways 707 super jet. It will be loaded with '21' Club food, first-run movies, seven stereo channels,* a brilliantly-trained Greek crew ready to provide service that's been perfected by thousands of years practice in the arts of civilization. That's not only a leaving tip—but also a coming-back tip. Call your travel agent or one of the Olympic Airways offices in principal American cities.

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) "very important at the present
' Presumably because it is all
a husband and wife who want
nain good Catholics, who want
ıke love freely, but who don't
a *fourth* child—certainly not
the poor hero is still pegging
at the British Museum, trying
ke a go of a dubious academic
. The author insists on goosing
vith the trappings of farce, but
can get under that, the basic
ion has a lot of true comedy
it. What do the simple folk do,
holic circles, if they find they
ıot got Rhythm?
other point is that the whole
on is solved by a chance en-
r with—guess what?—a Rich
can with money to burn on Cul-
)ne knows tradition dies hard
land, but couldn't this old deus
back in the machina by now?
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it, by Wright Morris.
)ung member of the I-Don't-
t passes through a small town
motorcycle, and takes time off
-rape a feeble-minded old lady,
a man who offers him a bag of
s, to stab a storekeeper in the
r, and then zoom off again into
ht. Around this time, a twister
s town.
)oint of this short novel seems
ıat the boy, like the twister, is
ıover through space. He hasn't
a of conscious harm—it's just
)mething's gotta give, when
e's gotta move, even if he's
ıowhere in particular. It's a
ıtlook all round, especially for
ith bags of cherries.
)ily written, though, by a one-
inner of the National Book
for fiction.
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Nonfiction

s, by John McPhee.
s a surprising book. You may
the end of it and say to your-
ut I *can't* have read a whole
)ut *oranges*!" But the chances
will have done so, for Mr.
takes this one simple fruit
ces a compote out of it. He
ke a charm, and without be-
, gimmicky, or in any way
just tells you a lot about
-where they came from (China), what was supposed to happen if a woman touched the tree (the same thing that happens when frost strikes), how popular they were in the courts of Europe (both in decor and in Nell Gwyn's basket), what the juice concentrate has done to the industry (it's booming), and how the most difficult place to get a glass of the real thing is Florida. It's a delicious book, in a word, and more absorbing than many a novel.

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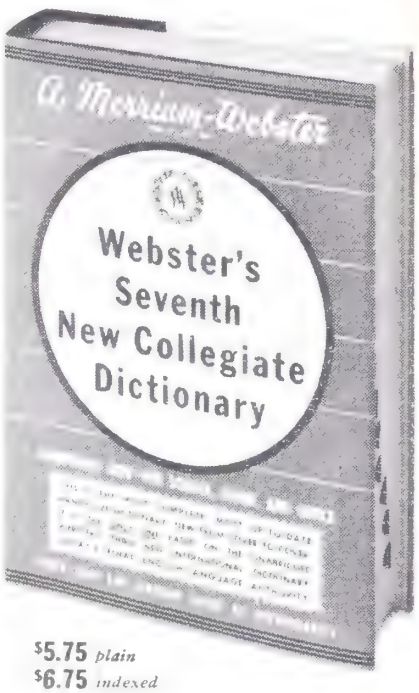
Romantic Rebels, by Emily Hahn.

This one is about "Bohemianism" in America, from then to now. It is such a quaint, old-fashioned expression that one is constantly surprised to hear it still bandied about so blandly (as indeed it is). But one goes along with Miss Hahn in assuming it can cover almost anything from the mildly unconventional to the flagrantly eccentric. For the sake of argument, though, one assumes that the real "Bohemian" has something to do with the arts, either in intent or (at a pinch) in deed. So the book gets under way with Edgar Allan Poe, and goes on with sketches of other quirky characters like Walt Whitman, Adah Menken (the original "Mazeppa" lady), Lafcadio Hearn, Isadora Duncan, Max Bodenheim, and dozens of others. It makes the lively sort of reading one expects from this well-known *New Yorker* writer.

Things get in a muddle, though, when we get to the present day. What does "Bohemian" mean now? Is it synonymous with "beat," "hip," "trend," or whatever is the latest "Bohemian" for "un-square"? Who qualifies? Could you really go to California in 1964, as Miss Hahn did, and not manage to meet many real "Bohe-

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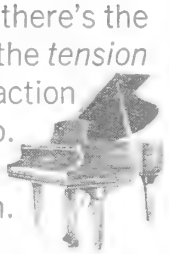
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DOUBLEDAY

mians"? (This sounds on a par Barry Goldwater, in the same managing to get through Mem Atlanta, and New Orleans witho tually meeting a Negro.) How d put people like Lenny Bruce an Roi Jones in a book and call it mantic Rebels"?

Perhaps Miss Hahn should not let herself in for this. Better perhaps, the word should have out with Mimi's last cough.

Houghton Mifflin,

The Groucho Letters. Letters t from Groucho Marx.

This is the correspondence th Library of Congress, last year, ored to have on record in its v Mr. Marx is a funny man, he v a funny letter and is the cause c in others. The book may not mak laugh a lot all the time: but, a Marx might say, anybody who other people's letters gets wh deserves.

Simon & Schuster,

The Letters of Edward Dahlbe

Going on from the above reader of these letters will oft more than he deserves. This bleeds like Philoctetes' wound Dahlberg is in that most neur situations—that of being an who is well-regarded, but n Arthur Miller's Salesman's pl "well-liked." This anomaly, whi produce catatonia in some a has produced this volley of lett friends, editors, and fellow w They are, by turns, succinct, tive, gentle, infuriating, minded, wrongheaded, bitter, tionate—always challenging. Th shot full of marvelous, potent bols of the ancients—though name, Thersites, never comes u general effect is one of that man's anger and despair—to with some of his black wit.

A lady picked up the reviev from my desk, a few days ago, a reading it for half an hour. end, she said, "He demands a deal of loving, doesn't he?" ever way you look at it, this i manding book; but for anyone strong supply of sympathy for ture or for humanity, it is a The lady, by the way, has si dered her own copy.

Braziller, $6

'erforming Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

'ALENT HUNT
N THE EAST VILLAGE

New York University, a new School of the Arts has opened first department—Drama. It has no courses in Elocution, t it offers plenty of fun and games.

the midst of Manhattan's boiling st Village, where 7th Street crosses ond Avenue, stands a five-story ghborhood landmark, of no archi- tural distinction whatsoever, called ıtral Plaza. Other landmarks sur- nd it: the Hebrew Actors Union, st of whose windows are now ken and barred, an ancient rainian Church that seems to have e been a synagogue, delicatessens bookstores, dairy restaurants and Yiddish vaudeville houses, antique ps, art galleries, sound-and-light otheques, even a couple of old- ıdby funeral homes, established rs ago to serve the needs of all the ssive immigrant groups that once ımed the area. Upstairs at Central za, television shows rehearse in rmous practice halls because the t is cheaper than uptown, while lo- social and charitable organiza- ıs, such as the Senator Borah ge, IOOF, and the Burstyner Fed- Credit Union, hold their meetings ooms on the same floor.

entral Plaza is owned by New k University (its real-estate hold- s are spread throughout Green- ı Village) and it is now occupied the University's newest division, School of the Arts, which creates ost all the activity in the building. way through its first year, under n Robert W. Corrigan, the School more than two hundred pioneer- students at work in Central Plaza. y are part of the Drama program, first department in the School of Arts to be developed; equivalent projects in Film, Television, Painting and Sculpture are scheduled to begin operations in a year or two.

Of the 226 first-year students, about 35 to 40, according to Theodore Hoffman, head of the Drama program, show special promise; in all probability they would find their way through sheer force of talent with or without the school. The rest have varying gifts, but upon graduation, it is hoped, all will be able to move into the expanding professional theater—regional and otherwise—as operating professionals, performing, directing, designing, or administrating. The school now offers courses ranging from Games and Improvisations through Acting, Juggling, the Art of Vision, and Theater Study.

NYU's new school is only one among many either planned or in operation on campuses around the country. A young stagestruck student can find his way at this moment to Carnegie Tech, to Northwestern, to UCLA, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Brandeis, Stanford, and Yale (where Robert Brustein is stirring up the Drama School), among many others. NYU is merely the newest. It is also comparatively rich, with a $750,000 Rockefeller Foundation grant to be used for attracting the best faculty that can be found; and it is biased in favor of pure intellectual nosiness. Morton Subotnick, for example, who specializes in electronic composition, heads the burgeoning music program (he lectures this year on the Nature of Sound), and George Amberg, who hopes to develop an enlightened publishing program for the school among his projects, is Director of Research, a catchall title designed to encompass both avant-garde and traditional experiments.

Meanwhile the 226 students have classes to attend, mostly in platoons of a dozen or so which stay together throughout the working day; projects to complete; techniques to develop. In the texture and feeling of their classrooms may well lie clues to the directions this new school will take. How does it operate? What do the students actually do?

To find out, I followed a first-year student named Judith Delgado and the group of which she is a part through an afternoon and early evening cycle of classes. At nineteen, Miss Delgado has already spent a year at the City College of New York, as a non-matriculated student. Unlike most of her classmates, who came to NYU's School of the Arts after nationwide auditions, she is from New York City. Her parents are Puerto Rican, and she spent most of her growing years in Harlem. New York University pays $1,600 of her total $1,900 tuition fee with scholarship money; without it, Miss Delgado would not be at school.

I joined her one afternoon in a classroom on the second floor of Central Plaza. There Carl Weber, a stocky, ruddy-faced West German who has been a director for the Ber-

Mr. Kotlowitz covered the West Side of Greenwich Village in his column for November 1966 ("Wakin' Up in an Empty Bed"). Formerly an editor of "Show" magazine, he has been on "Harper's" staff since 1965.

liner Ensemble as well as an assistant to Brecht, was holding his daily class in Acting. The assignment: To use the opening words of Genesis as the text of a dialogue or monologue in any dramatic setting the student chose. As we entered, Weber was criticizing a young actor who had just performed his "play" on Genesis. The plot, it turned out, was too complicated; the somber words of the Bible obscured the problems of the characters; the relationships of the characters never became quite clear. Words like "identification" and "rejection" filled the air. The class faced the student, intense, a little strained from the effort of thinking. One girl absentmindedly scratched her boyfriend's back as the analysis continued; he sat with his head in his hands.

Nuances of Emotion

Judith Delgado's turn came. A tall, stately, and rather handsome girl who will never be cast as an ingenue, she began to move chairs around the room, forming two rows separated by an aisle. Hefting a lectern, she set it down in the middle of the aisle; it would serve, she said, as a church altar. As she worked, she explained to the class what she intended to do. She would play a young Spanish girl who had just received news that her fiancé had been killed in war. It is Sunday morning; along with other women in her village, she has come to church to pray. The girl is grieved at her loss, hurt, frustrated, bewildered. But this is Spain; things are the way they are and should not be questioned.

Miss Delgado dimmed the light in the room, pulling down the window shades and slowly began to walk to one of the chairs, praying almost inaudibly under her breath. She kneeled on the floor, wrapped a shawl around her head, and began to read the opening of Genesis in a flat tone. On she read, emphasizing the lines about creation with heavy irony. Suddenly her voice rose. She turned to the other chairs, addressing them as though they were occupied. Still using the words of Genesis, she screamed loudly in a voice like hot metal, then stopped, embarrassed in front of her invisible neighbors. Finally she got to her feet and quietly left the church.

The discussion opened. "I would never have known," one student said, "that she had lost a fiancé. I had no idea what she was so bitter about." Weber thought that was relatively unimportant; the emotion of the girl, after all, had come through. After five minutes of talk about the nuances of painful emotional states, and how they can be expressed, a consensus was reached: Miss Delgado had not built carefully enough to her concluding outburst. Would she try it just once more? Without holding back?

This time Weber asked for volunteers to occupy the empty chairs. Four girls in the class eagerly raised their hands. They were dying to act, it seemed, to pretend to become someone else. Assuming the postures of Spanish villagers—resigned and weary—they moved into the aisles, kneeling in front of their chairs, praying. The audience now consisted only of the boys in the class.

Judith Delgado again made her entrance, this time more slowly, glancing sadly at her fellow-worshipers on their knees. She [illegible] them, paused for a moment, then began to read from Genesis: "In the beginning . . . " She read limply, her voice cracking a little with emotional strain. Every now and then she looked around her at the congregation of girls. She raised her voice once, lowered it. Then her emotion intensified, quickly rising to hysteria. By the time she finished her portion of Genesis she was at high pitch again. There were no more Bible words to read. Quickly she began to improvise. "Why do you sit there?" she shouted at her classmates. "Your husbands are all dead!" They began to mumble their prayers as though they were being punished. "Your husbands are dead, I tell you! How can you sit there like that? . . . Adios, adios. Ah, forgive me, God." At that, the boys in the class began to shout bravo and applaud. Weber beamed. As he began to analyze the performance ("Think a moment" were his first words) one of the girls got to her feet, her stockings showing a huge hole at each knee.

Scales and Mi-m

An hour later, David Smukler, the instructor in Voice, ordered the girls onto the floor.

"Make a semicircle around me," he said. "Watch out for flying feet and don't bruise yourselves." This is Smukler's everyday tone, dry, even, filled with a mild and amiable asperity; in Smukler's class, everyone is raised equal. "Now stretch." He reached his tall, thin torso toward the high ceiling, then had the class do a twenty-minute run designed to loosen diaphragms, relax muscles, joggling each limb in turn, including all ten fingers, every one of which got individual attention.

Smukler brought them to a stop, made a tiny circle in the air with his nose. The class imitated him. "Now write your names in the air with your nose," he said, "dotting the i's and crossing the t's." Finally he let them use their voices. "Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh," Smukler said. "Huh," the class answered. Together they moved up and down the C major scale: "huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh."

Smukler hummed; the class followed. He opened his mouth and produced a louder sound. Sodid the class



I was tired playing quietly but it served the kid right to me.'"

and rounder. Finally the room
d like a stadium filled with
spectators. Then, on order
Smukler, they began to stroll
the room, greeting each other
igh they were out on Second
, sometimes pausing to have a
sation that consisted of only
inds: *mi* and *ma*.
mi, MI, mi," Judith Delgado
adpan.
MImiMImimimimamamam-
MAmimiMIMImiMAMAM-
mamamamamMIMIMIMI-
IM . . . MA!"
er!" Smukler yelled, rolling
s.
they all sat down in a circle,
ach student read four lines of
of his own choice (Ogden
Dylan Thomas, Swinburne, El-
H. Lawrence, and "This Is My
I") in a whispering voice to the
the class, every word of it
udible in the large room.

Keep the Rhythm Going

Voice class, I met Judith Del-
utside the school's administra-
ices. Central Plaza's hallways
ammed with students moving
ne class to another. It was late
on; outside it was snowing.
en upstairs were banging a
nto place, part of a new theater
school. "Where to?" I asked.
me through a maze of narrow
to an enormous gym-like room.
Movement," Miss Delgado
lling her eyes, and disappeared
ge into work clothes.
in five minutes, the class was
g up for Stage Movement by
ossing each other's paths as
n around the room in single
e boy's gym pants read "Pom-
3"; a girl wore a sweat shirt
e words "Hooker University"
ly sewed onto it. They ran like
ed nursery-school pupils, arms
ding like birds. At that mo-
tall, bulky gentleman with a
half-beard, Roman nose, and
avy-lidded and intelligent en-
ne room. He was carrying two
balls under his left arm.
Carlo Mazzone-Clementi," Ju-
Delgado whispered to me.
er." She ran to join the circle
by the class at his entrance.
one-Clementi walked into the
bounced the basketballs, and

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without a word began a complicated throwing exercise during which both balls were kept in motion simultaneously, back and forth, teacher to pupil, then to the next pupil, and so on. He set a beat for the rhythm of the throws, kept it going, and filled the gaps if a student missed. "It's an easy thing," he explained to the class, throwing the ball. "An easy thing, an easy thing. It's a min-u-et, a min-u-et. It's a pavane. A pavane." The class kept at it for another five minutes, swaying smoothly, trying to get the rhythm steady, missing the ball as often as they caught it. They were having trouble moving and thinking about the rhythm at the same time.

Mazzone-Clementi delivered a little lecture then in a strong Italian accent, explaining the "philosophy" of coordination. "If you become uncoordinated," he said, "you will hurt. Hah! Now, keep the pelvis going. The pelvis, hah, the pelvis, the pelvis." The ball was put in motion again. Mazzone-Clementi began to sing a Mozart minuet to keep the rhythm going. The class joined him, but they could not sing and throw at the same time. "It's a min-u-et, a min-u-et," Mazzone-Clementi sang. Suddenly he stopped the class, lined them up, and put them through a series of simple walking exercises, himself at the head of the line. Around and around they walked, fast and slow, on their heels, their toes, then on the outside edges of their feet.

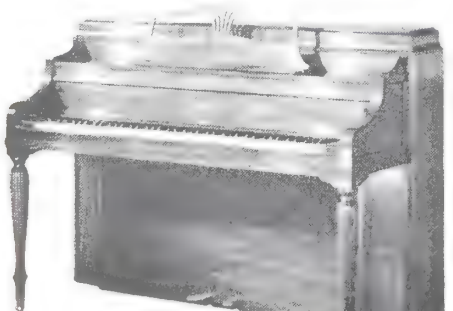
When they stopped, Mazzone-Clementi delivered a little lecture, a charming sociological demonstration of the pigeontoed effect American sports has on the American physique. He pretended to be at bat during a baseball game. Then he was a football guard lined up for scrimmage. Finally, he boxed an imaginary opponent. All three, of course, depended for their balance on turning both feet slightly in toward each other. When he had finished, he looked like the perfect American. Hah!

"Now," Mazzone-Clementi said, "I want you to push for me a wheelbarrow, using your body from the pelvis up especially. Remember the worm. Remember undulation, gravity, leverage. Remember, there are at least twelve ways to lift and push a wheelbarrow." Then, by demonstration, he reminded them how a worm mo undulating his way across the r on his stomach.

The Wheelbarrow Prob

Each student then took a turn a wheelbarrow problem. One turn into a comic routine, staggering way across the floor. Would he r it without overturning the barr The class applauded in apprecia Another sweated grotesquely, though he were pushing a load o ment. Some pulled their invisible rows, most pushed. Judith Del had a unique solution. She move tween the arms of her wheelbar neither pushing nor pulling but ing, like a horse between shafts. pleased Mazzone-Clementi, who ceeded to clear the floor of all w barrows so he could deliver a little lecture. Like all the other lectures that had preceded it, it packed with offhand allusions to sics, to natural science, to psych and philosophy, all imaginativel signed to illuminate the questi mime and gesture. At the end, zone-Clementi hefted an imag pail, filled with imaginary wate walked it across the room. "Spl he shouted, throwing the wate and pretending that his feet soaked. Then he laughed.

I left Judith Delgado and her a few minutes later. They were a ing to act like Carlo Mazzon menti. A buzz of serious Itali grace filled the room; they al somewhat lighter than air. Earl the day, they had become analyti formers in Acting class with V trying to think Teutonically as transformed emotions into con Later, they had made an insta ous and unthinking response to Smukler's urban sarcasm. Som fresh, flip, and invigorating ha taken them over. For an hour o several times a day, they were challenged to assume the perso and style of each of their tea One of the better parts of b student has always been the ch follow many and varied models der to be able finally to make a among them. At this point in t of NYU's School of the Arts—t for an appraisal, soon enough report—it is exactly the chanc student is given.



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Music in the Round *by Discus*

OLD OPERAS AND REAL MUSIC

The current bel canto fashion has brought a good many formula works out of hiding—but there is at least one new "Tristan" to counterbalance the curios.

First there was Maria Callas who, shortly after the war, almost singlehandedly created a revival of bel canto opera. Callas is no longer before the public, but she has had successors. Most important is, of course, Joan Sutherland, who has a voice and a technique Callas never was fortunate enough to own, but whose temperament is considerably cooler than that of Callas, which runs to something like the inner temperature of the sun. Teresa Berganza, the Spanish mezzo, has been applying a good coloratura technique to the bel canto literature. More recently there has been Montserrat Caballé, also Spanish, who has been singing in operas by Bellini and Donizetti.

The renaissance of bel canto opera has been one of the features of postwar musical life. For two or three generations those museum pieces of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti had been safely locked away. *Poliuto, Anna Bolena, Maria di Rohan, I Puritani, Maria Stuarda, I Capuletti ed i Montecchi*—they were names in the history books. Nobody cared for the music they represented; and, if anybody did, nobody was around who could sing it. Then Callas appeared, and the intellectuals went wild. All of a sudden those forgotten operas began to be taken with great seriousness. It was, in retrospect, a toss-up whether the music or Callas was being worshiped. Nevertheless those umpteentah operas began to be featured in the opera houses of the world. And Sutherland, above all, has been carrying on the good (bad?) work.

All of these operas exist for one reason only: singing. Great, florid, long-breathed, big-voiced singing. The plots are illiterate, the music generally humdrum, the characterization nonexistent. About nine-tenths of these were formula operas. All were constructed much the same way: an overture, an opening chorus, a series of arias (all constructed the same way, with a slow lyric section followed by the *cabaletta*, a fast section), ensembles and choruses, and finally a brave final ensemble in which chorus and soloists lifted their voices to the heavens. Composers could, and did, turn out complete operas in two or three weeks.

Bearable If . . .

Which is preface to the fact that two of the bel canto operas have been recorded substantially complete for the first time in history. One is Rossini's **Semiramide**, the other Donizetti's **Lucrezia Borgia.** *Semiramide* was composed in 1823; *Lucrezia Borgia* ten years later. Both have plots so ridiculous that they make the opticals pop. Both have vocal parts composed for a long-extinct breed of singer (and the fact that Sutherland happens to be around does not make the breed any less extinct; how many coloratura tenors, baritones, or basses can you name?). Both are bearable if the singing is of an ultravirtuosic nature; both are murderous otherwise.

In *Lucrezia Borgia* the cast consists of Caballé, Enzo Flagello, Alfredo Kraus, and Shirley Verrett. Jonel Perlea leads the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus (Victor LM 6176, mono; LSC 6176, stereo; both 2 discs). The *Semiramide* cast boasts Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Joseph Rouleau, John Serge, Spiro Malas, and the London Symphony conducted by Richard Bonynge (London A 4383, mono; OSA 1383, stereo; both 3 discs).

Lucrezia Borgia has one well-known aria, the second-act "Brindisi." Schumann-Heink made a spectacular recording of it some fifty years ago (as have other singers, but hers remains the model). Otherwise it is an awful opera, written directly to formula, without an original idea or an original melody. Its main interest is its use of certain devices that Verdi was to make very much his own. The Victor people obviously have been looking around for Caballé vehicles. Caballé made her New York debut in a bel canto opera and scored an enormous success. Obviously she is being set up as some sort of rival to Sutherland.

It is a mistake. Caballé has an interesting voice. It has a cool quality, a shimmering pianissimo *in alt*, a perfectly adjusted series of registers. But she is a lyric soprano, not really a coloratura, and she may be in the process of losing both voice and reputation if she sticks to this kind of material. Technically she has no business in bel canto opera. She has only an approximation of a trill and the coloratura passages are extremely labored. When the going gets difficult, she is apt to be breathy and off pitch, and her voice then has a most unpleasant edge when let out. In quiet passages, on the other hand, her work is lovely. She would provide an appealingly sung Mimi. But Lucrezia Borgia? Never.

Cast Over Its Head

Another trouble with bel canto opera as currently practiced is the difficulty of getting together any kind of cast. Bel canto opera is not only a vehicle for soprano. The other singers have equally difficult parts. Thus in the present recording we find Kraus bellowing his way through, with no consideration for the vocal line, for nuance, for beauty of tone.

We find Verrett struggling with the "Brindisi" and the other arias, in a literature she should not think of approaching. We find so steady a bass as Flagello miscast.

Semiramide goes better, thanks to the Sutherland-Horne combination, but the rule still holds. The supporting cast is in over its head. The tenor, John Serge, is hopelessly outclassed. Fortunately his part has been drastically cut. Nor can Rouleau handle his part as written, and it would have been much wiser had he not tried. Malas is the most impressive of the three male singers, and comes closest to a realization of the purpose of his role.

Which leaves Sutherland and Horne, those Siamese twins of bel canto. Horne is a mezzo with an unusual voice. She has an extraordinary range, over two octaves, from a sturdy, non-faked low G to a good top C. At the end of *"Oh! Come da quel dì"* she interpolates a high B and follows it immediately with a two-octave drop to a low B, an effect not heard since the days of such as Schumann-Heink. She and Sutherland have worked together many times in the past, and she is the only mezzo-soprano alive who can match the Australian soprano note for note. When those two girls get together in a duet, such as *"Alle più calde immagine"* or *"Giorno d'orrore,"* they offer a kind of matched virtuoso singing that is simply unique in the world today. They seem to stimulate each other. In this *Semiramide* recording, Sutherland is not always at her best; but when she is singing with Horne she is very much at her best. The results are exciting, thrilling, colorful, fine-fibered: supply your own adjectives. *Semiramide* is not made any better musically, but at least an age is honestly resurrected.

Only One Soprano

Enough of that, and let's turn to some real music: **Tristan und Isolde.** A new recording brings Birgit Nilsson (who else), Wolfgang Windgassen, Christa Ludwig, and Eberhard Waechter, with the Bayreuth Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Karl Böhm (Deutsche Grammophon DGG 19221/5, mono; 139221/5, stereo; 5 discs). This is only the third *Tri* recording in the current catalog There was a previous one, also Nilsson, in which the Tristan Fritz Uhl; and then there is the one, still available, with Flagstad the end of her career) and Luc Suthaus. There are so few *Tristan* cordings because there are so singers who can sing the opera. I the world there is but one sop who can cope with it: Nilsson. T is no tenor, though the veteran W gassen, in the new album, is easily best of what is available. Thus new set brings together the only singers who can offer a represe tive performance.

Which they do. This is as go *Tristan und Isolde* as one can he any opera house today. Nilsson, a telligent artist in addition to bei singer with a phenomenal voice, stantly grows in the role. Her formance here is more sensi deeper, subtler than the one sh corded about six years ago. Win sen, as noted, is supreme in this and the others in the cast are e lent. The big surprise is the co tor. Karl Böhm is over seventy old, but he conducts with the and fire of a youngster, whippin orchestra to immense cresc (knowing full well that Nilsso ride over them). His performan in its way, as interesting as wängler's in the old Flagstad re ing. This may sound like heresy it is true. He and his cast give far the best—and best-recor *Tristan* available today.

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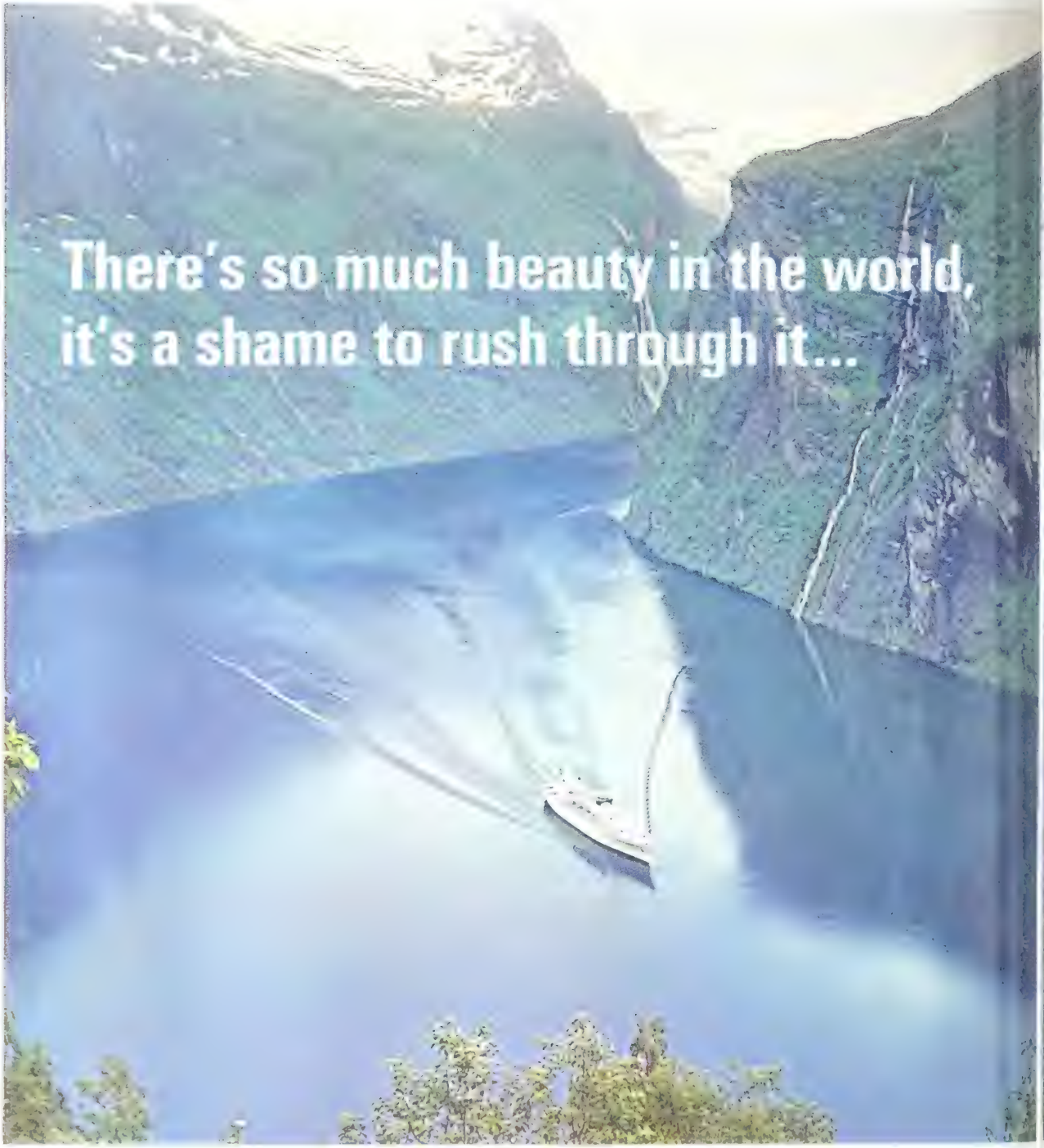
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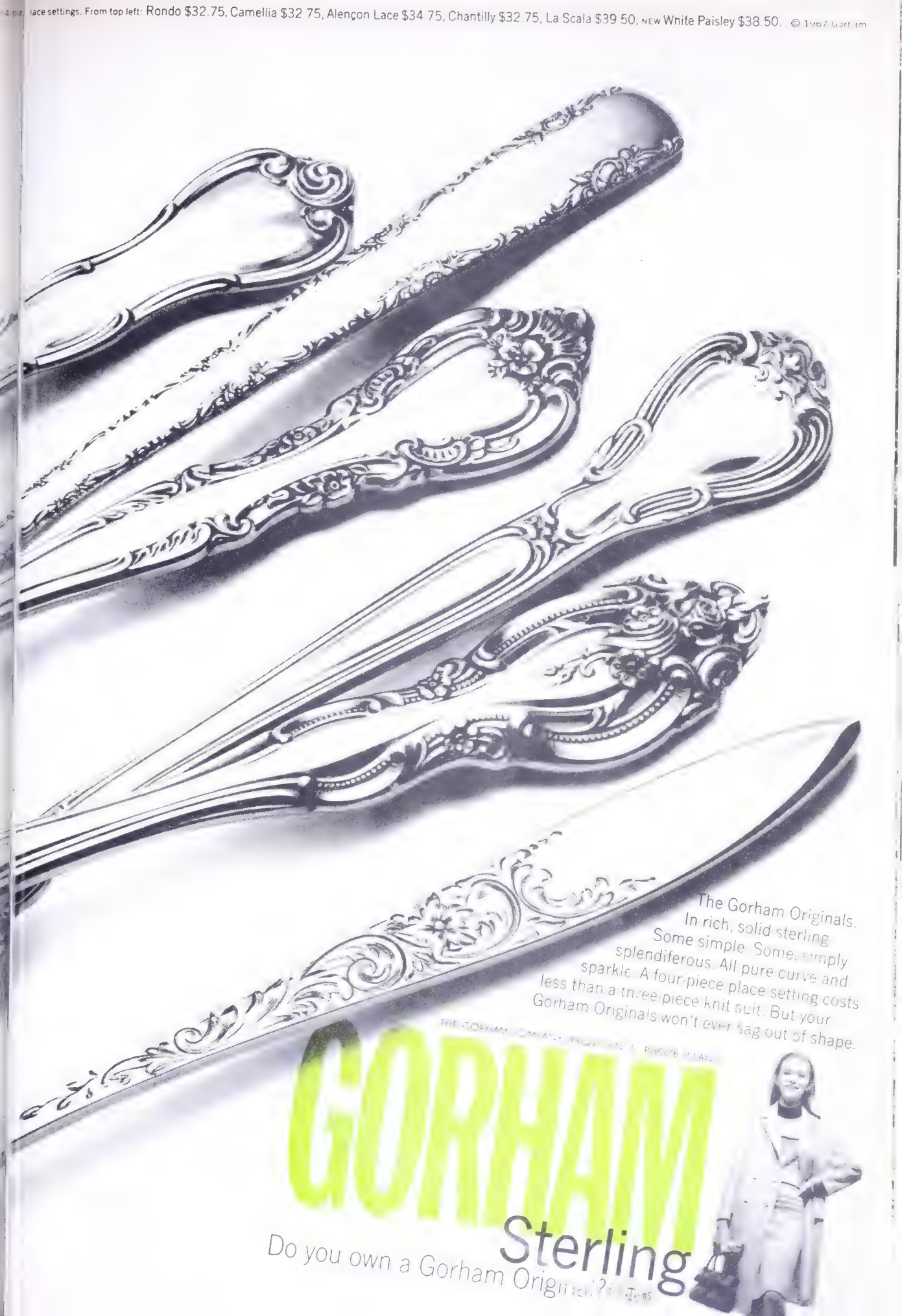
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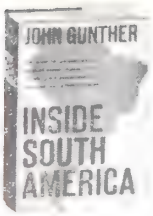
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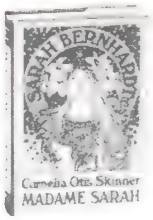
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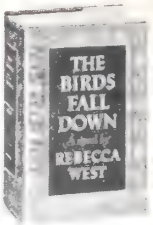
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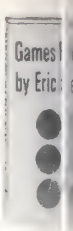
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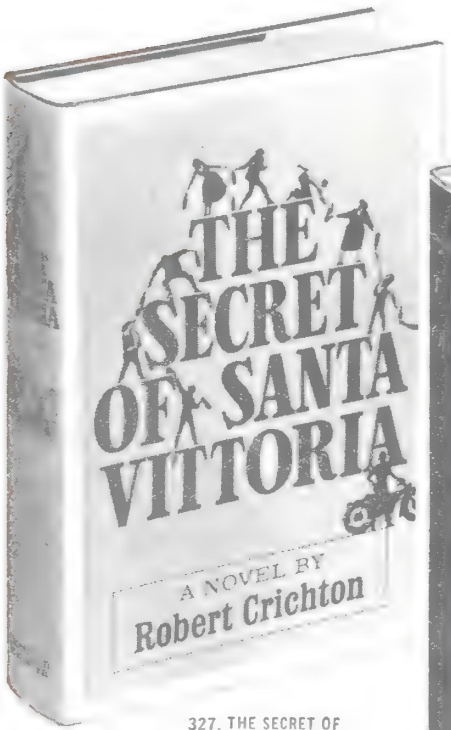
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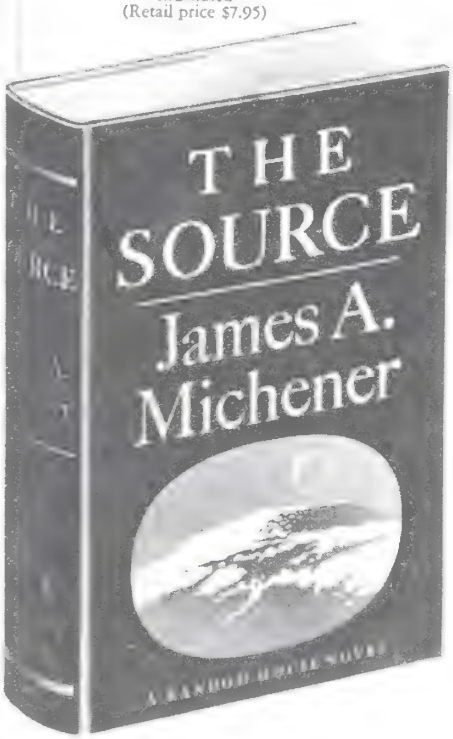


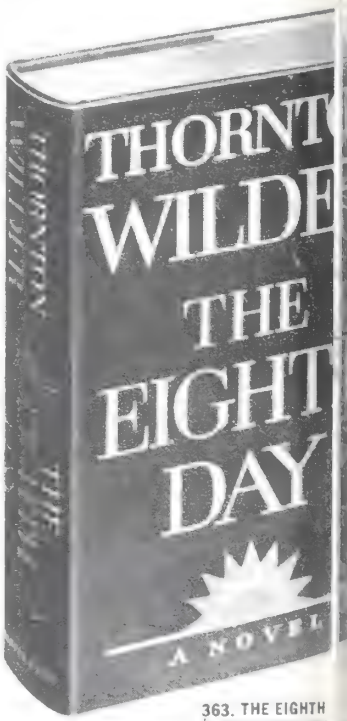
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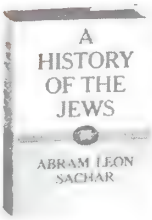




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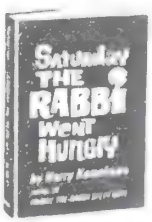
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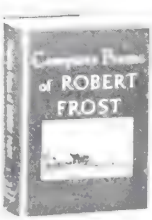
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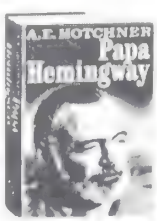
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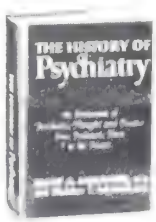
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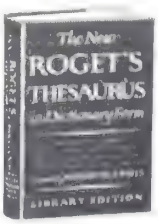
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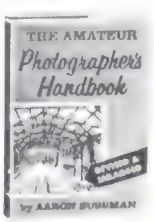
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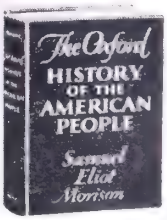


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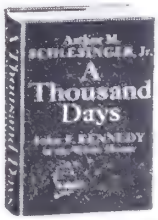


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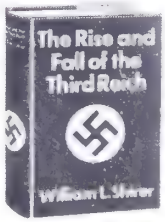
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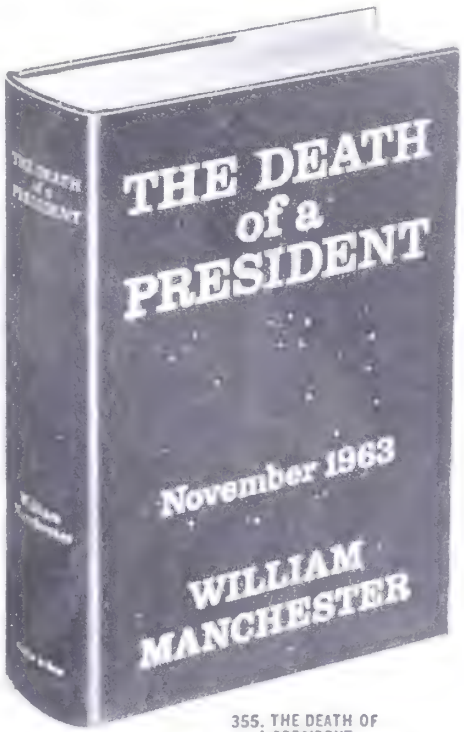
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Letters



Where Psychiatry Fails

Donald M. Kaplan has put his finger on the source of a good deal of the difficulty involved in practicing therapeutic psychoanalysis ["Psychoanalysis: The Decline of a Golden Craft," February]. I share his view that many of those who recommend modifications of the classical discipline do so in an attempt to ease the psychic stress under which they operate. . . .

Two other factors . . . harass the analyst. First, there is the sense of frustration that arises from the fact that for X number of hours a day the analyst is not permitted to think his own thoughts about anything. He must literally think someone else's thoughts and severely restrict his tendency to let his mind wander . . .

Second, working with a relatively small group of patients over relatively long periods of time, the analyst who is interested in participating in society and in civilization sees little opportunity for exerting a palpable influence. For this reason many analysts succumb to the temptation of issuing statements about matters of more general interest but which, nevertheless, they have studied less thoroughly than they study their own patients. MORTIMER OSTOW, M.D.
Bronx, N. Y.

. . . Dr. Kaplan's paragraph dealing with making analytic training available to others than physicians is similar to my feeling that we should train psychotherapists no matter what their previous education has been, presuming that they are mature individuals who have a suitable breadth of education and are "large minded" people. Here at LSU I am engaged in upgrading the sensitivity and skills of our students in clinical psychology, social work, and nursing. . . . Mental health is the business of all who have some obligation and opportunity to effect the well-being of their fellows. JOHN L. KUEHN, M.D., Dir.
Counseling, Mental Health Services
Asst. Prof. of Psychiatry
Louisiana State University
Baton Rouge, La.

Unfortunately the issue of decadence and cynicism cuts more deeply than even Dr. Kaplan indicates. An occasional analyst marrying his analysand may be a shocking violation of professional ethics, but it is still a matter of two individuals yielding to their impulses; and the analyst husband will sooner or later have to pay for his wife's analysis.

What is more shocking is the lack of respect for individuality and the consequent corruption of psychotherapeutic technique. . . . Therapy is a way of being tuned in on the most personal feelings of the patient. Everything that anyone else has to say on the same channel, be this parent, teacher, or colleague, is so much static . . . But the majority of therapists practicing today, seduced by a mass society with its allure of mass culture and mass communications, no longer practice the lonely art of psychotherapy. . . . Thus we have informal communications systems between therapists treating various family members, we have conjoint therapy, and family therapy, and finally community psychiatry in which presumably the whole mass community is the patient. H. FRANK BRULL
Psychiatric Social Worker
Wilmette, Ill.

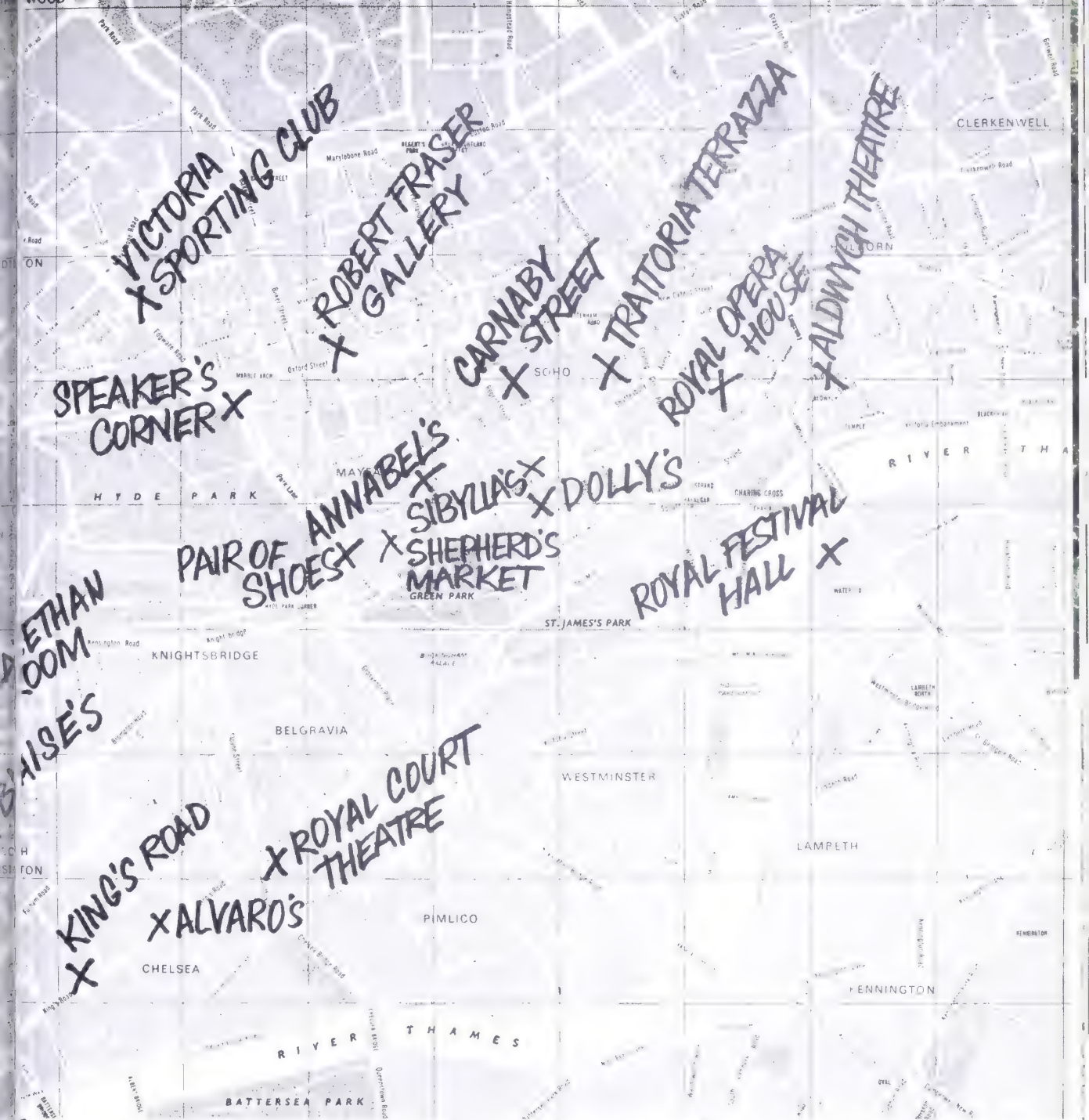
Kaplan's exaggerated and oversimplified account of the analytic process may evoke unwarranted alarm in patients. His extravagances, inaccuracies, and misrepresentations require correction.

There is space here for only a brief answer to some of Kaplan's unsupported allegations without enumerating them. Psychoanalysis is increasing rather than diminishing, but at a rate determined by the number of new analysts graduating after a long period of training, since the time required for each individual analysis limits the number of patients an analyst can treat. Its apparent shrinkage in comparison to other therapies can be attributed to the burgeoning national mental-health program without resort to the invidious explanations adduced by Kaplan. Pharmacology, group therapy, and short-term individual psychotherapy, based in large degree on principles derived from psychoanalytic theory, reach patients with mental disorders not approachable by analysis. The choice of psychoanalysis as a therapy is determined by specific diagnostic criteria, not financial considerations. . . . When psychotherapy is indicated, the majority of analysts are flexible enough to use it, but do not confuse it with psychoanalysis.

Low-cost psychoanalytic treatment is available in most large cities. In New York at the Columbia Psychoanalytic Clinic, at the Downstate Medical Center, and at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute. The Clinic of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis provides the greatest number of hours of treatment of any low-cost psychiatric facility in the state of Illinois. These clinics receive minimal governmental support, but their training and therapy are heavily subsidized by analysts themselves. During 1965-66 at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, students, not fully qualified psychiatrists, gave without remuneration an average of 271 hours per year, and graduate analysts an average of 137 hours, for a total of 25,457 hours in the treatment of patients, whose average fee was $3.00 per session.

Staff conferences and study groups devoted to an examination of the effectiveness of treatment exist in

Harper's welcomes readers' comments. Short letters stand the best chance of publication, and all letters may be cut to some extent. Comments on articles in this issue will appear in the June Harper



hip guide to London from the people who go there 19 times a week.

t have any trouble inster Abbey. (Any- friendly Bobbies a.) And Big Ben's e way. And twelve near Buckingham

you've had enough day and would like some current events , you can get lost. A

lot of what's happening in London is happening on quaint little sidestreets not shown on most tourist maps. Our guide should put you in the vicinity, if not on the doorstep, of some of the "in" spots.

As for getting to London from New York, BOAC has published another handy little guide. Our flight schedule. It lists 19 departures a week to London from Kennedy Airport. Fourteen of them are on the VC 10, the most advanced commercial jet going anywhere these days.

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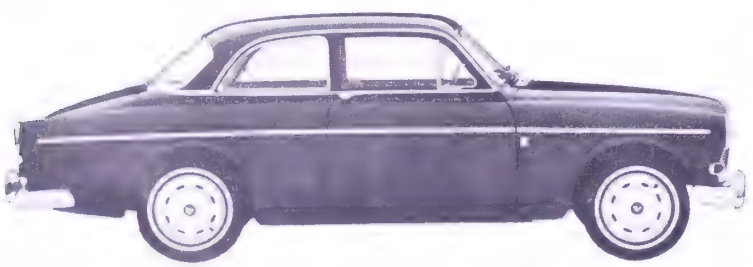
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LETTERS

of the twenty Institutes of the ...can Psychoanalytic Associati... attest to high morale and id... . . . which Kaplan implies do no...

Nor is it true that "psychoa... is almost entirely a private-p... activity." Approximately a fi... the members of the Psychoa... Association do relatively little ... practice (10 per cent none ... Eighty-seven per cent were ... members of universities, 72 p... in medical schools, and 17 p... had full-time appointments. ... the course of a year, the aver... alyst treated 28 patients in a... or psychotherapy and sup... treatment by 10 psychiatrist... chologists, and social worker... value of psychoanalysis is ap... therefore, in its impact on... mental-health disciplines. The ... standing it affords with reg... mental processes and the trai... provides to other therapists i... significant than the number ... tients directly treated.

Not everyone is temperam... or psychologically suited for t... lytic profession . . . Risk of ... which Kaplan is not alone in ... ing, is reduced by the enormou... that goes into the selectio... careful training of candidat... mittedly, this effort is not ... successful, but the failures—p... no more if not less than in... professions—do not justify K... sweeping indictment. Psychoa... training can be and is bei... proved constantly. Scientists fr... other disciplines are offered t... and receive appointments to fa... of Psychoanalytic Institutes.

BURNESS E. MOORE, M...
Chairman, Commi...
Public Infor...
American Psychoanalytic Asso...
New York

. . . John Medelman's focus ... chooses to become a psycho... and what training is appr... ["Why I Am Not a Psychi... February] is very timely. Psyc... organizations are attempting ... empt psychotherapy for the ... practitioner, an approach tha... presumptuous as it is invalid. ... problems dealt with in psychoa... are emotional, social, educatio... vocational—none of which req... even benefits from medical tea...



Smooth roads, signposts, beautiful scenery—what more could a shunpiker want? This road is in Arkesden, Essex.

How to shunpike in Britain

hire, $63 a week. Bed and kfast, $5 a night. Peace and t, no charge.

ve have a splendid new super-turnpike in Britain, but it's quite o avoid. And if you should blunder t the exits are prominently marked. y exit will lead you to a land of nt roads and byways. And they're y always well-paved. Dirt surfaces w and far between.

here do these little lanes go? No-e, really. They wiggle between ry hedgerows, through drowsy s and over rolling hills.

nposts point to Melbury Bubb, Wrangle, Adel cum Eccup.

hen you get there—wherever *there* u'll find reasons for having come. e a cozy bed and a thumping breakfast for about five dollars. fifty-cent lunch of fresh-baked l, country cheese, and local beer.

You can shuncar, too

off all that food. Our roads have le traffic that they're just the thing for strolling. Or climb a stile and amble down a grass-grown lane. You might like it so much, you'll plan a walking tour. Lots of British do. This may be why we make some of the best walking shoes in the world. Custom-made, they could cost you less than the machine-made pair you wear.

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LETTERS

are many psychiatrists who it to this.

ANLEY BERGER, Ph.D., Dean
Institute for Psychoanalytic
Training and Research
New York, N. Y.

Medelman evidently did have ems with anatomy. He mis- he classic mnemonic of all students, archaic or other- should read: "On Old Olym- wering Tops A Finn and *Viewed* (not Brewed) Some The tenth cranial nerve is the ot the Bagus.

THOMAS MEYER
of Michigan Medical School
Ann Arbor, Mich.

nvective, in Mr. Medelman's is well understood. If he re to learn the implications nting and other aspects of theory perhaps he would un- why a psychiatrist must be The article is replete with the s of a medical-school failure. enjoy being a Ph.D. in jour- nd American literature. . . . e some ten to fourteen theo- uman behavior. The greatest s in the treatment of the ill happen to be in the area of istry. . . . Such articles as Mr. n's . . . are nauseating. . . .

S. KNOX, M.D., Assoc. Prof.
chiatry and Diplomate of the
merican Board in Psychiatry
Wayne State University
Royal Oak, Mich.

DELMAN REPLIES:

. Knox's lively if somewhat ic telegram is an opinion ecause the most promising mental-health research seems ochemistry, the psychothera- uld have an M.D. degree.

e a first year anatomy test, er said to us, "Most of you ore about the anatomy of the t now than you will ever know The same principle holds for istry; the average third-year student has already forgot- h of what he once knew . . . As ling an M.D. to administer the developed mood-lifting and -reducing drugs, a lecturer "Learn to use four or five of ell and then stick with these." nior or senior psychiatric

How do I love thee, Kahlúa?
Let me count the ways...



With thee I love to baste my chicken,
spare ribs, fish or steak.
I love thy taste in brownies,
in fudge and chocolate cake.
I love the way you make desserts
an extra special treat
I love thee in Kahlúa Kups of
chocolate I can eat
I love thee mixed in cocktails.
I love thee poured on ice;
I love thee in Black Russians.
Brave Bulls are awfully nice
For my evening cup of coffee
thou art the perfect mate.
But best of all, Kahlúa,
I love to drink thee straight



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clerkships give a student some slight opportunity to begin applying this advice. Such spotty and imperfect knowledge hardly pays the prospective psychotherapist for the years and drudgery his M.D. will cost him. (It might be best if prospective psychotherapists were required after medical school to earn advanced degrees in biochemistry or pharmacology. But toward the end of such a thorough and rigorous training program there would be considerable attrition from senile dementia.) . . .

Willing Victims?

John Bowers' chatty "inside" look into "Big City Thieves" [February] brings up a phenomenon that has concerned me for some time: how often the public acts as an accomplice to crime through sheer carelessness.

We know that throughout the country in almost 20 per cent of burglaries, doors were simply left unlocked. In about 10 per cent of all auto thefts, keys were left in the ignition. . . . [In New York] in fully 60 per cent of the cases where entry was made without visible force, the occupant hadn't locked his door with a key when going out or had simply left the door open. MILTON G. RECTOR, Dir.
National Council on
Crime and Delinquency
New York, N. Y.

After learning of two successful apartment burglaries on my floor in a modern high-class multiple dwelling, I added a drop bolt lock to an already existing mechanical chain and cylinder lock dead bolt. . . . I sleep easier.
CHARLES J. HEINRICH
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Best Seller

Kenneth Rexroth in his article "How Poets Make a Living, If Any" [February] states: "Only avant-garde poetry sells or ever has—except Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Alice Duer Miller. Only Frost of these three sold steadily till the end of his life . . ."

On the contrary: Millay always sold—the sale of her hardcover books as published by Harper & Row for this last year alone (sixteen years after the poet's death) was 18,091 copies.

I have no estimate of duplicates in paperback, but they should run accordingly high. The sale of Millay's play, *Aria Da Capo* (Baker's Plays, Boston) can be seen from the revenue of its performances at $15 each which, after two agent deductions, brings approximately $3,000 a year to the estate. . . .

Will you publish this correction, please, in a conspicuous spot? It's not considered good even for a flourishing product to say it stopped selling.
NORMA MILLAY ELLIS
Literary Executor
Austerlitz, N. Y.

Teachers and Tantrums

Maya Pines is rather unfair in her criticism of those preschool educators who object to the pressure-cookery teaching . . . by Bereiter and Engelmann ["A Pressure Cooker for Four-year-old Minds," January]. She points out, correctly, that "most teachers are violently opposed" to a system of forced feeding which allows little or no time for preschoolers to play. For many, temperament, training, and life-long experience and knowledge of children lead to such opposition. It seems most unfair to describe this quite rational and logical disagreement as "exploding into tantrums."

Nor do we consider the New York educator who was under the impression that this rigorous training was being given to three-year-olds as well as fours to be "totally misinformed" about the project. . . . Why Bereiter and Engelmann wait till four we don't know. Aren't they wasting a lot of time?

Finally, Miss Pines' . . . oversimplification of Gesell's philosophy as decreeing that "maturation will take care of everything—just wait" is not only pretty naïve, it is just plain silly.
(MRS.) LOUISE BATES AMES
Dir. of Research, Gesell Institute
of Child Development
New Haven, Conn.

MAYA PINES REPLIES:

"Tantrums" did not refer to rational and logical disagreement with Bereiter's program, but to the vehemence of child-development experts who attack all new programs as "cruel" or "immoral" while refusing to look into them.

As to waiting until four, Mrs. Ames is quite right: we are wasting a lot of time. If we provided a flexible system of day-care centers and part-time nurseries for children *under* the age of four—especially poor children—and sent teachers into the homes of toddlers to develop their ability to think and speak, we would not need any remedial programs such as Bereiter's and Engelmann's.

Early intervention is based on the belief that a child's intellectual development can be speeded up or retarded. Gesell's position, in his own words, is that "Many of the early reading difficulties would vanish if the natural processes of maturation were given a chance to assert themselves" or "All things considered, the inevitableness and surety of maturation are the most impressive characteristics of early development."

Games Scientists Play

As a student of science who chose medical technology rather than the hassle of graduate studies for precisely the reasons mentioned by Irwin Saltman in "The Science Jungle" [February], I must say he is unfortunately totally accurate in his observations. He should be commended on his honesty and integrity as a scientist. If every college had even one professor like him . . . KAREN L. GARR
Phoenix, Ariz.

I have read Professor Saltman's piece and about the only comment I can make is "Good Grief, Charlie Brown." This appears to be general intellectual adolescence.
PETER A. FRANK
Prof. of Physics
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

The university jungle that Dr. Saltman knows is but a child's playground compared to the government laboratory jungle. . . . The jungle in which twelve years of my scientific career were spent is known as the National Institutes of Health (NIH). It has the reputation of being the finest medically oriented scientific center in today's world; certainly more money is wasted here than at any other place I know. Of the 1,200 odd M.D.s and Ph.D.s at the NIH there is no Nobel Laureate. The number of members of the National Academy of Sci-



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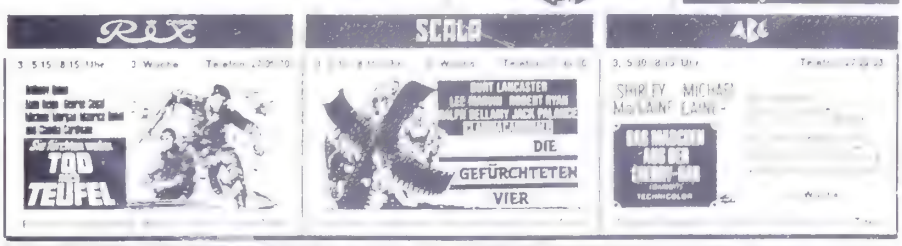


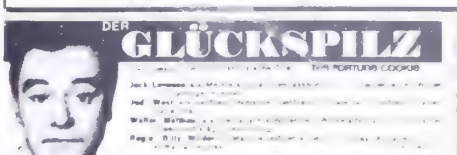
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LETTERS

(NAS) in proportion to the nu[mbe]r of scientists is . . . lower than a[n]y university worth its salt. Don't u[nde]restimate the place–Nobel Lau[rea]tes have scienced at the NIH, pre[sum]ably members of the NAS do science a[t] the NIH.

Perhaps the very same geniu[s] is required to solve an impo[rtan]t puzzle of nature will simultan[eou]sly recognize that NIH also can sta[nd] for the National Inhibitor of Healin[g] and is no place for the efficient so[lu]tion of important puzzles.

BEN BLOOM, [M.D.]
NIH [Detach]
Bethesda, M[D.]

Dr. Saltman is courageously [outs]poken as well as completely c[orr]ect . . . One of the most perverse [and] festations of scientist egomania [is] forcing of obscurantist languag[e and] mathematics on unsuspecting [stu]dents in the guise of current, [impor]tant thought. This one-upmansh[ip] game is so highly developed th[at] graduate and post-doctoral st[uden]ts automatically begin to think th[at] just their own lack of abilit[y and] background that precludes the [un]derstanding of nearly all j[our]nal articles, symposia, and texts. [Af]ter graduation such a student beg[ins] to teach current clichés and doc[trine] that he doesn't really under[stand]. However, the fear of admitting [and] exposing himself to the ridicule [of h]is contemporaries keeps the no[nen]tity proliferating. . . .

LYNN [Gol]
Adj. Asst. Prof. of E[ngl]ish
Boston Univ[ersity]
Boston, [Mas]s.

Romney's V[ision]

William V. Shannon's artic[le] "George Romney: Holy and H[uma]n" [February] impressed me as e[qual]ly both tasteless and distorted. . . I [am] old-fashioned enough to believ[e th]at religion, peace, and goodne[ss] are worthwhile and deeply resent [Shan]non's attempt to ridicule and [de]grade them.

EUNICE [Gol]
Lake Placid, N[.Y.]

The thought of a President R[omn]ey Is enough to give me Insomne[ss]

ARCH [Gol]
Albuquerque, N. M[ex.]



ıan in Denver took three nice ladies
ide they'll never forget.

tz would like to thank Mrs. of Sioux Falls, South Dakota s a letter exposing Willard at he really is. A nice guy.
en Mrs. Carlson and some of ds were in Denver, he rented it broke down. (That wasn't t we're only human.) They ertz office and he promptly another car. (That was O.K. actually nice.)
as the next day, on his day off, that Willard Reed really got nice.

He felt so badly about the car breaking down that he called Mrs. Carlson at her hotel and offered to take the ladies for a sightseeing ride. He picked them up, drove them through the mountains for three hours, and deposited the ladies back at their hotel.

Honestly though, we must admit that Willard Reed didn't go to all this trouble, on his day off, just because he's a nice guy. He had an ulterior motive.

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The Easy Chair *by Milton Friedman*



MYTHS THAT KEEP PEOPLE HUNGRY

Why some poor countries are beginning to thrive—while others drop farther behind, in spite of billions in American aid. An eyewitness report by the President of the American Economic Association.

Some time ago my wife and I spent a year traveling through Eastern Europe, the Middle East, and the Far East. In country after country we were deeply impressed by the striking contrast between the facts, as they appeared to us, and the ideas about the facts held by intellectuals.

Wherever we found any large element of individual freedom, some beauty in the ordinary life of the ordinary man, some measure of real progress in the material comforts at his disposal, and a live hope of further progress in the future—there we also found that the private market was the main device being used to organize economic activity. Wherever the private market was largely suppressed and the state undertook to control in detail the economic activities of its citizens (wherever, that is, detailed central economic planning reigned), there the ordinary man was in political fetters, had a low standard of living, and was largely bereft of any conception of controlling his own destiny. The state might prosper and accomplish mighty material works. Privileged classes might enjoy a full measure of material comforts. But the ordinary man was an instrument to be used for the state's purpose, receiving no more than necessary to keep him docile and reasonably productive.

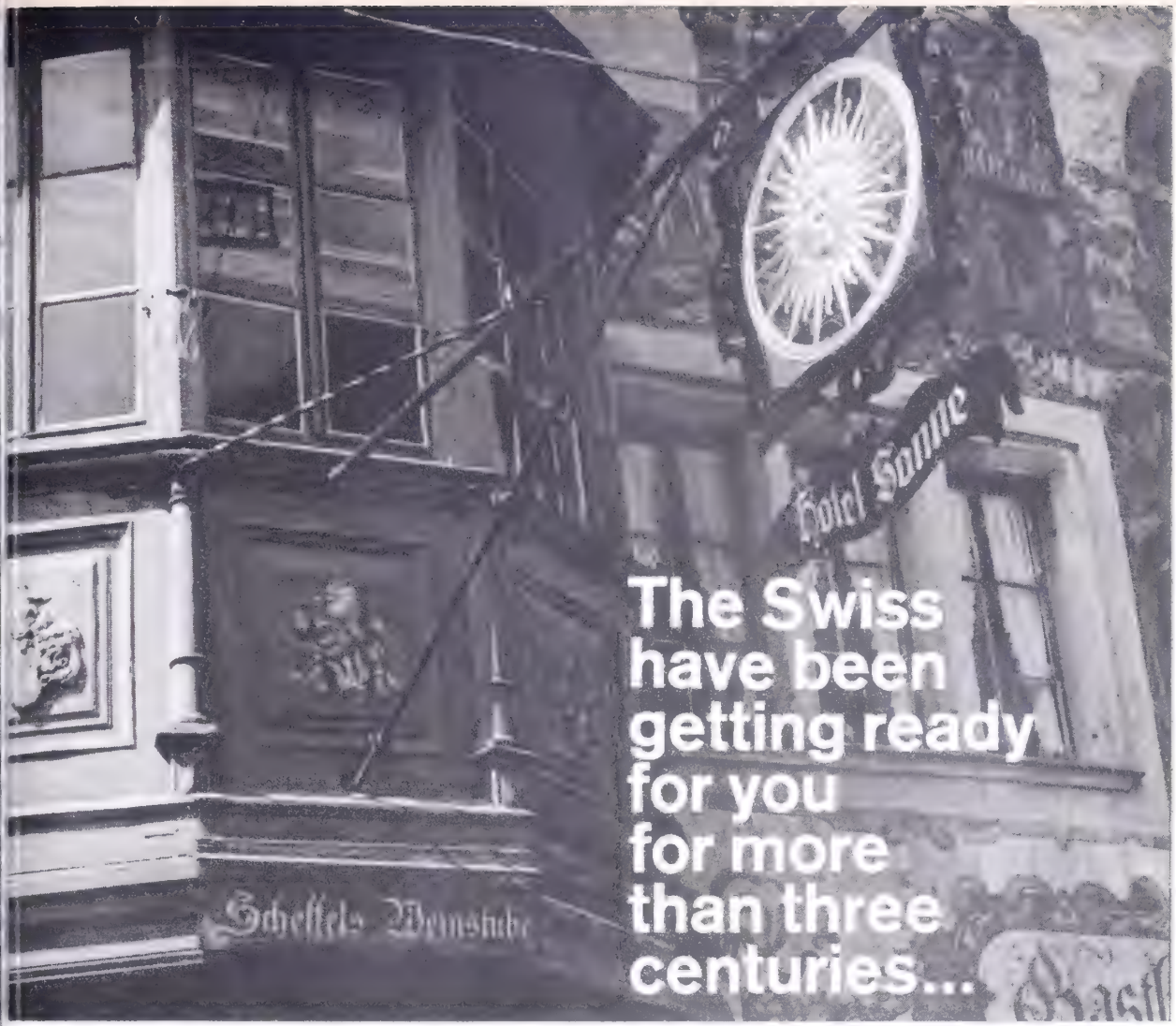
By contrast, the intellectuals everywhere took it for granted that capitalism and the market were devices for exploiting the masses, while central economic planning was the wave of the future that would set their countries on the road to rapid economic progress. I shall not soon forget the tongue-lashing I received from a prominent, highly successful, and extremely literate Indian manufacturer when I made remarks that he correctly interpreted as criticism of India's detailed central planning. Or the numerous discussions with professors at government-supported universities in India, where I was told again and again that in a country as poor as India it was essential for the government to control imports, domestic production, and the allocation of investment in order to assure that *social* priorities and not the market demand for luxuries dominated. Many of these discussions took place in comfortable university guesthouses, or relatively luxurious seminar rooms or lounges, well shielded from the nearby hovels where the common people live. One even took place in the magnificent Ashoka Hotel in New Delhi, a showplace built by the government. Yet not once was any question raised about the appropriateness of the "social priorities" reflected in the allocation of governmental funds for these amenities.

I remember, also, the attit[ude] my audience at the Univers[ity] Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. [They] listened politely, though with[out] signs of rising hostility, as [I] pounded the merits of the mar[ket] the demerits of central plann[ing] underdeveloped countries. Th[e] remark that brought down the [house] was by the Malay chairman—th[e head] of the economics department [of the] university. India's current diffi[culties], he instructed me, were not the [result] of central planning but rather [the] suppression of India by colo[nial] (this nearly two decades af[ter] dian independence).

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In addition to teaching econo[mics] the University of Chicago, Dr [Fried]man serves on the research [staff] the National Bureau of Econo[mic] search. His best-known book is [Cap]talism and Freedom." This e[ssay] is an expanded version of the [intro]to the Japanese translation [of the] book.



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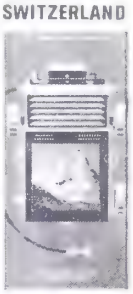
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Even two communist countries, Russia and Yugoslavia, offer a similar contrast. Russia is far more closely controlled from the center; private property and a moderately free market have almost no scope. In agriculture only 3 per cent of the cultivated area is in private plots whose produce the owners are free to market privately—though this 3 per cent produces one-third of the total agricultural output of the Soviet Union. In industry there is no legal scope at all for private activity, though apparently there is substantial black-market activity. In Yugoslavia, on the other hand, the great bulk of agricultural land is privately owned, there are many private handicrafts, and a deliberate attempt has been made to decentralize industry. Yugoslavia is far from free and its ordinary people are far from affluent by Western standards. Yet it strikes the traveler as a paradise in both respects compared with Russia.

As it happened, we went from Russia directly to Yugoslavia, and both our departure from Russia and our arrival in Yugoslavia emphasized the contrast. On our way to the airport in Moscow, we had an Intourist guide assigned to us, as we had at every arrival and departure in Russia. This one turned out to be a young man who was in his final year of studies in American and English literature at the university. After desultory discussion of authors, I asked him what he was going to do after he finished school. "I do not know," he replied; "they haven't decided yet where I can be most useful"—no annoyance at having his career decided for him, simply a matter-of-fact statement. Three key questions were asked us as we went through the formalities for embarkation: "Are you taking any papers or letters out for any Russian?" "Do you have relatives in Russia?" "Did you visit anyone except as arranged by Intourist?" Having truthfully answered no, we were permitted to embark on a plane headed for Accra via Belgrade and carrying mostly Ghanaians returning home after an extended stay in Russia for military training. To judge by the unrestrained comments of our seatmates, whatever the stay might have added to the military effectiveness of the Ghanaians, it had certainly inspired strong hostility toward the Russians and a heightened admiration of the West.)

When we landed in Belgrade, questions by the authorities were strictly perfunctory. What surprised us even more, after our Russian experience, was the absence of any governmental official to meet and shepherd us. We were left on our own, much to our great delight. Without difficulty we were able to wangle, for a modest side payment, a ride into town on the one vehicle that was going there. The dinars for the payment were advanced to us at the hotel where we had privately made reservations. (In Russia, we had been required to pay in full in advance and did not know what hotel we were to stay in until informed by Intourist on arrival.)

In the Middle East, Israel and Egypt offer the same contrast as West and East Germany; in the Far East, Malaya, Singapore, Thailand, Formosa, Hong Kong, and Japan—all relying primarily on free markets—are thriving and their people full of hope, a far call from India, Cambodia, Indonesia, and Communist China—all relying heavily on central planning.

We were struck most forcibly by the contrast between facts and ideas in Malaysia. This country is a testimonial to the potentialities of competitive capitalism. Singapore, which was still part of Malaysia when we were there, was built on free trade. It has a vigorous industry and the standard of living of the ordinary Chinese or Malay citizen is many times higher than in neighboring Indonesia or nearby India. Malaya itself was mostly an unsettled jungle three-quarters of a century ago. Today it is an attractive country with widespread cultivated areas. The standard of life of its citizens, though somewhat lower than that of Singapore, is much higher than that of its other neighbors. Rubber and tin are its main export crops. Yet rubber is not even native to Malaya. The rubber tree was imported by private enterprises from South America; the tin mines were developed entirely by private concerns.

Malaysia, now independent, is in the process of deciding what economic policy to follow. Its own past offers one example. Its populous neighbors, Indonesia and India, offer another. Both have embraced widespread and detailed central planning, with results that are as depressing as they re clear. In Indonesia, the standar living and the condition of the nary man has clearly deteriorat the nearly two decades since pendence—a major factor in the r political turmoil. In India, the s tion is only a little better.

Which example does Malaysia pose to follow? If the intellec have their way, as it appears they the new nation will follow India Indonesia. The chairman of my ing at the university, his collea and the civil servants had no that it was they who should co the direction of investment and opment. A central bank had established and a government opment agency was already ma long-range plans. A World Bank sion, headed by Jacques Rue- France, a liberal in the ninete century sense, had nonetheless b sufficiently to the temper of the to recommend tariff protection, ernment development subsidies other measures of central plan How clear it is that the world is by ideas—not facts—and that idea for long periods live a life of own, little affected by the facts.

Japan offers another strikin ample of the importance of idea the intellectual climate—less pr day Japan than its experience tury ago. We were much impress modern Japan: by the high level come, its wide distribution, ar rapid growth; the aesthetic cont everyday life and common hous goods; the dignity of the Jap people, and their courteous hos ity to the visitor.

A century ago, just prior t Meiji restoration in 1868, the tion of Japan was very diff Japan had experienced centuri deliberate and enforced iso from the rest of the world. Th by no means completely stag Japan's social and economic stru had altered little in that time, a had fallen far behind the adv Western countries in scientific k edge and productive techniques.

Why the Japanese Succ

There is a remarkable paral tween Japan just after the Mei toration and India after it ac independence eight decades la



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1948. In both cases a major political change permitted drastic alteration in economic arrangements and the rigid class relations among men. In both cases the political change placed in power a group of able and patriotic men determined to convert prior economic stagnation into rapid economic progress—though for somewhat different objectives. In both cases these events occurred in countries with ancient cultures and a high artistic and literary civilization. And in both cases the countries were technologically far behind the leading economic powers of the time. Both had an opportunity to make major economic gains by using techniques developed at great cost in the West.

There were also, of course, differences—mostly favoring India. India's physical resources are distinctly superior to Japan's—except only for the sea around Japan, with its easy transportation and potential supply of food. Japan had been almost completely out of touch with the rest of the world; India had had extensive and widespread contact. The British, moreover, left India an excellent railroad system, many factories, much physical equipment, and—even more important—functioning political institutions, numerous skilled administrators, and many men trained in modern industrial techniques. In my own contacts, the top Indian civil servants impressed me as man-for-man the ablest people in any civil service with which I have had experience—including the American. True, they are few and there is a tremendous gap between them and lower-level civil servants, but progress in any area has always depended on small numbers of people.

Finally, in the years since 1948, the rest of the world has made available to India—largely as gifts—an enormous volume of resources, roughly equal to a quarter of India's total capital formation. Japan had no comparable advantage. The closest parallel was the fortuitous failure of the European silk crops in the early years of the Meiji restoration, which enabled Japan to earn more foreign exchange by silk exports than she otherwise could have earned. Japan herself financed the training of Japanese abroad and the importation of foreigners with technical skills. During the whole of the first half-century after the Meiji restoration, Japan had not only no net grants from abroad but not even any net capital import; she provided the whole of her own capital from domestic sources.

There is a widespread tendency to attribute India's difficulties to its social institutions, the character of its people, and the climatic conditions under which they live. Religious taboos, the caste system, a fatalistic philosophy are said to imprison the society in a straitjacket of tradition; the people are thought to be unenterprising and slothful. I find it impossible to accept any of these explanations. The Indians who have migrated to Africa or to Southeast Asia have in country after country formed a major part of the entrepreneurial class, and have often been the dynamic element initiating and promoting progress. In the Punjab, an industrial revolution is taking place in towns like Ludhiana with thousands of small and medium-size workshops, reproducing, or so it seemed to me, the experience of Manchester and Birmingham at the end of the eighteenth century. There is no shortage of enterprise, drive, or technical skill; on the contrary, there is a self-confident, strident capitalism bursting at the seams.

For a nation to progress, it is not necessary for every individual to be an enterprising, risk-taking economic man. The history of every developed nation shows that a tiny percentage of the community sets the pace, undertakes the path-breaking ventures, and coordinates the economic activity of hosts of others. Most people everywhere are hewers of wood and drawers of water. But their hewing of wood and drawing of water is made far more productive by the activities of the minority of industrial and commercial innovators, and the much larger but still small number of imitators. I have no doubt whatever that India has an adequate supply of potential entrepreneurs, both innovators and imitators. The appearance of sloth and lack of enterprise is surely a reflection of the absence of rewards for different behavior, not a reason; the fatalistic philosophy is more likely an accommodation to stagnation, not a cause.

Many early foreign residents in Japan reported similar impressions. Wrote one: "Wealthy we do not think

it [Japan] will ever become: the advantages conferred by Nature, with the exception of the climate, and the love of indolence and pleasure of the people themselves forbid it. The Japanese are a happy race, and being content with little are not likely to achieve much." Wrote another: "In this part of the world principles, established and recognized in the West, appear to lose whatever virtue and vitality they originally possessed and to tend fatally towards weediness and corruption." They were wrong and so too, in my opinion, are those who are similarly pessimistic about India.

Although the circumstances of Japan in 1868 and India in 1948 were highly similar and the opportunities much the same, yet the outcome was vastly different. In Japan there was a thorough dismantling of the feudal structure, a vast extension of social and economic opportunity, rapid economic growth, and widespread improvement in the lot of the ordinary man—though, unfortunately, nothing approaching real democracy in the political sphere. In India there was much lip service to the elimination of caste barriers yet shockingly little actual progress; differences in income and wealth between the few and the many have widened not narrowed; economic output per capita has been nearly stationary; and there has probably been an actual deterioration in the standard of life of the poorest third of the population. With all this has come a growing network of deadening and restrictive controls.



Why the difference in results? I believe the contrast between the two countries reflects primarily the difference in the techniques of economic organization adopted, though no doubt other factors played some part. Japan followed essentially a free-market policy, taking the Britain of its time as its model. True, the state intervened in many and diverse ways, and played a key role in the process of development. It subsidized the technical training of many Japanese and the importation of foreign experts, established pilot plants in many industries, and gave numerous subsidies.

Yet at no time did it ever try to control the total amount or direction of investment or the structure of output. It sold off most of its pilot plants to private firms within a few years. The state maintained a large interest only in shipbuilding and iron and steel, industries that it deemed necessary to build military power. It retained even these industries only because they were not attractive to private enterprise and required heavy government subsidies. These subsidies were a drain on Japanese resources. They impeded rather than stimulated Japanese economic progress. Finally, by international treaty, Japan was prohibited during the first three decades after the Meiji restoration from imposing tariffs higher than 5 per cent. This restriction was an unmitigated boon to Japan, though naturally it was resented at the time, and tariffs were imposed after the treaty prohibitions expired.

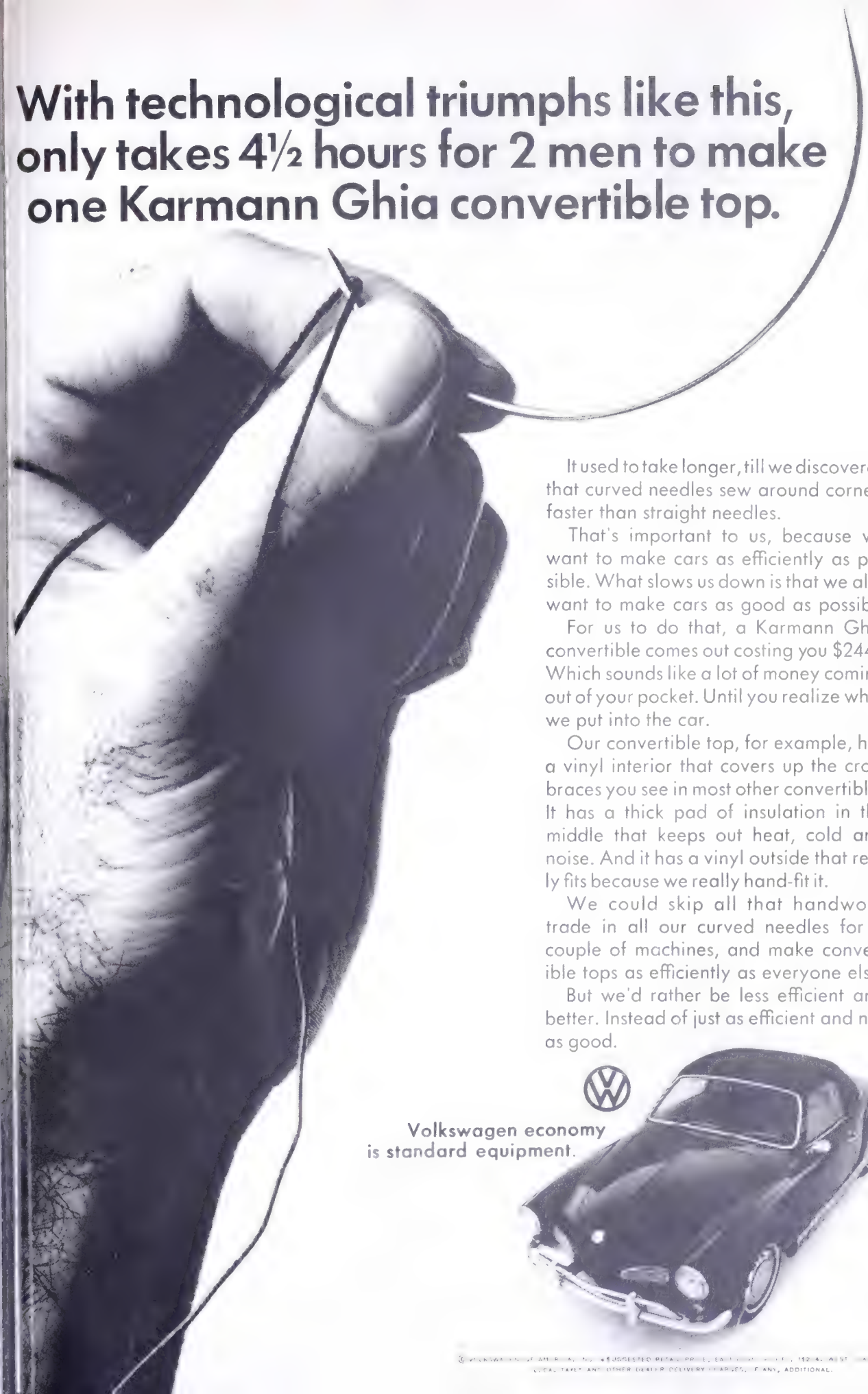
India has followed a very different policy. Its leaders, schooled in the doctrines of Fabian socialism and central planning, have regarded capitalism as synonymous with imperialism, to be avoided at all costs. They have taken Russia as their model and embarked on a series of five-year plans with detailed programs of investment allocated between government and private firms and among industries. Certain areas of production are reserved to government. Tariffs, quotas, and subsidies on imports are widely used to shape foreign trade. When exchange difficulties arose, detailed and extensive exchange control was imposed. The Indian government controls wages and prices, prohibits private enterprise from building factories or making other investments without government permits, and levies taxes that are highly graduated on paper but largely evaded in practice.

Reliance on the market in Japan released hidden and unsuspected sources of energy and ingenuity, prevented vested interests from blocking change, and forced development to conform to the harsh test of efficiency. Reliance on government controls in India frustrates initiative or diverts it into wasteful channels, protects vested interests from the forces of change, and substitutes bureaucratic approval for market efficiency as the criterion of survival.

An instructive specific example is the different experience with home-made and factory-made textiles in the two countries. Both Japan and India had extensive production of textiles in the home at the outset of modern development. In Japan home production of silk was for long little affected, but home spinning of cotton and later, hand-loom weaving of cotton cloth, unable to meet the competition of foreign spun yarn and factory-made cloth, were all but wiped out. A Japanese factory industry developed, at first manufacturing only the coarsest and lowest-grade fabrics, then moving on to higher and higher grades and ultimately becoming a major export industry. In India hand-loom weaving was subsidized and guaranteed a market, allegedly to ease the transition to factory production. Factory production is growing gradually, yet there is no sign of an end to the subsidy. Indeed, hand production is now larger than [illegible] when the subsidy was introduced. Had Japan followed a similar policy it still would have an extensive home cotton-textile industry—and a technically lower level of living.

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substituting government for market control in India is in automobile production. For some time now, the importing of both secondhand and new cars has been prohibited, supposedly to save foreign exchange by reducing "luxury" imports. Naturally the price of secondhand cars has skyrocketed. When I was in Bombay in 1963, a 1950 Buick—much like one I had sold in New Hampshire a few months earlier for $22—was selling for $1,500. The government has licensed the production of new cars, mostly copies of foreign makes. Their manufacture is proceeding in uneconomical small runs and at extremely high cost. India, its government apparently believes, is too poor to use secondhand cars; it must have new ones. I estimated in 1963 that about one-tenth of total American aid was being absorbed in the extra cost to India of getting motor vehicle transportation by building new cars instead of importing used ones—a glaring example of the wastes of conspicuous production.

The tragedy of the industrial revolution in the Punjab lies in this same waste and misdirection. Businessman after businessman told me that one-quarter of his time was usually devoted to getting around governmental restrictions—price control, rationing, and so on. Even more important, the distortion of prices and costs through governmental intervention means that the businessman's energy and ability are being directed toward doing the wrong things in the wrong ways.

An Erroneous Notion in the West

Ironically, the men who took charge of Japan in 1867 were dedicated principally to strengthening the power and glory of their country. They attached no special value to individual freedom or political liberty; on the contrary, they believed in aristocracy and political control by an elite. Their political ideas were the basis for later tragic totalitarian excesses. The men who took charge of India in 1948 had very different ideas. They were ardently devoted to political freedom, personal liberty, and democracy. Their aim was not national power, but improvement in the economic conditions of the masses. Yet it was the Japanese leaders who adopted a liberal economic policy that [d] widening of opportunitie[s] masses and, during the ear[ly] a great gain in their perso[nal] It was the Indian leaders w[ho] a collectivist economic p[ol]hamstrings their people w[ith] tions and continues to und[er]large measure of individu[al] and political liberty enco[ur]the British.

The difference in polici[es] faithfully the different [pe]climates of the two eras. I [th]nineteenth century, liberal[ism] original, not its current [mi]sense) was the dominant v[ie]simply taken for granted t[ha]ern economy should be co[n]free trade and private en[te]probably never occurred [to] anese leaders to follow [an]course. In the mid-twentie[th] collectivism was the domi[na]It was simply taken for g[ra]a modern economy shou[ld] ducted by centralized contr[ol] year plans. It probably nev[er] to the Indian leaders to [ad]other course.

Ideas can for a time le[ad] their own, independent of [re]sooner or later they mus[t] test of evidence. It may be [a] the fate of mankind that [it] soon.

We, who are fortunate [en]live in the West, take for [gr]freedom and affluence we [ha]regard them as the natural [st]kind. They are not. They [ha]achieved only for brief [pe]the long history of mank[in] time, and certainly not now[ha]been achieved by more th[an] fraction of the world's popu[la] have been generous in ou[r] aid to the less fortunate [ar]given them a fine set of [id]and an example of a free a[nd] society. But we have also t[o] a climate of opinion hos[tile] market arrangements that [may] be a necessary condition fo[r] dom and affluence.

We have a sufficient mar[gin] tection to survive such i[n] long time. The less-develo[ped] do not. In their failure, th[ey] stroy us as well. The con[ta]cendency of such ideas [is] mankind to a renewed era [of] sal tyranny and misery.

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"Needle in a haystack":

To collect the information in the first place, earthbound mission controllers must stay in touch with the spacecraft from the instant of launch, know where it is and where it is going.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration does the job through a worldwide network of stations—many parts of which have been built by General Dynamics—that track and collect information from the space vehicles. This network is tied into control centers which, depending on the mission, may be in Florida, Texas, California—or aboard an instrumentation ship on the high seas.

From the moment a space shot starts, a transmitter follows the programmed path of the space vehicle, beaming a continuous-wave radar signal on a specific assigned frequency. A transponder aboard the spacecraft receives the signal, changes it to a different frequency, and transmits it back to earth.

As the spacecraft moves, the length of time for the signal's round trip changes. The differences are continually measured and computed against the original program, with the spacecraft's position, speed and path displayed visually for the controllers.

If the spacecraft is straying, mission controllers can order the vehicle to make the necessary corrections that will put it back on the right path.

Collecting the facts:

More than direction is involved.

Even before launch and on through flight, literally hundreds of sensors in and on the launch vehicle and its payload—in a manned flight even on the astronauts' bodies—are measuring as many different kinds of data.

Some sample the goings-on outside the spacecraft: radiation, meteorite contact, temperature. Others keep track of conditions inside: fuel consumption, engine operation. Still others may report on crew members' heartbeats and skin temperatures, or on cabin conditions such as oxygen content.

Each of these measurements is converted into electrical signals to be radioed back to earth. The more complex the spacecraft and its launching vehicles, the more information must be sent. Ground stations must receive and digest millions of "bits" of information every second. Printed, this would be enough to fill ten average Sunday newspapers every minute.

All this information is sent dov a single radio beam. The process is s lar to the multiplexing which all scores of individual telephone con sations to go over a single wire or crowave beam simultaneously.

Command function:

Picture an eight-lane highway, pac solid with cars, interrupted by a lane bridge. At the entry to the spa policeman alternately directs one from each highway lane in sequen keep a solid stream flowing acros bridge. At the other end, anothe liceman directs each car back int same lane it started from.

Now multiply the speed of the ess a millionfold. Instead of lanes, more than 200 sensors; ins of a bridge, one radio beam; inste the policeman, a commutator w alternates the input from the se in the proper sequence.

Although all data sent from spacecraft are stored for later det analysis, much of it must be imm ately available—visibly, while the is occurring—for the controllers t ercise their command function.

Suppose an orbiting spacecra gins to tumble, jeopardizing the sion. Sensor measurements radio earth indicate changes. Contro watching the computer printout data displays find anomalies, an the problem and order correcti tion. Orders are transmitted t spacecraft whose on-board rece pass them to the system involved. engines or verniers fire as necessa put the spacecraft back on course

The rates vary at which data is During launch phase, tracking



Filling the Holes in the Network

Requirement: Orbiting satellites are temporarily "lost" when they pass over oceans out of "sight" of land tracking stations. In view of the complexity of the forthcoming Apollo moon-shot program—particularly the critical need for uninterrupted contact with the Apollo vehicle and its three-man crew—this ocean gap had to be filled.

Solution: Three *floating* tracking stations, called Apollo Instrumentation Ships, built by General Dynamics for the U.S. Navy and NASA. The ships are fully equipped to track, maintain two-way radio contact with and receive telemetered data from orbiting satellites.

The three ships will be deployed th summer under U.S. Air Force operation command to positions in the Atlanti Indian and Pacific Oceans. There, int grated into NASA's worldwide netwo of land tracking stations, they will beg their tracking and telemetry work.

In addition to their communicati role, the Apollo Instrumentation Shi have been given mission control respo sibility. If communication should broken between NASA's control cent in Houston and the ship then in conta with the Apollo capsule, the basic "g no go" decisions will be made aboard t Apollo ship.

ıy be required every fraction of a
ond; after the payload is in orbit,
ce an hour may be enough. Heart-
at and respiration of an astronaut
ght be monitored constantly. But a
ather satellite may "store" all the
ormation it acquires in a full orbit,
charge it all at once upon command
a specific receiving station.

whisper from space:

t how can this information possibly
across the hundreds, or in some
es millions, of miles of space?
One problem is that the size of the
icecraft severely limits the power
ilable to it for radio transmitters
l receivers. Commercial radio sta-
ns use as much as 50,000 watts of
oadcast power. The space ship may
ve as little as five watts.
Receiving antennas on the ground
st be able to sort out one specific
ispered signal from among those
ning from hundreds of other space-
ft, from other space noise including
ar radiation, from the mass of radio
nals bouncing around within the at-
sphere—and interpret its special
nal with absolute correctness.
To do this, receivers have to be big.
vable antennas built by General
namics have diameters up to 30 feet
can pick up a 5-watt signal from
moon. NASA uses some as big as
feet in diameter which have re-
ed space signals from as far as
,000,000 miles away.

eak ears, big voice:

concave surface of the antenna,
ed to the specific frequency of the
ecraft it is receiving, collects and
ses the signal to a smaller hyper-
c reflector which, in turn, sends it
series of amplifiers that boost its
nsity.
o "call" the spacecraft, the prob-
reverses. Its antennas may be as
ll as five inches in diameter. The
al sent from earth may require
c power of up to 1,000,000 watts.

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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



THE PEOPLE VS. SOME PERSONS

"Upstairs," said the police sergeant who was escorting a group of New York County grand jurors through the city's Police Academy, "upstairs I'll show you the place where the men get even with the women."

About fifteen of us were standing in front of a glass case in which were displayed the rope, sash weight, necktie, and other domestic appliances with which Albert Snyder had been done in by his wife and her lover in the 1920s. This chilling if edifying display was in the museum of the Academy along with cases of weapons taken from teen-age gangs (brass knuckles, thumb knives, zip guns, and all manner of home-made blackjacks and spikes set in crude wooden handles), the more sophisticated implements used by professional thieves, and counter-implements used by the police. One of the privileges of being a grand juror is to be politely wooed by the police and shown behind the scenes. (Some years ago I visited the Tombs prison under similar auspices.) When we got to the eighth floor where the bomb-squad headquarters are, our guide showed us a household electric iron which some man, he said, had made into a booby trap "to get even with his mother-in-law." The jurors laughed politely.

A few yards from the bomb squad's display was a wall case with a great variety of side arms in it, pistols and revolvers and sawed-off shotguns, zip guns, gas guns from all over the world, all of them once "exhibits" of evidence in New York crimes.

"Every six months," the guide said, "we throw away a roomful of these things."

They are all recorded, tested, and after they have served as evidence, dumped into the Atlantic Ocean, he explained, and then he took us to look through the glass wall of the police laboratory where hashish, and marihuana, and heroin taken from addicts and pushers are identified by laboratory technicians, most of whom are detectives and patrolmen assigned to this duty.

"If it weren't for dope," the sergeant said, "these men could be out on patrol. Seventy per cent of their work is on narcotics."

None of this—the guns, the bombs, the narcotics, the knives—surprised the jurors. This had been our daily menu for nearly four weeks. We [illegible] seen most of the lab technicians [illegible] hind the glass wall dozens (litera[illegible] of times in our jury room. T[illegible] seemed like old friends.

Serving as a grand juror is no [illegible] after-hours activity but it certain[illegible] extracurricular. It is not only ex[illegible]-curricular but, I have found, i[illegible] commonly misunderstood. There [illegible] indeed, certain aspects of the gr[illegible]d jury that many who have serve[illegible] them do not understand. A grand [illegible] is neither very grand nor is it v[illegible] most people think of as a jury. It [illegible]es not, for example, decide whether [illegible] one is guilty or not guilty. It is n[illegible]t all like a trial jury. It is [illegible]ot "twelve good men and true"; it n[illegible]n-bers twenty-three, but it can sit w[illegible]n only sixteen of its members are [illegible] ent. If twelve of the jurors co[illegible]r in a decision, their will prevail. A grand jury never sees the defen[illegible]t in a case which is presented befo[illegible] unless the defendant wants to giv[illegible] own side of the story of the all[illegible] crime, in which case he "waives [illegible] munity" and "anything he says [illegible] later be used against him in cour[illegible]

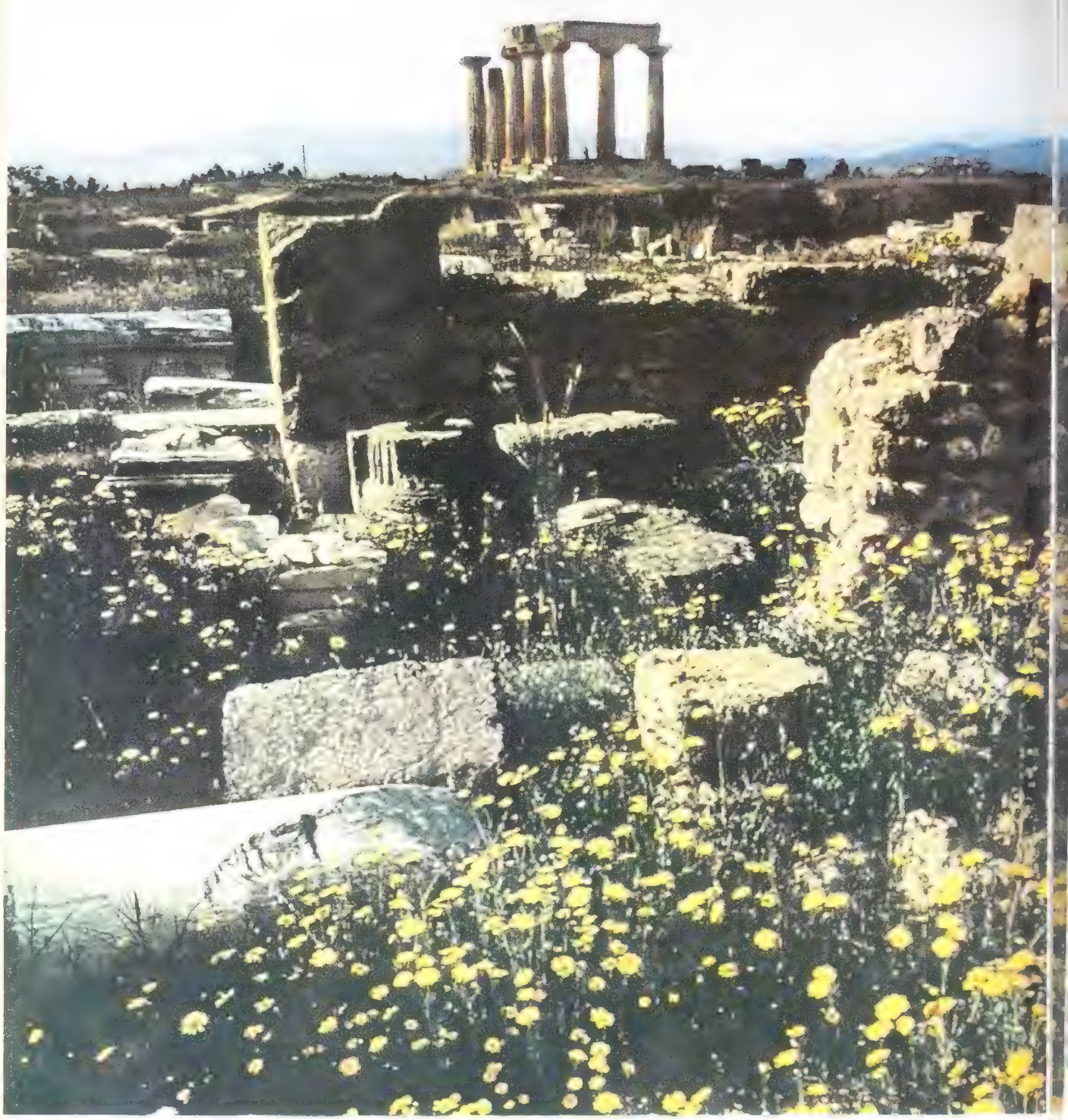
The function of a grand ju[illegible]

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primarily to decide whether the evidence presented to it by witnesses subpoenaed by the court and questioned by assistant district attorneys in the presence of the jury is sufficient to warrant an indictment. If the jury decides to "vote a bill" of indictment, then the matter goes to the Supreme Court of New York County for trial. It is not in the least uncommon for a single jury to hear 150 to 200 cases in the course of its month in session. If it does not decide to "vote a bill" charging a felony, it has the choice of transferring the case to the Criminal Court where misdemeanors are handled by judges without juries or of dismissing it entirely, which is not an uncommon but surely not a routine thing for it to do.

Each morning on the ninth floor of 155 Leonard Street in Manhattan two grand juries convene at ten-thirty for two and a half hours to listen to stylized and usually bloodless accounts of recently committed rapes, auto larcenies, assaults (with everything from bludgeons to lye), burglaries, forgeries, dope sales, and other routine aspects of metropolitan behavior. The ratio of men to women on grand juries is about four to one and the average age is, I'd guess, closer to sixty than fifty. A fair proportion of grand jurors have retired from their businesses and find this an interesting pursuit. Widows also find grand jury a diversion. Grand jurors are paid $6.00 a day.

There are two afternoon grand juries that also sit each weekday, and the cases brought before them are likely to be more interesting than those heard in the morning. Instead of workaday mayhem and skullduggery they are likely to find themselves involved in lengthy investigations instigated by the District Attorney's office. Such investigations can drag on for months, and members of afternoon juries are called on occasion to hear testimony for months after their term should have been finished. It is for this reason that when given a choice many grand jurors prefer to serve in the morning; when their term is up they're through and no nonsense.

What they miss, however, can be fascinating. They miss homicides, for example. At one time some years ago I was on a grand jury investigating a baby-selling ring . . . babies imported from Canada for adoption and bringing prices in the thousands of dollars. I also sat in on the investigation of a kickback racket in the welfare funds of a union. We had testify before us some of the more prominent figures in the underworld, a few very pretty women, and one of our witnesses (who pleaded the Fifth Amendment more than one hundred times in two hours and a half) was finally sentenced for "criminal contempt" of the court. If I remember the story correctly (it was ten years or so ago) he decided to talk, and was released to his home with a police bodyguard. He slipped out one night to see his girl friend and was shot in the head. He lived to testify again, however. (I am not divulging anything that was not in the papers, incidentally; jurors are forbidden to discuss the cases that appear before them in the jury room.) Morning juries are not treated to such possibilities of melodrama.

The foreman of the grand jury on which I have served rapped his gavel the first morning we met and said, "Did any of you see the Johnny Carson show last night? A lawyer on it said that the grand jury is a damn waste of time." Nobody had seen it, but they laughed. Grand jurors do not consider themselves to be wasting time. They feel somewhat superior to the citizens who constitute petit juries (to be a grand juror one must have performed petit-jury service), and they take themselves and their responsibilities seriously. The room in which they sit on chairs cushioned with brown leather is a sort of amphitheater—two curved rows of seats, with chairs and a table behind them for the foreman, acting foreman, and secretary (*me* in this case). The seats face a long table at one end of which sits a stenotypist with his little gray machine on a tripod. Behind the table is a chair for the witness, and on the wall behind that is a large clock and a calendar on which sails a full-rigged vessel, courtesy of a New York bank. There is a businesslike dignity to a grand-jury room in New York County that commands a certain respect and in some cases awe and even fright.

"Please stand in front of the clock and raise your right hand," the assistant district attorney who is presenting the case says to the witness

who has come in from the witness room by a door at the side. Invariably the witness raises his (or frequently her) hand and looks at the assistant not knowing what comes next. Then the voice of the foreman drones, "You do solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give to the grand jury upon this complaint against . . ." and then the witness's eyes turn to the foreman and the battery of jurors ranged against him.

At the end of the oath, the witness says, "I do," or "Yes, sir," or "That's right," or "Si, señor," and the foreman says, "Please sit down."

The first witness is likely to be the complainant whose apartment has been broken into, car stolen, wallet taken at the point of a knife, or a gun, or whose credit card has fallen into nimble fingers. Occasionally it is a five- or six-year-old girl who has been molested by a man or who has seen a robbery in progress. Her voice is tiny and as she sits in the witness chair her head barely appears above the edge of the table. Before she is sworn in, the assistant gently asks a series of questions: "How old are you? Do you understand the difference between a lie and the truth? What happens to you when you tell a lie? Do you get punished? Do you go to church? What do they tell you in church about telling the truth?" And to most of these questions the little head nods or she whispers a reply. Not infrequently the child, who will have told a straight account of what happened before appearing in the jury room, will say nothing in the presence of the jury, and no wonder. The grand jury room is a strange and unreal world even to adults.

But many witnesses are not only eager to answer questions, they want to tell a great deal more than the assistant asks them to tell. The questioning is highly formalized, a language not unfamiliar to viewers of TV courtroom serials (but without the dramatics), designed to elicit specific answers—time, place, circumstances—to avoid hearsay evidence ("Don't tell us what he said she had told him; just tell us what you heard yourself") and to keep things moving. Most questions are cut and dried; now and then a glimpse of a violent world emerges from the shorthand replies—a world in which a careless word ignites a peaceful card game on a city stoop into a fracas in which several men are blinded by lye thrown in drunken fury, or a world in which a man in a hallway is shot in the groin by a narcotic-addict, penniless and desperate for a fix.

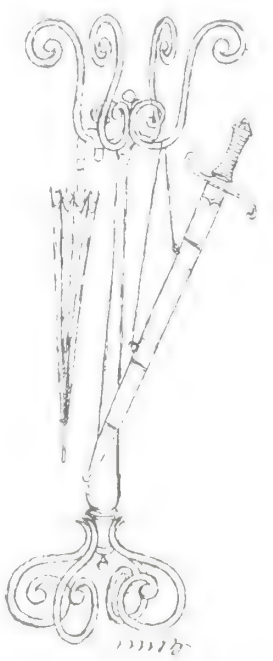
"Were you hospitalized?" the assistant asks.

Answer.

"In what hospital?"

Answer.

The witness's voice is quiet because the incident happened months ago, there were weeks and weeks in the hospital, and it all seems a better-forgotten nightmare. In any event the dryness of the manner of questioning is designed to allay emotional response.



The assistant district attorneys who present the cases to the grand juries in the morning sessions are mostly young men in their twenties, not long out of law school, getting experience in courtroom techniques.* One of the assistants, however, is Mrs. Isabel Walsh, an attractive and expert questioner, often humorous when humor cannot offend anyone, sometimes sharp when a witness is evasive or inattentive or a juryman asks a stupid question. She knows all the tricks, one feels, but is never tricky, and she is universally admired by the jurors with whom she is frequently called upon to be a model of patience. In the grand jury the jurors have a right to question the witnesses, but they are urged to do so through the attorney lest they ask an improper question.

Juries vary greatly in the number and kinds and intelligence of the questions they ask. There is likely to be one juror with an officious manner who asks questions in order to show off how much he knows or thinks he knows about legal procedure, whether his questions are relevant or not. "Isn't it not a fact that . . . ," he will say, and the assistant has to explain patiently that it doesn't matter in the least whether it is a fact or not. There are also those who never quite get through their heads that a grand jury is concerned with indictments and not a trial jury. They like to speculate. "Don't you suppose . . . ," they say, and the assistant, who has to say politely that supposition is not the jury's business. There are those who go through the testimony and then ask questions that have already been answered. In my experience the jurors that ask the most questions are, when it comes to the vote, the least interested in using their allowable discretion, their wits, or their compassion. They forget, if they ever knew it, that a grand jury is not called for the purpose of being a rubber stamp for the District Attorney's office, but to let it arrive at just, reasonable, and constructive conclusions.

"Have you noticed," one juror said to me at the conclusion of a session one morning, "that the women on the jury never vote to indict for rape?"

This observation was made after one of the few examples of deliberation I saw members of that jury exert.

The testimony of police officers

*The "prior record" of the accused, for example, cannot be allowed in evidence before a grand jury and its existence (occasionally by a policeman) is sufficient ground for throwing the case out, making it necessary to submit the evidence to another grand jury. The grand jury is only judging the evidence in the specific case before it. One exception is made when a witness is the accused and wishes to testify on his own behalf and signs a waiver. As a matter of considering the credibility of his testimony, he can be asked if he has ever been convicted of a crime.

They are paid $6,750 a year to start and this is $1,000 less than a rookie policeman gets his first year in uniform.



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an unreal quality about it. ' guage they have been taught school, or so it seems, says eve that the assistant needs to hav record but meticulously conc underlying facts about wha went on which would explain w thing interesting happened at

"State the time, place, and stances of the arrest," the a says to the testifying policem

"While on radio-motor pat answers as though he had le by rote, "on the night of sixth as the result of a radi proceeded to the corner of dam Avenue and 145th Stree I observed the accused runni the entrance of an apartment at I and my partner got out o and pursued the man now k me as Joe Doakes west o Street and apprehended him.

"Did you question him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you warn him of his r

"Yes, sir."

"What did you warn him?"

This is a routine questi since a decision of the U. S. S Court in June of last year. cused must be informed of h to refuse to answer questio anything he says can be held him, that he can have a lawyer at any questioning, and that if not afford a lawyer the city v vide him with one. In each arresting officer is required t for the record the warnings When he has trouble reme them, the assistant prompt What one rarely finds out is cops were alerted to a burg 145th Street and Amsterdam or, in other cases, why they man under observation and commit a crime. Occasionall the jury has voted the assist call the police officer back i jury room and ask him to background of what happened the accused turns out to have as long as the policeman's ar language that the cop speak questioning and when telli story off the record are as diff the liturgy and talk of the p

Tuesday morning on gra are dreadful. In the course of a half hours as many as thir cotics cases will be heard. The is this: an undercover police



The Faces of Virginia

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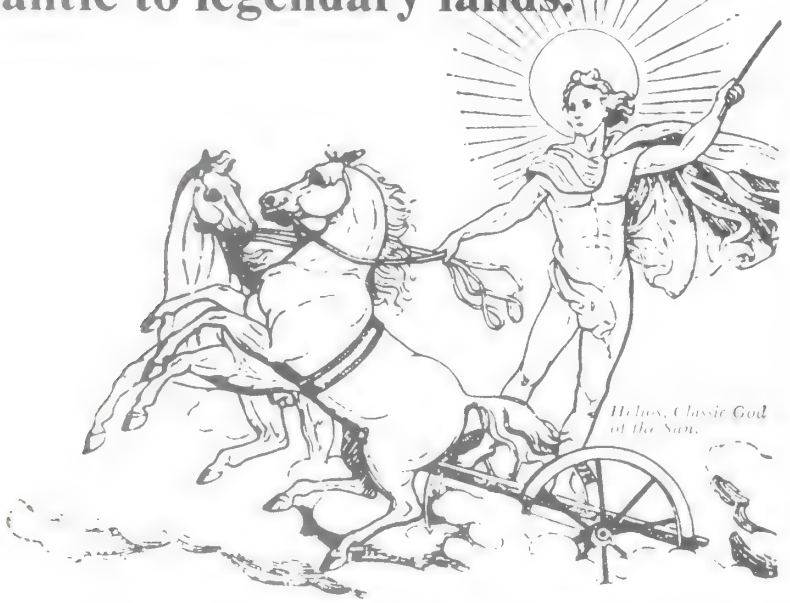


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looking and acting like a junk[ie] (t[he] are usually ranked as detect[ives], young, very quick in the h[and], in the case of the police[wo]m pretty), makes a purchase fr[om] dope pusher, sometimes sev[eral] chases, and then the pusher [is] up by another member of [the] cotics squad and arrested. [Fr]om hind a screen in the precin[ct] quarters the detective who m[ade] purchase identifies the push[er]. purchase is sealed in a police [en]ve and taken to the laboratory [for] ysis. These imitation junk[ies] work a district for a few mon[ths], ally, before it is discreet to m[ove] to another district. The la[bo]ra technician who analyzed the [con]t of the envelope is called upon [in] case to state his qualificati[ons] chemist and what he found.

"Did you examine the con[ten]t Grand Jury Exhibit Numbe[r] [?]

"I did."

"What did you find it to co[n]ta

"It contained two glassin[e]n opes, each envelope containing w substance. Heroin was present [in] envelopes."

Or it might be a bag of mar[i]u or "hash," or even barbitura[ls].

Some years ago I was on [a] jury that had about a million [do]l worth of heroin on the table b[ut] but most cases involve $10 to $5 chases. Why, the jury wants t[o] do they so rarely get to the bi[g] The answer is nobody talks, because the little boys don't When the narcotics squad r[ai]ds really big haul, the price of d[ope] leaping up and so, of course, [the] number of robberies, muggin[gs], assaults by desperate addic[ts] have to get money in order [to] port the habit."

It isn't just the boredom o[f] days, the repetition of almost [iden]ti cal testimony, that most jur[ors] like; it is the conviction tha[t] has to be something wrong w[ith] laws governing the sale of na[r]co and drug addiction and a s[en]se frustration about their inabili[ty] anything to ameliorate an ob[vi]ous desperate situation.

When I suggested to Mrs. [Ho]gan that I would like to write ab[out] grand jury she said, "You shou[ld] to Mr. Hogan."

Frank S. Hogan is one of Ne[w]

'It's not German. How good could it be?"

No one who has ever been on a railroad, flown in a Caravelle sailed on a French ocean ould talk like that.

Yet there are people around ink France is practically a of chefs and painters.

Even if that were true, con- What makes a great chef Or a painter, for that matter?

The answer, obviously, is a ening, almost inhuman fin- s.

ow is it reasonable to assume same people who worship ousness in all other things, suddenly not care how they r together?

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City's living legends. He has been a district attorney of New York County since 1942. (Thomas E. Dewey, his predecessor, became the state's Governor.) There has never been a breath of scandal about him and everybody (including the junkies, con men, rapists, burglars, auto thieves, forgers, prostitutes, racketeers, and shoplifters who ply their trades in our fair city) has the greatest respect for him. He invited me to come to see him, and I spent an hour in his large apple-green office a floor below where the grand jury sits, listening to him talk about grand juries, which he described as "an important ingredient in law enforcement."

"I grew up with them," he said. "The police, the grand jury, and the DA's office are a three-way partnership. Their independence—and of course their interdependence—is very important. The grand jury is part of the screening system. The police make an arrest, and the defendant appears before a judge in the Criminal Court. An assistant then prepares a case, and maybe he finds there is no case. Many cases are weeded out right there. If there seems to be evidence that a felony has been committed, then it goes to the grand jury."

Mr. Hogan offered me tobacco for my pipe. He is a quiet-spoken man with broad shoulders and gray hair.

"In about 10 to 15 per cent of the cases that go to the grand jury," he said, "the jury reduces the charge from a felony to a misdemeanor and the case is transferred to the Criminal Court. In about 10 to 12 per cent of the cases the grand jury dismisses them entirely. If the grand jury votes a bill the case goes to a trial assistant who must be morally sure the defendant is guilty. We don't talk about acquittal statistics, but we have very few acquittals because the screening process is very thorough. In England, where they don't have grand juries, though they used to, the cases are submitted by the police and not by a district attorney. The rate of acquittals runs high there."

Mr. Hogan explained to me that by no means all states use the grand-jury system and that its function and composition vary from one state to another. Whereas New York County has four juries sitting all the time, many upstate counties call grand juries only rarely. There are occasions when grand juries instigate investigations on their own and present presentments to the courts (that they can investigate the police if they have cause to), but most investigations are initiated by the D.A.'s office and most especially by its Rackets Bureau.*

The grand jury as it operates in New York fulfills some of the functions of the late-lamented (by many but not by a majority of New Yorkers) Civilian Review Board. When, for example, it judges the merits of testimony against a police officer accused of a felony.

Ideally it could go further than it does. In a speech which he delivered to a group of barristers in London in 1963, Mr. Hogan said,

"Since early colonial days, the grand juries have been alerting the community to maladministration, inefficiency, laxity, incompetence, which much benefit to good government and social welfare. Unwholesome conditions brought to light in this way have resulted in remedial legislation or official correction."

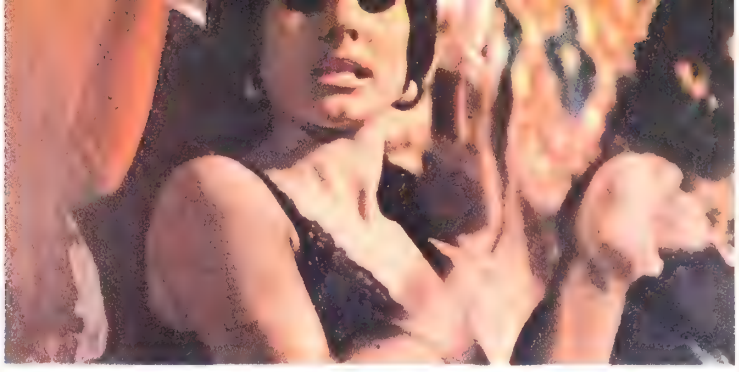
In 1961, however, the State Court of Appeals deprived the grand jury of its historic right to make reports on matters "of public interest and concern." This elicited an understandable howl from the press, which declared that the citizens' rights were being curtailed. The howl was sufficient enough to encourage the state legislature in 1964 to restore to the grand jury a part, but only a part, of its ancient right to report. But its rights are a long way from what they legitimately lay within the province of the grand jury's investigative powers.

Mr. Hogan deplores this. So do most grand jurors. So should the community at large. Grand juries may be considered "a damn nuisance" by criminal lawyers (they deprive them of some business, to be sure), but even when they operate in bungling ways they constitute a protection not only to The People but also, thank heaven, to Some One in misfortune.

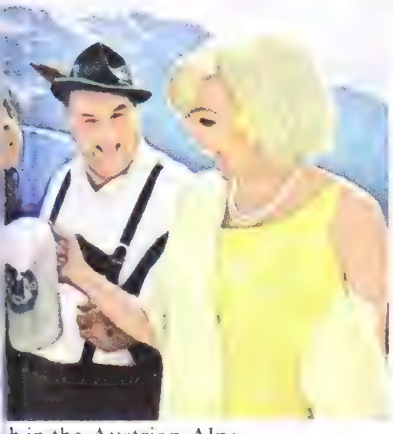
*New York County grand juries handed down 3,980 indictments in 1966. It dismissed 647 complaints, and transferred 1,000 cases to the Criminal Court as misdemeanors. Crime in Manhattan is not in short supply.



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GEORGE WALLACE: A GROSS AND SIMPLE HEART

In his home country "Little Stonewall" has assembled a political dynasty—a secure base from which he may launch a national crusade in 1968. Where might it lead? How many Americans will he speak for?

Had but the federal judiciary been as well read on their American and Southern history as on the peculiar sociological theories of the left; had but they perused, even superficially, Mr. Kipling's comment on the specific infusion of Scot fighting clan blood into the English strain of the South; had they but studied, from their lofty tower of impregnable authority, the demise of one Edward I whose authority was even loftier, until he bullied a Scottish clan called Wallace; then perhaps they would have busied themselves with quieter and less hazardous pursuits than encroachments on freedom guarded over by a little country judge. But they didn't . . . and his name is Wallace . . and therein lies the tale. We cannot tell the ending to it; that will be written in the days that are with us now.

—Official Inaugural Program
State of Alabama, January 14, 1963

More than four years later, we still "cannot tell the ending" to the story of George Corley Wallace, Jr., but as in many another dark tale of the fighting clans of Scotland, the signs and portents cannot be ignored. As an Alabama back-country ballad called "Little Stonewall Wallace" has it:

> Dixie's lookin' fer a man, now listen to me well,
> I kin hear it in the song of the whippoorwill,
> I kin feel it in the sigh of the ol' pine trees—
> Done got herself a man, you wait an' see.

Those not attuned to the Alabama omens need not go about listening to its whippoorwills and pine trees. The state's automobile license plates have borne for years the legend "Heart of Dixie." These days, on many a shiny new sedan or muddy farm pickup truck, another plate appears beside the official one. It bears pictures of George and Lurleen Wallace on a field of stars and bars, and the simple proclamation: "Wallace Country."

An Alabamian choosing to be more specific can adorn his bumper with a tin picture of George alone, superimposed on the battle cry of the Alabama Movement—"Stand Up for America—Wallace for President." For the restrained, there is a tastefully devout plate reading simply, "Wallace—My Governor," with no picture. Nor, in Alabama, is it necessary to speculate about the politics of those whose cars carry tags in support of "One Nation Under God," although these are daring enough to present the American rather than the Confederate flag.

Lurleen Wallace was elected to replace Little Stonewall as Governor last fall with the biggest majority in the state's history, not excluding his own in 1962. When the Gardendale, Alabama, city council dismissed one Earl W. Hall as city judge, Hall said it was because he was a Republican in a

one-party system "that stamps out any competition."

One of the most eminent attorneys in the state confided recently that it was not now a good thing in his profession to become known as an anti-Wallace man "if you have to try cases before a jury." Newspapers that have opposed Little Stonewall have been known to lose state-controlled liquor advertising. Patronage, of which there is a great deal in Alabama, is pointedly administered. ("Was that fellow for us?" Wallace will inquire to someone calling to advocate an appointment. "I hate not to but if folks wasn't for you, it's hard as the devil to appoint'em.")



State Senator Robert Gilchrist, a leading opponent of Mrs. Wallace in the Democratic primary last spring, failed even to carry his home county against her. ("My little wife, a girl who used to work in a dime store, beat this big state senator in his own home town," Wallace says.) So Gilchrist "got the word from the primary," as a Wallace man put it, and led the fight for the Governor in enacting a state law that attempted to nullify the federal school desegregation guidelines.

George Wallace has assembled in the "Heart of Dixie" a political empire to which the shrewdest Alabama political observers now see no practical limit. He has not been able to do so just because, in the eminently practical politics of this place, a Governor can call up the head of an asphalt plant who sells his product to the state and get a $25,000 campaign contribution in two minutes, under the unspoken threat of taking the state's ample asphalt business elsewhere. The reason is rather that so many Alabamians believe wholeheartedly that Little Stonewall has single-handedly "stood up for us" and "put the spotlight on Alabama" as the spearhead of a "movement" that is sweeping the nation and that promises to relieve the South of the burden of civil-rights pressures and federal "dictation."

Wallace is where he is today because he is a demagogue of unique sincerity, a profound student of human nature in its earthiest order who accords to that nature his highest respect, and thus a politician who more than any in his time has touched and played upon the deepest chords of belief among his people—chords that ring as truly in him as in them. He is an artist of defeat who, from a string of unbroken reverses, has made of himself a Southern Messiah. Whether or not this is an exercise in mass delusion or the shrewdest political buildup in recent history, his wife spoke nothing but the plain truth when she said of him, "He speaks out for [the people of Alabama]. He says what they think. When he's on 'Meet the Press' they can listen to him and think, 'That's what I would say if I were up there.'"

There are about three and a half million people in Alabama. Despite their peculiar Southern heritage, they are not totally different from people elsewhere. George Wallace, in the 1964 Democratic Presidential preferential primaries in Indiana, Wisconsin, and Maryland, won from 25 to 43 per cent of the vote. These and other evidences suggest that George Wallace may speak for some large, unknown number of Americans—five million, ten million, more?—not necessarily racist, not necessarily reactionary, not necessarily stupid or vicious or ignorant, but human, concerned, determined.

A Feeling for the Folks

His first day back in his dark, paneled office in the Alabama state Capitol last winter, after the time taken out following Lurleen Wallace's smashing victory in the November election, was clear, cold, windy. Above the sparkling white building on Goat Hill, the Confederate flag snapped in the wind; the Alabama flag crackled with equal au-

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Tom Wicker, Washington bureau chief of the "New York Times" and author of the "Times" column "In the Nation," returned recently from an extended reporting tour in Vietnam. He is a native of Hamlet, North Carolina.

thority on the same staff; but there was no sign of the Stars and Stripes. On the columned gallery, which affords a decent view over Montgomery, a small medallion inset in the floor marks the exact spot where Jefferson Davis stood when he was sworn in as President of the Confederate States of America. Beyond enormous doors in a chilly rotunda, where beautifully designed staircases sweep upward without visible support, effusive Southern ladies distribute state maps, pamphlets, and honeyed words. A visitor from Washington is informed with insistent laughter that he must have brought the chilly weather with him. Intimidated suddenly by his own Southern background, the unquestionable primacy of ladies, and the priority on agreement, charm, affability, he agrees that indeed he must have. Alabama could not be responsible, even for its weather; it could only be an imposition.

The Governor's quarters are cramped into a new wing of the Capitol—new since Jefferson Davis, anyway. Audrey Henderson, Wallace's secretary, confined with her electric typewriter in a windowless cell, confides that someone once told her, "Honey, this used to be the janitor's closet." But that, she says proudly, was when "the Governor used to be a pretty quiet affair in Alabama"—which he is not now.

Reuben King, who heads the state's welfare program and occasionally fills in for George Wallace's administrative assistant, Cecil Jackson, points out, "In the last four years, every member of the Cabinet has been in the hospital. I've been in twice and I'm only thirty-seven years old. I tell you, when a man works as hard as the Governor does, with all that energy, you just don't feel right unless you do the same. He's down here until seven, eight at night. It just makes you feel kind of like you got to keep up with him." He sighs. "Miz Wallace, she's gonna be just the same. She's just like him, got a real feeling for the folks."

Wallace himself fidgets behind a big desk, and pushes out to his reception room periodically to shake a few hands and bandy words. (To a man from Tallassee: "Lots of good folks over there, don't they? I made a speech over there and told'em you got more instinct than the *New York Times*. You knew Castro was a Communist all along and the *New York Times*, they still don't believe it.") He receives particularly important visitors in the inner sanctum (to two well-regarded ladies who wanted his autograph on their copies of an admiring biography, *The Wallace Story* by Bill Jones, he confesses, "I ain't read that book yet myself"), and often answers his own phone. He dismisses the hectic atmosphere in which he works with a wave of the hand: "That's just life nowadays. Sometimes there's seventy-five people out there wantin' to see me."

Physically unimpressive, his cufflinks a bit too large, his hair too neatly waved, George Wallace still is one of those men who dominate a room by their mere presence. He is nervous, aggressive in the way of small men, assertive to a point just short of arrogance, with too much fire in him to permit wit, ease, or even backslapping. (He puts in a quick call to one of his backers, apparently for no reason except to instruct him to "tell'em all hello for us. You tell all our friends, hello, hear?" He plays with a gavel, smacking its head in his palm, gouging himself with its handle; there is a cigar constantly in his hand or mouth (a box of Hav-A-Tampa Fancys Extra is within reach) and he stabs at its stub repeatedly with a variety of desk lighters, chews it, removes it to spit in the wastebasket.

"I got people finding out which office in this building Jefferson Davis worked in," he says. "I just might move in there when Lurleen moves in here."

Audrey announces another visitor. "I'm goin' to see that sonovabitch for just a minute"; he dashes out, returns, flops in the swivel chair behind the desk with its $100 State of Alabama note under the glass, its family photos, its Air Force plane model, its Confederate cannon model, its white leather Holy Bible, its six pens in their stands ("No use to fill them," Audrey confides. "The governor doesn't believe they'll write unless you dip'em each time"), its three phones, beige, red, and a green one with six buttons.

Everywhere he looks, there is tribute to his world and position—the long conference table beyond his desk, the dark leather chairs surrounding it, the color photograph behind him of two decrepit Confederate veterans saluting the Stars and Bars in eternal, dreamlike sunshine, the handsome green marble mantel around the fireplace, the ornate crystal chandelier suspended above the conference table, the magnificent portrait of Winthrop Sargent (Governor of the Mississippi Territory, including Alabama, 1798-1800) above the mantel, and just beneath the portrait the glorified bust of himself with the inscription: "George C. Wallace, Governor of Alabama. He Stood for the People of Alabama." There is a plaque that certifies him an honorary colonel in the Gold Run Gulch Horse Guards, a Civil War cannonball, "Presented to George C. Wallace by the Voters of Louisiana, 6-17-64."

An ancient television set perches on an ancient filing cabinet at one end of the room and, in sharp

contrast, at the other, past rows of cracked black-leather-bottom chairs, is both a modern dictating machine and a 1920s glass lamp. Here, amid the Southern courthouse smells of tobacco, politics, earth, men, defeat, and age, George Wallace in his dark conservative suit, faintly pinstriped, his blue shirt with its pinched collar, his red, silver, blue striped tie, his gold watchband, gold cufflinks, and gold ring, cocks back in his chair and talks with the amazing frankness of conviction.

"If one of these national parties don't recognize that people are fed up with crime in the streets," he says, "and I mean people of all races are fed up with courts and politicians coddling these criminals; if they don't realize we're tired of handing out foreign aid while nobody helps us out in Vietnam, and we're tired of helping France when they won't help us, and we're tired of folks raising money and blood for them Vietcong under academic freedom and freedom of speech while our boys get shot at—we've got to differentiate between what's dissent and academic freedom and what's treason. If the two parties continue along this liberal path, attackin' private property rights and free enterprise, a lot of people will be out of a choice and I'll give them one."

He snatches a desk lighter, snaps it three times, rejects it, grabs a match, lights the cigar stub. "Course I ain't one of these ultras who's against everything. A fellow like that couldn't get elected to office here in Alabama. I couldn't get elected on a hate-Niggras platform. Down here, we made the government the issue, not the Niggra. And it ain't just here in Alabama and the South. People everywhere are tired of the government telling them when to get up and when to go to bed. The people need to be enlightened about this and we're going to do that."

"Intellectual Morons"

Somebody calls to tell Wallace that his name is being used to solicit advertising in a magazine. He cradles the phone between shoulder and ear, grabs a lighter, jabs it against the inch-long Hav-A-Tampa Fancys Extra: "Well, I tell you, it's just as hard as the devil; I mean there ain't no way to keep people from invoking your name and I just don't know how to do it. Tell'em all hello up there for us." He hangs up, whirls, dictates a memo to someone to investigate the advertising project.

"The real problem ain't race," he continues, as if in unbroken conversation. "The real problem is these intellectual liberals who take power and oppress people. Insist they got to vote, even illiterates, and then won't let them run their own affairs when they do. Like they insist the people of Alabama don't have the morality and integrity to run their own affairs and so they got to be run for them, these guidelines and all. Why, there's more feelings against the Niggra in Chicago and New York than in Alabama. All this talk about the Klan, for instance. The only Klansman I know is —— —— and he hangs around the Capitol here and you can't help but know him. But at least a Klansman will fight for his country. He don't tear up his draft card. But the Klan, it's just innocuous in size and they're just concerned with segregation, not subversiveness."

He repeats—it is a favorite theme—that it is "the intellectual liberals, who come to power and think they know everything and what's good for everybody, who oppress the people. Intellectual morons, I call'em. Sometimes theory just don't work. You got to be practical in dealing with human problems. Take Castro. Any man plowing a mule down here—and I don't mean a man plowing a mule didn't go to school—any man with a second-grade education knew Castro was bad just looking at his picture and reading what he said. Any cab driver in Montgomery—and I don't mean to throw off on them because I used to be one myself—knows more about why we're in Vietnam than a Yale professor sitting up there in his ivory tower. We got to get all this theory out of things."

But he is angered by the charge that he is just an unprincipled demagogue—for instance, that of a state senator who was quoted by Jack Nelson of the Los Angeles *Times* as saying that Wallace would be "the damnedest integrationist you ever saw if he thought that was what people wanted. He's got no sense of right or wrong about it."

A political leader, Wallace says, "sometimes has facts people can't get in everyday life. So he has to educate them; he can't just say, 'what will be popular today?' You're supposed to lead. If they think I'm just a demagogue what do they say about me and my wife? Nobody in this state but me thought she could get elected Governor. When I first got the idea I called up my friends and ever one of'em said, 'I'm for Wallace but I ain't voting for no woman.' But we just kept right on, and that little girl that used to work in a dime store got 180,000 votes in the primary and eight other candidates only got 403,000 and then she got 550,000 in the general. And if I had just listened to what people said, she never would of run.

"Anyway, the people have the facts on this encroachment on the rights of the states. They know the score on that and they're tired of it. I don't think I've changed anybody's mind. If I wasn't in

ne with the people of Alabama they wouldn't ave elected me Governor. Besides, they ain't no tegrationists in this country if you get right own to it, except a few long-haired gals and some arded fellows and a few college professors and eachers and even they aren't when it gets right own to their children intermarrying. But I don't lk about that stuff."

He has never, Wallace insists, "made a racist eech in my life, not unless you count being for gregation as racist. I mean I never talked ainst Niggras as people. I got nothing against iggras. Southern folks had the most practical proach ever devised for this race business. So hat if we had paternalism as long as we had peace d folks were satisfied? What good are equal ghts if it gets folks killed and ruins everything? hy, you're safer in the worst part of Montgomy than on the New York City subway. We got less tegration but more mingling and more law and der. And what most folks of all races want is w and order." Then he adds slyly, "Of course, me folks just *like* to get out and throw rocks."

At lunchtime, Wallace trots down an interior airway to a long basement corridor leading to e Capitol cafeteria. He speaks to everyone along e way, calling the girls "honey," the men by their mes.

From the cafeteria steam table he chooses pped steak, rutabagas, canned peaches, sliced natoes, a pack of Fig Newtons. As he takes his t with the office workers, a waitress rushes up h a small dish.

"I saved the Governor some okra," she confides his guest. "It's his favorite."

"You said it, honey," Wallace says, eating a Fig wton.

Grover Hall, the witty former editor of the ntgomery *Advertiser*, now the editor of the hmond *News-Leader*, a close personal friend not always a political supporter of Wallace's, is the luncheon party. He joshes the Governor ut his table manners; Wallace obviously enjoys One time I was going up to Richmond to make a ech and ol' Grover told me I had to polish my- up because it would be a real cultured audi- ," he says. "Well, I went up there to the John shall Hotel and it was the most cultured, polite, -dressed crowd I ever saw in my life and I gave a real cultured talk until I started getting med up and then I forgot and called the Su- ne Court a 'sorry, lousy, no-count outfit,' and ought to have heard that cultured crowd stand nd cheer. People are about the same every- e but ol' Grover here keeps trying to polish p."

He douses the chopped steak in ketchup. "Course I talk like we all do down South," he continues. "You know—ain't got no, he don't, and all that—I know better but it's just comfortable. So I went up and was on television with Martin Luther King and I talked like I always do and there he was with that grammar and those big words. And they quoted me in the paper the next day to make it look like I don't know anything and then they quote a fellow like that that don't even know the origins of the English language."

Wallace rises to speak to an eager voter hovering over the table and Hall offers an opinion: "That fellow can read your insides quicker than any man I ever saw. He's had a hard life, dealt with a lot of juries later on. He just *knows* people. Then, too, he's dauntless. He never gives up. He's just got more persistence than anybody else."

After three years, Wallace still is noncommittal about what he and President Kennedy said to each other when they met in Alabama during the Birmingham civil-rights crisis of 1963. He is willing, however, to talk about Kennedy, whom he met at the 1956 Democratic National Convention during the exciting race for the Vice Presidential nomination.

"Everybody from the South was against Kefauver," Wallace recalls, "and for Kennedy. Alabama was caucusing at 10:00 P.M. and he had to make a speech to some other delegation at the same time so he asked me if I would take his sister to speak for him at our delegation. So I met them on the mezzanine of the Conrad Hilton Hotel and took her to the caucus and she spoke right well. I don't remember which sister that was, but I sure hope it wasn't the one that kissed Sammy Davis, Jr."

The Cops' Candidate?

On the way back to his office, Wallace is stopped by an elderly, intense party named William Wood, who has driven from Chicago to Atlanta to see Senator Richard Russell of Georgia and has stopped by Montgomery on his way home. He chats with Wallace about "your Presidential candidacy in 1968" and predicts that "anybody" can beat President Johnson because his mainstays—"the Communists and the Negroes"—have turned against him.

Wallace is not impressed. "I don't see a Communist under every bed," he says, when he is back in his office. "Some of them may be behind all these riots. But I don't believe all this talk about poor folks turning Communist. It's the damn rich who turn Communist. You ever see a poor Communist?

Like them Rosenberg folks and all. They were moneyed people."

He and Hall have been talking with indignation about the Selma marchers who congregated, thousands strong, before Wallace's Capitol building in 1965. "Now up in Chicago," Wallace points out, "when they started marching, they resisted'em. And you know what happened? The federal courts restrained the marchers to only five hundred people in a city of five million. We didn't put up a bit of resistance in Montgomery and they just let 35,000 people march all over a city of 100,000. But the point is, now we can break up the next march down here after what happened in the North. We can call out the guardsmen and the police and go lay a billy club on their heads. If you're violent, they listen; if you're for law and order, they push you around."

Law and order concern everyone, he says again, and most of all the working class. "We run best in the industrial states," he says. "We got our biggest vote in sixty-four from organized labor. They're all concerned about crime and property rights. You take a working man, if he lives in a section where law and order breaks down, he can't just up and move like rich folks can. The police, too. I went out to the Governors' Conference in Los Angeles last summer and the patrolman in charge of the police assigned to the Conference came and got me to speak to the ones that was off-duty. I told them we believed in law and order in Alabama and we prosecuted criminals on Monday morning, not policemen. I told them, 'I wish you could run this country for about two years. You could straighten it out.' When I finished, the patrolman in charge told me, 'You're our Presidential candidate.'

"And when I went up to New York and they came down from Harlem and picketed me, the police drew this line in the street and they told them the first one to cross it would get his head split. And one of the police whispered to me, 'We drew that line pretty close to'em, Governor.' The police are for me everywhere. I was at another Governors' Conference in Miami when Johnson was Vice President and spoke on civil rights and the Governor sitting next to me said, 'I'm tired of this. There's two sides to that question in my state now.' That's a state would shock you if I told you the name of it."

It is midafternoon, quiet in the dark office; the phone has ceased to ring and visitors are being channeled to Reuben King. Wallace chews his cigar reflectively, gets up from his chair, leans against his desk. He gazes out of the window, across the lawns and the wide street where the Selma marchers heard Martin Luther King tell his dream, where Southerners in another, brighter time stood to see Jeff Davis take his oath. Wallace speaks quietly, rapidly, warming up now, as he did before the cultured audience in the John Marshall Hotel in Richmond.

"Of course, if I did what I'd like to do I'd pick up something and smash one of these federal judges in the head and then burn the courthouse down. But I'm too genteel. What we need in this country is some Governors that used to work up here at Birmingham in the steel mills with about a tenth-grade education. A Governor like that wouldn't be so genteel. He'd put out his orders and he'd say, 'The first man who throws a brick is a dead man. The first man who loots something what doesn't belong to him is a dead man. My orders are to shoot to kill.' "

Wallace sits down again, his black eyes snapping. "That's the way to keep law and order. If you'd killed about three that way at Watts the other forty wouldn't be dead today. But most Governors are like me. They got too much education. They're too genteel."

The Politics of Welfare

George Wallace got his start in Alabama politics when he was thirteen by knocking on doors in his hometown of Clio on behalf of a candidate for Secretary of State. The candidate lost the race but carried Clio, and Wallace has been turning public defeat into personal triumph ever since.

Vaguely recalling those days, the ideas that drove him into politics, he says that he "used to think about junior colleges and things like that." And there is little doubt that he is one of those Populist-tinged Southerners (like Lyndon Johnson) who see politics basically in terms of "something for the folks."

It is a matter of record—if little-known outside the state—that in his four years in office, for $40 million, he has built fourteen new junior colleges and fifteen new trade schools (legally desegregated but so located that some are virtually all for Negroes), launched a $100-million public-school building program, provided free textbooks for all Alabama schoolchildren, set out on the biggest road-building plan in the state's history, and borrowed $300 million for various projects. As a young state legislator, he was the author of the Wallace Industrial Development Act, one of those devices through which Southern communities are authorized to build virtually tax-free buildings and lease them to industries who will relocate, and this once-backward state is blooming economically,

at least in part as a result. Wallace is proud of the diversification with which this is being achieved and cites Opelika as a city profiting from a big industry where the people are "still rural and own their own homes."

"I don't think God meant people to be all jammed up in cities," Wallace says. "No courtesy, no time, no room—that's all you get in cities. But industry don't locate in mud and dust."

He is indeed not one of those "ultras who is against everything" and if the federal government is his favorite target he is still an eager recipient of its largess. Reuben King says that there are 388 Alabamians in every one thousand of the state's population participating in welfare programs; only Louisiana has more. Eighty-five million of Alabama's $110-million welfare budget stems from Washington, and 80 per cent of its $350-million state budget derives from federal grants of one kind or another.

Between 1963 and 1966, expenditures on all Alabama school systems were doubled. There is a liberal nursing-home plan, a plan under which communities build self-liquidating medical clinics for private operation, a water-pollution act to preserve one of a river-laced state's greatest natural resources, and such ambitious projects as one that would link the Tennessee and Tombigbee rivers by a canal and thus establish an unbroken waterway route from the Great Lakes states and the Ohio River through Alabama to the Gulf of Mexico.

Given the vast Wallace political power, Mrs. Wallace's four years in office ought to be as successful as her husband's. The Wallaces will have at their disposal, as all Alabama Governors have had, what amounts to a legal $600,000 political slush fund. The state provides its own insurance on rural schoolhouses that have no adequate fire and police protection. To make this "fair" to and competitive with commercial insurance companies, the legislature appropriates $600,000 yearly to pay "commissions" on the insurance Alabama sells itself. The commissions may be paid to anyone with an insurance salesman's license, which is easy to obtain in Alabama, so easy that many are held by legislators. The Governor, of course, distributes the commissions.

Even so, Lurleen Wallace must face some problems that have been building during her husband's Administration. He pushed through a two-cents-a-can beer tax, raised the sales tax from three to four cents, doubled the cost of drivers' licenses, from $2.25 to $4.50. This heavy new taxation limits Mrs. Wallace's freedom to find new revenue.

Yet, junior-college operating costs alone, it is estimated, will absorb the beer-tax revenues. The ambitious Wallace highway program demands a $25-million annual payroll, and another $15 million yearly for maintenance of existing roads. A seven-cents-per-gallon gasoline tax for highways brings in only about $30 million, so bond issues are necessary not just to build new routes but to operate and maintain the old ones. To keep paying for the bond issues, Mrs. Wallace may have to seek a higher gasoline tax, or push up the cost of the "Heart of Dixie" auto tags.

How Strong Is the "Movement"?

These are minor annoyances and no one—at least openly—predicts a decline in the Wallace popularity and power. In any case, despite his protestation that "there's no reason why somebody from Alabama wouldn't make just as good a President as somebody from New York or maybe even Texas," it is not because of his liberal achievements as Governor or his state's prosperity that George Wallace is likely to be found in the Presidential race in 1968. Welfare politics, in which his record is creditable, is not what makes him such a formidable force in Alabama, the South, perhaps elsewhere. His willingness to spend money, build schools, construct highways, is not what endears him to the right wing in America, or to the "working class" in Gary, Indiana, and Baltimore, or to the police in Los Angeles and New York.

Nor is Wallace a national political figure because he is a blatant racist—as, for instance, Theodore Bilbo was. He seems to have the traditional Southern attitude toward Negroes—a mixture of contempt, distaste, amusement, affection, and appreciation for a valuable servant. And surely he did not win his share of the vote in those Northern primaries in 1964 because of any outstanding success in coping with the civil-rights movement in Alabama.

In fact, George Wallace's reputation as the man who "stood up for Alabama"—or for the South, or for America—although it is one of two major ingredients of his political fortune, has been built almost exclusively on defeat. It has been his genius—like that of the mysterious Big Brother of *1984* who turned War into Peace—to make Defeat mean Triumph, Retreat mean Advance.

He "stood in the schoolhouse door" but the University of Alabama was integrated four hours later. In 1963, he used state troopers to block the desegregation of public schools, but Negro pupils ultimately enrolled. He once used state militiamen to stop federal marshals from serving a court

order on him; the next day, he accepted the order. He resisted the federal government's school desegregation "guidelines" and caused his legislature to nullify them in Alabama; but even he does not expect the federal courts to allow this state action to stand.

From these dubious materials—from sheer defiance—Governor Wallace has built his "stand-up" reputation. He is, as Grover Hall suggested, "dauntless"—defying the federal government at every turn, without actually having stopped it. The psychological value of this exercise in defeat has been enormous. "I guess George has showed 'em," a Montgomery man said. "He don't take nothing lying down, does he?"

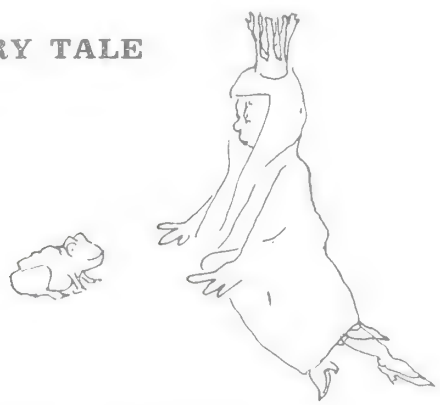
Thus has the notion spread through Alabama that George Wallace has started a national "movement" that will reverse the twentieth-century course of federal government and restore to the South—and other states—the right to follow their old way of life.

The Governor and those around him share this view. They take credit for setting the example that led to Ronald Reagan's election in California, the defeat of the Police Review Board in New York, the demise of the 1966 civil-rights bill in Congress. Wallace believes that George P. Mahoney, the "white-backlash" candidate for Governor of Maryland, could have won if in the last days of his campaign he had not sought to dissociate himself from George Wallace.

Thus, the Wallace Presidential plans for 1968 are well advanced. He is planning a platform which will bear down heavily on "Constitutional government" and "law and order" but which also will have a farm plank, an attack on foreign aid, strong support for the war in Vietnam, and programs for assisting the sick, the old, and the needy.

He says he is "thinking more in terms of a third party" but also talks of entering some Democratic preferential primaries—notably California, where he believes the "movement" is strong. He will be in

A FAIRY TALE



Once there was a Princess who found a frog . . .



and kissed it.



And it turned into a handsome Prince.



And they lived happily ever after. . . .

the race to win, he declares, but some of those who have long acquaintance with him are not sure he is all that mesmerized by the "movement."

They point out that if he can pick up some non-Southern delegates to go with those from Alabama, Mississippi, and a scattering from other Southern states, and that if he maintains his threat of a third-party candidacy, he could go to the 1968 Democratic National Convention in a powerful position to bargain about the platform and the party ticket.

Considering his showing in the three primaries in 1964, Wallace would scarcely have to argue that his third party might win just enough votes in some of the major states to change the outcome. ("Besides," he likes to say, "a man don't have to carry a state, he only needs a plurality in a three-man race to win the electoral votes.")

Still others think George Wallace's next move will not be for the Presidency at all but for the veteran Lister Hill's seat in the United States Senate in 1968. There are even those who believe he will hold back and run for the Governorship again in 1970, when he will be Constitutionally eligible.

Survival of the Fittest

Part of the reasoning of those who think he will not really run for President is that the *prospect* of doing so is so much more valuable to him than the *fact* might be. The one thing George Wallace cannot afford, they reason, is to have the "movement" exposed as not so powerful after all, not so promising; if it were put to the test nationally and failed, then what would happen to Wallace's reputation as the man who is turning the tide because he "stood up for Alabama"?

Yet, that reputation is not Little Stonewall's only political strength. As Grover Hall also pointed out, he "can read your insides quicker than any man I *ever saw*." What he has really "stood up" for is the age-old streak of "practicality" and earthy common sense in mankind. *We got to get all this theory out of things.* Why should intellectual morons come into the God-fearing South and destroy its practical racial arrangements because they think they know more than ordinary folks? *What good are equal rights if it gets folks killed and ruins everything?* In Chicago they resisted violently and got away with it. In Montgomery, they held back and were overrun. Violence and resistance, obviously, are practical, and it is only common sense that if policemen are to keep order they have to be violent. Even genteel George Wallace would really like to *smash one of these federal judges in the head and then burn the courthouse down.*

Thus, it is not so blatant a thing as racism, or even violence, but the old basic natural instincts of self-preservation, survival of the fittest, kill or be killed, that George Corley Wallace, Jr. appeals to in practical men, and he can be the ultimate demagogue not just because he is a spellbinding orator or a shrewd politician or a dauntless fighter but because he has recognized within himself, the prison of every man, the truth that William Faulkner points to on the walls of the old city jail in *Requiem for a Nun*:

"If you would peruse in unbroken—ay, overlapping—continuity the history of a community, look not in church registers and the courthouse records but beneath the successive layers of calcimine and creosote and whitewash on the walls of the jail, since only in that forcible incarceration does man find the idleness in which to compose, in the gross and simple terms of his gross and simple lusts and yearnings, the gross and simple recapitulations of his gross and simple heart . . ."





Benjamin Fine

STILL TIME TO GET INTO A GOOD COLLEGE

April is the cruelest month for thousands of high-school seniors whose college applications will be turned down. But they—and their frantic parents—need not despair. Lots of places are still open in scores of sound, though not well-known, institutions.

This month many colleges will be sending out their acceptance and rejection letters, about an equal number of each, to the high-school class of 1967. For the thousands of seniors who will receive only rejections, April is a time of panic as they intensify their hunt for the Holy Grail—*some* college to attend next fall—and a time to wonder what went wrong with their first round of applications. Anxious high-school juniors and sophomores will ask how they can escape this fate without compromising their educational ambitions.

The first step is to realize that most of the rejected students were turned down by a handful of highly selective colleges to which they applied—often for the wrong reasons. There are, however, 1,200 accredited four-year colleges in the United States. In a study I made last year I found that almost half of them—usually the small, remote, but academically solid institutions—said they had vacancies. Together they could have accommodated another 50,000 freshmen. Why then is the process of finding a college so harassing?

One reason is the fact that nearly half of all college applications are sent each year to fewer than 10 per cent of the colleges, which in turn enroll less than 25 per cent of all entering students. The eight Ivy League universities, for instance—Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale—get about 50,000 applications each year for their 9,000 openings. The seven sisters women's colleges—Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley—receive 15,000 applications for the 3,000 places in their combined freshman class. The fierce competition for these colleges makes high marks and class standing a compulsive concern of schoolboys and girls—and their parents—which distorts the whole learning process. The possibly apocryphal story of a frantic mother visiting a guidance counselor is all too true in spirit.

The mother pleaded with the counselor to find a tutor for her boy who had just brought home a report card with a D in math. "He'll never make Harvard at this rate," she said.

The counselor got in touch with a friend who taught high-school math and who agreed to tutor the lad, at $10 an hour. The counselor called the unhappy mother: "I can recommend a good man," he said. "He'll tutor your son every Tuesday evening from eight to nine o'clock."

"Oh, that's too late," the mother objected. "He goes to bed at eight. After all, he's only six, and he needs his sleep!"

Such parents need counseling as much as their hard-driven first-graders. So do many others. I recently talked, for instance, to a father who told me candidly he wants his son in Princeton—because this would enhance the father's prestige among his business associates. But although this boy is in the upper half of his class, he has only a B average and his College Board scores are in the low 500s. So he probably won't make it, for there's no space on a college application form for parental prayers and wishes. Social climbing—a job on Wall Street or a chance to meet the "best families"—is no criterion in selecting a college.

It happens that the top prestige colleges are clustered around metropolitan New York, Boston, and Philadelphia in the Northeast; Chicago in the Midwest; and San Francisco in the far West. This makes them doubly attractive to many parents in those populous areas. "I'd like a good college for my son," a mother said. "He's doing solid work but isn't top quality. Can you recommend a college for an average student?"

"I think I can," I replied. "You might consider Beloit in Wisconsin, Hiram College in Ohio, Simpson in Iowa . . ."

She cut me short. "Those are out of the question. They're too far away for weekend visits or vacations. We could never afford the traveling costs."

It is true that few families could afford to pay for frequent plane trips between New York and California. Yet this fact is no reason for choosing a mediocre school nearby rather than a good one several thousand miles away. For one thing, many colleges now operate on a trimester or quarterly system with fairly long between-session vacations that make travel by bus or car feasible. In addition, all our airlines offer half-price youth fares for anyone twenty-two or under traveling between any two American cities. These fares, while not available for major holidays, often cover travel for a session break as well as summer vacation. For Christmas and Easter flights many college students cut costs by chartering planes. Besides, many lesser-known schools have low tuition rates that more than balance travel expenses. The other solution is to limit visits to one a year; hard as it may be for parents to accept this alternative, their children may benefit from such enforced independence.

The Information Gap

If parents and students tend to be parochial about colleges, it is not always their fault. College counseling in high schools is so inadequate and so little information is made available about distant schools, that many students limit their search to places within easy interviewing distance. This is understandable since there are over 2,000 two- and four-year institutions of higher learning in this country and even a substantial staff of guidance counselors would find it a formidable task to match each student with the best available college likely to accept him. Dr. Robert M. Crane, Dean of Student Affairs at the University of Illinois, Chicago center, sympathizes. "We have seventy colleges and universities in Illinois and even the good counselors have trouble keeping up with the changes. The problem is that counselors think in terms of grades or College Board scores and aim at two or three schools. They don't have time to investigate more, and youngsters never hear of all the other schools." Few high schools have enough guidance counselors even to begin to explore new college possibilities. New York City, for instance, employs 168 full-time, licensed counselors in its academic high schools, which will produce about 46,000 graduates this June. But the city must supplement its guidance staff with 521 part-time counselors, mainly teachers who devote an hour or more each day to this work. The Atlanta, Georgia, school system averages one counselor for more than 550 pupils, and the greater Miami school system in Florida has one for every 500. In time this situation may improve. Last year the U. S. Office of Education spent around $27 million to set up 550 counselor training institutes across the country. Hundreds of counselors now receive special help through these summer programs.

The heart of the problem is to bring to the high schools information about colleges that can't afford extensive publicity campaigns or recruiting programs. The small colleges are aware of this need and are beginning to do something about it. A number of them are working together through the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges, whose primary aim is to improve the quality and increase the enrollment of their member institutions.* Their specific goals include raising of academic standards, improvement of faculty qualifications and salaries, development of physical plant, and regional accreditation. (Colleges are granted accreditation by six regional agencies in the country according to such standards as the number of volumes in the library, the teacher-student ratio, the laboratory facilities available, or the financial backing of the college. Many small colleges may not meet the high regional standards but may still receive state approval, in which case its degrees usually are recognized by graduate and professional schools.)

The CASC colleges are all four-year, non-tax-

*For a list of CASC members, write to The Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges, 1501 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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supported, non-profit institutions of arts and sciences with programs leading to the baccalaureate degree. At present it has 82 members. For the most part, these colleges offer sound educational programs; they emphasize good teaching and insist that their students maintain high academic standards. Many have strong religious affiliations. As a group these colleges have about the same entrance requirements as other small colleges in the country. However, although their admissions policies are growing more selective as their enrollment grows, they are still willing to take a careful look at the "average" student with a good character reference, provided he gives evidence of seriousness of purpose and ambition. Half of the present members are regionally accredited, while some of the others are awaiting accreditation or have been approved by their own states. Always, with CASC schools or other colleges, I would advise students to check on the accreditation rating of the college; if it has neither regional nor state approval, I would hesitate to recommend it.

What A Small College Offers

For a high proportion of college students an A.B. degree is only a prelude to higher education. There are now half a million students enrolled in some form of graduate work, and I suspect this figure will double in the next decade. Does attending a small college make it harder to get into a first-rate graduate school? This question worries many students, but I think it is groundless. A good academic record and good Graduate Record Exam scores (the college undergraduate equivalent of the College Boards taken in high school) are more important than the name of the school you attend.

On the other hand, small schools offer significant advantages, of which not the least is flexibility. These colleges are aware that their future lies in experimentation, in stressing the liberal arts and in offering excellent teaching. In general, their faculties work full-time at teaching, in contrast to the university professor, whose time is splintered by research obligations.

Illustrative of the educational philosophy of the forward-looking small institutions is Goddard College in Vermont, a fully accredited, coeducational school with a maximum enrollment of 350. The emphasis at Goddard is on independent study and class work related to problems of the modern world. In the liberal-arts program the student's progress is measured by continuing evaluation rather than formal examinations. Students share in the faculty-student community government and work eight to ten hours a week to help maintain and operate the college. During January and February students leave the college for a nonresident period of work experience. An interesting current experiment is a Comparative Cultures Program combining the study of French or Spanish with two months of residence, work, and study in French Canada or Latin America.

Springfield College in Massachusetts, another nonsectarian, coeducational school, has a different tone. Its primary commitment is to educate students for professional leadership positions in community-serving agencies. Dedicated to engaging the "whole person," spirit, mind, and body, in the learning and serving process, the college designates service activities outside the classroom as "co-curricular." The college is unusually progressive on the issue of student involvement in administrative functions. For example, a Beveridge Center, the campus student center, all the activities are run by the student with the aid of a full-time col



"My wives have all gone back to college."

lege administrator-adviser. Students also operate their own FM radio station, weekly newspaper, and yearbook, with no faculty or administrative restrictions.

Leadership and service are also stressed at Salem College, located in the hills of central West Virginia. Here students can earn either a two-year Associate of Arts degree or a four-year Bachelor of Arts or Science degree and can take advantage of a particularly stimulating department—the American Humanic Foundation, one of three in the United States, which trains men and women for leadership in youth organizations. Although Christian-oriented (founded in cooperation with the Seventh Day Baptists), there are now thirty denominations in the student body and faculty.

Fifty Thousand Openings

In my survey which I mentioned earlier, I found many other attractive colleges that had vacancies for qualified students. About half of the 50,000 openings were for resident students, while the remainder were for those willing to commute to the campus. In such cases, the college itself provided help in locating boarding facilities within the community if the students did not live close enough to commute from home. These colleges are located in every part of the United States and in many cases are well-established liberal-arts institutions. But how do you find out about them?

For a start, I can name a few good coeducational colleges which may still have vacancies for this fall (for additional information see the accompanying book list): Chapman College in California; Colorado State College in Greeley, Colorado; the University of Tampa in Florida; Evansville College in Indiana; Simpson College in Iowa; Bethel College in Kansas; Nasson College in Maine; Olivet College in Michigan; Park College in Missouri; Hastings College in Nebraska; Seton Hall University in New Jersey; Bard College in New York; the University of Toledo in Ohio; Pacific University in Oregon; Lebanon Valley College in Pennsylvania; Yankton College in South Dakota; Austin College in Texas; Whitworth College in Washington; Davis and Elkins in West Virginia; and Marquette University in Wisconsin.

Another outlet for college-bound students is, increasingly, the two-year junior and community colleges.* Today the nearly 800 two-year colleges enroll approximately 1,250,000 students and within five years the number of students is expected to double. For many students who are not able to find a suitable four-year college, the junior college is an ideal solution. With a promising academic record at a two-year college students can often go on to third and fourth years at a four-year college without loss of credit.

The problem is, of course, to find the *right* college with a vacancy. It will not help you to learn that there is space in a small liberal-arts college in California if you want to take an engineering course on the East Coast. Homework is necessary, and the sooner you start sending for catalogues, reading books describing colleges, and visiting various campuses, the better your chances are for avoiding a senior-year April scramble for just any college. Unfortunately, there is no national clearinghouse to bring students and colleges together. It seems almost unbelievable that computers have not been assigned this task, which surely should have a high priority in the U. S. Office of Education.

Right now, however, you can turn to three regional clearinghouses. For a single fee of $20 the College Admissions Assistance Center (461 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016), which specializes in Eastern colleges, will send your complete academic file to the colleges and universities affiliated with it. This center, created by the Council of Higher Educational Institutions, brings applicants and colleges together on a confidential basis.

A similar organization serving the Midwest, South, and far West, is the College Admissions Center (610 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201). Sponsored by the Association of College Admission Counselors, this clearinghouse has served over 50,000 students since its founding in 1958. For a $20 registration fee, this center will send your credentials to more than 250 colleges. Consequently, you may hear from colleges about which you know little. Look into the background of such colleges to find out whether they meet your particular needs. Although you are not guaranteed placement, your chances of acceptance are improved by contact with hundreds of colleges throughout the nation.

These centers began as places for students rejected elsewhere to turn to as a "last resort," but they are being used more and more to help students discover unknown colleges. Indeed, the Illinois center suggests that a student file in the fall of his senior year at high school, not only to ensure himself an "anchor" or "safe" college, but also to find out about good colleges he may not know of.

*For a discussion in depth of the development of junior colleges see "How Good Are the Junior Colleges?" by Russell Lynes (*Harper's*, November 1966).

The third clearinghouse is the Catholic College Admissions and Information Center (3805 McKinley Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015). Although created initially for Catholic students, members of every denomination are now welcome to apply. The Center matches your credentials with the requirements of several hundred Roman Catholic colleges for a fee of $20.

Ways to Open the Doors

Though solutions can still be found, as I have pointed out, getting into a good college admittedly grows tougher each year. Even state universities, at one time open to all state-resident high-school graduates, are turning down average or marginal students. And a majority of them have placed tight quotas on students from other states. The University of California at Berkeley, for example, which accepts only the top 12 per cent of California students, requires a 3.4 average from out-of-state applicants, and UCLA accepts only those non-Californian students who rank in the upper sixteenth of their high-school class. The University of Massachusetts limits out-of-state students to 5 per cent of the entering freshman class, and the University of Connecticut accepts only 200 out of 4,000 applicants from other states. With the enormous increase in the college population, this squeeze is inevitable. Ten years ago less than 1,500,000 students graduated from high school and only 40 per cent of them went on to college. Today at least half of the 2,500,000 who will graduate this June will head for college. This percentage will probably climb to 60 in the next decade. The current situation is aggravated by draft laws that favor students attending college and by the new GI Bill which this September will be supporting 300,000 veterans in college.

It will take massive support from the federal government and private sources to augment the capacity of our colleges to meet the demand of the next decade. Some assistance is available already. The Alfred P. Sloan Foundation recently awarded $7.5 million to help small colleges strengthen their science programs. Two hundred fourteen colleges and universities will benefit from the Du Pont Company's program, which this year budgeted $2.1 million, part of which is going to 68 small liberal-arts colleges to maintain and improve the quality of their teaching. The 89th Congress authorized generous funds to aid the construction of undergraduate academic facilities and extended the college housing loan program. But these measures are not enough. Unfortunately the 90th Congress and state administrators alike are talking of budget cuts—and educational allotments may be decreased.

But meanwhile individual students—and their parents—can do a good deal to make their college prospects far less bleak than they appear in the black moment of rejection. What they must do is to face candidly, and surmount, the remediable causes of their predicament. This is no time for indulging in the "snob appeal" that leads parents to pressure their young into applying only to so-called prestige colleges; nor for accepting the self-imposed geographic limits that create application bottlenecks in the heavily populated areas of the country. Finally, students and their counselors must be much more enterprising in their search for good schools that are not well known.

GUIDEBOOKS FOR COLLEGE SEEKERS

Comparative Guide to American Colleges for Students, Parents, and Counselors, by James Cass and Max Birnbaum. Harper & Row, revised edition, 1965, $3.95 (paperback). A comprehensive guide to the nation's accredited colleges and universities.

How to Be Accepted by the College of Your Choice, by Benjamin Fine. Meredith Press, revised edition, 1966, $4.95 (hardcover). Contains detailed description of admissions requirements of all accredited institutions in the United States and a listing of colleges that had vacancies in 1966.

The New American Guide to Colleges, by Gene R. Hawes. Columbia University Press, third edition, 1966, $8.95 (hardcover). Comprehensive study of 3,658 colleges and graduate schools in the nation.

Lovejoy's Complete Guide to American Colleges and Universities, by Clarence E. Lovejoy. Simon & Schuster, ninth revised edition, 1967, $3.95 (paperback). Information on all United States colleges.

Accredited Higher Institutions, prepared by the United States Office of Education. Identifies recognized regional, state, and national accrediting agencies. Lists institutions and divisions accredited by them. Available from Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

Official Guide to Catholic Educational Institutions, by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Frederick Hochwalt. National Catholic Welfare Conference, $4.45. Available from Catholic Admissions Center, 3805 McKinley Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015. Provides information on accredited Catholic colleges and Catholic secondary schools.

Isaac Bashevis Singer

THE EXTREME JEWS

Photographs by Nancy Rudolph



Before me lie dozens of photographs of religious Jews in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, New York. I see fur-edged rabbinical hats, long gaberdines, big beards, sidelocks, women in wigs and in bonnets that were already obsolete even in my youth in Warsaw. I know that thousands of Jews and non-Jews who see these people want to know: What does this signify? Are they all rabbis? Does it say anywhere in the Torah or Talmud that Jews must dress this way? Do they belong to some special Jewish sect? Neither the Reform, the Conservative, nor even those Jews who attend Orthodox services dress this way—therefore, to what group do these people belong? And what is their reason for wearing clothes that make them so conspicuous?

It is even more astonishing to see Jews dressed this way driving trucks, carrying bundles, or delivering goods. Among them are businessmen and workers. Since that is so, what reason is there for their rabbinical garb?

I must admit that I once shared similar feelings when I looked at nuns. Why the black and white habits, the shaven heads, the ankle-length garments? Did Jesus demand that his brides wear such uniforms? Was not religion a matter of the heart only? Would a long habit or a gaberdine serve as a guarantee against hate, envy, lust, glory-seeking, slander, and vengefulness?

I was often puzzled too when I saw pictures of Gandhi wrapped in a sheet. Similarly, the world was amazed nearly a century ago when Tolstoi suddenly donned a Russian peasant's smock. Why did he do this? Many people in and out of Russia accused him of exhibitionism or simply of publicizing himself, although they should have known better. No matter what he did he could not have made himself more famous than he already was.

Well then, what about the beatniks in New York and in all the European cities who seem to have responded simultaneously to some silent command to grow long hair and beards, to neglect their clothes, and to associate with girls as sloppy as themselves? Is this nothing more than a fad or does such attire disguise some idea?

People seldom realize that a style of dress, of hair, and of every kind of external nonconformity represents a sort of language, albeit frequently vague and unintelligible. So far, no one has compiled a dictionary of these "languages" nor researched their grammar and syntax. Nevertheless, they are forms of expression. Long hair, beards, and moustaches express meanings that short hair and clean-shaven upper lips and chins simply do not. A long garment "speaks" differently to us than does a short one. Languages themselves would have no significance if objects did not possess a speech of their own. World literature would be meaningless if the human spirit did not try to express itself in the most divergent possible ways. We are curious to see a celebrity because his face, his manners, his gestures, and his garments say things we cannot glean from his words and deeds only. Gandhi becomes much more understandable to us when we see his face and mode of dress. Tolstoi somehow would not seem the same without his patriarchal beard. We cannot imagine him looking like Lord Byron, nor Dostoevski resembling Kaiser Wilhelm. It would somehow seem inappropriate. Bare souls undoubtedly exist somewhere, but the souls with which we are familiar have wrapped themselves in bodies, in clothes, and in manners.

Women are more sensitive to these "languages" and therefore place more emphasis on such externals as clothes, hairdos, and jewelry. A man will seldom criticize another man's choice of suit or tie, but a woman will accurately analyze another's outfit and gather meaning from the way she dresses and fixes her hair. Homosexuals often dress exotically not only to facilitate recognition among themselves but out of a strong compulsion to express their personalities. Even people for whom it would be prudent to be inconspicuous, such as criminals, often dress in identifiable fashion. The Russian revolutionists of the nineteenth century all had good reason to remain anonymous; yet many of them let their hair grow long and wore wide-brimmed hats and red or black blouses with sashes and tassels. Today, the American radical frequently dresses somewhat differently than the conservative.

Besides expressing the human spirit, clothes and hair styles also hold a key to self-discipline. A priest may occasionally be tempted to ride a carousel and eat an ice-cream cone but he is not likely to do this while wearing his priestly garb. His very costume dictates that he conduct himself

Isaac Bashevis Singer, the son and grandson of rabbis, was a student at a rabbinical seminary in Warsaw. He turned to journalism instead, immigrated to New York in 1935, and wrote for "The Jewish Daily Forward." Since then, through his many stories, novels, and sketches of Jewish life in Poland, he has become known as one of the great Yiddish writers.

Nancy Rudolph is a free-lance photographer specializing in documentary subjects.

Mr. Samuel Landa, a former Hasidic rabbi now on the staff of the New York City Housing Authority, introduced Miss Rudolph to the places and people pictured here.

with dignity. A rabbi in a long cloak, a beard, and sidelocks is not likely to dally with a girl on a street corner. Tolstoi—by donning the peasant smock—forever precluded his attendance at the elaborate balls of the aristocracy that he described so well in his novels. Gandhi's attire kept him from becoming a man of the world. Clothes guard a person just as words do. Even if a nun got the urge to attend a nightclub her habit would keep her from fulfilling this whim. Religious people in all times were aware of the weaknesses inherent in man's nature. They knew that he is often more ashamed before his fellow human beings than before God. A person ready to betray the loftiest principle will still take pains not to appear laughable nor to make himself an object of other men's anger and scorn.

How to Be Impregnable

When the Jew was driven from his land he knew the peril that threatened his future existence—the necessity of mixing with strangers. No exiled people has lasted as a group for more than a generation or two. But the Jew was determined to endure many generations of exile if necessary, to remain true to his God, to the Torah, and to his native land even though it lay in ruins and was occupied by strangers. It was an undertaking without counterpart in the history of mankind. It could only be effected thanks to a mighty discipline and a colossal mysticism of upbringing and education. The basis of this discipline was the total estrangement from the peoples among whom the Jew would dwell; not a physical estrangement but a spiritual one. True, the Jew was forced to do business with the gentile and often to work for him. But that was the extent of their association. The Jew had to erect a spiritual ghetto around himself that was immeasurably more isolated and impregnable than the physical ghetto to which he was later confined. To the Jew, the A to Z of his religion was the law of the Torah, as written in Leviticus 18:3: "After the doings of the land of Egypt, wherein ye dwelt, shall ye not do: and after the doings of the land of Canaan, whither I bring you, shall ye not do: neither shall ye walk in their ordinances."

If the gentile wore a short coat, he, the Jew, would wear a long one. If the gentile's hat was round, his would be pointed. According to the Talmud, the book of Jewish religious law, the Jew dared not even tie his shoelaces in the same way as his gentile neighbor. These laws were established not out of enmity toward the gentile but rather as a reminder for the Jew to adhere to certain conditions if he wanted to retain his identity for hundreds if not thousands of years.

The men of the Jewish version of the Enlightenment who wanted the Jews to take off their gaberdines and become Europeans often mocked the rigors that the rabbis had imposed upon the Jew through the generations. But all these laws and rigors were intended as shackles to curb the Jew from mixing with others. Assimilation is a natural process. A minority always seeks to fit itself into the majority. The weak will inevitably fashion themselves after the strong. The temptations were tremendous. Often the people among whom the Jews lived forced them to integrate. Romantic unions between Jews and gentiles were unavoidable. For hundreds and thousands of years the Jew forced himself to go against human nature.

The form of dress he adopted made this integration more difficult. He instinctively altered the language of his host nation so that it became his own dialect and seemed alien and comical to his neighbors. He shaved his daughter's hair and himself grew a beard and sidelocks that labeled him a Jew even from a distance.

History shows that the segregation between gentile and Jew was not uniform through the ages. It was less pronounced in the Arab lands than in the Christian, and even there variations existed in different times and in different places. The Italian and Spanish Jews spoke the native languages among themselves and had close relations with the inhabitants. The Jews in France, Germany, and Eastern Europe were the most isolated from the native populations. It is almost a truism that wherever segregation was least severe assimilation was the strongest. It was axiomatic among Jews that once one of them made the slightest move to adjust his ways to those of the gentiles, that individual stood poised on the threshold of conversion. And Jews preferred to lose such a person completely than to retain him in their camp and chance his infecting other Jews with his ideas. The community boasted but one weapon: excommunication.

By cutting away from the community all those who broke the rules of spiritual segregation the Jew practiced a kind of selection which retained in the community only its most devout members. For centuries a Jew had but one choice—either to bear all the burdens of his faith or to go over completely to the religion of the majority. Assimilation in today's sense of the word was nonexistent. It only came about through Emancipation after the Napoleonic wars.

The Emancipation created a new type of Jew, one who could renounce the laws of his religion yet

remain a Jew; or at least not go all the way toward conversion. This so-called worldly Jew was a riddle both to himself and to the Christian world. Since he disobeyed the laws of his religion what constituted his allegiance to his faith? Some people of this kind called themselves national Jews. Their Jewishness consisted of belonging to a group or of speaking Yiddish or Hebrew. This modern Jew created Zionism and waged a struggle against anti-Semitism. His kind includes many who claim that even if they wanted to assimilate they would not be allowed to do so. Thus the worldly Jew who lives outside of Israel belongs to a group that has no land and often no language of its own, but shares common interests, character, and personality. The modern Jew's identity may not be defined in any dictionary, but it exists nevertheless. In Soviet Russia, for instance, a generation of Jews has evolved that neither practices its religion nor speaks Yiddish nor Hebrew nor plans to settle in Israel, yet considers itself Jewish, or at least is so labeled in passports.

A Soldier Surrounded

The religious Jew, the pious one, does not believe in the national Jew or in his future. To him, a Jew without a religion is what he is to many non-Jews—an enigma, a mass of contradictions, a paradox. If the pious Jew of former times had to exert every effort to segregate himself from the gentile, today's pious Jews must redouble these efforts to remain apart not so much from gentiles as from the great number of nonreligious Jews or those who have tried to reform Jewishness. To the very pious Jews of Williamsburg those Jews who are Communists, freethinking Zionists, or members of Reform or Conservative congregations are all heretics and candidates for assimilation and mixed marriage. And they place in this same category those Jews in Israel who either don't practice Jewishness or try to reform it there. Since danger lurks for him both in and outside of his group, today's pious Jew must exercise a twofold vigilance. He is like a soldier caught up in a civil war—surrounded by enemies on all sides. Any effort to mitigate this or that rigor leads promptly to licentiousness and assimilation. Today's pious Jew must enforce ever-stricter and more rigorous measures in order to retain his historical role and to raise a generation that will follow in his ways.

Thus, if the worldly Jew dresses in short garments, the pious Jew must stick to his long gaberdine. Since the former shaves his beard and sidelocks the latter must let them grow as long as











ne first sizable group of Hasidic Jews in New York were Hungarian concentration-camp survivors. fter World War II they chose to make their homes in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn iefly because some of the earlier immigrants in this area were also Orthodox Jews from Hungary. owever, the newcomers were far more fanatical than their predecessors, most of whom have since oved away. The Williamsburg Hasidic community now numbers some 12,000.
doctrination of children begins at the age of three or four when—strictly segregated by sex— ey start attending religious school (Yeshiva) from morning till night six days a week.





Piety and religious learning rather than wealth or occupation determine social rank in the Hasidic community. The fur hat, made of sable, is a status symbol, worn by the ultra-devout on the Sabbath and holy days. Many Hasidim earn a living in the manufacture and sale of the clothing, food, household equipment, and religious articles requisite to their way of life. During Passover, for example, Hasidim do not eat commercial matzah (unleavened bread) but only those baked under strict supervision in their own community, as shown at right.





airy products—like all other foods—must be prepared
id handled according to religious law.



thriving local industry has evolved from the requirement
at married women cut off their hair and wear wigs.



Hasidic boys and men don
comic masks to celebrate
Purim—a joyous holiday.





Birth control is strictly prohibited.
Families with fifteen children are not
unusual though the average is six.

possible. The worldly Jew has founded a number of organizations to protect Jewish interests but the pious Jew must keep far away from their activities. If a Jew must choose between entering a church or a Reform temple, Rabbi Moshe Sofer judged that he should rather enter the church—it represents less danger to him than does the temple where scrolls of the Torah are kept and where people allegedly pray to the Jewish God. A new kind of segregation has been established among the most pious Jews—a segregation from the modern Jew and his institutions. All the efforts of these Jews are now bent to this end.

Nor is there unity among the pious themselves. They too are divided into factions both in Israel and in the lands of the diaspora. Those belonging to the Mizrachi are willing to work with the modern Jews and their organizations. Those of the Agudas Israel, on the other hand, stay at a greater distance from the nonbelieving Jews, but they recognize the state of Israel and have representatives in the Knesset and often in the ruling government. Those Jews stand ready to work alongside heretic Jews just as pious Jews have had to consort with gentiles throughout history. The fact is that heretic Jews are very able and have set up the various funds which have made the Jewish state possible. To ignore them entirely would often be impracticable. So even the members of Agudas Israel have made numerous compromises. Many have donned short garments; others have trimmed beards and sidelocks. When the Germans began to make reparation payments to victims of Nazi persecution, the members of the Agudas Israel at first grimaced and called it blood money as despicable as idolatry. Later they relented. The gentile may be *tref* but his money is kosher. They applied this same principle to the "Jewish goy."

But the extremists of Orthodoxy—the Szatmar Hasidim (who came from Hungary to the United States) and the Naturei Karta (watcher of the city of Jerusalem) in Israel—those Jews in the fur-edged hats and high stockings—still conte[n]t that every step nearer to the modern Jew, no m[a]tter how small, is the path to corruption. It is r[i]out of malice that the Szatmar rabbi calls t[h]members of the Agudas Israel heretics and m[i]of evil. The ultra-orthodox Jew adheres to t[h]principle that once the movement toward the oth[e]side is launched, total homogeneity can only b[e] matter of time.

What is the number of these extremists? N[o]large. Throughout the whole world it comes to p[e]haps 100,000. These Jews have never recogniz[e]the Jewish state. In Israel, they do not cast vo[t]nor have representatives in the Knesset. They [d]not speak the modern Hebrew but stick to the Y[i]dish of their grandfathers and great-grand[f]thers. They have rejected modern Jewishness a[n]isolated themselves just as their ancestors isolat[e]themselves from Spinoza and Uriel Acosta. T[h]ultra-orthodox Jews have unofficially excommu[n]cated the modern Jew although they themselv[e]constitute a small minority among the wo[r]Jewry. To them, we all are branches broken [o]from the Jewish trunk. They are convinced th[a]our future is the obliteration of our Jewishne[s]They, few as they are, will maintain the yoke [o]our religion. They, the extremists, will be there[b]receive the Messiah.

Are they right or do they represent an ossif[i]sector of the Jewish community, an anachroni[s]that time will disperse? Only history will tell. O[n]thing is clear—their way of life is based on a p[r]found religious logic and a historic reason. T[h]long beards and sidelocks, the old-fashioned g[a]ments, and the clinging to all the rigors a[n]customs are directed toward one purpose onl[y]complete segregation from the gentile, and ev[e]more from the Jew who is heading toward ultima[t]disappearance. This segregation is as old as Je[w]ish exile itself and has maintained the Jew throu[g]the two thousand years of his existence in t[h]diaspora.

A special wall decoration invokes the festive spirit of the Purim holiday.



Marvin J. Barloon

THE COMING OF THE SUPER-RAILROAD

The Iron Horse—wheezing and sparined for many years—now has a chance for a vigorous new life. For the nation's rail lines may be on the verge of uniting for the first time into a rational, efficient transport system.

On April 8, 1966, in Fayetteville, North Carolina, two small boys bent on adventure clambered into a railway boxcar loaded with empty beer bottles. Someone inadvertently locked them inside. Thirteen days later—on April 21—a workman in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, opened the car door and found the two boys still alive, though haggard. They had subsisted for nearly two weeks on beer dregs. Quite properly, the boys got a lot of attention.

But very little attention was paid to the boxcar. No one asked why it took nearly two weeks to reach Milwaukee, which is only a thousand miles from Fayetteville. Rocking along, say at forty miles an hour, the car could have made the trip in a day or two. What happened?

The fact is that after the door was locked the car didn't move at all for seventy-two hours; in fact, during most of the thirteen days it was standing still. Instead of serving as a vehicle, that freight car was essentially a warehouse for beer bottles.

Except for the plight of the small boys there is nothing unusual about this episode. The average American freight car is actually moving in a train for only 2½ out of every 24 hours. Sixty miles an hour is a frequent speed for a freight train. But, because of switching stops along the way, it averages only 20 miles an hour between terminals. Alas, in an American freight car, the wheels are the least-used parts. One consequence is a severe shortage of railway cars—which trims an estimated $7 billion annually from the nation's production—a sum equal to the income of all the people of Iowa.

Rail freight today is carried on an archaic, fragmented system inherited largely from the nineteenth century. Ninety-eight separate and independent lines are still in operation, most of them less than 500 miles long. Freight moves in scattered, parallel rivulets to the innumerable points of interconnection which stud the map of the United States. Here traffic is mired. This is what happened to the boxcar in which the two small boys were imprisoned.

The chaotic state of our rail freight system was one reason for the creation in 1966 of a new federal Department of Transportation at Cabinet level. To head the new agency the President appointed Alan S. Boyd, a man of broad experience in the whole transportation field. No more urgent task faces the new Secretary than the promotion of the efficient, unified rail freight system our country desperately needs.

The damage done to our economy by railroad chaos is hidden under a blanket of public apathy. Since most Americans no longer travel by rail they have forgotten about railway freight. Instead, we discuss railway passenger travel—which actually may go the way of the dodo. Americans have taken to the road and to the air in such numbers that, apart from commuter service, the railroad passenger train seems consigned to a tag-end role—perhaps to extinction.

But railroad freight is a different story. History, of course, supplies abundant proof of the vital role of railroads in a continental economy. For example, in the 1860s, before the Western railroads were built, the isolated Dakota Territory

was a virtual desert, unable to sustain civilized settlement. In the succeeding decades, however, the extending tentacles of the railroad blossomed with sod-house farms and muddy towns based on a single crop—wheat. And Dakota joined the national economy. By 1915, North Dakota was shipping out enough wheat to feed 27 million people.

Today railroads are still indispensable to our regionally specialized economy. They carry phosphates from Florida and potash from New Mexico to fertilize the cornfields of Iowa. And in Iowa feedlots, cattle bred in Wyoming are fattened for Kansas City steaks to be served in New York. To be sure, cargoes also move by barge, pipelines, trucks, and planes. But railroads occupy a central position in our transportation structure.

Air freight is essential for shippers who can pay a high premium for swift, long-distance movement. Trucks are the big-volume carriers of manufactured goods subject to obsolescence, such as suits and dresses, home appliances, and office machines. Trucks offer quick door-to-door movements and precise schedules. But the cost of this custom-tailored service is high—an average of 6.3 cents per ton-mile (one ton carried one mile), compared to an average of 1.3 cents per ton-mile for rail freight.

Water carriage is the economy system for such bulk commodities as coal, petroleum, grains, and chemicals. Tows of barges, lashed together by cables in units bigger than the *Queen Mary*, move on the Ohio, the Mississippi, and other inland waterways or coastal routes. Their schedules are imprecise, but charges are phenomenally low. For the average cost of hauling a ton of goods one mile by rail you can move it four miles by water.

Railroads on the other hand are uniquely versatile. They can challenge the truckers by loading highway trailers on flatcars and moving them piggyback. They compete with barges and freighters when solid trainloads of coal or iron ore move like land-borne ships from mine to power plant or blast furnace. Their major service, however, is in carrying carload shipments—too big for the truckers—too small for water carriers.

The railroads' share of the traffic has declined sharply since 1929, when they carried 73 per cent of the nation's freight. By 1961—chiefly because of the inroads of trucks—their share had fallen to 43 per cent and the industry was pleading for federal rescue.

In the past six years, however, the railroads have stopped losing ground. And thanks to ever-rising production, their 43 per cent of the total has meant an ever-expanding tonnage. In 1965 in fact, they carried their biggest peacetime load. It included five million new automobiles and trucks—45 per cent of the motor industry's output; vast quantities of food; and about 70 per cent of all the coal mined in the country—most of it destined for electric power plants. Much of the freight the railroads move is hauled part of the way by water or highway. The railroad is a major link in the chain, the factotum of our transport system. If our present rate of growth continues, the railroads—by 1985—could be carrying more freight than the total that now moves by air, water, highway, and rail. But there is a question mark in this bright future. The railroads can meet the challenge of tomorrow only if order is brought to the inefficient maze which prevents them from exploiting the spectacular new technologies available.

Marvin J. Barloon, Professor of Economics at Western Reserve University, is a national consultant on transportation; he has previously written for "Harper's" on the transport revolution, on steel, and on the St. Lawrence Seaway. As a young man he worked as a railroad track laborer in a small Iowa town.

Making the Train Automatic

A railroad train is inherently automatic. Its flanged wheels on the steel rail vanquish friction and no one has to steer it. Recently, in San Francisco, I watched two men unaided push a loaded cable car weighing some 10 tons around an intersection. (They could not possibly have moved a truck weighing half as much.) A few lines are currently moving toward push-button railroading—but at about the pace of the beer-bottle car. Three major innovations are slowly being introduced—centralized traffic control, the push-button classification yard, and specialized, rapid-loading freight cars.

Centralized traffic control (CTC) permits a lone man to run several hundred miles of railroad from a central control panel, directing train crews. CTC virtually ends the long delays on side tracks. It increases the number of trains which can safely move over a main line by some 75 per cent. After installation of CTC between Buffalo and Cleveland in 1956, the New York Central, with no decline in traffic volume, tore up two tracks of this hitherto four-track stretch.

Yet, CTC is being extended very slowly through the railroad network. There are about 110,000 miles of main railroad lines in the United States. The first sizable installations of CTC were made at the time of World War II. Twenty years later, in

1965, the total mileage under CTC had reached 37,168, only 34 per cent of all the main lines in the country.

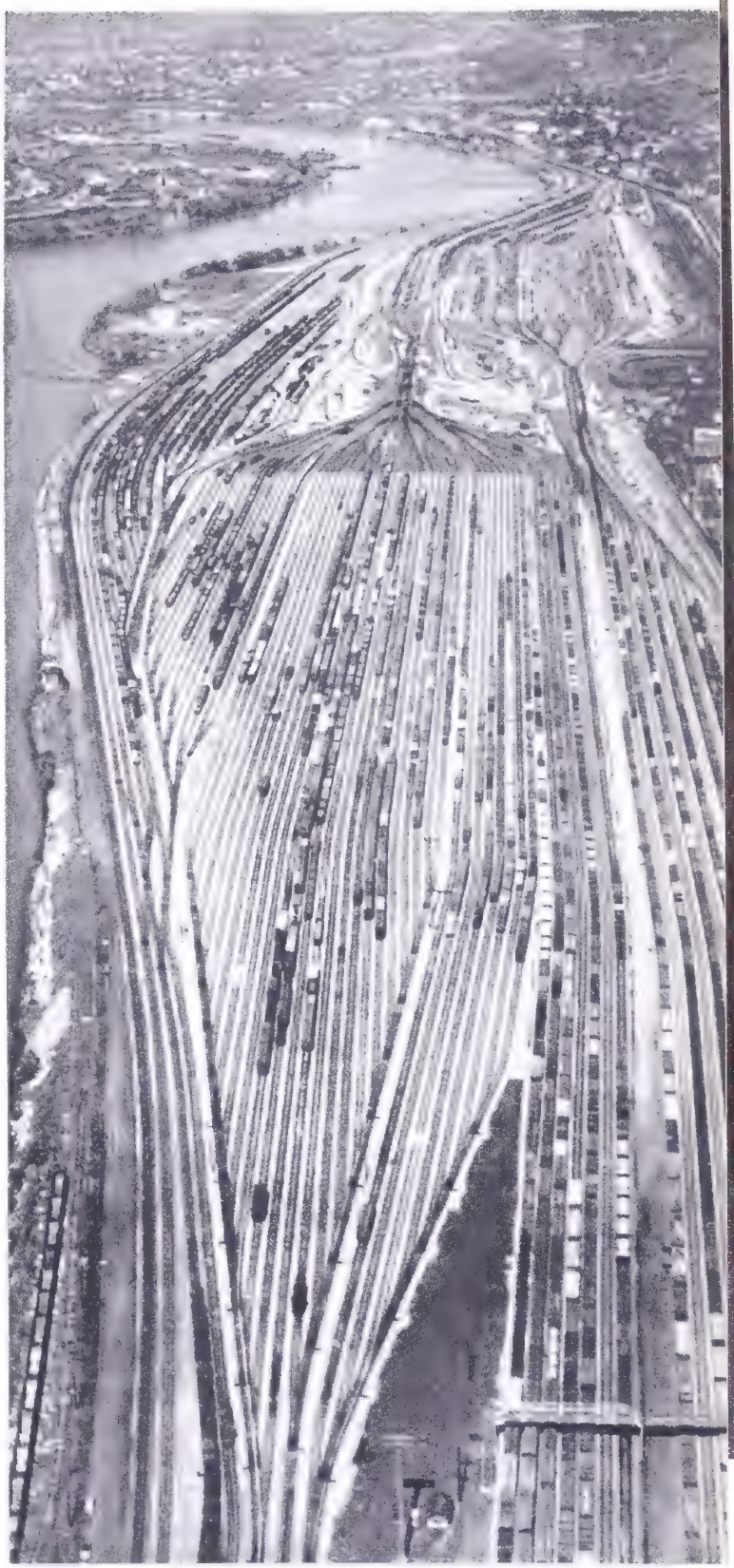
Nor has much progress been made in bringing push-button operation to the classification yards—the switching areas where trains are assembled and broken up. Most railroad freight consists of individual carloads which, for economical movement, must be assembled into long trains. This means switching—lots of it. First the carload joins a train at its point of origin. At one or more connecting points it must be switched onto another train. At destination, it must again be switched down the side track to the customer's dock.

The jolts and bumps of yard switching are a principal cause of damage to valuable freight. In most classification yards, switch engines push the cars around with only a limited reliance on a gravity incline called a "hump." Workmen scuttle about throwing switches and applying car brakes manually. It is dangerous work. I have seen the mangled body of a switchman lying under a boxcar and can testify to one good reason for making the job automatic.

The push-button classification yard is operated much like Junior's electric train. Guided by computerized car identification, a man in a tower operates switches by remote control. Cars coast downgrade into position to their assigned trains. Automatic retarders, directed by a computer, minimize the jarring bump of coupling.

The push-button yard improves service and cuts costs. For example, on the Southern Railway, where it formerly took seventy-two hours to move freight between Washington, D.C., and New Orleans, two new push-button yards completed in 1958 have helped to cut this time in half. With neither clerks, locomotives, nor switchmen, the push-button yard saves enough money to pay for itself, often in four years or less. At present, however, of many hundreds of classification yards in the United States, only about fifty are of the push-button variety. Switchmen still assemble most trains, and their methods would be quite familiar to the young veterans of the Spanish-American War who did this job at the turn of the century.

The railroads lag, also, in adopting cars of modern design. While van trailers on the highways are made principally of aluminum, most boxcars remain of outmoded heavy construction. The bawling animals going past the crossing gates in an old-fashioned cattle car have reason to complain. In contrast, a modern livestock highway trailer is a bovine Pullman, equipped with non-skid floors, controlled ventilation, and underconstruction that minimizes jolts.



SAMUEL PHILLIPS

Automation speeds the huge task of sorting out freight cars for hundreds of different destinations from this classification yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Pittsburgh.

A major innovation in 1960 was the all-aluminum 100-ton Big John grain car of the Southern Railway. More recently some lines have purchased automobile rack cars and specialized lumber cars with virtually removable walls to reduce loading time. The New York Central is purchasing 125-ton hopper cars which use air pressure for the speedy transfer of cement from car to a highway trailer. But modern car design is still in its beginnings. Close to half of all the railway freight cars now in service were built before 1950; four out of five before 1960.

Technology, in short, is ripe for a super-railway system geared to such innovations as the "integral train" hauling 40,000 tons of bulk minerals in some 400 oversized cars from mine to factory, moving across the country as an unbroken unit with no switching and no intermediate stops. The train would carry enough fuel for 3,000 miles of continuous movement. Unmanned or slave locomotives would be interspersed through the train, their power and braking action automatically synchronized by computers. Only the lead locomotive would carry an engineer. Better yet, slave locomotives could be eliminated and the power applied to the wheels of selected freight cars, a scheme already under experimental use on highway truck-trailers. Finally, the manned cab of the head-end locomotive might be eliminated, allowing the blind behemoth to roar through the country at speeds up to 70 miles an hour under the leash of a central control panel hundreds of miles away.

Too visionary? The Pennsylvania Railroad has already run the world's first integral train experimentally, a colossus of 300 cars, three miles long, but not crewless, carrying 30,000 tons of imported iron ore, a respectable shipload, from the Delaware River to Altoona, Pennsylvania. Space technology could make such a train crewless. Even now, a control panel can direct the path of a moon-bound spacecraft at interplanetary distances, with neither rails to guide the craft nor wires to connect it with the panel. Either trains approaching the crewless integral train in daring must, in the course of time, come into service, or the railroads will not carry their share of the load in the mushrooming national economy.

The technology and equipment of our railroads can be modernized on a grand scale if the present 98 independent lines are merged into a few large systems. These 98 lines are products of the financial gamesmanship and the reorganizations and

By remote control, one man in a tower guides cars into their proper trains on forty-five different tracks in a modern push-button classification yard.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD PHOTO



combinations of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. They served passably in the age of the steam locomotive, but they are obsolete in the diesel era.

Over major traffic routes the old lines parallel and duplicate each other. (There are, for example, six parallel lines between Chicago and Omaha, probably four too many.) With traffic dispersed over so many tracks, modern technologies cannot be applied to any of them. Frequent interconnections snarl long-haul traffic unnecessarily in classification yards, and there are so many yards that few handle enough traffic to make push-button operation profitable.

The railroad lines today resemble the early paved highways, completed mostly in the 1920s and 1930s. These were essentially short-haul routes which paralleled and interlaced, usually intersecting at the village square. The long-distance automobile traveler who could drive 65 miles an hour on the open road did well to average 40 as he worked his way through this maze.

The Pennsylvania Turnpike was the pioneer through highway for through travel. The limited-access concept has now been applied to the 41,000-mile Interstate System, liberating the long-distance traveler and trucker from the clutter of local traffic. But it takes a dense concentration of traffic to warrant the heavy investment in freeways. On the railroads, a similar merging of lines is the only way to achieve a comparable concentration.

Thus, after the Virginian Railroad merged with the Norfolk & Western, there was a fourfold increase in the tonnage moved by the average locomotive between the Appalachian coal fields and the Atlantic Coast. And the merged system operates with 22 fewer locomotives and 1,800 fewer cars.

The consolidation of traffic also makes it possible to modernize classification yards. A modern push-button yard costs some $12 million to $15 million and won't pay for itself unless it can handle at least 2,000 cars a day. Very few yards today handle this volume, but where it is possible it pays off. For example, the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Baltimore & Ohio anticipate yearly savings of $7 million as a result of consolidating their yards and terminals in nine cities.

A Case for Mergers

The case for railroad mergers is strong. But only fourteen have taken place from 1955 to 1966. Why so few? Admittedly, a railroad merger involves prolonged study and negotiation. But it should not take so long that the negotiators are put on a pension before the deal is completed. Sluggish progress is often attributed to bad railroad management. And it is true that many lines still seek as executives—as one old-timer put it—the man who "was born with railroading in his blood, we don't care about his education." "Railroading in his blood" meant steam locomotives. "History has been an albatross around the necks of the railroads," says Myron M. Christy, president of the Western Pacific. "In many situations you have an advantage if you don't know how something is *supposed* to be done. . . . We're ready to challenge our traditional way of doing things anywhere, any time."

Christy is one of a growing number of imaginative and aggressive executives, including such men as Jervis Langdon, Jr., president of the Rock Island Lines, and Ben W. Heineman, the Chicago lawyer who rehabilitated the Chicago and Northwestern.*

In the face of improving management, is government regulation the stumbling block? It is true that the Interstate Commerce Commission regulates every aspect of railroad management—accounting, finance, service, consolidation, expansion, and especially rates. Railroad spokesmen unanimously argue that this restraint impedes progress.

I think they are wrong. The railroad merger movement calls, not for relaxation of rate controls, but for the strengthening of controls. A program of laissez-faire would be highly unsuited to the emerging railroad goliaths. A railroad is a privately owned highway on which no one can operate vehicles but the highway owner—a monopoly of access. The combined system of the Pennsylvania and New York Central will comprise more miles of line than all the railroads of Great Britain combined.

The existing regulations have encouraged vigorous competition between the railroads, the highways, and the water carriers. For example, the competition of river barges has spurred the railroads to introduce massive, low-cost "unit" trains and to cut rates to the bone on everything from steel to fertilizer for river valley deliveries. Most of the innovations mentioned earlier—the Big John grain cars and the automobile rack cars resulted from truck or river-barge competition.

However, the super-railroad system we need is still not in sight. And we will not have one until a comprehensive federal program is laid down, as

*See "Chicago's Commuter Railroad Miracle" by Andrew Schiller (*Harper's*, January 1966).

has been done for our highway system. At present the initiative for mergers must come from the carriers, with the Interstate Commerce Commission serving merely as a reviewing or vetoing agency. The result is an interminable poker game as competing lines scramble for position.

The stakes of the game are high. Many railroads cannot survive by themselves. The Union Pacific, for example, terminates at Omaha, where it feeds eastbound freight to four connecting lines. If the Union Pacific were to merge with one of these four as a through line to Chicago, the excluded three would be stripped of this traffic. Also faced with the possibility of being left stranded are numerous small bridge lines which serve as connecting links for long-haul freight. Since the major advantage of mergers is the concentration of freight on a few lines, the prospect is an ugly threat to those left out.

Thus, every large-scale merger program is harassed and delayed by the forlorn loners locked out of it. Every merger must be approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The hearings of the Commission are confused by a snarl of contending plans. An overall master plan could not settle all the disputes. Indeed, if it were too detailed it might well aggravate them. But the Interstate Commerce Commission could delineate the broad outline of a system to take shape by 1975, designate each railroad's place in the coming system, and lay down guidelines as to the terms of settlement. The tensions of the struggle could thus be much relieved.

Back in 1929 the Interstate Commerce Commission did promulgate a grand plan for consolidating the railroads into twenty-one systems. The plan failed when the carriers declined to follow it. This was just as well, for the heart of the plan was defective. The plan did not aim principally at greater railroad efficiency but sought to combine weak railroads with strong ones and to maintain competition among them. Instead, what is needed is maximum railroad efficiency and vigorous competition by them with other modes of transport. This should be the target of any long-range plan.

Price of Progress

The planning concept is opposed by those railroad executives who think they will come out on top in the present Donnybrook. On the other hand, the executives of lines that will lose out have an obligation to their stockholders to fight to the bitter end. But at some time a public authority must establish the rules of the game and blow the whistle on the interminable wrangling. In any merger some people will be dissatisfied; their problems should not be ignored. But on the other hand, the long-range needs of the nation's economy must be our prime consideration.

What happens when a railroad modernizes? To see in human terms, visit Pitcairn, Pennsylvania. It is a gloomy town. Once a bustling railroad center, with 3,000 to 4,000 men working in the classification yards, the railroads now employ barely 400. "No sir, this is not a railroad town any more," Bill Crawford, a forty-six-year old conductor, told a *New York Times* reporter. "Today at four o'clock they close the westbound hump. That's it; there are no jobs here. . . . We don't even know if we're entitled to severance pay." The work formerly done manually at Pitcairn has been transferred to the new automatic yard at Conway, some twenty-five miles to the west.

Labor displacement is a real cost of railroad progress. Many railroad workers cannot transfer to other industries. They may be intelligent men, and highly skilled, but in occupations peculiar to the rails. With a declining work force, the railroads have not been hiring very many young men. In consequence, an unusually high portion of their workers are older people, blocked from other industries by the age barrier. For these, it's the old job or no job.

Railroad employees, however, are better protected than those in many other industries. Federal law prohibits any merger from placing long-term workers of the consolidating lines "in a worse position with respect to their employment" for at least four years. The Interstate Commerce Commission must specify "fair and equitable arrangements" to protect employee interests. Strong unions reinforce these safeguards which should probably be strengthened as the merger movement prospers.

The American consumer is not so poor that he must buy the benefits of railroad mergers at the price of personal disaster to workers. Railroad jobs can be protected by the process of "attrition" and by worker transfers. In any work force, a considerable number of people quit, retire, or die each year. If equivalent numbers of new recruits are not hired, the force declines. This is "attrition." It is a slow and costly process but far less costly to our society in the end than the alternative of an obsolete railroad system.

The railroad merger snarl thus presents an unmistakable challenge to the new Secretary of Transportation. Upon its resolution depends the full realization of the continent's economic potentials.

Harper's Magazine, April 1967



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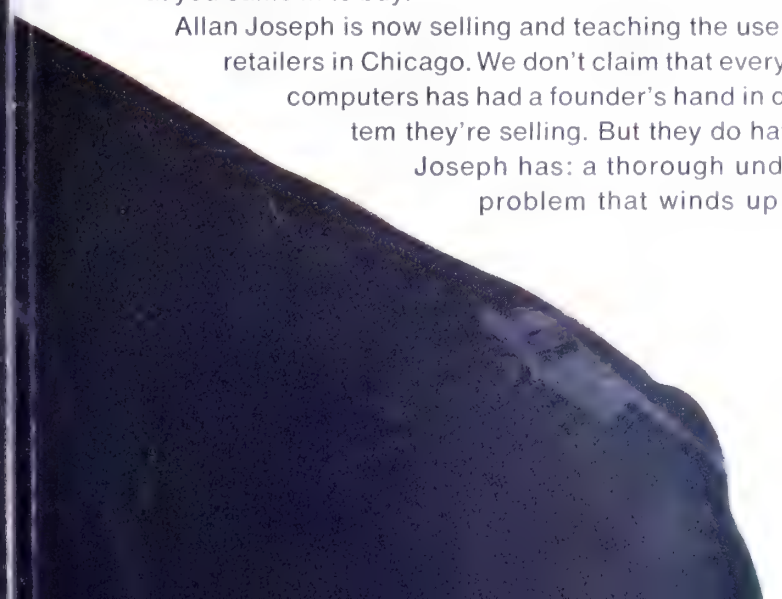
On this refrain, say surveys, more shoppers troop out of department stores empty-handed, more sales are lost, than for any other reason in retailing.

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Mrs. Randall Jarrell

THE GROUP OF TWO

A MEMOIR OF A MARRIAGE

I came into Randall's life after Salzburg and Rilke, about the middle of Mahler and Breughel, and I got to stay through Goethe on up to Wagner. This was in the early 'fifties in California in what Karl Shapiro called Randall's "both sides of the Rhine" period. It was the time of his Prussian officer's leather coat when everything German mattered (I was Mary Eloise von Schrader, but German in name only) as well as—as always—when *everything* mattered.

He soon saw what a hodgepodge I was and supplied me with all of Rilke, Eliot, Lowell, Auden, Chekhov, Peter Taylor, and Jarrell to read; then Proust and *The Charterhouse of Parma;* and then a set of Learn German records to play when I "didn't have anything to do." Like those grandmothers who can quote the context of the Bible wherever you open it and let your hand fall, Randall dazzled me by doing this with *Remembrance of Things Past.*

A game with him was to turn on the FM and guess what the music was and he tried to teach me to play, too. "What period would you say it is? Okay. What nationality? Mmmm. Guess again. Okay. Now which composer?" I was a so-so player. I never could get Berlioz. Randall, though, was rarely wrong and often he could say after *one* bar Mahler! Strauss!

In bookstores that stocked art postcards Randall, oblivious of the faces turning his way, would flip through dozens of cards, naming off: Soutine, Rouault, Wicked Old Tiepolo, Caravaggio, Dopey Old Braque; as well as the many, many painters he liked such as Goya, Eakins, Michelangelo, Degas, and on and on. When I looked at him and bleated, "How . . . ?" he laughed and was pleased. Then as he realized I was serious, he suggested, "For a while just wash out the Royal Academy. And anything with wigs. Then it'll be a cinch for you."

Copyright © 1967 by Mrs. Randall Jarrell

He was an active spectator. In fact, if he were merely watching a performance I could be sure we were about to leave. Something worth staying for, Tanaquil Le Clercq or Pancho Gonzales or Marilyn Monroe; the National and American Football Leagues, *certain* Ingmar Bergman movies or a Sviatoslav Richter concert would soon be "boiling in his veins" and had him gripping my hand, twisting and untwisting his legs, repeating, "Isn't it *hot* in here?" and *being* that line of Rilke's he translates: "Whenever I saw something that could ring, I rang."

He was ringing sports cars when we met and I told him two of my friends in Pasadena had Mark V's. When he showed me a red one on the cover of *Road & Track* I looked at it blankly, and he said, "I thought you said you'd seen a Jaguar." "Oh, is that what it is?" I asked, and added a little defensively, "I thought all Jaguars were black." That made Randall laugh and laugh. Another day, after he'd told me all he knew about the Grand Prix endurance classic at Le Mans I volunteered that I'd cycled there. "To see the Grand Prix?" he asked. "No," I said, "the cathedral." "The cathedral?" There was a pause before he said, "To think, there's a cathedral in Le Mans." But when I laughed and laughed, he interrupted me with, "Only an occupational deformation, let us say."

As far back as I can go, Randall was always after the new *Road & Track.* Summers at Monteagle or Laguna it pulled us into one drugstore and out another and off to faraway small towns "that might not be sold out." Winters in Greensboro after breakfast, after class, after dark, the idea would hit Randall to "go out in the Great World" and we did: two Chicken Littles in their TD, or their 190 SL, or their XKE off to a "lovely magazine stand where Who knows? Who knows?"

I didn't read *Road & Track*; Randall read it to me after he'd read it himself; then he'd read it

to himself again. When the new one came, the old one went under the bed with old Schwann catalogues and *High Fidelitys* and L. L. Beans.

In *Road & Track* he could dream over those drawings of dreams—the All-Possible Car. He'd call out, "Baby *doll*, what prose!" And, it was in *Road & Track*, among dates of rallies and *concours d'élégance* and races, man found the dates of consequence to man. "Just think, pet cat," the bridegroom said. "We're probably the only people in the world getting married on the eighth so we can be in Madera on the tenth."

It was a fine, bright, smogfree November eighth in Pasadena as dry and glittering as California in the 'twenties. *That*, and being able to see Mt. Wilson Observatory seemed the topic of the day and Randall muttered to me, "One touch of weather makes the whole world kin." But it was *Gemütlichkeit* there with my friends of thirty years recording us in Kodachrome in front of portraits and brasses in my mother's home. And we got to Madera on schedule to see Phil Hill race the first C-Jag in this country.

II

To be married to Randall was to be encapsulated with him. We took our three meals a day together, every day. I went along to his classes and he went along on my errands. I watched him play tennis and he picked out my clothes. Sometimes, we were brother and sister "like Wordsworth and Dorothy" and other times we were twins. "The Bobbsey Twins at the Plaza," Randall would tell me in our room upstairs at the Plaza.

Like the boy in Rilke's *Requiem* Randall "printed" on himself the names of Chekhov and Proust and Freud "so far off now already so long ago," and Gogol, too. When he discovered Freud's birthday was the same as his we stopped calling it his and celebrated Freud's. When some guests once mistook a small framed picture we had of Chekhov for Randall's father, Randall got the incentive for his beard. Not immediately though; his first response (as he was never prepared for the world's uncultivatedness) was to sigh, "People, *people*. Is there no limit to what people don't know?" But before we went to bed that night Randall took a long look at the picture and a long look at himself in the mirror. "You know what?" he said. "What?" I said. "If you blur your eyes . . ." And I said, "It's so, Randall. It's *so*."

In later years when people told him he looked like Renoir's gentleman with the opera glasses or like Donatello's head of Goliath, he'd ask with boyish delight, "Really? Do you *really* think so?" And now there is a Byzantine gallery in our house of bearded paintings, and each room has its Solomon, Odysseus, Constantine, John the Baptist, or Der Heilige Hieronymus.

Randall had an affinity for that Other that he saw in ponds and photographs and mirrors. He had his favorites and his "un-favorites" but I believe he looked into every mirror we ever saw. At the end of a day in bed recovering from a cold when he'd read and written and slept too much he'd ask me for the hand mirror. Unconcerned by my watching, he'd look at himself for whole minutes thinking—I know not what. Then he'd playfully perform for me and "that old friend who lives in my mirror" a pantomine of Tsar Nicholas turning into Rasputin and Mephistopheles turning into Faust. Waiting for a traffic light in the Jaguar or the Mercedes 190SL, Randall might seem to be looking out into space; but when I followed his eyes, there we'd be "Windowed ones within their windowy world" in the plate glass of a storefront. I'd wave to the delectable car, the man in the ascot, and the woman in the shadows over his shoulders, waving. I'd say, "There they go." And Randall, staring back at them would say, "America's dream."

"Two little girls, one fair, one dark," one Alleyne, one Beatrice, came into the marriage with me. To them Randall was more of a friend or pet or affectionate encyclopedia than a father. Kitten —who was not a kitten, but a big black Persian cat—came with Randall. They had been together for years, had taken walks and naps and trips and trusted and admired each other absolutely. To Randall "every part of him had a clear, quick, decided look about it." This sentence is about the Mockingbird in *The Bat Poet*, but Randall said it first about Kitten. He liked those qualities and would spot them at moments when Ted Williams was at bat or when President Kennedy was fielding questions at a press conference. It got so that

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Randall Jarrell, who was distinguished as a poet, novelist, critic, and teacher, contributed reviews to "Harper's" in 1954 and 1955. He served in the AAF in World War II, wrote a dozen books, won the National Book Award and other honors, and —at the time of his death in a highway accident— was Professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. A longer version of this reminiscence will be included in a collection of essays called "Randall Jarrell, 1914-1965," edited by Robert Lowell, Peter Taylor, and Robert Penn Warren, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in June. Mrs. Jarrell makes her home in North Carolina, where she gives poetry readings of her husband's work.

both of us often said it at once. "Look. Look. He's looking like Kitten."

Outdoors in some new place Randall said, "Kitten has a general's eye for terrain." When Kitten reappeared after a three-day (worrisome for us) bivouac somewhere, Randall dashed out to meet him. He'd pick him up and hug him, and say, with his voice breaking, "Oh Kitten, Kitten. Clever one to take such good care of yourself." They had a game like tennis made of anticipation and fast reflexes that consisted of Randall's flicking the tip of a necktie in imaginative ways just out of Kitten's reach—if he could. In this game they ranged through all the house with the easy skill of two "clear, quick, decided" intelligences that had never failed or been clumsy at anything they'd ever done.

When Randall had been too busy writing to play, Kitten would take up a stance directly in front of Randall and stand there with his ankles together and his tail softly floating, and look up at him giving off rays of invitation. Soon I'd hear a familiar melody, "Little Ambassador, are you bored? All right. We'll play. Come now. We'll laugh and play. Oh yes. Oh yes."

Once, at a campus we were visiting, a professor began drawing Randall out on Kitten at a cocktail party. Delighted to be rescued from General Conversation, Randall got animated and voluble and a circle soon formed. At this point, to be funny, I guess, the man interjected a story he'd heard about Randall giving up his meat ration points to the cat during the war. "Why of course!" Randall flashed sparks. "What would you expect? He's only a poor cat, and has to eat what he can. People can eat anything. What an absurd remark."

On clear nights, back from the library, we'd put the car in the garage and be looking up for Orion's belt and sword when a downy, faintly warm, almost invisible presence wound in and out between us, leaning lightly on us. On a night like that Kitten was hit by a car at the side of the road. Like Randall, one blow on his skull killed him instantly. Again, like Randall, the beautiful eyes and face and graceful body were not hurt in any way. By ourselves we buried him in the dark under a deodar tree. The next day, at class, Randall could scarcely teach and we decided to drive to Charleston for a while. Home again, people spoke so kindly to Randall; Alleyne and Beatrice were so loving; and I did what I could; but in the end he had to suffer by himself through all the zigzag work of mourning with the guilt and the longed-for dreams, the dreaded fading, and the reluctant giving up.

III

Something we never solved was California "In the Old Days." Surely we had met! Randall and I had both lived in the same town, Long Beach, and not far apart. We knew each other's houses. Mr. Jarrell worked for a photographer named Richard Seeley. *We* knew Mr. Seeley. Randall's father called on "prospects" for the Seeley Studio and once someone, *someone* called on my father at his office and arrangements were made for a series of pictures of me. They are gently lighted, altogether winning studies, as are the ones he made of Randall and of Mr. Jarrell, too; and all signed by Mr. Seeley in India ink .

Randall moved away from Long Beach after his parents were divorced. Mrs. Jarrell and his little brother went back to Nashville. Randall lived with his grandparents and great-grandmother on his father's side who were the Mom and Pop and Dandeen of *The Lost World*. There was an illusory bond between us in that "pink sphinx" the poem mentions. While it had once starred in a Pharaoh movie, it wound up as a failed real-estate office



on a street corner across from Randall's school. By chance or by design, it was next door to my Uncle Fritz's house so that when my parents went to see my uncle and aunt I'd go off and play in the sphinx.

Randall stayed with the old-fashioned old people for about a year and when his mother sent for him to come back with her, he hated to leave. "How I cried," he told me. And he'd begged so hard for them to keep him that when they wouldn't —or couldn't—he blamed them for being cruel and decided not to think about them anymore and never wrote a word. He wrote them a poem instead (though they may not have lived to read it) about homesickness, called "A Story."

In Nashville Randall was "covered with relatives." The Campbells (pronounced Cam'll) were a large but intimately organized family of positive personalities. None of them were listeners nor relaxed people, but each on his own level was effective and, as his mother said, "left tracks." She was the poor and pretty one who "had to work" and Uncle Howell ("Brother") was the president of Bell Camp Candy and her mainstay. In Campbell minds Randall was expected to Be A Little Man and to aim toward supporting his mother, which, unhappily for Randall, was what Uncle Howell had done at a remarkably early age.

"They had real gifts for finding me the most *awful* jobs," Randall said. "I wouldn't have minded delivering papers so much though it was hellish—I could have hired somebody to do the collecting. The people were so *bad*. They wouldn't pay, and they told lies. And I had to keep going back."

When the sculptors for the Nashville Parthenon invited him to model for Ganymede they were enchanted with this child who told them myths about the gods while he posed. He soon had the run of their studio and spent days with them at a time. When they finished their work, though, they had to go back to whatever planet they'd come from and left Randall desolate. A long time later his mother said they had asked to adopt him but, knowing how attached to them he was, she hadn't dared tell him. "She was right," Randall said, bitterly. "I'd have gone with them like *that*."

He went on "growing up" in the library and at the backboard of the tennis courts and writing in his room with the door locked. In high school, he played on the tennis team, edited the literary magazine, starred in some plays, and headed the honor roll. He graduated during the Depression and Uncle Howell offered him a job in the candy company if he'd take some bookkeeping and shorthand courses at a secretarial school. Randall dutifully attended but said he couldn't make himself pay attention and either sketched or put his head down on the desk. Eventually Uncle Howell sent him to Vanderbilt—the first in the family to go to college—and Randall was grateful.

When we were married, he was temporarily hard up. Strewn through the handwritten pages of *Pictures from an Institution* are sums like $23.80 plus $41.50 with $14.95 subtracted. He used to tell me, "When I get through this, all I want is enough money not to have to think about it." Even then Randall wasn't thinking about change. Pennies poured out of his pockets into the sofa and car and the bear rug by our bed. Alleyne and Beatrice called them Randall's "oil wells" and he let them have them. "A penny is more trouble than it's worth," was one of his proverbs. Randall never had a savings account, only a spending account where his royalties, honorariums, and salaries awaited transubstantiation into Gucci luggage; Baltic amber; boxes at the Cuvilliès-theater; the house in Montecito.

The last time we were in Europe we saw a spotted fur hat with a Garbo-dipped brim that Randall had me try on. "Baby, that's right up your alley," he said. I thought so too, but I was ashamed to spend so much money on a mere hat. Finally he rescued me. "How much have you spent on hats in the past ten years?" he said. "Nothing!" I said. I couldn't remember when I owned a hat last. "Okay," Randall said. "*Pro rata* it. Pretend you spent ten dollars a year for the past ten years. Now, does it seem so bad?"

We forgot all about this until Randall was ill, when in Rilke's words "rain starred the stream" and we saw "the naked tree Trouble . . ." Then we talked over how much real trouble we'd had in our years together. It seemed so little to both of us that we said if we'd *pro rata* our bad time just now against the rest, we'd still come out way ahead.

IV

In the 'sixties we bought a rustic, improbable house ("The Bobbsey Twins in Their Hunting Lodge" Randall called it) in a small forest of pines and hardwoods the bulldozers forgot. It was his idea to surround the house with rooted ivy plants in hopes they would "take the place" as the neighbors warned. "The first year it sleeps. The second year it creeps. The third year it leaps" is what they told us. By the fourth year our house was covered thickly and ivy strayed across the window screens and then, to Randall's delight, got indoors. The neighbors, all horrified and triumphant, asked what we were going to do *now*? And Randall said,

erenely, "Let 'em. They won't harm *me*, if I on't harm *them* is *this* house's motto."

Robert Lowell's letters at this time were full of rim thoughts about the bomb and mass death, and ney stuck in Randall's mind and made him sad. But Cal is right," he said, and wouldn't be com-orted. "What an age to be part of!" He was loomy that spring until he found a sentence of uther's that seemed to ward it off: "And even if ne world should end tomorrow I still would plant ny little apple tree." He quoted this to Cal, and to lasses, and put it in the front of his book *A Sad Heart at the Supermarket*. Then he bought a six-ree apple orchard for us; a magnolia for Mary; ollies, firs, golden willows, gingkos; and a birch or "good, dear Chekhov."

Alleyne and Beatrice got married and Randall nd I were having meals at all hours and playing *'ristan and Isolde* and the "Transcendental tudes" in the moonlight. Sundays, we had pasties nd Löwenbrau watching the National Football eague. Over and over Randall was struck by enes on the screen of the stadium crowds, half in ght and half in shadow; or, half-stadium and alf-turf with the athletes in combat on the bright med lines of the grid. "Wouldn't that make a ainting! Oh, if only I could *paint*," he'd say.

Randall never joined groups unless you count hi Beta Kappa, the National Institute of Arts nd Letters, and the Army. If he "had a hard time nowing what to do at parties," it was even worse t meetings. He went to the ones he had to, but aid, "The trouble is, there's nothing to do!" When asked him what had happened, he'd say, "*Hap-ened?* Nothing. Oh, well, it was a good time to ean out my billfold." Once, at an *American cholar* meeting he sketched all evening and rought home a "speaking likeness" of Margaret ead. At graduations Randall passed notes to the rofessors seated by him and made funny signals me out in the audience. I never joined things ther, not even church, and when people asked me I belonged to this league or that club I'd laugh nd say truthfully, "I just belong to Randall." hen Chancellor Singletary (whom Randall as "nuts" about) wanted to make up a mailing st of our friends for the University file Randall ld him, "Otis, we know more chipmunks than we ow people."

In his hammock, in one of his stations "out in ature," with the FM turned loud, Randall wrote nd lived his Bat Poet. His creatures were all the alf-tamed ones we fed and knew. Many of them, ' ones just like them, live on in these woods, to-y; and the real cardinal, the cardinal who *knew* andall, is the red bird in the green pine who still calls "birdie-birdie-birdie-birdie" for his sunflower seeds. In Life, Frost and Lowell were Mockingbirds, I know; Michael di Capua (Randall's editor) and I were Chipmunks of sorts; the poet Robert Watson, and Randall, of course, Bats.

On Randall's sabbatical we picked up the XKE in Coventry and drove across Europe on what a gentleman in Bamberg called our "secondt vedding moon." Originally we hadn't allowed much time for England because Randall had gotten along badly with some British academics and was "against" England. But, in the lamplighted evenings at the Taylors' house, talking over the itinerary, Peter ventured his well-known "This won't *do*." And he and Eleanor—James-ite, castle-combing, monarchistic pair that they are—forced Somerset, Goathland, and Doncaster on Randall with the same sweet unreasonableness that he'd forced Freud, *War and Peace*, and Bosch on them.

On our first day in London, Randall couldn't get over the contrast. "Why, it's like a time machine," he said. Everything cozy and well-made and stable that had fallen out of America in this century seemed—seemed to Randall—*there* in England. Although he loved Germany, it was hard on him being cut off from the magazines, newspapers, and even menus. He'd complain, "Oh, I'm so ill-educated. Imagine knowing *one* language." England did seem the answer to his wish for a foreign country that spoke English. The English we liked the best we heard on the television program *Steptoe and Son*, and Covent Garden had to carry on without us on *their* night. This, and an interest in cricket news made us feel somewhat residential and we fell into a small routine. After the daily gallery and some shopping we liked to get to our room in time for the Wimbledon broadcast. Propped up and propping each other against the headboard of the bed we sipped our tea and watched in bliss the mounting Australian sweep that year in that hushed outdoor scene with only the bup-bup cotton bubble sound tennis makes.

"English trees *are* like Constable trees," Randall said interestedly, as he looked out our hotel-room window on the Bayswater Road across from Kensington Gardens. Our sight-seeing was a joke: no Westminster Abbey, no St. Paul's, no Tower nor tours—but we extended our stay.

Robert Lowell was passing through London and we spent a few hours talking on a bench in Kensington Garden. The two friends' temperaments, it seemed to me, were opposite, but their intelligences were complementary. At each visit they would rouse each other up once or twice, whether they meant to or not; and then, like physicists on different hemispheres who advance their own

knowledge on each other's papers, Cal and Randall (after their initial resistance passed) often pushed with their paws and found something palatable in each other's latest enthusiasms. Randall might say, "Cal's right. I was dumb about X—. He's better than I thought." Or he might say "The people Cal likes!" For a day or two after being with Cal, Randall was more Randall than ever.

All Randall's phobia about England came down hard on France. After he'd learned, and then liked, to "maintain the orderly sequence of the queue," he was appalled at the brother-against-brother ways of Paris. At *Tannhäuser* that night and at other public places where the situation warranted it. Randall raised his voice and said, "Good *night!* What a way to behave." One weekend "did" for France.

Mornings in Munich had a unique franticness with the Jarrells, half-finished with their breakfasts, urging on the half-asleep Michael di Capua in order to be first at the box office for the turned-back opera tickets of the day. By ten-thirty these crises were past, and we calmed ourselves over Weiss Bier at Café Luitpold. There, Randall and I nudged each other and stared in tender fascination at a certain waitress who would never know she was "the perfect Gretchen for *Faust*."

V

At home again there was some final work to do on his translation of *The Three Sisters* for Lee Strasberg and the Actors' Studio in New York; when that was done he went back to playing tennis with his old singles partner in the fine North Carolina winter climate. On worse days, he liked to dress in his ocher twill "Danish nobleman's" jacket and the briar-proof trousers and Bean boots he is wearing in Betty Watson's portrait, and roam the Quaker farms nearby.

The Lost World was written to so much Liszt and all the pianists that recorded him, and so much Richter, that I never read it without hearing music. Once, before Randall had written "The Player Piano"* and forgiven his parents everything, we were listening to Richter's performance of "Pictures at an Exhibition." Randall sat with his face turned up, and his eyes closed, and his right hand "playing" chords on his knee. The first thing he said (and vehemently) when it was over was, "You'd have thought *somebody* would have given me piano lessons!"

At this time there were three or four songs in *Faust* that he kept retranslating and wishing Goethe hadn't written. They "weighed on h spirit" and he told me he'd finally made up h mind to put them into literal prose in an append "where they can't stick out and ruin everything

Then something unexpected happened. After false start or two, a book took hold of him and g written almost consecutively to its end. Dail like a small glacier, it gathered up objects su as the deerskin rugs from Salzburg, the new wi dow seat we'd added, the Gucci hunting horn ov our brick hearth, and the female satyr from Ar sterdam. Into this small world he put a beard hunter and a mermaid; then a lynx from th Washington zoo, the seals from Laguna days, an at last, a boy who wanted to be adopted by *Th Animal Family*.

Signs of Randall's nervous breakdown ha begun, but they fooled us into explaining them other terms. Before the worst of it happened, h was granted a few magic weeks of Lisztian vi tuosity when nothing in his lectures or readin was veiled to him any longer, and when everythir his heart desired seemed possible. Poems flew a him, quatrains, haiku, aphorisms, parts of poem. Ideas for poems finally beat at his head like mar wings. Before it was through with us, the orde called forth a desperate valor we would never hav known we had; and Donne's lines, ". . . for affli tion is a treasure, and scarce any man hath enoug of it . . . that is not ripened by it and made fit fo God," came to have more meaning for us than I have wished.

When the doctors let him come home agai Randall was not as good as new, but he was r covering. It was summer and we got Hoyle fro the library and taught ourselves a beginner pinochle and after that an advanced pinochl Soon, Randall scrambled these together with som added attractions of his own that made a superio game we kept score on every day. Many afternoon we took the cards out to the University's lake an played in the grass and swam. We were r reading Gogol's *The Inspector General* befor Randall was to teach it in the fall, and it was h who substituted "Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky a Piney Lake" for our old formula of the Bobbse Twins. He had me reading Ludwig's *Bismarck* t keep him company in his new interest—nineteenth century Germans. His class in Russian Literatur in Translation was large and enthusiastic an Randall was so glad to be teaching again. At home he was sorting over poems on hand and makin decisions for a book he was calling *Let's See*. "Th Player Piano" was to be in it, and "The Augsbur Adoration"—and this one.

*Poem published in *Harper's* in February 196

A MAN MEETS A WOMAN IN THE STREET

by Randall Jarrell

Under the separated leaves of shade
Of the gingko, that old tree
That has existed essentially unchanged
Longer than any other living tree,
I walk behind a woman. Her hair's coarse gold
Is spun from the sunlight that it rides upon.
Women were paid to knit from sweet champagne
Her second skin: it winds and unwinds, winds
Up her long legs, delectable haunches,
As she sways, in sunlight, up the gazing aisle.
The shade of the tree that is called maidenhair,
That is not positively known
To exist in a wild state, spots her fair or almost fair
Hair twisted in a French twist; tall or almost tall,
She walls through the air the rain has washed,
a clear thing
Moving easily on its high heels, seeming to men
Miraculous . . . Since I can call her, as Swann
couldn't,
A woman who is my type, I follow with the warmth
of familiarity, of novelty, this new
Example of the type,
Reminded of how Lorenz's just-hatched goslings
Shook off the last remnants of the egg
And, looking at Lorenz, realized that Lorenz
Was their mother. Quacking, his little family
Followed him everywhere; and when they met
a goose,
Their mother, they ran to him afraid.

Imprinted upon me
Is the shape I run to, the sweet strange
Breathtaking contours that breathe to me:
"I am yours,
Be mine!"
Following this new
Body, somehow familiar, this young shape,
somehow old,
For a moment I'm younger, the century is younger,
The living Strauss, his moustache just getting gray,
Is shouting to the players: "Louder!
Louder! I can still hear Madame Schumann-Heink—"
Or else, white, bald, the old man's joyfully
Telling conductors they must play *Elektra*
Like *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—like fairy
music;
Proust, dying, is swallowing his iced beer
And changing in proof the death of Bergotte
According to his own experience; Garbo
A commissar in Paris, is listening attentively
To the voice telling how McGillicuddy met
McGillivray,
And McGillivray said to McGillicuddy—no,
McGillicuddy
Said to McGillivray—that is, McGillivray . . . Garbo
Says seriously: "I vish dey'd never met."

As I walk behind this woman I remember
That before I flew here—waked in the forest
At dawn, by the piece called *Birds Beginning Day*
That, each day, birds play to begin the day—
I wished as men wish: "May this day be different!"
The birds were wishing, as birds wish—over
and over,
With a last firmness, intensity, reality—
"May this day be the same!"
Ah, turn to me
And look into my eyes, say: "I am yours,
Be mine!"
My wish will have come true. And yet
When your eyes meet my eyes, they'll bring into
The weightlessness of my pure wish the weight
Of a human being: someone to help or hurt,
Someone to be good to me, to be good to,
Someone to cry when I am angry
That she doesn't like *Elektra*, someone to start
out on Proust with.
A wish, come true, is life. I have my life.
When you turn just slide your eyes across my eyes
And show in a look flickering across your face
As lightly as a leaf's shade, a bird's wing,
That there is no one in the world quite like me,
That if only . . . If only . . .
That will be enough.

But I've pretended long enough: I walk faster
And come close, touch with the tip of my finger
The nape of her neck, just where the gold
Hair stops, and the champagne-colored dress begins.
My finger touches her as the gingko's shadow
Touches her . . . Because, after all, it *is* my wife
In a new dress from Bergdorf's walking toward
the park.
She cries out, we kiss each other, and walk
arm in arm
Through the sunlight that's much too good for
New York.
The sunlight of our own house in the forest.
Still, though, the poor things need it . . . We've
no need
To start out on Proust, to ask each other about
Strauss.
We first helped each other, hurt each other,
years ago.
After so many changes made and joys repeated,
Our first bewildered, transcending recognition
Is pure acceptance. I can't tell our life
From my wish. Really I began the day
Not with a man's wish: "May this day be different,"
but with the bird's wish: "May this day
Be the same day, the day of my life."

Harper's Magazine, April 1967



Philip Wagner

THE WAR WITH THE BIRDS

Because America's bird lovers are so blindly emotional (and politically potent) our Little Feathered Friends are getting out of hand. Until their number is controlled, they will be a growing danger to crops, planes, and human health.

One evening last August we were sitting on our lawn, surrounded by birds. My wife and I are winegrowers in a small way. The birds had come to help us pick our vintage.

There had been a light afternoon shower, the kind that in our climate brings out the fireflies. At first dusk they spangle the grass. Then they rise higher and by the time darkness comes they are making halos around the tops of the trees. As the grapes were not yet ready, the birds were whiling away their time eating the fireflies.

All the birds on the lawn were "nice" birds—no nuisance birds like starlings—and they seemed to be getting on well together, a peaceable kingdom. I counted thirty robins and then stopped. There were various others whose names I cannot report, as I am a bird watcher perforce rather than choice and all birds look more or less the same to me. But you name the species: we have it at vintage time.

Winegrowers distinguish several sorts of ripeness in the vineyard. There is biological ripeness, when the fruit is dead ripe and the seeds are viable. About ten days before that there is the stage when the grapes have reached a proper balance of sugar and acidity and are ready to be picked and made into wine. About ten days earlier there is a stage when the acidity is still too high for wine making, and the sugar too low, but for birds the grapes are *à point*. So if one doesn't take care, the birds will have eaten all the grapes before they are quite ready to make wine out of. Each harvest is therefore an adversary proceeding between birds and winegrowers calling forth a great deal of ingenuity from both parties.

Cato's idea was to hang nooses of horsehair in front of tempting bunches and so lure the birds into hanging themselves. I tried this once with help from a horsey friend, but with no success. Other tactics, no more effective, are to bang pans, shoot off guns, string up things that tinkle or wiggle in the breeze, shroud the vineyard in cheesecloth, install plastic owls in conspicuous places, chop down nearby trees, play recordings of birds in dire distress, and even chain live hawks (having first obtained them) to the tops of trellis posts. But birds are not easily bluffed.

There are more subtle stratagems. From the half-acre block of vines lying east of our lawn we harvested not a berry in 1965, though the vines were loaded. This was a deliberate gambit on our part, and (we thought) a rather clever one. By leaving these to the birds we were able to dash in

and harvest about a ton and a half of excellent white wine grapes from the half-acre west of the lawn. We should have been able to harvest three tons, for the crop was heavy, but the birds, having cleaned up the east block, had already begun to forage in the west.

In spite of annual fluctuations over the years the number of birds at vintage time has rarely failed to be larger than the year before. And there is a curious thing about this, which I offer as comfort to those bird lovers who were frightened half to death by Miss Rachel Carson. It so happens that our Boordy Vineyard, on the outskirts of Baltimore, was one of the first vineyards in the United States, and may have been the very first, to be treated with that blessed chemical DDT. That was in 1944. At this time the Japanese beetle assault along the Middle Atlantic Seaboard was at its peak. The beetle, which had proved immune to the then available insecticides, left grape vines completely defoliated and, pending a remedy, grape growing had suddenly become impossible.

One day Dr. George Langford, the state entomologist and one of the key men in the struggle to subdue the beetle, proposed that we set aside a vineyard row for spraying with this new stuff (the wine to be made separately and tested for residue).* We agreed. He came with his little bottle. The row in question was bronze with feeding beetles. We sprayed. Ten minutes later the ground beneath the row was bronze with dead beetles. The knockdown was total, and we have used DDT selectively for the subsequent twenty-two vintages.

DDT and the other chlorinated hydrocarbons can make trouble when misused. Still, the bird population in these parts has increased and multiplied despite its use and to the point where birds are more destructive—for winegrowers at any rate—than insects. For all I know, they may carry traces of DDT in their little livers; but it has not ruined their appetites, and it has not reduced their numbers.

The public in this country is pro-bird, just as the public in India is pro-cow. Americans are taught in their tender years that birds are to be cherished and that birdsong is beautiful. The latter is drilled in so thoroughly that we think we ought to enjoy it even when we don't. (To me, birdsong is neither cute nor musical.) The thought of *killing* a mockingbird or a chickadee shocks most people. The fondness of cats for bird hunting is taken as proof of their base natures, and American tourists are distressed beyond measure when first they see a Frenchman or an Italian taking a potshot at a songbird, and again when they find this same bird on the menu that night. It confirms what they had suspected all along about the immorality of foreigners.

I am afraid Americans are not entirely consistent about this. Chickens are birds, yet they are a main source of our protein. The same goes for turkeys. The duck and the goose? One moment we praise their beauty in flight, and in the next we knock them out of the sky with a shotgun for the fun of it. We are just as schizophrenic about the dove, the quail, and the grouse.

Yet as a general proposition we do hold birdlife in veneration. There are even those who demand fair play for the starling, as Mrs. John F. Kennedy found while she was living in the White House. A flock of starlings had formed the habit of settling in the region of her sitting-room window. She mentioned the matter to a certain person. A detachment of the Secret Service was promptly instructed to play recordings of a starling in agony beneath the window and so frighten the flock away. The press got wind of this, and soon there were letters objecting to the inhumanity of frightening starlings (how would *you* like to be frightened?) and of torturing one for the purpose of making a recording.

It is time, I think, for a change of public attitude. Of course, the all-out bird hater is a crank. But so in my view is the all-out bird lover—indeed an antisocial one if we are to assume, as thinking men must, that the Great Society is something for man and not for the birds. I plead for a less rigid position.

On September 22, 1965, a DC-6 slammed into a flock of mallard ducks while flying at 5,000 feet near Des Moines. The windshields were shattered and all the flight officers were injured. They managed, however, to land the aircraft with its sixty-nine passengers intact. The crash of an Electra at Boston's airport in October 1960 did not have so happy an ending. Birds on and about the runway had clogged the turbine engines so badly that the craft lost power at takeoff and was never really airborne. Then there was the abrupt crash of a Viscount in flawless weather at Friendship Airport, between Baltimore and Washington, when a

Philip Wagner, since retiring as editor of the Baltimore "Sun," has been writing a syndicated column on public affairs for a score of newspapers. He and his wife have a small winery, Boordy Vineyard, in Maryland, where they experiment with the French hybrid wine-grape varieties that they have introduced to American viticulture.

*That is another story. There was no residue.

brace of whistling swans collided with its horizontal stabilizer. It came down like a stone.

There is nothing novel about collisions between aircraft and birds, though neither the FAA nor the airlines enjoy talking about these very much. Nevertheless, of the 430 bird strikes reported to the Air Transport Association between January 1961 and April 1963, damage was done either to the airframes or to the engines in 202 of these strikes.

As for the Air Force, their statistics noted a much higher incidence of collisions: airline pilots report an average of about 300 bird collisions a year, while private pilots average 500. Last year the Air Force ordered its pilots to report all bird collisions or strikes, whether or not damage resulted. The total was 839, nearly six times the number for 1965. I have seen an Air Force portfolio of photographs of damage to military aircraft that would curl the hair of the most ardent bird watcher.

Moody Airbase in Georgia has not been able to rid itself of a flock of some 1,500,000 starlings and blackbirds that roost at the end of one of its runways. Air Force research indicates that the starling is the chief offender against aircraft. Their reports describe him as a wary, cunningly adaptable bird, and conclude with the gloomy prediction that he probably cannot be eliminated. The finch, the mynah bird, and several species of parrots living wild in the vicinity of Los Angeles are also listed as birds whose "population might avalanche" into dangerous aviation problems. The gooney bird is a constant hazard on Pacific island bases, notably Midway. Birds can cause blips on radar screens, *i.e.*, flash alarms affecting our aerial sentry system.

The high incidence of bird collisions is now costing the Air Force somewhere around $10 million a year. Last December the Service finally began to fight back. Revealing that bird collisions with aircraft were "far more common than the public suspects or than pilots care to admit," the Air Force announced that month at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science that it was, in effect, declaring war on birds to lessen the growing menace of bird-aircraft collisions.

Migratory fowl by the untold millions use the California and East Coast flyways. Between seven and fifteen million mallards and pintails migrate up and down the Mississippi Valley every year. Canada geese fly the coastal sky paths, and the largest of the migrant waterfowl, the whistling swan, follows a well-studied path impinging on the flight patterns of the Duluth, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Baltimore, and Washington airports.

And then there are gulls. We make their habitat, the intertidal zone, even more attractive to them by using these areas for garbage dumps and fish processing plants. Hence a population explosion of some species of gulls is taking place. We also establish airports at tidewater, thus ensuring the confrontation of gulls and aircraft at takeoffs and landings. At a rough guess 15,000 gulls inhabit the Saugus-Lynn marshes across from Logan Airport in Boston. Bird strikes have also been caused by the "nice" birds, such as the bobwhite, the killdeer, the ring-necked pheasant, the mourning dove, the peewee, the horned lark, the bluejay, the robin, the western meadowlark. . . .

The odds for a disaster by way of a bird strike are still long. Not many people have died this way. The Jacksonville airport has the highest reported bird-strike rate, and it is only 2.53 strikes per 10,000 operations; Kennedy Airport has a mere 1.24. Still, it is a hazard and a growing one. Bird strikes used to be entered as "incidents." As of July 1965 they became "accidents," an important distinction in flying lingo since an accident requires a full investigation and a mere incident does not.

Sharing Our Food

Something rather less dramatic is the steady assault on the food supply by birds. But in terms of damage it is much more important.

There is the case of a pretty little songster, the red-billed finch or *quelea quelea*, which is a distant cousin of the canary, and a primary threat to the African food supply. It has been the cause of numerous famines in East Africa, some of them of such great severity that finally drastic measures were decided upon. And I mean drastic. In Mozambique one moonless night in 1957 a nesting area of only sixty acres was sprayed with parathion by a low-flying plane and yielded 25 million birds, a figure which gives a fair idea of the scale of the problem.

We have nothing here comparable to that, yet. It is true that as many as 120,000 birds have been caught with a floodlit trap in a single night (experimentally and for banding), and many farmers and not a few others are convinced that a bird population explosion is under way. But there is remarkably little solid evidence to back such a claim. Anything like an accurate bird census is difficult. While the Audubon societies do a notable job with their Christmas bird counts, in many ways

these counts are unreliable and even misleading. They are samplings, and large flocks can throw comparisons out of joint by changing their roost from year to year. We have reliable figures for a few species only, principally the migrants of interest to hunters.

What is beyond dispute is that in the modern trend toward single-crop farming we have unwittingly created feeding conditions that are ideal for certain birds. There are many advantages to single-crop farming, but a disadvantage is that such concentrations provide epidemic conditions for plant diseases. In such conditions birds can also become a disease.

The rice crop in Arkansas and the lower Mississippi Valley suffers huge annual losses from birds. Corn growers in general report damage on a constantly rising scale and there are areas where the growing of sweet corn has become impossible. Citrus is a target in certain areas. The cherry growers of Berrien County, Michigan, haven't been able to harvest the top halves of their trees for some years. California's richest single fruit crop is grapes. Vineyards show damage on an alarming scale, and the state has begun to move in a gingerly way to see what can be done. I can testify on eastern vineyards. Growing small fruits has in general become a gamble in most parts of the country. A farmer down near Galveston has been so persecuted by a flock of between 30,000 and 50,000 egrets and herons that his cries for help have been heard as far away as Washington.

In animal husbandry there is a like tendency to concentration—in feedlots. Instead of having to waste their energy foraging on range and pasture, more and more cattle these days find their nicely balanced meals set before them—a bountiful table for starlings and blackbirds, too. The size of some of these flocks is more than a little frightening. Feedlots, unlike annual crops, provide year-round sustenance and so encourage the avian birthrate.

"Oh, well," says the city man, "farmers are famous crybabies and they are always exaggerating their troubles. Besides, don't we have a problem in getting rid of food surpluses? Why not let the birds do it?"

There is a grain of sense in this. Bird damage has occasionally eliminated a glut that threatened to break the market for certain small fruits. And farmers do, no doubt, exaggerate the damage. But a city man doesn't know what it is to stand by helpless while the work of a season is half-destroyed; moreover, the era of food surpluses has been a temporary thing and in most parts of the world it never existed. Half the world is, in fact, starving.



Even the Snowy Egret

The city man [illegible] raises his tone when certain brazen types so far forget themselves as to become an urban bother. He finds suddenly, as did Mrs. Kennedy, that birdsong is an intolerable racket when performed chorally. He does not admire what pigeons and starlings do to his buildings and he demands that the city fathers Do Something when real-estate values are affected. He learns that these birds are infested with lice as well as mites and ticks, not to mention germs and viruses. He hears that blackbirds, starlings and pigeons have been implicated in urban epidemics of acute pulmonary histoplasmosis and that cowbirds have been identified as carriers of salmonella, the food-poison organism.

When his nose is rubbed into the facts, the city man has to admit that certain species are indeed despoilers, potential disease carriers, and thoroughgoing nuisances. And this, it seems to me, is a most encouraging breakthrough toward a more sensible attitude on birds in general. The next step is to persuade the city man that other birds besides the ones which happen to offend *him* can be nasty, too. Parrot fever is an old story, but the fact is that at least 48 species, ranging across the spectrum

from the snowy egret to the scarlet tanager, are hosts to the encephalitis virus.

I have put down enough, I hope, to justify my plea for a less sentimental, a more matter-of-fact, public attitude toward the bird population we live with. When they undertake aggressions against man—wittingly or unwittingly—it is legitimate to respond by applying appropriate controls. The trouble is that we know so little about means of control. And those who are working in the field, when not themselves haunted by a sense of guilt, must carry on with a certain furtiveness, and with many a look over their shoulders at the bird-lover lobby.

Shoo or Control?

The development of repellents—in effect, technical refinements of the age-old shoo-away technique—has been seriously hampered by our ignorance of avian physiology and psychology. We suspect that their world is primarily visual, but we know very little about their color sense. We know that they can hear. But we do not know whether they have a sense of smell or not (the vulture is *suspected* of having a sense of smell). Our knowledge of their taste sense is largely negative; for example, the gull has no organs resembling taste buds. The development of repellents has thus been a hit-or-miss affair. The use of high-frequency electricity, taking advantage of birds' known high cardiac rate, seems to show some promise. There are firecrackers that may be shot from a 12-gauge shotgun, and acetylene cannon. But we are ignorant even of the proper management of noisemakers since we know nothing of birds' memory span. If blasts are frequent the birds grow accustomed to them and, if not frequent enough, the birds forget and return for more feeding. We don't know how to get the most and best bang for the buck.

In addition to "fright" recordings there are sticky substances that the birds don't like to get their feet into, toxic materials which cause the bird eating them to complain loudly and alarm its fellows, electric wires to shock them, and so on. But none gives much satisfaction. The ideal would be a spray repellent that might be applied routinely along with an insecticide, but the problem here is to find a repellent that doesn't make the crop repellent to humans, too.

The general argument in favor of repellents is that, for agriculture at any rate, the bird problem is intermittent. Bring the crop through the danger period and the job is done. But it is a *sauve qui peut* way of going at it—you solve your own problem by dumping it on your neighbor.

On the other hand, the reverse repellent—getting man to avoid birds rather than the other way round—may prove to be of real value for commercial flying. The idea is to spot approaching flocks of migrant waterfowl on radar, forecast their courses as weather is forecast, and so warn pilots to get out of the way.

The most promising approach to the bird control problem seems to lie in prevention. Birth control is coming to be accepted for human beings as the answer to our own population explosion. Why not the birds?

Chemo-sterilants, sometimes called gametocides, would kill no birds. What they would do is allow mature birds to grow old gracefully and die a natural death while reducing the population of young birds. This is an immediate gain because young birds do most of the damage; and the long-term advantage is that the subsequent population of the species can be rather precisely tailored. The ideal chemo-sterilant is one that would interfere with the birds' normal behavior as little as possible. It would allow them to lay eggs, leaving them free to incubate them (though to no avail) for as long as they wished. There is neither the need nor the wish to exterminate. What is needed is to make it possible to control the level of bird population to a point where it can coexist with man on amiable terms.

Already we have some quite promising leads on appropriate chemo-sterilants. But for two reasons industry has been shy of following them up. One is the normal reluctance of a private enterprise to smudge its "image" and risk the goodwill of a substantial segment of the public. Another is the modest size of the potential market. A small quantity of chemo-sterilant goes a long way and there just isn't much of a commercial future in it.

Is this a matter for government, then, rather than private enterprise? Here, too, there is a difficulty. Work of this kind requires funds appropriated by Congress. And bird control is political dynamite. Such work as is now being done by government agencies proceeds in the absence of a clear definition of policy and is financed by driblets brought together from a variety of sources. The grand total for last year was a measly $650,000. Compare this with the sum, running annually between $14 million and $17 million, which is being spent on a single insect, the fire ant.

There will be no real onslaught on the problem of bird control until the public begins to change its sentiment. How much damage must birds do before that happens?

Arthur S. Link

THE CASE FOR WOODROW WILSON

Citing chapter and verse, the editor of the Wilson Papers takes issue with the Freud-Bullitt psychological interpretation of Wilson's character —and shows how much of it rests on nonfact.

In his Foreword to *Thomas Woodrow Wilson*, by Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt, Mr. Bullitt, former U. S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union and France, explains how he and the founder of psychoanalysis collaborated in the early 1930s to write this book.* Bullitt assumed responsibility for gathering the biographical data (his notes, he says, ran to more than 1,500 typewritten pages), and he wrote a digest of data pertaining to Wilson's childhood and youth. Freud contributed a brief introduction explaining his system of psychoanalysis and his own involvement in the project. Then the two men—at least so they both testify—worked together on the body of the book. Each author apparently wrote sections of these main chapters and then later, in conference, reconciled and amalgamated them.

A number of profoundly disturbing questions have been raised about the integrity of this book —whether the analytical parts of the text were in fact written by Freud. Since I am not qualified to engage in this kind of textual detective work, I will concentrate on an equally important issue—whether this study is based upon sound biographical and historical evidence.

Wilson, the authors tell us, was a weak and sickly boy who found reasonably satisfactory outlets for his sexual libido in his relations with his mother, sisters, cousins, and, later, his two wives. However, he vacillated between passivity and hostility to his stern and demanding father, the Reverend Dr. Joseph Ruggles Wilson, who set impossible objectives for Woodrow's superego to achieve. Like most boys, Woodrow suffered from the Oedipus complex caused by this internal tug-of-war. But Woodrow never resolved the Oedipus complex, and this failure prevented him from ever having a normal, independent, and integrated personality.

For one thing, Wilson was incapable of healthy masculine relationships, in part because his passivity to his father found one outlet in identification with his mother, in part also because he invariably regarded male friends as substitutes for his younger brother, Joseph R. Wilson, Jr. Failure to resolve the Oedipus complex also caused Woodrow Wilson to identify his minister-father as God and himself as the only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. And, more's the pity, once Joseph Ruggles Wilson died, Woodrow became in his own mind the Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Needless to say, this caused monumental troubles. One was the compulsion that Woodrow felt as Jesus Christ to have a Judas Iscariot, or betrayer, among his close friends. This paranoia forced Wilson to break with all his male intimates.

However, there were two more fateful consequences of Wilson's failure to resolve the Oedipus complex. Ridden by unconscious hatred of his father, Woodrow focused this hatred like a Laser beam on men who challenged his leadership and authority, most particularly Dean Andrew F. West at Princeton and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

*Houghton Mifflin, 1967, $6. Bullitt died in Paris on February 15, 1967, at the age of 76.

Driven at other times by feminine passivity to his father, Wilson craved domination by and submission to other men, for example, the Allied leaders at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919.

Around the Bend

All these inner conflicts, the book suggests, made it difficult enough for Woodrow Wilson to function normally while his father was alive. Once Joseph Ruggles Wilson died, Woodrow went around the bend. At least by 1907 he was an extreme neurotic, if not a psychotic, living in a world of illusion and delusion, unable to distinguish between fact and fancy. "Distortion of fact thereafter became a pronounced trait of Wilson's character. Thousands of distorted, ignored or forgotten facts mark the remainder of his life." (p. 125) Since circumstances catapulted him into positions of immense influence and power, he wreaked incalculable damage upon his own nation and the world.

This is not the first highly critical study of Woodrow Wilson, nor even the first attempt to use Freudian psychoanalysis to understand his personality. William Bayard Hale published a semi-Freudian analysis of Wilson's use of language, *The Story of a Style*, in 1920. Alexander L. and Juliette L. George emphasized Wilson's alleged father fixation (his tendency to concentrate his hatred of his father on men who opposed him) in their *Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House*, published in 1956. But neither Hale nor the Georges, nor any other serious writers, insofar as I know, have ever contended that Wilson was nearly a psychotic. Thus *Thomas Woodrow Wilson* posits a very new and radical interpretation.

Is this portrait of Woodrow Wilson true and faithful to the evidence? Some of the biographical and historical data in the Bullitt-Freud book are accurate. For example, the authors relate with reasonable accuracy and even some understanding Wilson's very un-psychotic efforts to mediate the European war and achieve a peace of reconciliation in 1916-1917. In addition, they recognize certain well known contours of Wilson's personality. However, Bullitt and Freud are not to be trusted on most details, particularly details marshaled to prove that Wilson was neurotic. I am talking not only about their numerous factual errors, but also about their distortion and abuse of evidence and, worse still, their bold and uninhibited invention of evidence when necessary to support their psychological analysis.

Perhaps it was inevitable that *Thomas Woodrow Wilson* had to turn into the shambles that it is.

For one reason, it is obviously very difficult and dangerous to try to psychoanalyze a dead man. Freud's earlier attempt to analyze Leonardo da Vinci had already pointed up these dangers (see the searching review by Meyer Schapiro in the *Journal of the History of Ideas*, April 1956). I do not mean to imply that psychiatrists and psychologists cannot help the biographer to see things that would otherwise escape his notice, or that they should not attempt to do their own independent work upon a careful examination of the evidence. But no biographical study, and particularly no "psychological study," can be better than its evidence. Most of the evidence that Bullitt gathered and fed to Freud would not stand up in any court of law or pass any sound test of scholarship. This is true in part because the materials for a sound biography of Wilson or a study of his personality were not available when Bullitt and Freud wrote their book.

Documents for Understanding

Incidentally, there is no great mystery about the sources that Bullitt used and did not use. He had no access whatever to what was thought in the 1930s to be the complete corpus of the Wilson Papers. Ray Stannard Baker, Wilson's official biographer, had these papers under lock and key until 1939. But Bullitt could not have gathered evidence sufficient for a sound study of Wilson's early life even if he had seen all the papers in Mr. Baker's possession. The main body of the Wilson Papers for the first forty years of Wilson's life was not discovered until 1963, in the Wilson house on S Street in Washington.

The documents in this great addition are absolutely indispensable to an understanding, among many other subjects, of Wilson's relation to his father. Bullitt's and Freud's analysis of that relationship—and of its impact upon Woodrow's personality and psyche—was based mainly on Baker's brief description of it. Baker, they said, had seen all the letters between Woodrow and Dr. Wilson. Actually, Baker never saw more than a handful of these letters; and the statement to the contrary was not his but Bullitt's and Freud's.

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If Bullitt did not see more than a tiny portion of the Wilsonian documentary record, where, then, did he obtain his so-called evidence? He picked and chose from the few biographies in print by the early 1930s, principally the first three volumes of Baker's *Woodrow Wilson: Life and Letters*. He also relied heavily, among other books, on Robert E. Annin's hostile biography, published in 1924, and on the memoirs of the even more hostile William F. McCombs, published in 1921. Bullitt also interviewed every critic, foe, or *former* friend of Wilson whom he could find. Dean Andrew F. West not only told Bullitt about Wilson's supposed double-dealings during the Graduate College controversy at Princeton but seems also to have permitted Bullitt to read his manuscript history of this controversy. Colonel House, apparently a mine of so-called information, also permitted Bullitt to read his massive diary. Bullitt paraphrases sections of this diary that were totally unknown to scholars until the document was opened to researchers in the 1940s. We are entitled to wonder whether Bullitt interviewed a single one of Wilson's friends and admirers who survived in large numbers in the 1930s. In any event, there is no evidence in the book that Bullitt did so.

Third, it does not seem likely that *Thomas Woodrow Wilson* would have turned out much differently even if Bullitt had had access to the entire body of the Wilson Papers and had taken the trouble to try to obtain a reasonably fair cross section of contemporary opinion about Woodrow Wilson. Both authors admit that they undertook their study with strong feelings against their subject, but they assure us that their original hostility turned into sympathy and pity for a very sick man the more they studied Wilson's career.

The latter statement strains credulity far beyond the breaking point. Bullitt was one of that small group of so-called liberals, which included John Maynard Keynes and Walter Lippmann, who turned savagely against Wilson when he failed to achieve an international millennium at Paris in 1919. Bullitt's animus against Wilson is not only old but well-known. Freud shared the pathological hatred of his fellow-Viennese against the man whom they blamed for destroying the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In addition, Freud never liked Americans, and it was natural for him to react against the man who embodied so many American traits and gave voice to so many American traditions.

That the authors were not moved by pity only is revealed among other things by the dozens of snide and contemptuous remarks that they interspersed quite irrelevantly throughout the text of their book. Here are a few notable examples:

Joseph Ruggles Wilson "talked too much" and "incidentally is not to be recommended as a model for fathers." (pp. 3, 113) While Dr. Wilson was strong and handsome, young Tommy was sickly and ugly; and Mrs. Joseph R. Wilson had no existence beyond the wishes of her husband and no influence over her son. (pp. 7, 54) Woodrow Wilson "always did badly in studies unless they were connected with speech"; "his pleasures were all connected with the use of his mouth." (pp. 13, 30) Woodrow Wilson "could never admit that he had done wrong." (p. 62) He "was, in fact, ill at ease with men of any distinction" and "could never permit any friend to meet him on terms of mental and moral equality." (pp. 30, 124) "He seems to have thought about political or economic problems only when he was preparing to make a speech about them either on paper or from the rostrum. His memory was undoubtedly of the vaso-motor type. The use of his vocal chords was to him inseparable from thinking." (p. 73) "In all his recorded words there is no sign that he understood French, German or Italian civilization, to say nothing of the classic Greek." (p. 107) Wilson was ignorant of European languages. (p. 107) When he was fifty-one, he was "an ugly, unhealthy, 'intense' Presbyterian, who had little interest in women and none in food, wine, music, art or sport, but enormous interest in speaking, in himself, in his career, and in God." (p. 132) As President of the United States, Wilson rarely worked hard and "saw little or nothing of the members of his Cabinet or of the leaders of his party in the Congress." He entertained in a niggardly fashion, offering his guests neither "wine, cigarettes nor cigars." (pp. 150-151) With few exceptions, Wilson shunned or hated everyone. (p. 152) His "notable legislative program of the years 1912 to 1914 was largely the program of House's book, *Philip Dru: Administrator*." (p. 152)

As it turns out, every one of the statements just quoted or paraphrased (and they are only a few among many such) is demonstrably false, silly, or only very partially correct. I do not know how Bullitt discovered the fact that Joseph Ruggles Wilson talked too much. Actually, he had a reputation for being very reserved. Whether he was a model for fathers is of course a matter of opinion, but it would have been helpful if Bullitt had seen Dr. Wilson's letters to his son. Woodrow Wilson did very well in studies unconnected with speech, and he enjoyed a few pleasures other than those connected with the use of his mouth. Wilson was an accomplished student of the Greek and Latin languages (he resumed the study of Greek after

his retirement from the White House), and he read French and German with considerable facility. He taught courses in Greek and Roman history, as well as in Italian, German, and French history. Incidentially, he gave much attention to art in his course on the Italian Renaissance. One of Wilson's best essays was a long piece on French history. Entitled "Self-Government in France," it is published in the first volume of *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson* and is easily available to anyone interested in reading it. To say that Wilson did not work hard (as Bullitt does several times in the book) is on the same order as saying that the earth is flat. Wilson's papers, spanning the years between 1873 and 1924, provide abundant evidence that he was highly disciplined and worked with an almost furious intensity from his youth onward. For example, as a youth he taught himself a complicated shorthand system. To cite another example, while President he wrote virtually all the important diplomatic correspondence of the United States on his own typewriter.

It is of course not insignificant that Bullitt was obviously immensely ignorant of Wilson's biography. It is even more significant that many of Bullitt's errors are not careless mistakes—a fact which says something about Bullitt's deep hostility to his subject.

Freud revealed his own hostility by throwing in irrelevant observations that could have been included only for the purpose of besmirching Wilson's character.

Consider, for example, Freud's strong inference that Woodrow Wilson, at the age of sixteen, had a homosexual attraction to Francis J. Brooke in Columbia, South Carolina. (p. 73) There is not an iota of evidence that Wilson "began to love Brooke deeply," and a great deal of evidence that Wilson and Brooke were never close friends. This imagined love affair was thrown in, not because it shed any light on Wilson's personality (after all, some tendency toward homosexuality is not uncommon among boys of sixteen), but in order to shock the naïve reader.

The Alleged Neuroses

It would require as many pages as Bullitt and Freud have written to expose all the factual errors, fabrications, and irrelevancies in *Thomas Woodrow Wilson*, and there is no point in boring the reader by going on about them *ad nauseam*. I prefer to use this space to comment on Bullitt's and Freud's important hypotheses about the causes and manifestations of Wilson's alleged neuroses.

1. The authors put such emphasis on Wilson's Oedipus complex that their entire argument hangs or falls on the validity of this hypothesis.

I am aware of Freud's theory about the universality of the Oedipus complex. All that I can say is that if Woodrow Wilson did have an Oedipus complex, he resolved it as unconsciously as he had experienced it. To be more specific, there is no good evidence of any unusual passivity by Woodrow toward his father. The relationship in the beginning was of course that of father and son and teacher and pupil. The relationship had become one of comradeship by the time that Wilson matured; and Woodrow was the dominant partner at least from the mid-1880s onward. Throughout, however, the relationship was one of mutual love, not of domination or submission, and it was extraordinarily creative and liberating for both partners.

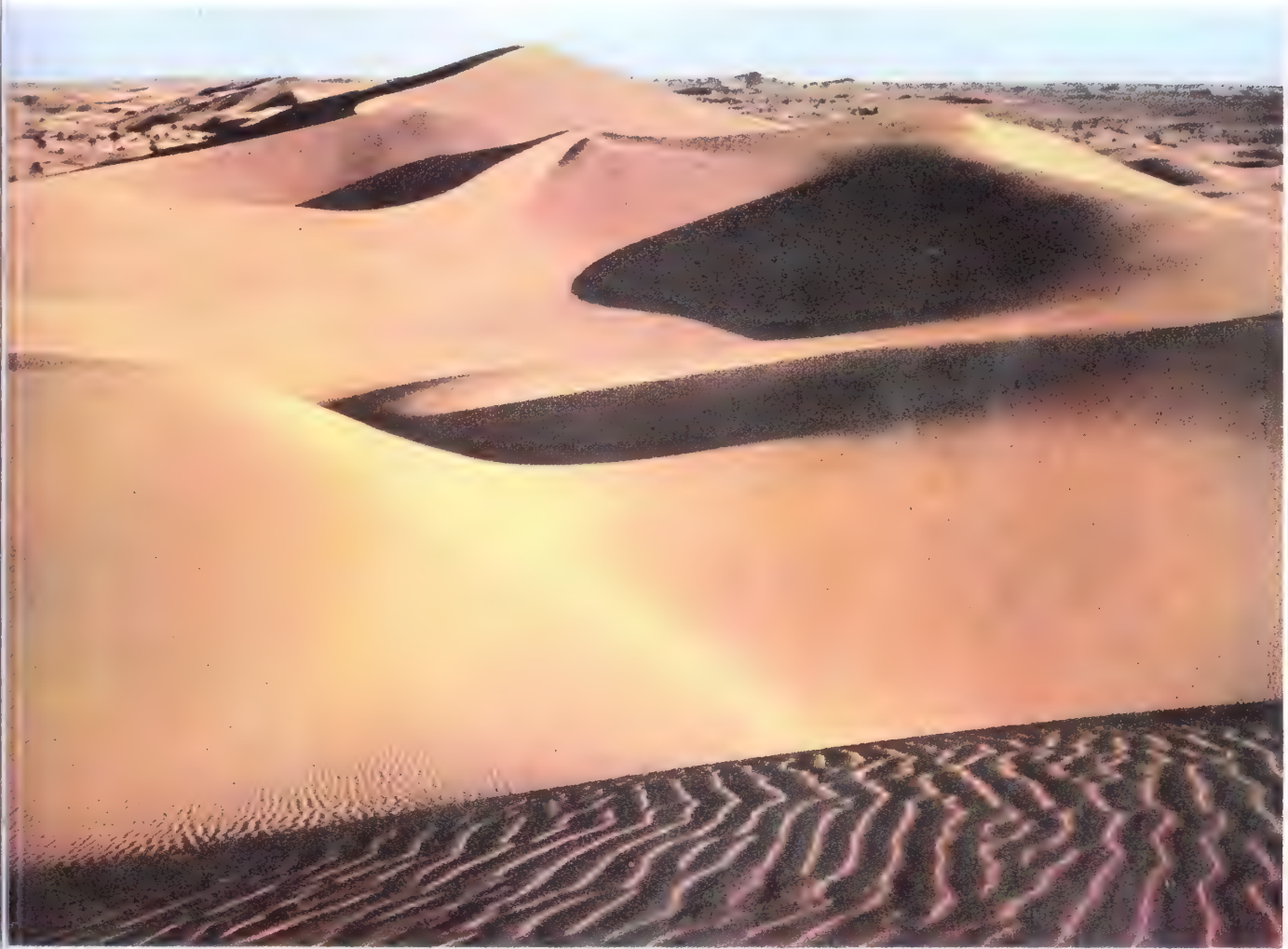
Freud argues at great length that one outlet for Wilson's passivity to his father was a mother identification. A clear and unquestionable example of this occurred, Freud says, when Wilson dropped Thomas from his name. He did so in about June 1881, according to Freud, because Hattie Woodrow of Chillicothe, Ohio, daughter of his Uncle Thomas Woodrow, rejected his proposal of marriage. (The rejection actually occurred in September 1881.) Thomas Woodrow Wilson at this point dropped his first name. He had gone to Chillicothe to marry his mother. Hattie's rejection made him dreadfully unhappy. By dropping Thomas from his name he was in fact satisfying his need for a mother representative "by becoming himself his mother." (pp. 90-91)

This is a marvelous example of an exercise that Freud engages in many times in this book, that of constructing an elaborate psychological interpretation on a solid foundation of nonfact. Now, it is perhaps true that Wilson was looking for a wife who was something like his mother in his courtship of Hattie, although it would be easy to overdo this point. But Freud's analysis is pure nonsense. Wilson began to drop Thomas or Tommy in November 1879 and had largely gone over to plain Woodrow Wilson by April 1880. However, he continued to sign himself Tommy in letters to old friends for years after Hattie refused his hand. The demonstrable fact is that Hattie's rejection had nothing to do with his shortening of his name.

There is not a shred of reliable evidence of Woodrow's hostility to his father. I have to add that I regard as nothing less than arcane the theory that Wilson's father fixation was responsible for his difficulties with Dean West and Senator Lodge. There is really no mystery why Wil-

When the in-group at the cocktail party
starts talking about
vacations,
smile and say,

"Oh, we're just going to play around in the sand."



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on's controversies with these two men occurred. Wilson and West were old rivals at Princeton. They fell out primarily over the location and character of a Graduate College. But this was only the surface manifestation of their increasingly bitter struggle for control of the Board of Trustees and of the university itself. Wilson's quarrel with Lodge was over the very posture that the United States should assume in world affairs. These two titanic struggles would undoubtedly have occurred and proceeded to their tragic conclusions whether or not Wilson had a father fixation.

2. After admitting that they had limited evidence on the subject, Bullitt and Freud mention repeatedly Wilson's psychosomatic illnesses as evidence of his psychic disturbances. The authors even provide a table of fourteen "breakdowns." (p. 80)

There is no evidence that Wilson was weak and sickly as a boy. His health did not "break down" at Davidson in the spring of 1874, and he did not go home to be "nursed for fifteen unhappy months." (pp. 79-80) Wilson finished his freshman year at Davidson, and the college records reveal that his health was as good if not better than that of his fellow students. Wilson did not have a "breakdown" at the University of Virginia. He simply had severe digestive troubles from bad food and probably bad water and went home to complete his legal studies. "It is not surprising that the year and a half which followed were the most unhappy of his life," the authors tell us. "Not only was his activity toward his mother without outlet but also his activity toward his father. His dyspepsia and headaches barred him from the path he hoped would lead him to a career as a statesman until the spring of 1882." (p. 91) This is pure fiction. Between January 1881 and May 1822, when he went to Atlanta to begin his legal career, Wilson was in good health and spirits. He not only completed his legal studies but also wrote several articles and made good progress on his first book. It is equally fanciful to talk about Wilson having "breakdowns" in 1883-1884 and 1887-1888. The cause of Wilson's later attacks, particularly the serious ones in 1906 and in the autumn of 1919, is well known—arteriosclerosis. These two major attacks, along with other minor ones, were probably caused by overwork and sheer nervous exhaustion. It is really only slightly accurate to say that Wilson's "neurasthenic symptom complex invariably reappeared as a reaction to difficult situations." (p. 81)

3. Bullitt and Freud permitted their imaginations to run riot when they described the various manifestations of Wilson's passivity to his father, which, Freud asserts, accentuated his femininity.

Contrary to what Bullitt and Freud say, all evidence indicates that Wilson had a normal boyhood, at least as normal as was possible for boys growing up in the South during the Civil War and Reconstruction. His playmates were boys. He had a strong temper and was by nature combative (not merely as a boy but throughout his life). He dreamed of being a soldier and of going to sea. He played baseball avidly. At Davidson he was on the freshman nine; at Princeton he played baseball nearly every day and was elected president of the Base Ball Association. His interest in sports continued throughout his life. For example, he was an adviser to the football team at Wesleyan University in 1889-1890.

Bullitt and Freud miss the mark most widely in portraying Wilson as being so undersexed as to be almost a neuter. (Such a description was of course essential to their theory that feminine passivity predominated in Wilson's psyche.) Statements to this effect, repeated over and over, would be enough to make Bullitt's and Freud's personality analysis ridiculous. Wilson was in fact extremely virile. His letters to his fiancée and wife, Ellen Louise Axson, to be published in forthcoming volumes of *The Papers of Woodrow Wilson*, provide abundant evidence of this fact. Wilson's sexual drive was probably primarily responsible for his tremendous inner drive and burning intensity. His masculinity made him attractive to women as well as a leader of men.

So Much Balderdash

4. Bullitt's and Freud's description of the nature of Wilson's friendships, particularly their assertion that he had to have little brother substitutes as male friends, is also so much balderdash.

Bullitt and Freud very conveniently ignore the most important facts about Wilson's male friendships—first, that from his youth onward he had and retained a host of male friends; second, that most of these friends were strong, independent, and highly successful in their own careers. While Wilson was at Princeton—to select only one period of his life—his friends among the faculty included Henry B. Fine, Edward S. Corwin, Edwin Grant Conklin, Christian Gauss, Robert K. Root, George McLean Harper, Luther P. Eisenhart, Bliss Perry, and William Berryman Scott. In the larger academic world at the same time they included A. Lawrence Lowell, Charles W. Eliot, Frederick Jackson Turner, Munroe Smith, J. Franklin Jameson, E. R.

L. Gould, and Herbert B. Adams. All these men were distinguished scholars and administrators, leaders in their own right, and formidable characters. They would have been the first indignantly to repudiate Bullitt's and Freud's statement that Wilson "was ill at ease with men of any distinction" and "could never permit any friend to meet him on terms of mental and moral equality." It was, actually, the other way around. Wilson had very little patience with stupidity. It was one of his faults that he too obviously did not suffer fools gladly.

Every strong innovating leader in history has fallen out with friends and associates, or they have fallen out with him for various reasons. Wilson was not unique in having his share of broken friendships. But Bullitt and Freud tell us that these ruptures occurred, indeed had to occur in the case of every intimate friendship, because of Wilson's delusion that he was Jesus Christ and required a betrayer like Judas Iscariot. (pp. 122 ff. and *passim*) This generalization, like many others in *Thomas Woodrow Wilson*, can be believed only if one keeps saying to himself that it is true because it is true because it is true.

The Rupture with Hibben

I have space to discuss only one of the better-known ruptures. Since the authors correctly note that in fact there never was an open break between Wilson and Colonel House (however, they completely misunderstand or misrepresent the reasons for Wilson's loss of confidence in House), we can turn to the other most notorious rupture, that between Wilson and John Grier Hibben.

As is well known, Hibben was Wilson's closest friend at Princeton. Hibben opposed Wilson's plan to abolish the eating clubs at the university and build quadrangles, or colleges, in which undergraduates and unmarried faculty members would live. The estrangement between Wilson and Hibben eventually became complete; at least Wilson cast out Hibben altogether at a certain point.

Bullitt and Freud (following Baker largely) say that it was Hibben's seconding, in faculty meeting in 1907, of Henry van Dyke's motion opposing the quadrangle plan that shattered the Wilson-Hibben friendship. "To protect himself from the dammed flood of his passivity [to his father], Wilson at once converted Hibben into a betrayer: a man to be hated. The conversion of Hibben into a Judas was doubtless made easy for Wilson by his unconscious identification of himself with Christ." (p. 123)

This is all very interesting and arresting. The main defect of this analysis is that it is not true. Hibben did indeed oppose the quadrangle plan. During the summer of 1907, more than two months before the faculty meeting referred to, Hibben wrote Wilson a long letter telling him that he would have to oppose the quadrangle plan. Wilson replied on July 10, saying that he believed that the plan was right and necessary and concluding as follows:

> This, my dear Jack, is the whole matter, as I would speak it to my own heart. You have done your duty, and I love and honour you for [it]; I shall try to do mine, and so win your love and respect. You would not wish me to do otherwise. And our friendship, by which I have lived, in which I have drawn some of the most refreshing, most renewing breath of my life, is to be as little affected by our difference of opinion as is everything permanent and of the law of our hearts. Do not, I beg of you, torture yourself in any way about it all. A struggle is ahead of me,—it may be a heartbreaking struggle,—and you cannot stand with me in it; but we can see past all that to the essence of things and shall at every step know each other's love. Will not that suffice?
>
> . . . Bless you for the letter and believe the truth,—that everything is all right and as it should be.
>
> Your devoted friend, Woodrow

Hibben did second van Dyke's resolution at the faculty meeting on September 26, 1907. But the Wilson-Hibben friendship survived. As late as 1909 we find Wilson addressing Hibben as "My dear Jack" and signing himself "Affectionately yours." The causes of the breach were (1) Hibben's gradual alignment with West in the Graduate College controversy and, more important, (2) Hibben's acceptance of the presidency of the university from the hands of the very men who had forced Wilson to resign from that office. Hereafter, Wilson had to shut Hibben out of his mind altogether in order to protect himself against the pain that Hibben's actions had caused him.

5. Bullitt's and Freud's description of Wilson's passivity and femininity reaches its climax in their account of the President's activities during the Paris Peace Conference.

To state their thesis briefly, Wilson, after venting his aggressions and showing some masculine tendency to stand and fight, was overcome by the stronger compulsion to submit to Clemenceau, Orlando, Lloyd George, and other Allied leaders. In thus yielding to the greedy demands of these leaders, Wilson violated his liberal principles and betrayed the hopes of mankind.

It must suffice for me to say (1) that we have a

arge and rich historical literature on the Paris Peace Conference (to cite only one recent example, ohn M. Thompson's *Russia, Bolshevism, and the Versailles Peace*, Princeton University Press, 1966, which sheds much light, incidentally, on Bullitt's own activities at the conference), and (2) nat there is a growing and fairly solid consensus mong historians that Wilson fought for his principles and program as hard as any man could have one and made certain concessions only in order to void worse evils. I think that it is also accurate to ay that a great majority of historians agree that Vilson was not only the best-informed leader at aris but also the wisest, the most disinterested, nd the most farsighted. I myself believe that aris was Wilson's finest hour.

6. Bullitt and Freud go into orbit when they late upon Wilson's so-called religious delusions.

They go too far too fast for me. I cannot grapple ith their absurdities without writing an essay 1 the development of Wilson's religious thought id faith. Since I have already published such an say (in George L. Hunt, editor, *Calvinism and e Political Order*, Westminster Press, 1965), I ust respectfully enter my dissent against the ullitt-Freud view and refer readers who are interested in this subject to my article.

7. The authors point to Wilson's speeches (and one alleged sentence in one particular speech) defense of the Versailles Treaty on his Western tour of 1919 as final, conclusive proof that the resident was virtually a psychotic.

Bullitt and Freud write that Wilson's Western ur in September 1919 was "the supreme expreson of the neurosis which controlled his life." (p. 65) They arrive at this very new conclusion apparently because Wilson, then engaged in a desrate effort to defend the League of Nations, put e best face possible on the Versailles Treaty and d not give his opponents additional ammunition enumerating the treaty's deficiencies, which he ew better than anyone else.

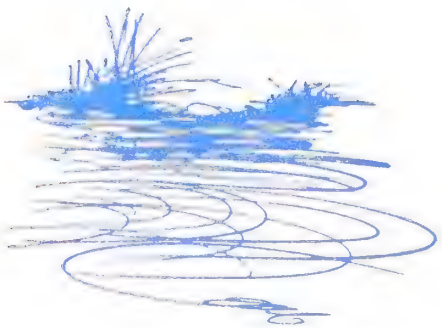
Nowhere do Bullitt and Freud even mention ilson's great central theme in his speeches—the cessity for America's reconciling leadership in e League of Nations if another war was to be evented in the next generation. On the contrary, e best that Bullitt and Freud can do is to quote ssages out of context and to point ominously to iat was either a slip of Wilson's tongue or the reporter's pencil. This occurred in a senice in Wilson's speech at Columbus, Ohio, on ptember 4, 1919, which the reporter for the *w York Times* rendered as follows: "I have en bred, and am proud to have been bred, in e old revolutionary stock which set this government up." Wilson, the authors assert, had forgotten that his mother was an immigrant from England and his father's parents immigrants from Ulster. He had "left fact and reality behind for the land in which facts are the mere embodiment of wishes." (p. 285) In the official published text the sentence reads: "I have been bred, and am proud to have been bred, in the old revolutionary school which set this government up." Either this is the way Wilson's stenographer, Charles L. Swem, took the sentence down, or else Wilson changed it to read this way before final copy went to the Government Printing Office. In any event, it is difficult to see how this molehill can be made into much of a mountain. The authors will have to find better evidence than this to prove that Wilson was insane.

His Quota of Faults

To be sure, Woodrow Wilson had his quota of faults, which he was the first to admit and exaggerate. He was proud, sensitive, ambitious, possessive with friends, sometimes stubborn, opinionated, etc. But he was also warm and winning, full of life and fun, generous to a fault with friends, acutely self-critical, and a man of deep Christian faith.

As for his rationality, it is obvious that the acid test of this characteristic is the individual's ability to function effectively in the world of men and affairs. For a mentally unbalanced person, Wilson had a remarkable career. Somehow he managed to make distinguished contributions to the four separate fields of scholarship, higher education, domestic politics, and diplomacy. He was spectacularly successful in leadership as President of Princeton, as Governor in Trenton, and in Washington. He had the principal hand in laying the foundations of the modern American political economy. Among the major leaders of the world, he alone was able to keep his head during the first world war; that is, he never permitted himself to be captured by the demons of total war. He helped to construct the first international organization dedicated to prevention of war, the League of Nations. Almost single-handed he defended the Mexican Revolution and gave it a chance to begin the long process of reconstructing Mexican society. He enjoyed the love and devotion of a host of friends and members of his family. Considering the variety and dimensions of Wilson's achievements, one is entitled to wonder whether *Thomas Woodrow Wilson* does not tell us a great deal more about its authors than about its subject.

Harper's Magazine, April 1967



James Morris

THE ROAD TO LLANYSTUMDWY

The Welsh are still running the oldest Resistance Movement in Europe —a stubborn, and surprisingly successful, war to uphold their own quirky, charming civilization amidst a sea of stodgy Englishmen.

When I first moved into Trefan, my house in North Wales, I called upon a farmer who lived not far away. "Have you found the bell, then," he asked me, "that hangs on the outhouse at the back? In the old days we used to hear that bell ringing right up here, clanging away like sin it did, calling the laborers to their food—a terrible noise, really terrible."

I blushed a little, and told him he would soon be hearing it again, for we planned to ring it to summon our children from the river, when the sausages were done. But that very night the chain on the old bell broke, and in the morning we found it sitting plumb upon its slate slab, looking smugly and stubbornly dumb.

It was only coincidence, of course, but it came like a signal: a warning to newcomers that behind the scenes in Caernarvonshire, for seven centuries part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, an ancient, indigenous culture exists, half-secretly, ready to rust an alien bell chain now and then, or halt a stranger warily in his tracks. The Welsh civilization, if that is not too high-flown a word for a nebulous and modest abstraction, is one of the very few small regional cultures that have survived the fury of European nationalism, and are still bravely defying the pressures of television, advertising, centralism, and the internal-combustion engine. The Basque nation, with its Parliament House and its weird language, is almost assimilated into Franco's Spain. The Breton culture has almost vanished. Even the Italian regional cultures, not so long ago developed from the sovereignties of city-states, are losing their separate tangs. The Celtic language barely twitches in Scotland, is dead in Cornwall, and is only kept alive in the Irish Republic by absurd injections of state stimulant (the silliest signpost in Europe is the one in the middle of Dublin marked AERPHORT).

But in Wales, a small hilly protrusion on the western haunch of England, a distinctly separate nation still flourishes within the framework of the United Kingdom economically dependent upon England, sending parliamentary representatives to Westminster, romantically royalist and tied to London by indissoluble links of history, geography, and self-interest, yet recognizably a people apart with its own live language and its own distinctive ways. There are some 2,700,000 Welsh people living in Wales, and only about a quarter of them speak the Welsh language; but many, many more would claim membership in the Welsh nation and express their own kind of sentiments in their own unmistakable variety of English. The persistence of Welshness is one of the happier little anomalies of modern Europe, and it comes as a shock to most Englishmen to step off a train at Criccieth or Portmadoc, only an hour or two from Liverpool, and find themselves in a kind of foreign country, inhabited by people who often look as alien as Slavs, and speak to each other gently in one of the most unpronounceable languages on earth.

Trefan, which had long been empty when I bought it, is a peeling white mansion upstream from Llanystumdwy, the village where Lloyd George lived, died, and was buried. To the north we can see Snowdon, within whose shadow, as Jefferson liked to claim, his Welsh ancestors lived. To the south lie the silent waters of Cardigan Ba

ıpty of shipping since the slate trade died. To the est the bleak peninsula of Lleyn runs out to ırdsey Island, once a celebrated place of pil- image, and the ferocious Irish Sea. It is most autiful country, but poor, and like all too many autiful parts, depends for the jam on its bread ıon tourism. For a month or two every summer ; main roads and beauty spots are jammed with ıglish vacationers, queuing for the more ele- entary climbing pitches, bursting out of Butlin's vllheli Holiday Camp, cheerfully scattering ndy papers over the beaches, and buying Welsh stume dolls to dingle-dangle in car windows.

You would scarcely think local *mores* could with- and such an annual onslaught, especially as the ceiving end of the tourist trade is itself domi- ted by the English people—English pub keepers, ıglish café proprietors, English souvenir sellers ıd holiday agents. In fact half a century ago, ıen slate went out of fashion and farming was ıt subsidized, the Welsh culture very nearly did pire. The pressures of English wealth and power emed too strong for it. The centripetal forces of e state, in Britain as in every other modern untry, were dragging at all such peripheral cieties. The Welsh language was officially con- mned—"the curse of Wales," the London *Times* lled it. The big roads and railways all led east- ırd into England. The coalfields of the south ere English-owned, and the Trefans of the north ere almost all Anglicized—if not in the possession English people, at least fashionably English in yle and outlook.

My Trefan has thirty acres of woodland, pas- re, and riverbank, but not so long ago it was the nter of a large estate. At the turn of the century ost of the villagers of Llanystumdwy were de- ndent in one way or another upon Trefan, and e two old ladies who lived in the house were andly aloof to the ways of the local Welsh, only casionally driving down to the village in their rriage, and shooing the young Lloyd George ossly off their property, when they caught him rds'-nesting by the river. They spoke no Welsh houses like Trefan. Their values were upper- ıss English values, and they lived like settlers in subject territory—excellent landlords often ough, but silhouetted against a conviction of parate superiority.

Yet long before the English came, Trefan was there. Layers of old stone, relics of old farm buildings, records of old Welsh pedigree, show how venerable the place was, before the present house was built at the end of the eighteenth century. In Welsh Trefan means "high place," and centuries before the first Englishman lived there, the site of my house was probably a gathering place for the Welsh farmers round about. In those days, before non-conformism restrained their high spirits, the Welsh enjoyed an international reputation for merriment. The ruling Welsh princes lived in an atmosphere of cultivated gaiety, surrounded by music and poetry, living on Welsh mutton and fine wines from France, before blazing wood fires on icy mountain nights.

I hope to revive this spirit at Trefan, and soon after I bought the house, I was given some unexpected encouragement. There came to visit me a well-known local wizard, a man of great learning who specialized in Welsh ancestry and mythology. His was a black but twinkling figure, with a wide-brimmed hat low on his head, and a white walking stick in his hand, and as he strolled around the house he fed me with all sorts of arcane information. There was a meaning to every architectural fancy, it appeared, a legend to every dry-stone wall, and princes of the Welsh blood, Llewellyn to Armstrong-Jones, seemed to spring from every corner of my garden.

And when that sage looked into my study, he remembered something else: at Trefan long ago, said he, lived the family of Rhys Goch Eryri—bard to Owen Glendower, the last great Welsh rebel, and himself a merry master of lyrics and good living.

Poacher Versus Bailiff

I share in the pleasure of all this because there is enough Welsh blood in my own veins, but sometimes as I reawaken the house from its long torpor, and try to fit it once more into its setting, I stumble across some old strain of resentment—of secretive, private Welsh against powerful, public English.

Through my woods runs the River Dwyfawr, the best sea-trout river for miles, with salmon in it too. Down as far as Llanystumdwy the fishing is mine, ending only at Lloyd George's riverside grave. For the first few months of my possession almost every conversation I had, after circuitously winding its way through pleasantries and anec- tage, ended with the sidelong inquiry: "And what are you going to do with the fishing, then?" In North Wales there is no subject more passion-

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mes Morris, author of "Oxford," "The Road t uddersfield," and other books, was formerly glo- l correspondent for "The Manchester Guard n." He now lives in Trefan and in Oxford and ill be in the U.S. later this year to do a book out the port of New York.

ately pursued than the right to fish the Welsh rivers.

Much of the best fishing is controlled, even now, by absentee landlords, sportsmen, or syndicates, and the poacher-versus-bailiff syndrome has long been a miniature of Welsh nationalist resentment against England. A streak of violence runs through the Welsh temper, and it is very often directed against the river bailiffs—landlords' men, and traitors to their nation. Among sensible men everywhere poaching is perfectly respectable—so long as they don't poach on your own land, of course—but nowhere is it more popular than in the Welsher parts of Wales, where the whole instinct of the people is against the law, and is grounded in history.

Last year a policeman was actually shot when he tried to interfere with a Welsh poacher, and local bailiffs like to make your flesh creep with the awful hazards of their calling, from being slashed in the thigh with salmon-gaffs to having beer mugs accidentally upset in pubs. My own river, I soon discovered, was as familiar to local people as the bumps in a bed or the knobbles in a walking stick—familiar in every whirl and eddy, with a Welsh name for each pool (Horseman's Pool beneath the big oak, Boiling-Up Pool below the waterfall, Snake Rock Pool opposite Tyddyn-madyn-coch).

Ours is not a violent area, and anyway I share most of the fishing with the village now (fiercely preserving the rest for myself). Even so, I sometimes feel the flick of that old disgruntlement; and when I go down to the river on summer nights I can sometimes sense another presence in the twilight—only the shadow or suggestion of a presence, a snapped twig, something like a hiss, or a hint of soft movement in the woods behind me, as though something infinitely old and light-footed is running circles about me as I walk.

A Bedeviled Tongue

Welsh is spoken all around us. My nearest neighbors talk nothing but Welsh in their farmhouse, there are Welsh services in church and chapel every Sunday, nationalist slogans in Welsh often appear in the night on walls and bridges. Both state and commercial television networks transmit in Welsh, and just up the road lives a Welsh playwright retained by the BBC to spend his life writing dramas in Welsh. You do not have to speak Welsh to contribute to Welsh art—Dylan Thomas spoke none—and there are large chunks of South Wales where the language has not been spoken for centuries; but here, as everywhere, language is the front or emblem of nationality, and the pride of the Welsh in Welshness finds its chief expression in their ancient tongue—which is bedeviled by unexpected mutations, and goes in for words like *chwythwr*, *gwarcheidwad*, and *drwgweithredwr*.

When I heard about Rhys Goch Eryri I acquired a bardic chair for my study desk—a solid, oaken piece of furniture presented to the winning poet in a small local Eisteddfod in 1912. In those days the smallest villages often had their own music and literary festivals: today they are rarer, but the great national Eisteddfod, held alternately in North and South Wales, is more famous than ever, and the Welsh have even launched an annual International Eisteddfod at Llangollen, to which folksy groups of singers and dancers make their way from all over Europe. Several well-known Welsh poets live within ode-shot of Llanystumdwy, and in many a small cottage you will discover a loving interest in the techniques of Welsh poesy, and a pride in its curious glories.

I remember writing, ten years ago, that the Welsh language seemed doomed. I could not say it now. It is true, as you might expect, that the proportion of Welshmen speaking Welsh declines each year—the population is growing fastest in the English-speaking counties of the South, where nearly three-quarters of the people live anyway. There can only be a handful of old people, in remote hill valleys or neglected farms, who speak no English at all. But the Welsh language itself is astonishingly vigorous—saved partly by the resolution of the Welsh themselves, partly by the efforts of the BBC, and partly by a new official tolerance in London. More people, in fact, speak it now than ever before in history, and last year the Welsh won the right to plead in law courts in their own tongue—no problem for the British judiciary, which is half Welsh anyway. In our part of Wales Welsh is nearly everybody's first language. All the Llanystumdwy children speak it to each other as a matter of course, and sometimes there swaggers from a showy but shaky old car, painstakingly dressed in pointed shoes and leather jacket, a gleaming mod or rocker from Pwllheli, our market town, who demands his fags or gasoline in the most limpid diphthongs of his ancestral Celts.

It is easy to sneer at the survival of such an infinitesimal language, and there is something at once comic and forlorn in the attachment of the Welsh to their literary past. R. S. Thomas, the poet, himself a Welshman, once called it "gnawing at the bones of a dead culture." It is hard to take

a Welsh bard seriously, when he dresses up in his Druidical gear for the Eisteddfod ritual, and there are few Welsh writers of talent prepared to limit themselves to a medium that cannot conceivably command an audience of more than half a million. It is only within the last few years that the strangely fascinating rhythms of traditional Welsh poetry have found, in translation, readers elsewhere in the world; and it is perhaps only when you come and live in Wales, and feel the hidden enchantment of the culture all around you, that you realize how ignoble it would be to let the language die, and surrender once and for all to the loudspeakers.

Every Man a Gentleman

You will probably reach this conclusion soonest if you happen to be a writer yourself, for the Welsh civilization is one of those systems of life, like the Arab and the Chinese, which instill in people an affectionate respect for the profession of letters. The Welsh are weak at the visual arts, and have built themselves some of the ugliest villages in the world, but they have a feeling for literature, music, and any kind of learning. The dour chapels are losing their grip on the people, and allowing the old bawdy cheerfulness to revive; but they did much to foster this attachment to things scholarly, and they are leaving behind them, even among younger people, an unselfconscious regard for the arts that you do not find across the border in England—where you are generally either bludgeoned with hi-fi sets, or chilled with philistinism.

This is partly classlessness. In England class long inhibited the tastes of the nation, and alienated—conversationally, I mean—the cultivated upper classes from the fustian lower. In Wales it has seldom intruded, and every man is a gentleman. In this the Welsh are rather like Castilians, and the patriarchal kind of North Welshman, princely of bearing and ornamental of speech, often reminds me of those grand old shepherds you sometimes see, monolithic against an endless sky, all alone in the immensity of the Spanish interior. Such a man is never a boor, and to a person of literary tastes no conversation can be more rewarding than a talk with a Welsh farmer, rich in inherited lore, and flowing with all the lyrical and sometimes puckish ease that is the hallmark of Welsh narrative. No differences of background, speech, or faith entrammel such a dialogue: your true Welshman is as sensitive as a radar antenna, and knows exactly when to pause, backtrack, blur the issue, change the conversation, or decide, with ornate expressions of regret and goodwill, that it is time to go home.

So when I see the white hulk of Trefan greeting me between the trees, ablaze with the bedside lights of extravagant children, and musical always with the rush of the river, I feel myself gratefully at home, among my own people. The big bell rings again, tied up with old wire, and once last year Lloyd George's brother came to call, aged 101, setting a seal upon the reconciliation of house with countryside, one culture with another. I dearly love the place, and when I look out across my pastures to the sea I grieve for the Basques, the Bretons, the silent Cornish, the Sioux, and all others who feel, as they board their buses or switch on their computers, that they are half-submerged by the sameness of nations.

THE DICTIONARY ARMADILLO

by Robert Wallace

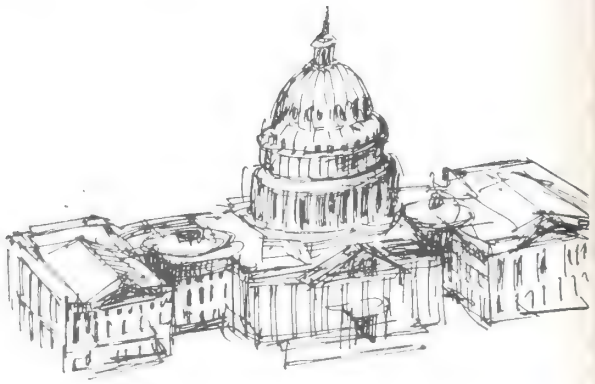
This scurrying pine-cone of a fellow has an outside all leather shingle and quilt and scale
from snout
to tail.

It probably is, however, more his habitat
than any
churlish habit that
makes him so much harder and homelier than many.

Small wonder he goes
nosing along with his roof and his bed on,
and tiptoes,
between Armada (Spanish, 1588) and Armageddon.

Harper's Magazine, April 1967

Washington Insight *by Jim Wright*



CLEAN MONEY FOR CONGRESS

Mounting campaign costs and unrealistic regulations are having ominous effects on American political life. A seven-term Congressman suggests what should be done.

No facet of American life cries out more loudly for reform than the dingy gray area of political campaign financing, which casts a lengthening shadow across all else we do in our elective public institutions.

As a veteran of seven successful campaigns for the U. S. House of Representatives and one losing race for the Senate, I've experienced at first hand the skyrocketing cost of politics. It is now, in fact, nearly impossible in most states for men of modest means to seek high elective office—unless they are willing wards of the wealthy.

The price of campaigning has risen so high that it actually imperils the integrity of our political institutions. Big contributors more and more hold the keys to the gates of public service. This is choking off the wellsprings of fresh, new thought and severely limiting the field of choice available to the public. I am convinced, moreover, that the intellectual *quality* of political campaigns is deteriorating as a result.

One curious by-product of big money in politics is the slick, shallow public-relations approach with its nauseating emphasis on "image" at the expense of substance. In the arenas where Lincoln and Douglas once debated great issues, advertising agencies last year hawked candidates like soap flakes.

Nineteen sixty-six was the year of the political singing commercial; easily seven or eight times as much money was spent on 20-second or 50-second spots on TV as on programs permitting any serious discussion of issues. Candidates hired professional pollsters to sample the electorate and offer advice on the most effective color combinations, lettering styles, and photographic poses. The whole business was taking on a patently phony, make-believe veneer.

This situation will not change unless Congress enacts a meaningful body of law to reform the antiquated and unenforceable regulations that are evaded by almost every candidate and ridiculed by the public. In the past decade eighteen different proposals designed to do this have been introduced in Congress. Not one has been acted upon.

Campaign expenditures for federal office generally fall under the purview of an ancient statute known as the Corrupt Practices Act of 1925. This law must have had some meaning in its day. But in 1966 it was about as effective as stuffing popcorn into the mouth of a running fire hose. The law stipulates among other things that a candidate for the House may spend no more than $5,000 in his bid f election, and a candidate for the Se ate no more than $25,000. If I told y I had never spent more than $5,000 a House race, I'd be a hypocrite. A if I actually had spent so little in r first race, I'd never have been elect The same applies to at least 95 p cent of my colleagues. The huge loo hole in the law lies in the fact that candidate need not report the fun collected and spent in his behalf by *committee*. The transparent fiction that this goes on without his knowledge.

No candidate has ever been pros cuted for noncompliance with t Corrupt Practices Act (it carries pe alties of two years' imprisonment a a $10,000 fine for willful violation In times past, revelations of flagra overspending or unsavory contrib tions evoked shock and public censu

But today our very capacity for i dignation seems to have withered. V take huge expenditures for grante In the New York Senate race of 19 for example, winner Robert F. Ke

Jim Wright has represented Fo Worth, Texas, in the House of Rep sentatives since 1955. He is the auth of two books, "You and Your Co gressman" and "The Coming Wat Famine."

Next month "Harper's" regul Washington Correspondent, Clayt Fritchey, will return to these colum

ASHINGTON INSIGHT

reported to have spent $1,236,-
id over a million was spent in
of loser Kenneth B. Keating.
October Republican headquar-
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Nelson Rockefeller and his run-
ates.* Jesse M. Unruh, Speaker
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nard Nixon, perhaps not a wholly
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lion in his reelection race.

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ously unworkable and commonly disobeyed ordinance. But what excuse can there be for us who have it directly in our hands to change the law? It is our very profession to make the law, and to make it mean something—if, in fact, we want it to mean something! By refusing either to abide by it or to change it, we present a sad spectacle indeed.

Conveniently Blind and Deaf

An impossible dilemma confronts a candidate who wants both to obey the law and tell the truth. Last summer John J. Hooker, Jr., a Nashville attorney who unsuccessfully sought the Tennessee gubernatorial nomination, promised during his campaign to make a complete public report on his expenditures. He fulfilled the pledge on September 4, showing total spending of $591,296.27.

Political pros in Tennessee were shocked. Certainly it wasn't the first time there had been expenditures in this range; but it was the first time such a public disclosure had been made in the history of the state. Hooker could hardly have affronted tradition more flagrantly had he denounced old folks or come out in favor of General William Tecumseh Sherman.

The legal limit for a statewide primary race in Tennessee is $25,000. Hooker may have rendered himself subject to prosecution, though it is doubtful that one would be pressed. His successful opponent, Buford Ellington, played it safe and traditional. He filed a solemn declaration just a whisker under the legal limit—$24,809.12. A similar figure was rendered, straight-faced, by the manager of former Governor Frank Clement's winning race for the Senate nomination—$24,089.22.

Ellington, questioned by newsmen conceded that, of course, it costs a lot more than $25,000 to run such a race. But he maintained that a candidate was complying with the law if he did not "personally know" of the various expenditures in his behalf. (His own report made no reference to funds devoted to advertising, the inference being that the candidate had traveled throughout his state blind to billboards, car stickers, and newspaper ads, and deaf to his own radio and TV commercials.)

Ellington should not, however, be singled out for censure. Pretending not to know of expenditures in one's behalf is an accepted practice. When lawmakers generally flout the law, democracy is in peril. But still greater evils result when lawmakers are subjected to mounting financial pressures.

Just last year a Senate committee examined the ethics of Senator Tom Dodd of Connecticut, who paid off his campaign debts with the proceeds of testimonial dinners at each of which the principal speaker was a Vice President (Lyndon Johnson for the first two, Hubert Humphrey for the third). More than two thousand of Senator Dodd's constituents bought tickets to one or more of these gala affairs, which jointly netted over $100,000.

For a public official, debt is debilitating. It can plague his conscience and divide his energies. It can sorely test his integrity, or sap his courage at the very time he needs it most. Ultimately, if he remains single-minded in his devotion to the public weal and keeps his back resolutely turned upon temptation, debt can drive him, despairing, out of public life. Sometimes its shadow hovers over him for years afterwards.

I know this at first hand. In 1961, I made an unsuccessful race in a special election for the U. S. Senate. After it was over, we figured that we had spent some $270,000. Obviously, it hadn't been enough. But I ended up owing $68,000, mostly for debts which I had not personally authorized. It took me two and a half years to retire the notes.

Consider the case of Democrat Leonard Wolf of Iowa, who served one term in the House. He came to Congress in January 1959 owing $89,000 in campaign debts and business losses incurred while campaigning. He was defeated in 1960 when Nixon carried Iowa for the Republicans. Today, six years after leaving office, Wolf has finally paid off most of the $89,000. When friends urged him to run again in 1966, he understandably said, "No, thanks."

But even this financial disaster seems minor compared with the experience of James E. Turman who conducted an unavailing campaign for Lieutenant Governor of Texas in 1962. He came close, made the runoff, but lost in the second primary. F almost five years, he has been maki regular monthly payments from h personal income to retire his ca paign debt. And he calculates that, this schedule, he will not be in t clear until 1981. It will take *ninete years* to pay for one near-miss at t polls!

Perhaps you're thinking, "Tha too bad, but it's his tough luck. A f low who can't afford it shouldn't ta on a campaign of that kind." And pe haps you'd be right. But where do that leave any able young Americ who genuinely wants to contribute h time and talent to the political life his country? Unless he has inherit spectacular wealth, it leaves him the mercy of large contributors, w will expect him in one way or anoth to serve their interests.

Ten Million Hands to Sha

So far as my own case goes, I've be luckier than most politicians. When made my first run for Congress I h enough money of my own to pick the tab personally for half (abo $8,000) of the campaign cost. Sin the beginning, I've made it an unvar ing rule never to accept more than $100 contribution from any indivi ual. The average over the years h been around $10. This preserves n independence from personal oblig tion. I wouldn't want it otherwise. Congressman can get by this way he's fortunate—as I am—in having very understanding constituency.

But this formula is impossible f a statewide contest, as I discovered my 1961 try for the Senate. In th race, two balloons of fantasy explod in my face. The first was the noti that if I announced my candida early, I would frighten off other pro pective aspirants. Instead, sevent one would-be candidates threw the hats in the ring, creating the bigge field of entries in the history of Tex politics. If this raised some doubts to my ability to intimidate oppositio I argue that it should have establish me as a *leader of men*, since never b fore had so many followed the exan ple of one.

My second and more serious falla was the assumption that a determin man in good health could make up prodigious personal effort what lacked in finances. I would simp

SHINGTON INSIGHT

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I am convinced that I could have won with sufficient public exposure. But to obtain it I would have had either to make a beggar of myself in repeated telecasts, or to meet privately with affluent individuals and organized groups to discuss what I could do for them primarily rather than for the United States. I'm not temperamentally suited for the former role nor conscientiously fitted for the latter.

So there was nothing to do but return the generous contributions and forget about running for the Senate.

Martinis and Lobbyists

My experience is no great tragedy for America. But when the same thing happens all over the country, then the consequences are ominous.

Senator Dodd's testimonial dinners were at least supported by his own constituents. This is not true of the now-familiar Washington cocktail party which is financed by lobbyists.

The Congressional friends of the honoree are generally importuned to attend these gatherings (on free ducats), while blocks of tickets—ranging in price from $50 to $1,000—are bought by various lobbyists. Everybody stands around nibbling hors d'oeuvres and sipping martinis until a whistle blows and a few words are said in behalf of the honored guest. His campaign fund receives the proceeds. One trade-association executive was invited—in an eighteen-month period—to seventy such receptions.

Another money-raising gimmick, employed by the national party headquarters, is the fancy brochure with ads selling for $10,000 to $15,000 a page. The Democrats' latest book is called "Toward an Age of Greatness"; the Republicans' is titled "Congress —The Heartbeat of Government." Eleven of the nation's top twenty-five defense contractors have bought ads in brochures of this kind and they've deducted the price from their taxes as a "business expense."

Many advertisers have been corporations, legally prohibited from contributing to campaigns. But the proceeds go to the national campaign committees which divide them among various Congressional candidates. Other advertisers include companies whose activities are directly regulated by the government, including six airlines (American, Braniff, Cont tal, Eastern, Pan American, TWA); three railroads—the Mil kee Road, Southern Railway Sys and Union Pacific; the Tennesse Transmission Company; and va steamship lines. Does anyone be that these companies—and o throughout the country who quietly slip multi-thousand-dolla tributions into the individual paign coffers of their favored c dates—expect no selfish return?

A more subtle lure, for Preside campaign money, is the chance to socially with the President at functions by joining the Presid Club at annual dues of $1,000 cently, plans were said to be way to create an "elite" Presid Club, with dues of $10,000, the tional bonus being an invitation White House. I find it embarra that *any* President should have gage in such maneuvers. And plore the legal vacuum that them necessary.

Broadening the

President Johnson in his draf last year asked Congress to re that *every* gift and *every* expend of $100 and more, whether tak spent by the candidate himself one of his "committees," be pu reported. He also proposed that $ be established as the absolute mum which any one individual terest may lawfully contribute one campaign. (In my view, $5,0 still too much; I think the f should be reduced to around $1,0 The President's main recomm tion was that political contribu of up to $100 be deductible in co ing one's income taxes, as are p thropic gifts. I would like to go further: I think we should offer *credit*—deductible from the tax rather than from reportable inc of contributions up to $25.

This is the indispensable key t really workable reform. Av Americans, with no axe to grin cept good government, must b duced to take up the slack if we a free American politics from its peaceful dependence upon the handful of blue-chip contributor

To be effective, individual ta ductions and ceilings on indiv contributions should be coupled



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ople still don't have an American Card because they're afraid of

e afraid some stranger will run pping bill at their expense.
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"an inch of



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HINGTON INSIGHT

d and legally enforceable up-
on allowable expenditures.
ere should be *some* limit—
gh to permit each side an
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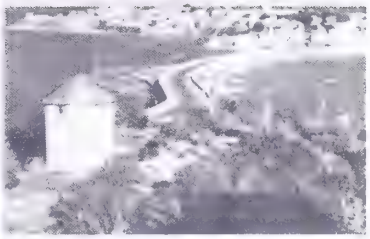
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candidate could spend up to
for a primary and the same
r a general election. In New
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ts each, the ceiling would be
For Maryland, it would be
in New York and Califor-
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enough.

ot pretend to know how
uld be allowed for Presiden-
aigns. The present unreal-
purports to limit a party
to raising and spending no
$3 million a year. However
the two major parties re-
penditures of $29 million.
nows how much more went
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closing weeks of the 89th
concern over the enormous
Presidential campaigns re-
legislative surprise a spe-
dment to the "Christmas
bill.

y law provides that any tax-
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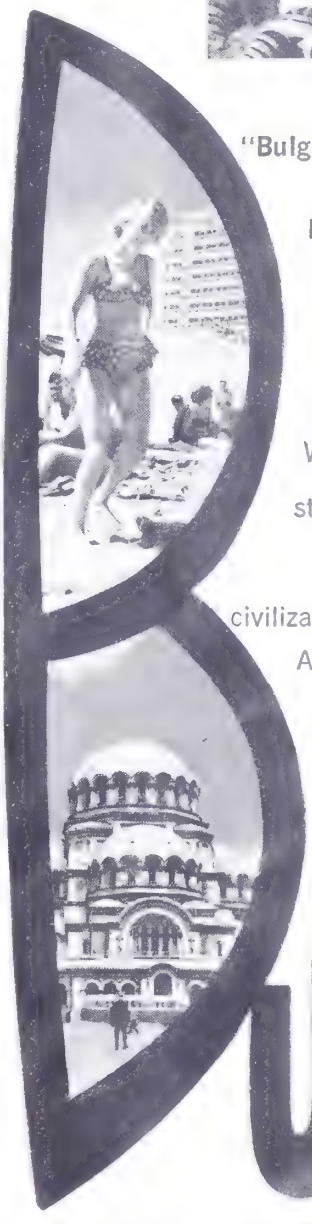




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COMING IN HARPER'S



Edward Grossman, an editor at *Harper's*, got mixed up last summer with an outfit called **Outward Bound**, which teaches "loutish adolescents" how to survive in the face of unkindly nature. Among other things, he was abandoned on an island off the Maine coast without food or shelter. "I survived," he insists, and the result is a vastly entertaining and instructive account of what happens to "a twenty-four-year-old citified egghead" (self-portrait) "in a moment of rash journalistic zeal."

"Everybody knows," **Peter Schrag** quotes a **Notre Dame** professor as saying, "that you can't charge $3,000 a year and graduate a lot of people who love the Blessed Virgin but don't know enough physics to get a job at IBM." In an article on America's most famous (for football) Catholic university, Mr. Schrag considers with enthusiasm the changes that are being wrought in it by its president, Father Hesburgh, who is determined to disprove George Bernard Shaw's dictum that "a Catholic university is a contradiction in terms."

The snow was still deep on the ground when **Edgar Kaufmann, jr.**, went in February to look at the architecture of Expo '67, the great world's fair in Montreal. What he discovered (and examines in **"In Canada Architecture Is a Performing Art"**) was more than just the fair buildings and more than just elaborate pavilions. "Something powerful and new is stirring in Canada," he wrote, "something bound to affect architecture everywhere before long. . . ." One of *Harper's* editors who wrote a piece two years ago called "Goodbye to World's Fairs" has been sent to bed without his supper.

Larry L. King, who is becoming something of a *Harper's* habit (happily, and most recently with "God, Man, and William F. Buckley" in March), fought his World War II with such distinguished warriors as Captain Alan Ladd and Sergeant John Wayne, and merchant seaman Humphrey Bogart. In a delightful and funny reminiscence of canned blood and glory (he calls it **"The Battle of Popcorn Bay"**) he tells how he and his buddies "hit our objectives at exactly 1300 hours" each Saturday afternoon in the movie house of Jal, New Mexico.

And also: **Mr. Bernstein, Sir Lewis, and History**, by **Arnold J. Toynbee**, and an article by **Ronald Steel** on why Castro's Cuba is basically irrelevant to the revolutions we face in Latin America.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

fifteen million votes in the imme-
ately preceding Presidential elec-
may have a *pro rata* share based up
the number of votes it got. The la
stipulates that the total in dolla
placed in this fund may not exceed t
total votes cast in the previous pre-
dential election for all major and n
nor parties. Using 1964 votes as
base, this would make the maxi mu
more than $70 million.

This plan is at least worth a try. I
weakness, of course, is that it gives
the citizen no choice as to which par
shall receive his largess, and, since
applies only to Presidential cam-
paigns, it still leaves the candi-
for Congress right where they are
at the mercy of the big contributo

In addition to legislation that would
limit Congressional candidate cam-
paign expenditures, I think it might
be worthwhile considering another
requirement: that a certain maxi mum
amount of *prime TV time* be made
available without charge in 15-minute
or 30-minute segments as a *public ser-
vice* to all candidates for the Senate
and House. This has been done in pro-
notably in Great Britain, where cam-
campaign spending is considered
only bad form but actually hurtful to
the cause of the spenders.

In my opinion, the profligate spend-
ing and shallow sloganeering that are
becoming commonplace in American
politics insult the public's intelligence
and do the electorate a grave dis-
vice.

Traditionally, Americans have
trusted the concentration of power in
too few hands. We have steadily
mocratized the ballot. In the short
one generation, we have sounded the
death knell to the "white man's
mary," passed civil-rights and vot
laws, swept aside the rotten boroughs
of maladjusted districts, and outlawed
the poll tax. But of what real value
all of this if we cannot recover
elected officials from all levels of
society? Of what value is "one man,
one vote" if the real power remains in
the hands of the few who provide the
money for political campaigns? Where
real choice does the voter have if
only a limited few can afford to get
their names on the ballot?

This year Congress will once again
consider bills designed to restore de-
cency and sense to political finance.
Let us hope that this will be a year of
action.



aning in a ordered Universe

hn Bartlow Martin

hth Day, by Thornton Wil- per & Row, $6.95.

hth Day is Thornton Wilder's most complex, most ambi- d most difficult novel. It is old-fashioned, so heavily hat at times it seems con- o carefully structured that at s characters seem manipu- conic in syntax yet so loaded tage cosmic mutterings that rs to be about nothing less at used to be called the Mys- ife.

ighth Day is, first of all, a good one, and often a moving central setting is Coaltown, with excursions to Chile, Chi- boken, and the Caribbean. ial time is 1902-1905, with the past and portents of the

2, John Ashley is convicted ering his superior, Brecken- nsing, at the mine in Coal- e trial is a farce—Ashley is . But he is sentenced to death. to execution, he is miracu- scued by six unarmed men e does not know and never n. ("Miraculously" is the im- word.) He flees alone. About rs later two of Ashley's chil- in prominence through crea- ity and effort, and people o ask questions . . . about teasers Heredity and Envi- , about gifts and talents, and nd chance. What was there y that brought down upon him so mixed a portion of fate: unmerited punishment, a 'miraculous' rescue, exile, and an illustrious progeny?" What of his ancestry, of the matrix Coaltown, of humiliation and injustice as curse or blessing, of the springs of creativity? Thus does Wilder explicitly lay out in his Prologue his intention to explore, through a bungled murder trial in a dreary coal town, very large questions indeed.

At different times, *The Eighth Day* seems to be about the influence of heredity and environment on human character; or the breakdown of materialistic patriarchal American society; or America's dubious future. It is full of wisdoms uttered directly to reader by author, some gratuitous ("Hope, like faith, is nothing if it is not courageous; it is nothing if it is not ridiculous"), some banal ("Mysterious are the processes of sexual selection"), some interesting ("History is the record of man's repeated failures to extricate himself from his incorrigible nature"), some penetrating ("The leave-takings of the children of faith are like first recognitions"). These add up to little; nor, of course, need they add up to a great deal.

It is a book rich in cosmic allusions —"An awe, as in the presence of something unearthly, hung in the air between them"; "John Ashley . . . was a link in a chain, a stitch in a tapestry, a planter of trees, a breaker of stones on an old road to a not yet clearly marked destination"; "Billions have believed that we are influenced variously by the sun, the moon, and the planets. Millions have scoffed at the notion. Millions have believed that the heavenly bodies have marked certain men and women as their own—often erratically, brokenly, even grotesquely —but indubitably"; "There was more to come. There would be some revelation. That is what life is—an unfolding." The book contains unexplained mysteries. It interweaves intricate patterns of obscure import.

All serious writing is a search for meaning in a disorderly universe. It seldom—one is tempted to write never —yields it. One who believes in a just God will be unable to accept the events in *The Eighth Day*. But one who denies the existence of a just God will have equal difficulty—the novel is structured too carefully to implicitly deny an ordered universe; the instruments of salvation move with the majesty of a Greek play, while the children of the Eighth Day, that is, the children of John Ashley and the murdered Lansing, find their creative ability both foreordained and explicable. Nor can one say Wilder is unconcerned with God; he raises the question explicitly and implicitly time and again. It is also hardly enough to

The most recent of Mr. Martin's many books is "Overtaken by Events," the story of the Dominican crisis from the fall of Trujillo to the civil war—a period when Mr. Martin was U.S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic.

say that Wilder is simply *questioning*, and that *that*, the questioning itself, is what the novel is about. No doubt each reader will conclude what he himself wishes. I feel that Wilder has constructed a novel to say that human history is a continuum, that myriad factors influence its course, that at times the observer can dimly discern pattern and purpose or the shadow of pattern and purpose, but that, in the end, chance plays so great a role that all can never be revealed—in the end, human history is inscrutable.

It would be surprising if so long, complex, and ambitious a book did not contain flaws. Sometimes it seems positively choked with "characters." One becomes a little bored when nearly everyone turns out to be a philosopher—and to have a story to tell to boot. And one dares wonder now and then whether the events described really possess the vast significance assigned them. Wilder, by choosing his complex structure, has avoided the stupefying begats of the usual family chronicle but has burdened his book with heavy exposition in its second half, well after he has got a narrative moving superbly. The book contains wonderful scenes and dispensible scenes. It contains powerful drama. (I suspect it might play, as a drama, even better than it reads, as a novel; and it reads very well indeed.) It contains magnificent lines: When a deputy sheriff arrives, Ashley's wife does not weep—"she was the doe that hears the huntsmen's shots across the valley." And it contains lines straight out of a television Western: "She's all tuckered out, Mrs. Ashley," says Doc Gillies, reminding one of *Gunsmoke*.

But *The Eighth Day* reminds one far less often of television's idi
than it reminds one of a curious
glomeration of other American
—*Death of a Salesman, Our Tow
Skin of Our Teeth, Winesburg,
By Love Possessed, Java Head,
Black Pennys, The Just and the
just, The Anointed.* In its writi
its style, in its syntax and its a
it belongs to the tradition of
American works (though its
tioning overtones remind one of
Europeans as *The Brothers Ka
zov, Journey to the End of the
The Stranger,* and *The Castle*)
body could have written this nov
an American, and an American
has been writing a long time, an
who has real staying power, an
who, in his writing, has never
to tell a good story and at the
time to search for a larger me
beyond the tale.

Joycean Correspondences

by Paul Pickrel

The James Joyce Murder Mystery, by Amanda Cross. Macmillan, $3.95. **Letters of James Joyce.** Volume I edited by Stuart Gilbert (reissued with corrections), $10. Volumes II and III edited by Richard Ellmann, $25. Viking Press.

For a reader who ordinarily regards the first page of a murder mystery as the cheapest substitute for a barbiturate, to come across one that is so exciting as to require a walk between chapters is something of an event, but then *The James Joyce Murder* by Amanda Cross is an event, or at least a happening. It makes three-dimensional chess look like child's play, or it makes child's play look like three-dimensional chess, as it is.

The setting of the story is a summer place in western Massachusetts, until his death the property of a distinguished publisher who left behind an extensive collection of correspondence with famous writers whose work he published, including a good many Joyce items. The publisher is given the name Sam Lingerwell, which at first suggests that he might be based on Horace Liveright, but an identification with Lincoln MacVeagh, who published some of Joyce's early work in *The Dial*, seems more probable.

The characters who gather at the summer place include a lady scholar, a middle-aged graduate of the Harvard Law School who greatly admires her, her nephew Leo, his tutor, another young man who is trying to arrange the correspondences, various houseguests, and so on. But the odd thing is that they all bear names of characters in Joyce's volume of short stories, *Dubliners*, as the chapters of the book all bear the names of stories in the same collection.

The plot concerns the murder of a malicious woman whom almost anyone would want to kill at first meeting and the disappearance of a valuable Joyce manuscript which almost anyone would be delighted to steal if given the opportunity. (It is nothing less than the short story about Leopold Bloom's day which Joyce originally planned to include in *Dubliners* and then decided to withdraw, to turn it into *Ulysses*.) Needless to say, the two events are related; in fact, th
thing in this remarkable book
lated.

Those who have some famil
with Joyce's work (others ma
the going in Miss Cross's book
thorny) will turn to the *Lett
James Joyce*, recently publish
three handsome volumes, to see
story of the manuscript has any
in fact, but the name of L
MacVeagh does not appear in t
dex (excellent, like all the ed
apparatus) and the scattered
ences to *The Dial* yield no epiph
Apparently Amanda Cross, wh
she may be, has fabricated her
but she has certainly fabricate
liantly.

The three volumes of the *L*
themselves result, as a work of
arship, from an unusual piece
laboration. Ten years ago
Gilbert, the first major stud

*Mr. Pickrel, who has been a r
reviewer for "Harper's" for
years, is at present visiting pro
of English at South Colleg*

ork, published a valuable col- correspondence, which has revised in the light of sub- scoveries and supplemented nore massive volumes of ited by Richard Ellmann, ost of the younger Joyce The books are beautifully l with photographs and of the Joyces, their rela- friends, the houses they and so on; and everything and learning can do to make on of letters readable has .

mately Mr. Ellmann's beau- oduction (at the beginning e II) tells me everything I ow about James Joyce's let- so I have read only a few of espect their author enough ist not to want to be re- rough 1,500 pages of what a selfish man he was, always g, always whining, always other people to do things To cite only one example: nn quotes a letter that Joyce is mother from Paris on his st birthday, and it is all he has been going hungry adly he needs money! Many en go hungry on their st birthdays, and it does harm in the long run, but e the decency to lie to their bout it. A great writer can aked truth in his books, but an knows that, like the old Yeats's poem, in life you have to "put a skin on

nce denied to Henry James st rank as a writer because, James had never attempted difficult thing in the world: ever lived with a woman. It the most irrelevant remark nals of literary criticism well before Leon Edel re- is that even Henry James other, with whom he lived several rather impression- 's), but to skim through tters to his wife Nora and the unforgettable face that from her photographs is to hat she knew about the dif- f living with a man. It would used the charming detective la Cross's *James Joyce Mur- ery* to recall that the maiden Nora Joyce was Barnacle.



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

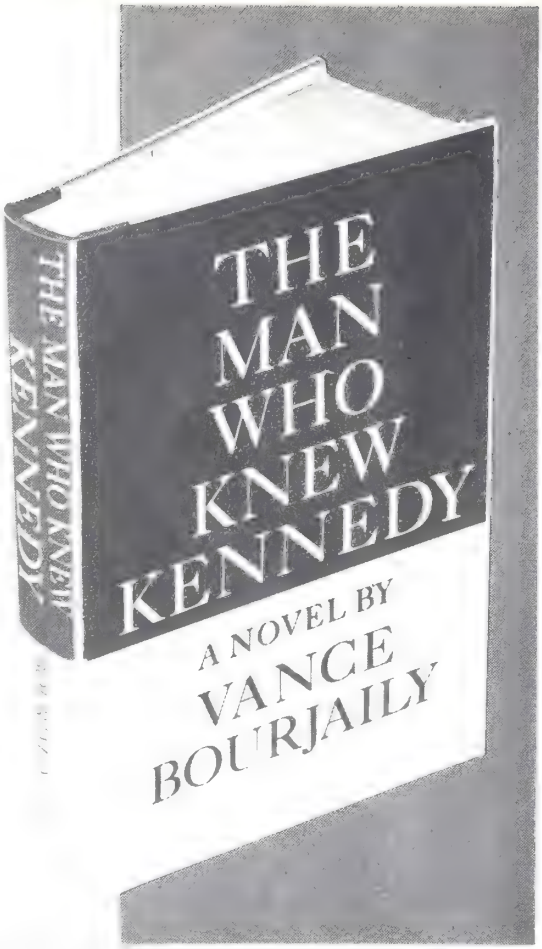
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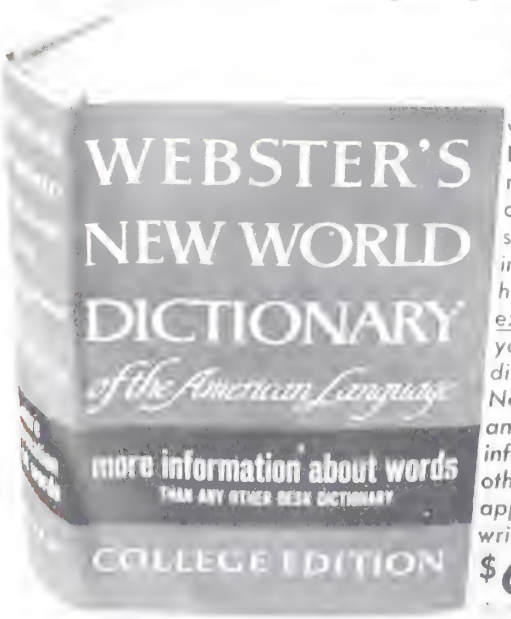
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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY Cleveland and New York

A Cruel Not

by Robert Hatch

Tales of Manhattan, by Loui chincloss. Houghton Mifflin, $

The fiction of Louis Auchincl more an act than an art. Some ago, this New York lawyer disc that, anti-novel and anti-her withstanding, there was still an ence for tales of the sort that have been illustrated by Charles Gibson and fetched from the le library by the family chauffeur son and the chauffeurs are gon Mr. Auchincloss has been p right—he makes a considerabl pression on readers who complai no one writes good, simple s anymore.

He has the gift of mimicr paragraph and you would swea you were back in the pages of *ner's Magazine*, that Murray H still where the old money lived yet Mr. Auchincloss seems n tirely oblivious of his own ag has added a note that did not the lorgnette literature—cruelty present collection is arranged in groups: five professional anecdo a society auctioneer; four inter statements by the partners of Street law firm who underta memorialize one another; and encounters with surviving matr the great tribes. Displayed her varied gallery of domineering p ality, but there is not in the coll as I recall, a single healthy org The prevailing odor of the book, powering the scent of lemon o fine cigars, is social pathology.

It produces a sadistic effect, a cruelty, because it is done so because the author's manner is amused superiority. The spec are not important enough to be in any depth; they are good quick laugh on the way to the c

Mr. Auchincloss is deft at p on his makeup, and his act is ligh fast and full of evocative deta the end, though, it is trivial; wasting with an aftertaste.

Mr. Hatch reviews books and and is managing editor of "Th tion."

E NEW BOOKS

te
pend
ey Wisely

Bracken

York Times Guide to Per-
nce, by Sal Nuccio. Har-
. $4.95.

ter of finances, there seem
kinds of people.
re the Ants, who enjoy
out money and doing sen-
s with it; and there are the
ers, who hate to think
ey, who simply have fun
ong as it lasts.
ere are the Lead-footed
ers, a group I happen to be-
e—likewise—would love to
t in the sunshine all day
acco juice, but we can't do
artedly because of a per-
anical streak that makes
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y, except for the pleasant
vill buy, we tend to think
in swashbuckling terms,
personal finances are usu-
g more than they swash.
fact is called to our atten-
nstance, on April 14—we
easily what happened.
t was especially for us that
wrote his *New York Times*
Personal Finance—an out-
t a collection, of his news-
mns. This is an undeserv-
dable title for a readable
ould as correctly be called
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r reading it, I actually
y credit card numbers on a
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middle desk drawer, the one
gets housecleaned, because
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iently curled my back hair.
lso made up my mind for
rading in my '64 car. Not

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book as handy a reference as the family Bible—possibly more so, for while sin doesn't change much, money does. In this curious day, with credit in the catbird seat, with even more financial hang-ups and pitfalls than everyman has payroll deductions, Mr. Nuccio lights a welcome flock of candles in the dark. Tax returns, bouncing checks, gyp operations, installment buying, insurance, bonds, budgets, discretionary income vs. indiscretionary spending, he covers the field, and —happily—without arcane double-talk. We meet here not the man whose need-dispositions conflict with pattern-maintenance at escalating risk to goal-achievement, but th dribbles away too much things he doesn't really wa

It is the author's thesis t who need personal financia most, but don't get it, are t middle and upper-middl brackets. His book should that need.

Indeed, it may prove he to some dyed-in-the-wool Grasshoppers. They may long last, to hire some p help; for, having read the b at least be able to unders the experts are talking abo itself, would be something

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Outcasts, by Stephen Becker.

Mr. Becker is incapable of writing a dull or frivolous book. There is flavor and reason in everything he has to say. This novel has a particularly exotic setting (insofar as any setting can be exotic these days). A forty-two-year-old American engineer, Morrison, twice-divorced, whose one passion is bridge building is sent to build one for a Dutch-British firm in a carefully undesignated "emerging" country, perhaps in Guyana or Surinam. On one side of the great river which the bridge will span is a company-built road. On the other, nothing, as far as the builders know, but the primitive bush. Why the bridge? What will it bring to the other side? This is the story of its building, of the men who build it and their relation to Morrison, his discovery of himself and of the bewildering paradoxes, moral and political, of these countries struggling to be born. If occasionally it seems too talky, too explicit, it is partly because the story in the background is so compelling that one longs to get back to it. "Stop talking! What's happening in the bush?" And one becomes absorbed in what Morrison learns—from his European-educated black foreman, Phillips, from illiterate Tall Boy who runs the crane, from the local madar gentle bush people, so gay, ous, and so doomed. But comes away with finally is sibility of communication, how much good will is spen people from the affluent soc "weep when a dog dies" an countries where hundreds had to die and will die bef can be wiped out and brid schools, and governments c Yet in making the seemingl effort to communicate—in metaphorical bridges ma personal and universal salva is what Mr. Becker seems ing. Not a new message, bu Morrison's dilemma it bec ible and dramatic and somet amusing.

Athen

A Most Private Intrigue, by ten.

It doesn't really matter you accept the characters i

Mrs. Jackson has headed "Books" department for so and written most of "Books She grew up at Princeton, father was Dean Christian later (with Hiram Haydn) his papers for publication.

This man is a dreadful lawyer



fact, he's no lawyer at all. But that didn't stop
n from writing his own Will. (Why not save
e legal fees? thought he.)
The cost will be enormous.
For example — when he dies, his estate will
vindle under taxes that a well-drawn Will can
oid. Aunt Effie and her sister will squabble in
urt over the Steinway he forgot to mention.
Worse — a good part of what's left after taxes,
ims and settlement costs may well end up in
e wrong hands (that awful cousin in the adver-
ing business, for instance).

Lots of people are in this boat. And it's a constant source of amazement to us.

For it is so easy (and in the long run so inexpensive) to have your Will drawn by a lawyer — a man who has the experience and the training to do it right... and it's so expensive, so wasteful, so downright unfair to your heirs *not* to!

We hope this will remind you to see your lawyer about your will (if you haven't already) and to keep it up to date. If you think there might be a place for us in the picture — as executor or trustee — won't you call on us?

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Is it the Baseball?

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unterspy story as real, as the uction tries to persuade you to. lory, based in Istanbul but in- g intelligence officers in Berlin ashington as well—not to men- huge cast of extra-savory and ry characters—is hair-raising, taking, and very literally in- ng. It also has, as one would t with Mr. Rosten as the author, ny moments. Maybe this lurid ure of trying to get some peo- from behind the Iron Curtain appened; maybe it did. But the is worth its weight in pretty exotic scenery, villainous vil- heroic heroes, and mints of . If the end seems a little melo- tic for credence—well, as the says in his foreword, can any- written "match the supreme— zzling—improbabilities we have essed in this thriller of an era: like 'pumpkin papers' and Jello os torn in two; spies like Klaus or defectors like Burgess and n." No matter! You'll not be

Atheneum, $5.95

ooking Glass Murder, by An- Gilbert.

ther breathless evening for ad- of that folksy lawyer-detec- rthur Crook, and for those who e excitement of someone carry- with a switched identity. This story of a young nurse falsely ted of having had something to h the death of her patient in She flees—and flies—to Eng- he plane crashes, and she comes of three survivors, with a new It's a fine, nerve-racking tale, atisfactorily resolved.

Random House, $3.95

Nonfiction

: The Explorer and the Man, n Edward Weems.

of the unusual things this book s about this man who spent -three years of his life trying h the North Pole—and finally ding—is the astonishing close- f his family relationships. The hild of a widowed mother, he aturally devoted to her and she , but she even went with him to e (Bowdoin, Maine), where he vith her instead of in a dormi- tory—and when he started his first job at nearby Fryeburg she set up housekeeping for him there too. And for the rest of her long life he wrote her constantly, long, self-revealing letters, many of which appear here. His relationships with his wife and children from whom he was separated for the greater part of the twenty-three years of his explorations seem, as revealed in their letters, to lend credibility to the old adage about absence and the fond heart.

These letters are all part of the Peary papers to which Mr. Weems was given access—diaries, letters, observations—kept under lock and key since 1910. As the explorer was always articulate and a voluminous writer, there is much here in his own words about his early boyhood in Maine, college, and his first efforts to find a job. The story of the many failures and the final triumph in reaching the North Pole (soon marred by Cook's false claim of having reached it first) is also filled with records from his own hand. Alas, none of this has the effect of endearing him much to the reader. Admiration, yes, but affection, no. Perhaps persistence—particularly his dogged kind in the face of so many disappointments and so much pain and sacrifice—separates a man from other people, especially when the effort seemed, certainly at first, to be motivated largely by "a desire for fame and money." Honorable, courageous, tenacious, a wonderful leader he surely was but, one would say, humorless from boyhood on. The Arctic trips (eight of them) are interesting, of course, and informative for those with a sense of adventure and new discovery, but a reader without Peary's ability to take punishment must be forgiven for finding them repetitious and all (except the last) confusingly the same. Photographs and end maps.

Houghton Mifflin, $6.95

Diary of the "Discovery" Expedition to the Antarctic 1901-1904, by Edward Wilson. Edited from the original manuscript in the Scott Polar Research Institute, Cambridge, England. Foreword by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh K.G.

This is a completely different kind of report of Polar adventures, largely, I think, because it is written by a very different sort of man. Wilson was a

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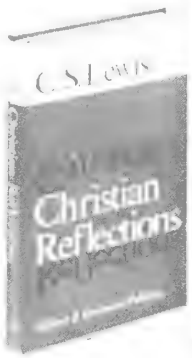
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

doctor and zoologist on both of Scott's Antarctic expeditions (this was the first) and a talented artist as well. He was not, of course, a "self-made" man, nor the commander of the expedition as Peary was, with a leader's driving responsibilities, but these diaries of those three years in the Antarctic wastes (published here in their entirety for the first time) read, for all their exotic content, like something written from a peaceful, devout English study. They are calm and amused and full of sensual delight, as are his paintings and drawings, particularly those of the Antarctic birds and animals. One has the feeling (and Scott's last diary confirms it) that Wilson stayed that way till the end, when he died with the others on Scott's ill-fated return journey from the Pole in 1912.

A handsome, humane, and rewarding book.

Humanities Press, $22.50

On Iniquity, by Pamela Hansford Johnson.

"Some Personal Reflections Arising Out of the Moors Murder Trial" reads the deceptively quiet subtitle of this challenging book. Miss Johnson covered part of that horrifying trial for the London *Sunday Telegraph* and was deeply enough disturbed to start asking some very tough questions of herself and of our society of which the two murderers were a part. She makes no attempt to excuse them. But she asks: How do people become so "affectless"—so unaffected by the suffering of other people? What happens when boredom can only be stilled by violence and kicks? Are there any changes we should try to make in ourselves and our society that might conceivably lessen the wild search for thrills? She, a confirmed liberal, thinks there are, and one of them is less indiscriminate dissemination of sado-masochistic literature. But one must read her questions, rising out of the trial itself, to get the full force of her argument. One may disagree, but one cannot doubt her sincerity and I, for one, have come away from it with some of my own convictions shaken. No one can possibly be bored with this lucid study of the possible roots of antisocial behavior as shown at its most sadistic in the Moors murders.

Scribners, $3.95

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rforming Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*



ROADWAY'S APA
id HOLLYWOOD'S MOM

York's repertory companies take a crack at the classics e an unlikely movie version of "Oh Dad, Poor Dad" makes a ewhat perilous debut . . .

drama of the Lincoln Center rtory company remains unre-d, at the moment, at least. Three r resignations in as many years the record: Robert Whitehead, Kazan, and Herbert Blau. Jules g, Blau's collaborator in friend- and work for twenty years, is in full charge. "The climate," said in a much-quoted statement, o longer right for me to do what ne to do in the form I had in ." This refers, presumably, to a ally hostile daily press in New . But it seems clear that Mr. Blau n fact wish for an impossible cli- in which to create, again in his words, "the impossible theater." r Blau, the impossible theater is edium for commitment to new ms and new values. It is not gh that it affect our lives; it must ot them. The climate for that s nowhere and never has. Blau's istic demands cannot be met by heater, and we pay a stiff price naking the attempt: in Lincoln er's case, a demoralized company, integrating audience, and now prospect of surefire independent uctions (Mike Nichols directing *Little Foxes* and a play by Peter ov) arbitrarily chosen to create excitement in the marketplace. ne in the Lincoln Center company appear in either of the two "visit- productions. Company members console themselves by reasoning while they may not be considered hy of Lillian Hellman or Mr. Us-, they are good enough to try ht, Lorca, and Ben Jonson.

eanwhile, downtown on Broad- where it competes with the thea- do-or-die commercial ventures, the APA—Association of Producing Artists—goes its more or less modest way without manifestos. The New York season—which will continue in Los Angeles, Toronto, and Ann Arbor—has seen six productions, only two of them new. *The Wild Duck* entered the repertoire; *You Can't Take It With You, Right You Are, The School for Scandal,* and *War and Peace* rejoined it; and an adaptation of Walt Whitman material called *We Comrades Three* made an attempt and failed. I saw three of these productions and on the basis of half the available evidence can say, generally, that the company does better at performing than producing, although it does not always perform as well as it should.

The company is not really up to Pirandello's *Right You Are;* or perhaps we no longer are. The playwright's old ironies about appearance and reality all seem to come from an ancient world in which leisure permitted metaphysical introspection and the disillusionment of a world war encouraged it. We think we know today exactly what we see when we look into the mirror; it's a perfect, literal, reflected image of ourselves, caught on glass—no less, certainly no more. The question, then, of what really was going on among Signora Frola, her son-in-law Ponza, and his veiled wife, becomes more interesting than all the feathery philosophical webs that Pirandello spins around the "mystery" like sugar candy. And if the audience no longer believes in Pirandello's questions, the evening is all up to the performers.

Clayton Corzatte has the pivotal role of Signore Laudisi, that elegant gentleman who knows how to query everything and answer nothing. While he is one of the most promising of the APA's younger members, he seems to have little feeling yet for suggesting either how complex or ambiguous character can be. Corzatte is merely callow where he might have been cruel, patronizing where he should be superior. Some of his colleagues in minor roles also seem not to have quite made up their minds who they are. Betty Miller, as Signora Cini, for example, wanders through the evening without any focus whatever, almost as though she were still rehearsing the role; and her makeup, even in a company in which production values are secondary, is absurd, therefore distracting.

Only Helen Hayes manages to strike a note of real character, whatever you may think of the note—in this case, perky defiance and courage overlaid with Pirandellian prosciutto. Miss Hayes can reproduce the surface of an emotion with almost uncanny accuracy. She is all fitful gestures, quirky expressions, stares, gasps, hesitations; she is perfectly willing to wring her hands in anguish or fall to her knees if either seems called for. In her case, technique carries everything with it, including the audience. When Helen Hayes weeps onstage in *Right You Are,* half the women in the theater weep with her.

I have no soft spot for Ibsen, either, who was out-of-style—and on the shelf—when I was first going to the theater. The texts of the plays have always seemed to me salutary, salubrious, and medicinal, and the APA's production of *The Wild Duck* does little to change my mind. The com-

pany has not decided whether the play is a comedy, a tragedy, or just a cup of bitter black coffee. But again its particular romantic style is out of touch with our own feelings these days; and so is that careful, step-by-step construction process, made famous by Ibsen, in which every plot development is mortared securely into place. Our taste is for open-endedness and multiple meanings, not four-square resolutions. Yet something of Ibsen's moral resonance, of the integrity of his search for problems and solutions, comes through this production. Gregers Werle and his obsessive need for truth may appear almost pathological to us, but Dr. Relling's clearheaded honesty and directness are not; he is really salutary, salubrious, and medicinal.

The APA's production sometimes hobbles; indecision and an unwillingness to go all the way dilute its conviction. It is no use to pad Donald Moffat's stomach to give him a middle-aged paunch as Hjalmar Ekdal if his limbs remain as thin as a teenager's. Moffat does well enough as Ekdal, but we are never sure whether we are looking at a total fool or merely a total victim. And again Clayton Corzatte is not mature enough for Gregers. He plays him as a repellent, squinting intellectual, like one of those neurasthenic characters in Swedish movies. Whatever life we feel in the play comes from the secondary characters, above all, Ekdal's father, well-played by Sidney Walker, and Dr. Relling.

Nevertheless, the company's *The School for Scandal* has perfect style and sensibility, where it is easy to exaggerate the first and entirely forget the latter. Corzatte has found himself in the role of Charles Surface, his brittle tenor perfectly at home with Sheridan's lines. Sidney Walker is endearing as Sir Peter Teazle, while Rosemary Harris, as his good Lady, shines with high hopes and intelligence.

But it is Ellis Rabb's production. He has directed the play in the apparently unshakable conviction that character is indeed action. Three, four, and even five people can stand around Rabb's stage in almo immobility and still move t forward with lightning velocit the whole glinting surface of dan's dialogue changes with leon speed from character to ter, giving us the illusion moment that we are looking selves. Rabb knows this and too, how to exploit his audie his company for surprise and laughter.

There is little point in exa APA's intricate budgetary d casting conflicts, and the dilen forging a repertoire itself; th the problems of all repertor panies. It has had its failur will have others. Like all its gling equivalents elsewhere, serves that right. But it must a a way now to match the profe ism of Broadway—the pro craft and skill—whatever its sympathy for Broadway's Without that, it will never much out of a playwright's there may be in it. This me main part, the willingness to of a play (as Ellis Rabb has co *The School for Scandal*) than the sum of its lines, as a tion, designed, directed, an formed.

Laugh, Weep, Boo,

The word is around that o film version of Arthur L. *Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's You in the Closet and I'm Fe Sad* was screened by the ge who run Paramount Pictur chance for conventional natio lease was doomed. It was to be in art theaters, the story went where. I believe it, too. At the ing I attended, a small, har segment of the audience his angry bewilderment when Th was finally reached, while a few applauded heartily. (Half o were employees of Paramou their applause may well have simple public demonstration pany loyalty.) The fact is tha tically any response to the film justified. You can laugh with barrassment if you want, wee cheer, or walk out. *Oh Dad, Po* is that funny, and that ugly, once.

The story of *Oh Dad, Poo*

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ow nymphomania, incest, fri-
mpotence, satyriasis, and a
voyeurism, mixed in pre-
e wrong proportions at the
me, can drive a weak man to

This puritanical message
ape around an aging charac-
ed Madame Rosepettle, who
d off one husband and is now
for a second. As the movie
ne good Madame is traveling
the world trailing her first
's stuffed corpse as well as
enty-five-year-old son, who
suck his thumb and smooch
m when things get rough.
ne Rosepettle is very rich.
orth a fortune in wigs alone:
es for jealous moods, pink for
n, silver, jet, and so on. Her
are worth a second fortune.
he hotel suites she occupies
travels. All are designed to
bright, distracting plumage
which she can keep her son
in total subjugation. What
ere in life for unhappy Mes-
esides subjugated sons?

adame Rosepettle, Rosalind
strikes an imperious, mono-
note on her first appearance
er varies it from then on.
ssell takes the Madame very
, which is probably a good
t she also takes her literally.
e look for wit, we find only
talk; where humor might
e hard edge of the role, with-
ing it any the less sinister,
only sternness.

adame Rosepettle's son, Rob-
se also strikes one note: a
slavering catatonia. His face
red white. His eyes are blood-
Bermuda shorts don't fit nor
Doctor Denton pajamas he
wear to sleep. Obviously he
r escape Mom; worse, there
s a chance.

Madame Rosepettle's travel-
s provides some sideshows
second look. Jonathan Win-
narrates the film as Dad, is
as a fiercely involved corpse
hrough space on a cloud. He
owing white robes. Papier-
ings grow from his shoul-
ound his waist hangs a set of
oinoculars to help him spy on
and son; he is smoking an
e Havana and trying to hide
he good Lord. Mr. Winters is
with a good cynical line as
he is with expressing the indignities of marriage by means of his highly charged and mobile face. He may be victimized by the world (and Madame Rosepettle), but he knows how to inflict a few bloody wounds himself.

Hugh Griffith, too, is both bitter and hilarious as he tries to seduce Madame Rosepettle only to find himself entangled in a spider's nest of pure viciousness. Wheezing but ever gallant, he first kisses the back of his beloved's hand, then gently and, he hopes, erotically caresses it with his scrubby beard. Mr. Griffith suggests that he might be willing to kill himself for sex—or rather allow himself to be sacrificed for it—and in the end he almost gets what he wants.

Not surprisingly, it is Barbara Harris who finally walks off with *Oh Dad*. As a highly nubile "baby-sitter" (in a hotel which allows no children), it's her business to try to seduce Madame Rosepettle's son and free him from Mother. As matters get smolderingly under way, she holds him across her plump knees and pretends to play Grieg's Piano Concerto on his lucky backside. She does it matter-of-factly, as though everyone behaves this way all the time. Meanwhile, Rosalind Russell and Robert Morse compete with her sane, cool understatements with noisy, baroque flourishes; and it is no contest.

A perhaps pointless case—baroque in itself—can be made that *Oh Dad* is simply *Hamlet* thoroughly modernized, an unconscious parody that drops all the original content in favor of the contemporary need for bizarre stylishness. I'm afraid the parallels are all there, turned inside out, and obvious, too. It is Queen Gertrude—Madame Rosepettle in the movie—who now runs the show. Next to this powerhouse Mom, the film's Claudius is a fatuous old man, Ophelia ineffectual and doomed. As for this up-to-the-minute Hamlet, he is a listless dropout from everything. When his father's ghost nags him for vengeance (this literally happens in *Oh Dad*), he can't even hear him. He is deaf to the dead old man's wisecracks and himself almost totally tongue-tied. What a Hamlet. So the film tries to laugh the Shakespearean dilemmas out of existence; there are duller pastimes, perhaps, even when the results are as strained and feckless as they sometimes are in *Oh Dad*.

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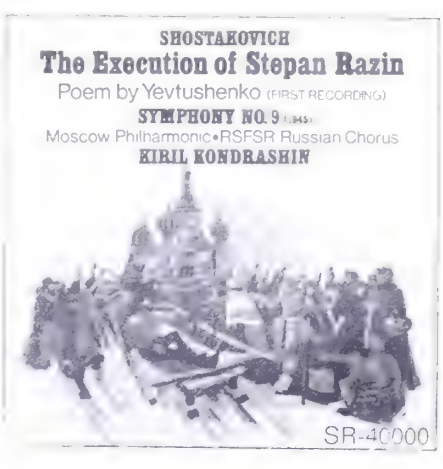
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Music in the Round *by Discus*

WHAT PRODIGIES ARE MADE OF

In music gifted children have much in common—not least, trouble in making a successful adult creative life. Those who do, generally, become our geniuses.

Vox Records has started a series devoted to the complete chamber music of Mendelssohn, and I have been listening with a good deal of interest to Vol. I (SVBX 581, 3 discs), for it contains not only the familiar string quartets of Op. 12 and Op. 44, which any chamber music enthusiast knows, but in addition some material never heard: an unfinished Op. 81, a fugue for quartet composed when Mendelssohn was eighteen years old, and a late (1843) Capriccio. All of these are played by the European Quartet, an organization about which the liner notes tell us nothing. Presumably the group consists of four string players brought together for this assignment. Whoever they are, they are good—the first violinist especially, who leads without dominating, almost never is out of tune and has a fine sense of tempo.

One of the by-products of listening to the music was a rumination about the mystery of a prodigy. Mendelssohn was one of the most phenomenally gifted musicians in history, and in all likelihood the one who developed earliest. Mozart is held up as the *ne plus ultra* of the *Wunderkind*, but Mendelssohn was even more gifted as a child. He could play the piano every bit as well as Mozart, and he had an intellectual life that left Mozart's far behind. Mozart was brought up as a trained monkey, a genius of a child whose father put him on display at the age of six or so, and who had to pick up whatever else he learned through happenstance. Mendelssohn, on the other hand, was born into a rich and cultured family. His parents had no need to exploit him; quite the contrary. They did not put him on public display at all. Thus he g[o]t kind of education every rich [li]tle class boy got: Latin and Gree[k], both of which he was proficient [in] (his watercolors are quite skill[ful] a Victorian sort of way), cont[em]rary literature.

And when he wanted to [le]music, his parents put the best [te]disposal. For a piano teacher h[e] none less than Ignaz Moschele[s] greatest pianist of the day. [As] young Felix composed somethin[g] wanted to hear how it sounded, [a] vate orchestra was assembled fo[r] By the time he was twelve, Me[n]sohn was not only a brilliant p[i]and a good violinist; he also had [a] conducting experience than man[y] fessionals in Europe. All this [of] fruit. When he was sixteen, he [com]posed the Octet in E flat, and th[e] tory of music does not show a [so] staggering effort from a tee[n] composer. Bach, Beethoven, M[o]Handel—none could show a wo[rk] equivalent worth composed [at] equivalent age.

It is frightening. What goes [in] this kind of genius? Is it ge[ne] Environmental? Physical? [An] mysterious factor propels som[e] like Camille Saint-Saëns (the [most] freakish prodigy of all) to the [piano] at the age of three, and makes [him] finished performer at seven or [eight] (By the time he was eight, S[aint]-Saëns was playing Beethoven so[natas] with mature professional violi[n]ship and he seems to have been better [than] they were.) No definitive studies have been made of child prodigies in recent [years] but they do seem to have certain things in common. They are born with absolute pitch, which means that when they hear music they can rattle off the notes, without using any instrument. They will hear a chord and promptly say: E, G, C, B flat, or whatever. They seem to have faster and more accurate physical reflexes than normal beings, and these reflexes enable them to adapt better bowings and fingerings with less effort. They all seem to have a physiological reaction to music. Loud sounds make them cry; dissonant chords make them uncomfortable. They show surprisingly little help, either at the instrument or in composition, though they seem to have an instinct for form and harmony.

And it is a fact that most [child] prodigies develop into musicians



Harper's Magazine, April 1947



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importance. Name any great pianist or violinist, and you have named a child prodigy. The same is true of most—not all—of the great composers. Some, like Berlioz and Wagner, developed late and could not even play an instrument on a professional level. But they are exceptions. Not all composers developed as early as Mendelssohn, Mozart, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Bach, and Handel, but nearly all made some kind of impact while they were in their teens. Nobody, though, developed as a composer as fast as Mendelssohn.

As a matter of fact, most musical historians agree that Mendelssohn's creative career illustrates genius in reverse. That is, his best music was written early, and his career shows a continuous decline into a kind of classicism without much content. The great composers continue to grow, whereas Mendelssohn never composed much of importance after he was thirty-five (he died in 1847 at the age of forty-six). He was the great classicist among the romantics: his ultra-correct, prim nature, and near-aristocratic family background did not allow him to experiment with the wild combinations that Schumann, Chopin, and Berlioz were constantly exploiting. (Some of the letters Mendelssohn wrote about Berlioz are unconsciously very funny; the two men had nothing in common. Berlioz, exuberant as always, took to young Mendelssohn and wanted to enfold him in his arms. Mendelssohn shrank away with the revulsion of a seminary student approached by a whore.)

Another aspect of Mendelssohn on which historians have dwelt is the fact that during his life he was greatly overpraised and after his life greatly undervalued. There is a certain amount of truth to the statement, and until recently Mendelssohn's music was not held in great repute. At the same time, he was always represented in the active repertoire by quite a few wildly popular pieces—the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture and *Fingal's Cave* Overture; the Violin Concerto; two symphonies; quite a bit of piano music; the G minor Piano Concerto. This is not a bad average at all. It is surprising that the neoclassic period following World War I did not see even a greater investigation of Mendelssohn's music. It was a period that distrusted romanticism, and one w ld thought that Mendelssohn ca arranged compositions, hi cool tocracy and elegant forms, ould fit the *Zeitgeist* of the 920s 1930s. But Mendelssohn's epu was then at its lowest.

Not to Defy

Recently, however, ther has something of a revaluatio W pianist plays the *Songs Words*, those Victorian sa n critics no longer spit on t m. are even words of praise f the tiness and charm of the m ic. *Elijah* was performed in ne the avant-garde critic P l H feld sneered at it as the ork little snob who wanted to l ac as a Christian, or words to at (Mendelssohn's Jewish he tag been thoroughly explored a biography by Eric We er. when *Elijah* is performed da oratorio is treated with r l re And so on. Are we beco ng broad-minded? Or is there me of real value in the mus tha vents it from dying? Mo pr the latter.

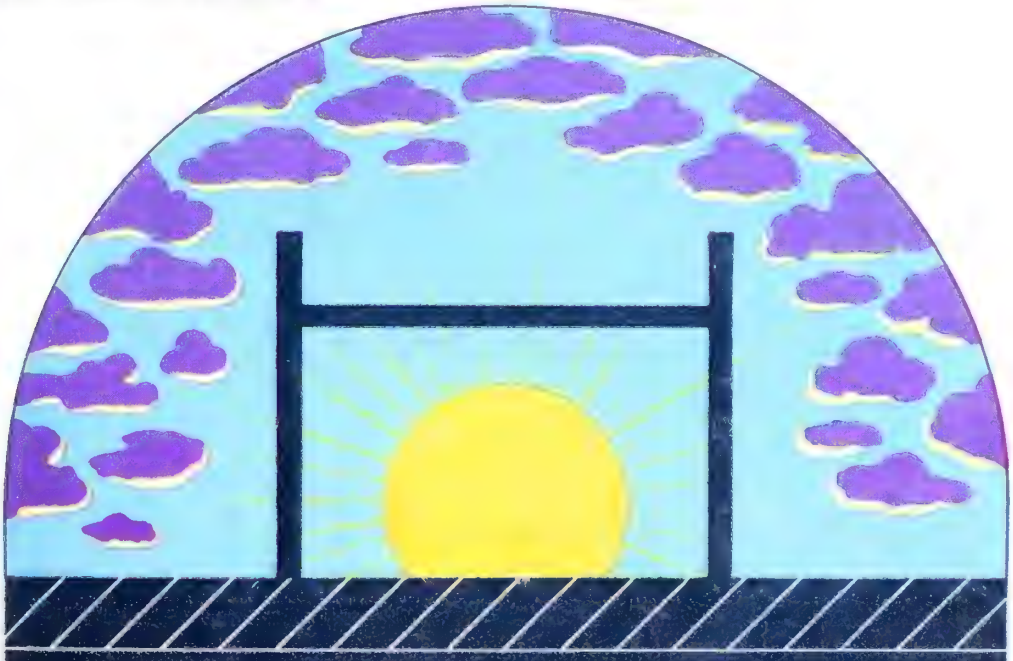
Mendelssohn's chamber mu lovely, and the new Vox ou vides a great deal of ple ure can't look down condesce ing such a movement as the Ca one the early E flat Quartet; it s so so elegant, so expertly wri n, overpowers criticism. T O quartets, all three of them equal level of elegance. T defy the world, as Beetho Op. 18) do, nor do they op te pure musical level of Moz t's delssohn was not built tha wa quartets exhibit the kind o mo reserve typical of the man. he are classic, the workman dox (though ever so pr ise melodies a little inhibited. ut ited as they are, they s l e with a grand kind of sv ep aristocrats are capable o em and if Mendelssohn did n ha cosmic vision of a Beetho n zart, he nevertheless had h ow of strength, intermingled v h sweetness, and one of the os less compositional techni tory. Listening to this un of perfection is an aesthe in itself.

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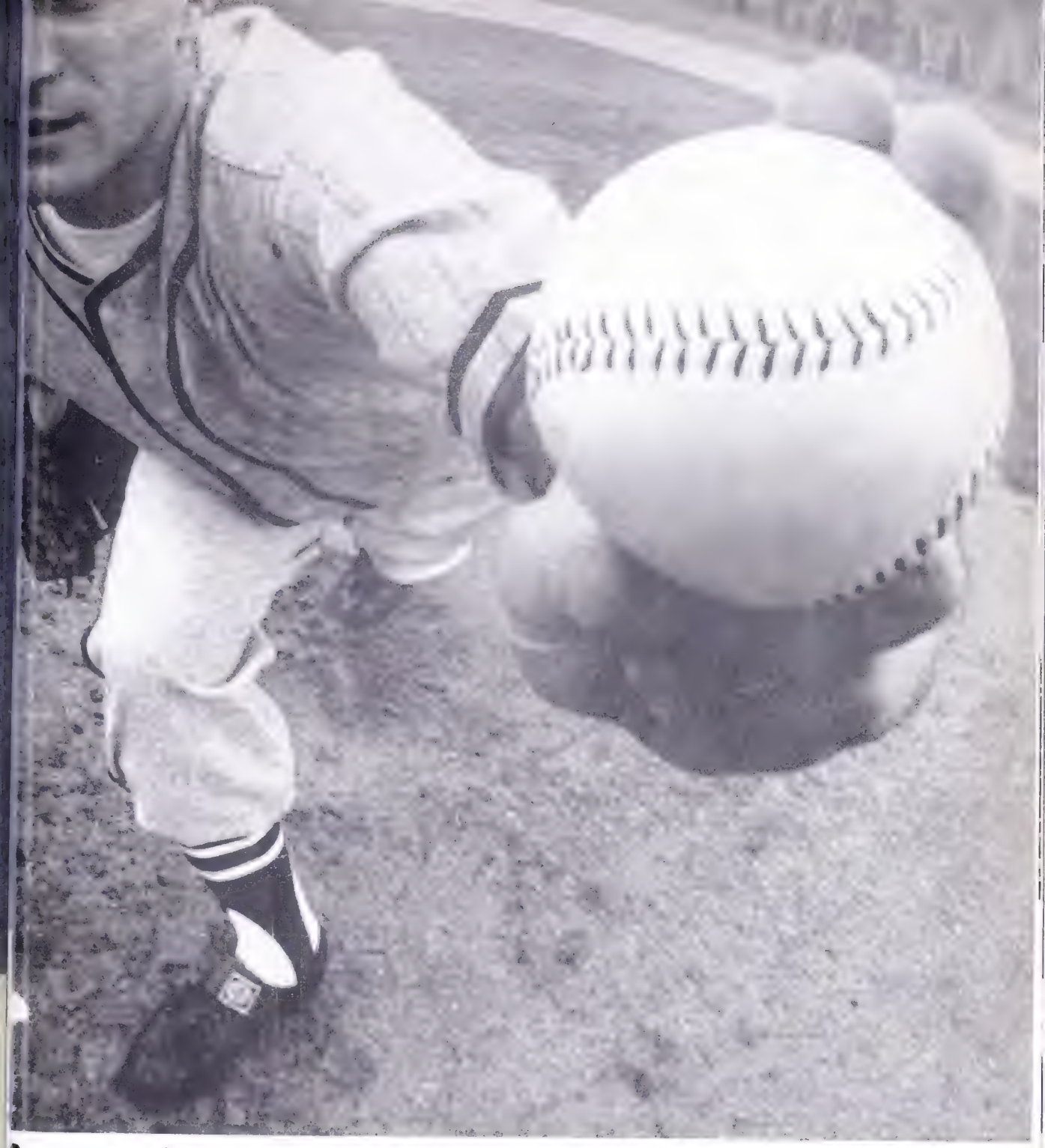
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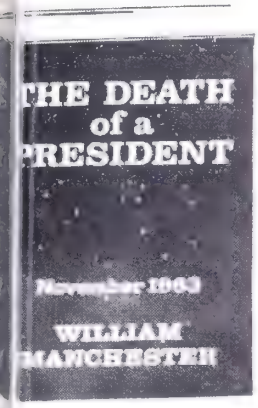
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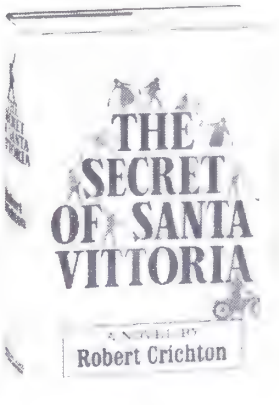
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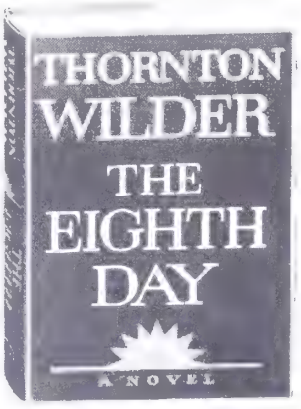
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Letters



A Tragic Condition?

I am the president of the Mattachine Society, Inc. of New York, though I am currently on leave of absence to finish a book on homosexuality.

"A Way Out for Homosexuals" [Samuel B. Hadden, M.D., March] is one of the most reprehensible articles I have ever seen published in *Harper's*. It has absolutely no redeeming social merit, and it can be of help to no one, except, perhaps, to Dr. Hadden in the form of monetary gain. His attitude toward homosexuals is that of a thirteenth-century Inquisitor toward Jews: "They can change if they try hard enough, and they must change to fit into our accepted social pattern." His attitude toward the Mattachine Society is that of a racist toward the NAACP. . . .

Far from fostering better attitudes toward homosexuals, such articles only create more intolerance. Those who are intolerant can now use Dr. Hadden's article to base their charges, "You can be 'cured' if you try, so why should we tolerate or accept you as you are?" Hadden, of course, knowing that he'd become the joke of his profession if he claimed 100 per cent success, does make oblique disclaimers of complete "success" at "curing" homosexuality; but these will be ignored by the intolerant.

Because society is too narrow to make room for homosexuals as homosexuals, does this mean that the "social engineers" have the rig
demand that all homosexuals b
pseudo-heterosexuals? If so, th
gro revolution perhaps should a
concentrated on bleaching Ne
and the B'nai B'rith should
Christian catechism lessons as a
of decreasing intolerance!

DICK LE
New York,

Thanks are due you for publi
Dr. Hadden's article. . . . The su
tion of group therapy as a trea
for homosexuality and the evi
that good success is being rep
are the most hopeful things I-a
thus far come across.

Even at its best (that is, eve
the homosexual who has made
relatively stable adjustment) h
sexuality represents a tragic,
crippling condition. And while
homosexual organizations are
sympathized with and even def
over against the cruel rejecti
the homosexual by contemporar
ciety, they are, nevertheless,
wrong in their rationalizations a
their defense of what is a path
cal condition as though it were a
mal, healthy, and self-fulfilling
of life.

However, even aside from tha
homosexual organizations repr
only one segment of the homos
world, that segment which has
to at least some kind of acceptan
itself and has some kind of soci
ganization. There are also, how
countless lonely, frustrated, and
fering homosexuals who are t
to go it alone. Frequently this m
that they have no one at all
whom to talk, that they try de
ately to hide their condition
from their closest acquaintances,
that they may have an overt h

Harper's welcomes readers' comments. Short letters stand the best chance of publication; and all letters are subject to some editing. Comments on articles in this issue will appear in the July Harper's.

'm a stock broker. Here's what investors should know about talking to a broker."

questions—talk
idly about yourself
ke your time."

ould we start our conversation?

about the subject you know best
rself. The broker wants you to feel
etely at ease, and there's no better
an to make your own position
ight at the start. Tell him some-
about your financial situation and
estment goal you have in mind."

if I don't know exactly what my
ould be?

wouldn't be the first. Many brokers
at one of their most important
es is to help the investor under-
himself—how much risk he can
and how an investment might
im get what he wants out of life."

se I just want to make some money?

's what everybody wants, but there
fferent ways to approach it."

nean different kinds of securities
fferent goals?

Some people want a second in-
from dividends, so they examine
k's dividend record and current
Others don't need additional in-
now, but can invest their money
eave it in the market to grow—to
pay a college tuition later, or cush-
heir retirement expenses. Others
to put their money in securities
e they think the risk is relatively
—maybe bonds or high-grade pre-
d stocks. But of course picking ex-
the right security is not as simple
shing a button. Nobody can elim-
all the risk in any investment,
s or anything else."



When we've agreed on a goal, can I leave the rest up to the broker?

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sexual contacts. In place of ... live on homosexual fantasi... "crushes" which they try to ... overcome, and depend upon ... bation as their only sexual ou...

I am precisely such a pers... in my middle thirties, have ... wife and two children, but a... homosexual in orientation. G... situation, my marriage is ar... successful but is neverthele... trating and certainly frustr... a wife who does not know ... problem behind the sexual di... but believes that her hus... "frigid." I received a Ph.D. a... managed to be a successful ... teacher. I have never in my ... gaged in an overt homosexual ... condition may have been su... now and then but that is all. ... theless I have been filled with ... insecurities and have suffered ... long series of intense infat... Each such "crush" runs its cou... lasts for anywhere up to a co... years. One disappears only to ... lowed by another. But while e... lasts, the relationship wi... "friend" (who is not aware ... situation, although he may ... something strange) is filled w... security, dependence, jealous... bid preoccupation with the oth... a good deal of irrational h... There is warmth too, but how ... is actually "friendship" in suc... uation is only known when the ... ation is over. Sometimes ... discovered that there was not... all of genuine friendship. In ... cases I have kept a worthwhile ... ship. The infatuations then ... come and go suddenly and ir... ally.

The point is that this is at lea... form of homosexual life tha... nothing to be said in its favo... the person so plagued is power... control his emotions. Any suc... have had and any deep relatio... I have been able to establish ... been *in spite of* and not beca... my homosexuality. The latter is ... pletely destructive.

The plight of people such as ... is tragic. It does no good for ... feel sorry for himself or pu... blame on his "mother," since ... does nothing to remove the conc...

Thus we need a lot of wo... group therapy is a realistic to... should do all we can to encoura...



Mr. and Mrs. Gavin. We're
ne chili and the salad bowl."

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LETTERS

use. In any event, we must do [wha]
we can to alleviate the sufferi[ng o]
homosexuality. *Harper's* does a [great]
and humane service in focusi[ng on]
this as well as on all problems [which]
contribute to human suffering [and]
tragedy.

AN APPRECIATIVE R[EADER]

Literary Soul-sear[ching]

When Ralph Ellison tackles [the]
sacred cows of literary criticism [in]
Very Stern Discipline," March [his]
fellow novelists react with unhol[y joy]
When he speaks of his countr[y he]
makes every thinking citizen [share]
his deep love and concern. Wh[en he]
demands his right to his own ide[ntity]
and unique gifts, he demands [the]
same right for all of us. If he g[rinds]
any axe, it is the axe of indiv[idual]
excellence.

Seldom in this age do we fi[nd a]
writer whose clear-headednes[s is]
equal to his talent. We are mor[e for]
tunate than we deserve in havin[g one]
of our very own—home-grown [and]
utterly American. "A Very Ster[n Dis]
cipline" is vintage Ellison.

HARPE[R Lee]
Monroeville, A[la.]

*Harper Lee is the author of [the]
novel* To Kill a Mockingbird, *[which]
won the Pulitzer Prize in 1961.*

Ellison is speaking of the cu[rren]
political activities of American [intel]
lectuals, particularly vis-à-vis [Presi]
dent Johnson and foreign poli[cy—in]
the main, of course, a politi[cal]
hatred and abuse. Almost casua[lly he]
takes note of that peculiarly A[meri]
can phenomenon, free creative [mind]
running in a herd, and compar[es it]
with the political madness [which]
overtook American intellectua[ls in]
the 'thirties. What is notable is [that]
this embarrassing comparison s[hould]
be made by a Negro. For of cou[rse it]
is the Negro intellectual who is [par]
ticularly vulnerable to the soci[ological]
cal and political pressures E[llison]
speaks of and who has better r[eason]
than most of us to flash his cr[eden]
tials and establish his ideol[ogical]
purity.

Then, as one thinks about th[e per]
rennial adolescence of the Am[erican]
intellectual community and as [Ellison]
son goes on to warn the young N[egro]
writer about the fatal pitfall [which]



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r caddy in County Antrim will confirm the tale. dd that Loughareema is a magic lake. From time it vanishes.

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iis path, that is, the temptation
the Negro and even himself
h the sociologist's abstraction
denly occurs to one: maybe it
likes of Ellison we've needed
ıg. That is to say, maybe the
an intellectual will not grow
l the Negro intellectual shows
w. And maybe Ellison marks
ning of age.

WALKER PERCY
Covington, La.

cer Percy's novel The Movie-
on the National Book Award

h Ellison's statement that
of the *Commentary* writers"
nong the "new apologists for
ation" is a calumnious false-
In the past few years, *Com-*
y has published many articles
sing various points of view on
oblems, strategies, and pros-
of the civil-rights movement.
t a single word has appeared
magazine that any remotely
sible reader could characterize
apology for segregation. There
one apology relevant here: the
. Ellison owes to the many con-
rs to *Commentary* who have
led to engage in serious criti-
course on issues which have so
been blurred by just such irre-
ble statements as Mr. Ellison
w allowed himself.

NORMAN PODHORETZ
Editor, *Commentary*
New York, N. Y.

h Ellison will reply to Mr. Pod-
in an early issue.

o Controls the Boob Tube?

ert Eck's article ["The Real
rs of Television," March] did
t to the heart of the matter.
bad programs are shown for
ason only. They appeal to the
people. Contrary to the popular
of the sophisticated, enlight-
onsumer, the fact is that we are
an illiterate nation. Over half
adults in this country cannot
bove a *fifth grade* level! . . .

D. R. ZELLER
Cincinnati, O.

ert Eck's article is probably the
dispassionate and completely



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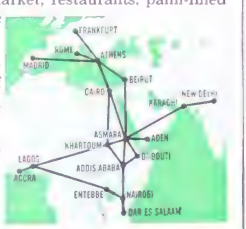


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LETTERS

factual treatise in all its face
has ever been assembled dealin
The Great Myths.

B. B. RANDOLPH, M
Television, Radio & Motion P
Aluminum Company of A
Pittsburg

Robert Eck dismisses as "
the notion that responsibility
appalling quality of commerci
vision can be apportioned amo
vertising agencies, sponsors,
ence counters, network exe
and government officials. In his
sis everybody gets off the ho
whole system becomes mora
discernible against the back
of American business enterpri
we are left to await relief t
new technology or noncom
alternatives.

Yet . . . social irrespon
manic competition for audien
plain greed are glaringly
And the airwaves . . . do be
the people—unlike General
Since there is a potent tradi
this country of government in
tion when the marketplace go
wire and begins to work di
against the public interest, I
reason why more aggressive
tion is not appropriate in thi
tion against stations deemed
erating in the public interest

Could "the great audience-
system"—a nicely depers
scapegoat on which Mr. Eck l
the blame—be ameliorated by
ducing constraints which
equally to all operatives in t
of broadcasting, and which i
some limits on the "absurd
nite pursuit" of profit through
and larger audiences? It is a q
Mr. Eck fails to consider.

RONAL
New Yor

*Mr. Gross is coauthor of a s
instructional television*—Learn
Television—*published recently
Fund for the Advancement of
tion.*

Buck

Larry L. King's article,
Man, and William F. B
[March] revealed that most
able spot in the professional
his inability to look clearly at



ou still find some places ound that don't use our wire nd cable.

ey're pretty rare. Because at nake wire and cable for liter- usands of uses — everything ur pop-up toaster to the Air 2000-mile-an-hour experi- et bomber, the XB-70A.

en make wire for things that ver been wired before—like s moon-bound Apollo space- craft. Apollo needed wire that could withstand the incredible extremes of heat and cold. So we developed it.

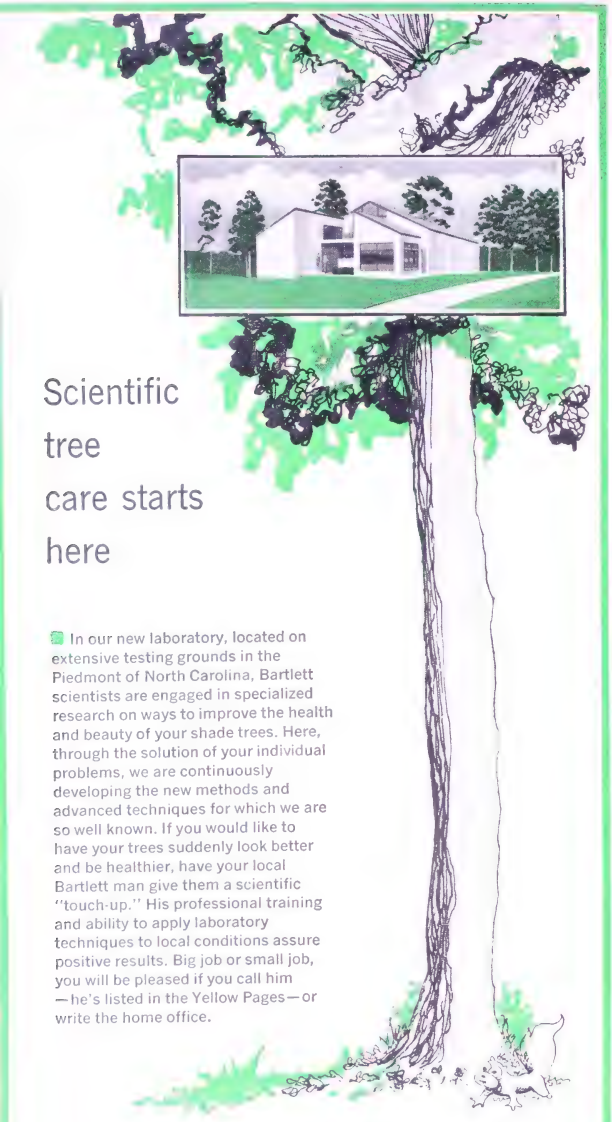
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LETTERS

Buckley's sin, as King sees it, [is] to be rich or Conservative bu[t] at once and not sorry. Thus Joh[n] nedy, Nelson Rockefeller, Fr[ank] Roosevelt, and Averell Harrim[an] liberals because they have pa[id] service to the popular point o[f] . . . King would have Buckley co[n]fess be penitent, and walk throug[h] streets daubed in ashes to ato[ne] his wealth. Then he would giv[e] his blessing.

MARY M. W[ILT]
De Pere, [Wis.]

I wonder if the root cause o[f] th[e] various machete jobs on Willia[m] F. Buckley's character, the latest [by] Larry L. King's attempt, is fear [of] sim[-] ple fear. Something terrible [will] happen if too many people co[me] to recognize Buckley not as buffo[on] monster, but as he really is, a m[an] high intelligence, purpose, and [ho]n- esty, with a heart, too. . . .

NATALIE C. [B.]
Woodbury, [N.J.]

Compliments to Larry King [for] that pertinent vignette of W[illiam] F. Buckley, Jr. . . . But one c[an] believe, as King suggests, tha[t] Buckley's ignorance of the wo[rld] the poor invests the Buckley [act] with a final pathos. For the [few] Buckleys of our time have found [a] the role of "rebel" in the cause o[f] status quo can offer the best of [two] worlds. There's the thrill of ap[pear]- ing to be a maverick among [con]- temporaries while playing it sa[fe] the bosom of daddy, orthodoxy [and] reaction. Only the new Conserv[ative] knows the delicious pleasure of [em]- bracing both martyrdom and sec[urity] at the same time. . . .

CHARLES DE[A]
Chicag[o, Ill.]

Piano

May I correct an error of fa[ct] in the review by Discus of piano-ro[ll] re- cordings [Music in the Round, [Feb]- ruary]? It is stated that Gra[na]dos "never made any records." The [Hi]- torical Sound Recordings Colle[ction] at Yale contains four sides rec[orded] by Granados for Odeon in Barc[elona] ca. 1912. . . .

JERROLD N. MOORE, Cu[rator]
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Yale University Lib[rary]
New Haven, Conn.



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The Editor's Easy Chair *by John Fischer*



FIELD NOTES ON THE EUROPEANS: PART II

Their Cultural Lag and the Crisis in Education

De Gaulle is like a cranky father who has forbidden his daughter to marry. Dutifully she appears to obey; but behind his back she carries on her love affair in her own stubborn, devious fashion.

The old general has set his face against any kind of European union, and on the surface he seems to be having his way. Thanks largely to him, the NATO alliance is falling apart. For the time being at least, the movement toward the economic integration of Western Europe has lost its momentum. A new kind of nationalism—Gaullist in tone, self-regarding, divisive—is burgeoning all over the Continent, for reasons noted here two months ago.

Nevertheless, I think it likely that in the long run de Gaulle will lose—that his plan to recreate a *Europe des patries*, a collection of separate, self-sufficient nation-states on the nineteenth-century model, is going to fail. For the people of Europe are edging together, regardless of their governments. Already they are more deeply involved with each other, in private, unofficial ways, than they themselves seem to realize. And, like many clandestine affairs, this one might very well develop eventually into some kind of permanent union, though perhaps only of the common-law variety.

One of the things melding the Europeans together is their newfound penchant for travel. Today they are milling back and forth across their continent in unheard-of numbers—a mass movement of populations that makes the Crusades look like a Boy Scout outing.

In part this migration is a by-product of the long boom in Northern Europe. The resulting labor shortages there attracted millions of people—nobody knows exactly how many—from the less prosperous countries to the South. As a consequence Italians, Spaniards, Turks, and Yugoslavs are digging coal, manning production lines, waiting tables, and driving buses nearly everywhere north of the Alps. Even little Switzerland now has some 600,000 foreigners at work within its borders, and is beginning to worry lest they swamp the native population.

These semi-permanent migrants are vastly outnumbered, however, by a breed of tourist entirely new to Europe. In the prewar days, only the rich and well-born did much traveling, and then only to the capital cities and a handful of fashionable resorts. Laborers and peasants got no vacations, and could not afford to travel in any case; while the petty bourgeois took their holidays at Grandpa's farm or the nearest beach. (To the French, especially, the notion of going abroad was absurd, since everybody knew that civilization—in everything from cuisine to architecture—had reached its final perfection in France.)

Three things changed all that: (a) universal paid vacations; (b) plenty of pocket money; and (c) cheap cars. The result was something like putting lemmings on wheels. Last year the Western European countries recorded more than 94 million arrivals, the great majority of them from neighboring states. Even the French are beginning to venture beyond their borders, although in relatively small numbers; only 6 per cent of the vacationed abroad last year, as compared for example with 16 per cent of the Dutch.

The new tourists travel in a sty which would have horrified Henr James, and which infuriates manage of the old-fashioned Grand Hotel Many camp out; their nylon tents, bright reds, blues, and yellows, a changing the look of classic landscap from Sicily to Sweden. They show le interest in historic monuments tha in swimming, skiing, and fishin They are not gourmets, either. A innkeeper in Bellagio, watching a bu full of Germans unloading beside h terrace, remarked, "I won't make lira out of the lot of them. They a bring a two-foot sausage and a lo of bread in their knapsacks, and the won't buy anything all the time the are in Italy except an occasional gla of beer." Yet for all their frugalit the new-style travelers can't hel changing the shape of the Europea economy. Since they now far outnum ber American tourists, they were r sponsible for most of the $9 billio which the Western European cour tries earned from their tourist trad last year. And some nations—notabl

Part I of this two-part series dea with "the new temper of our allies, e allies, and not-quite-enemies"; it a peared in March. Mr. Fischer, who r cently returned from six weeks Europe, has been reporting from tim to time from that part of the wor since 1934. During the early years the Hitler regime he worked for th Associated Press and United Press England, Germany, and Spain.



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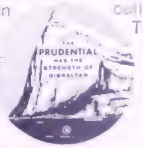
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The new mobility is also changing the language patterns of the Continent. Working-class tourists seldom are truly multilingual, as was the aristocratic international set of an earlier generation. But nearly all of them have had some English in secondary school, and have picked up a few phrases from other tongues. Consequently, they can get along pretty well anywhere, by means of a sort of ecumenical language—an improvised polyglot, based on their native speech with a stiff lacing of English, plus a sprinkling of German, Italian, and French. It outrages the purists, but in an international airport, or in any market, restaurant, or filling station it is very useful indeed. Some of my European friends like to speculate about the possibility that it may, in a few generations, develop into an accepted common language (perhaps known as Franglais, or European Pidgin) serving the whole Continent as Aramaic once served most of the Middle East, and Latin served the Roman Empire. This sounds far-fetched; but if it did happen, it might help solve certain interlocking problems which now appear crucial to the future of Europe.

So far, only a small minority of Europeans are even aware that these problems exist. But when the bad news gets around—when the intellectuals, businessmen, and politicians finally come to understand the fix they are in—they are likely to become urgent advocates of European integration. For that seems to offer their only hope of finding a way out.

Their fix might be summarized something like this:

Europe is suffering a major cultural lag. It has fallen far behind both the United States and Russia in modern technology, and in the education which produces it. As a consequence, it is suffering a hemorrhage of talent, as many of its ablest scientists, engineers, doctors, and managers seek wider opportunities in America. So long as the Continent remains divided into a score of separate national units, it has little chance of catching up. This, in turn, means that it cannot compete in the modern world, and probably cannot even maintain its economic and cultural independence.

Naturally these propositions are hard for the Europeans to accept, because they strike hard both at national pride and at deeply rooted assumptions of cultural superiority. During my recent inquiries in Europe I found a fair number of people who were willing to admit the technological lag—but very few who suspected that something might be radically wrong with European education.

Indeed, the American lead in science-based industries – electronics, computers, atomic-power generators, aircraft, telecommunications, and the like—is too obvious to be ignored.* Boeing and Douglas planes are the backbone of most European airlines. Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler control 30 per cent of the Continent's automobile production. American computer and petrochemical industries come close to dominating the European market.

The explanation usually offered by European economists is that the sheer size of the American home market gives its companies an overwhelming advantage. In 1964, for example, the sale of electronic equipment within the United States was nearly twenty times as big as in any European country, and five times the *combined* sale in England, France, and Germany. Such volume made it possible for IBM and Honeywell to produce computers at far lower cost than their overseas competitors—and at the same time enabled them to pour a lot more money into research. Much the same thing holds true of other industries which stand to gain from large-scale production and from heavy investment in research.

So far as it goes, this argument is perfectly valid. It has justified de Gaulle's restrictions on American investment. It has stimulated most European countries to step up government spending on scientific research. It led Italy to make a rather vague proposal for a new kind of Marshall Plan, to make American technology available to the lagging nations. And it moved Prime Minister Harold Wilson to suggest last November a "European technological community" which would pool the resources and scientific know-ho

It also is a strong argument for a mitting England into the Comm Market, since her science-based i dustries are generally superior those on the mainland. It would see to be an even more powerful arg ment for pushing ahead rapidly wi a far-reaching integration of t whole Western European economy because nothing less is likely to i duce European manufacturers merge into a few giant corporation serving the entire Continent an therefore capable of competing wit their American rivals. As one Englis businessman told me, "Socialism i one country never did make muc sense here, but today capitalism i one country doesn't either. What w need is a big, economy-sized capitali system, operating as a coordinate whole from the Berlin Wall to th Atlantic. Anything smaller doesn stand a chance of catching up wit the modern world."

A few economists whom I talke to agreed with him about the nee for fewer and bigger enterprise but thought that the best way t get them might be by means of th mixed economies – partly socialis partly private, in varying proportion —which have become characteristi in Europe. They pointed to EN Italy's oil and gas combine—state owned, but nevertheless one of th fastest-growing and most aggressiv firms on the Continent.

But these visions of a Continent wide economy, of whatever model, ar exceptional. Most of the businessme and politicians I encountered sti seem to be thinking in parochial, nar rowly nationalistic terms, becaus they have not yet grasped the implica tions of modern technology.

One reason why they have not i the European educational system which is training surprisingly fe people to think in scientific and tech nological terms.

In general, Europeans still regar a university education as something reserved for an elite minority. The simply do not accept the idea—com mon in both the United States an Russia—that every person ought t have a chance for as much educatio as he can usefully absorb. The resul is that the six Common Market coun tries, with a combined populatio

*The Russian lead is less widely recognized, and relatively few Europeans have even heard about the rapid gains Japan is making in these fields.



PARTNERS IN DEFENSE

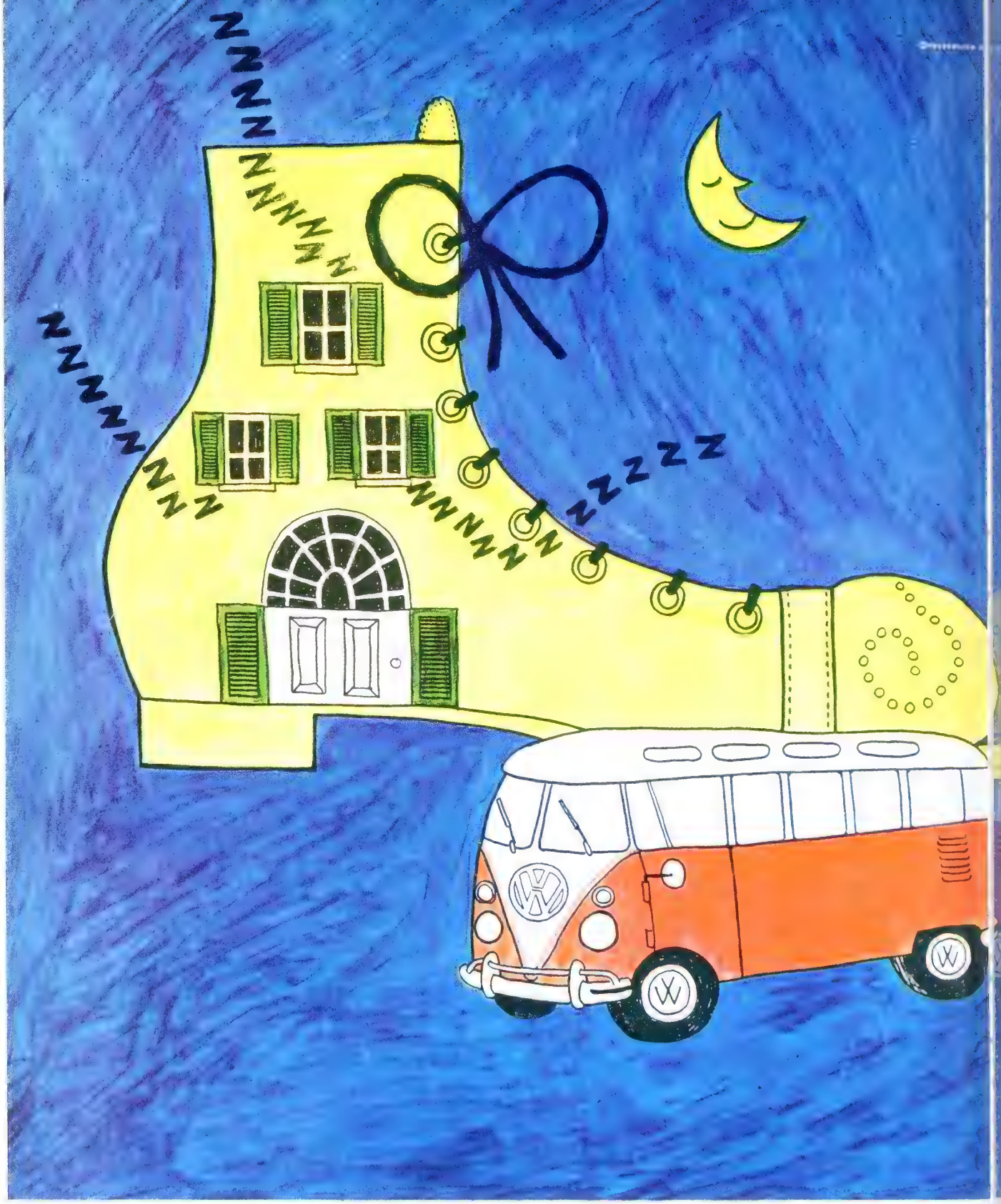
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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

e same as that of the United
are turning out only one-fifth
college graduates. To put it
way, in America roughly one
out of every three in the col-
-group actually is attending
stitution of higher learning;
England, for instance, the
one in seventeen and in Italy
irty.

over, fewer Europeans spe-
n science and technology—less
per cent of all college grad-
the Common Market coun-
compared with about 4 per
both America and Russia.
e United Kingdom, the figure
r cent.)*

ery part of Europe influential
alarmed by such figures, are
to reform their local uni-
s. One of them is Sir Eric
Master of Clare College, Cam-
and chairman of the Univer-
ants Committee—a peculiarly
institution, designed to parcel
ney from The Treasury to
iversities, and at the same
insulate them from political
e. Pressing steadily for a
lemocratic system, and for
ience, he hopes that by 1980
Britain will be able to offer a
ity place to at least one out of
ple of college age. Another is
eussink, head of the Wissen-
at, which exercises a some-
enuous supervision over Ger-
gher education. He, too, would
reshape the system closer to
erican pattern, increasing the
of students and curbing the
godlike authority of the Herr
Professors—each of whom
escribes a course of study to
personal whim.

ite of their efforts—and those
ar educational leaders in other
es—there is little prospect
urope will begin to catch up
merica (or the Soviet Union)
e soon. Indeed, the Poignant
ttee saw no hope that the na-
f the Common Market could
e enough graduates within the

t of these data are taken from
mond Poignant report, prepared
Institute for University Studies
oted in the August 1966 issue of
an Community, a periodical of
ropean Community Information



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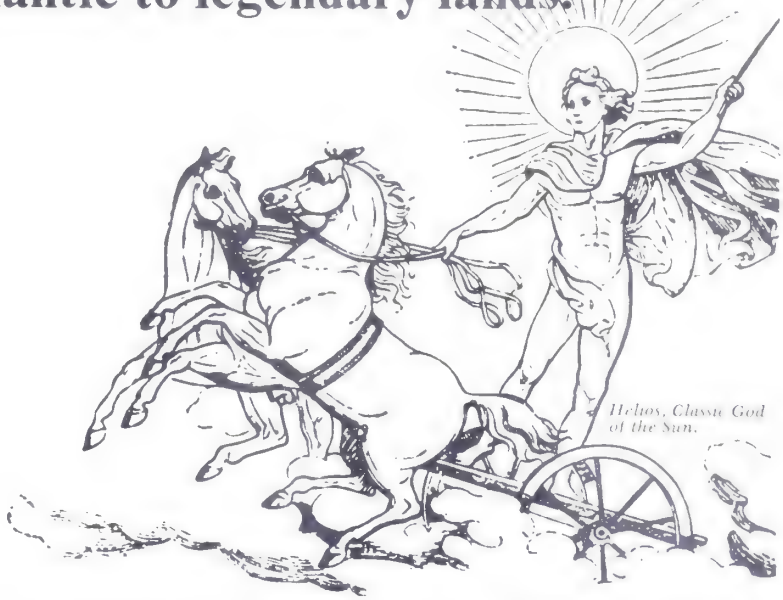


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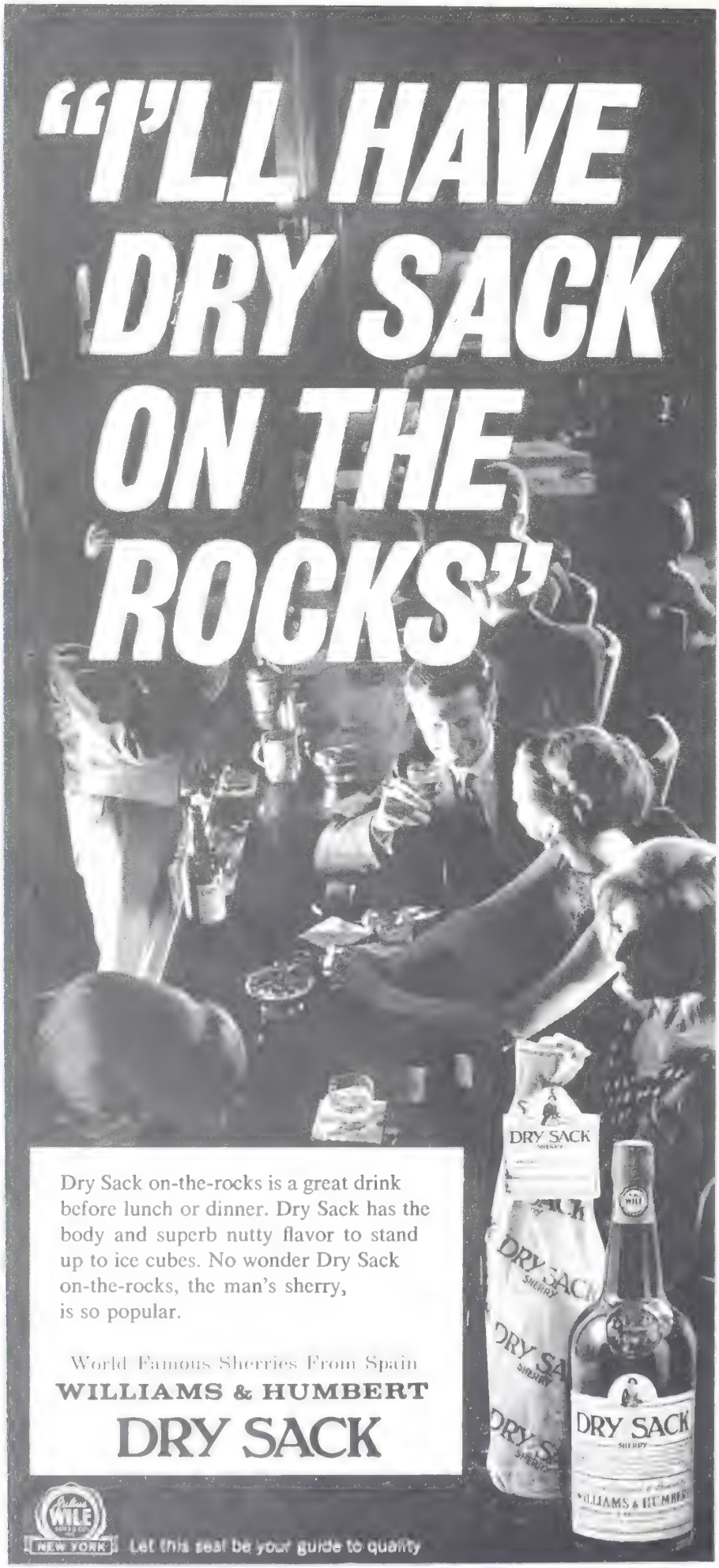


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THE EDITOR'S EASY

next decade to meet the needs economies.

Money is one difficulty. Eu to spend so much on bare-bon struction during the postwa that it could spare little to its universities. Besides, the there discourage the establish foundations—which have much for American educat also inhibit private giving.

A more important obstac ever, is the ingrained conse of the European academic Many a professor really beli Kingsley Amis's phrase) tha means worse," that the rabl at all costs be kept outside th Moreover, they are often sn suspicious of scientists—or as an English don in the hu is likely to call them—and ev so of industrial managers. absolutely necessary to tra odd characters, then let it be d side the sacred cloisters. Per the shop floor—for, after all both types really just glorif chanics?

No doubt I exaggerate. But titudes are astonishingly wid and they are largely respons the fact that Europe has no tions comparable to MIT fornia Tech, or even to the Business School. So long as t sist, the technological gap is n to narrow.

A related handicap is the l problem. A decade ago Jean the apostle of European uni to organize a truly Europe versity—a multinational in which would serve the entir nent. He wanted the teachin done in two languages: t one (probably French, since seemed to offer a logical si English, the nearest thing to a tongue in that part of the w soon found, however, that t sortium he was trying to put t insisted on instruction in at le languages—the minimum nece satisfy national feelings. such an academic Tower of B clearly impractical, Monne doned his effort.

Another attempt may be m of these days, however—for it to see how Europe can ever a really great university syst it compromises some of its nat

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CH

and linguistic differences. F universities, for example, requi their teachers to be French cit How can they compete for star ity faculty with Berkeley or Ha which welcome scientists fr dozen countries? How can Lo which now teaches in both F and Flemish, hope to attract firs students, much less professors? wants to go to the Universi Vienna, if he can get in anyw else?

It will never be easy to fou all-Europe university, just as it easy to foresee an all-Europe puter manufacturer or a Contin wall-to-wall version of General tric. Neither is it safe to predict England will be admitted to the mon Market, or when the emot tides will begin to flow again direction of Monnet's ideal of



Yet I am reasonably sure tha the long run, something of the will happen. For the Europeans too much talent, too much pride tradition of greatness, to accept ever a secondary role. Eventually will realize—not just a few lea but the mass of ordinary people— some kind of joint effort is indis able if they want to regain t stature in the world. Without it, have little prospect of stopping brain drain, or closing the techno cal gap—and therefore scant hop maintaining their own defense, their economic independence.

In the end, I think, they will that Gaullism is only a gesture. equality with America and Ru cannot be bought with such gestu but only by pooling their resou and talents into a common endea It will be a painful and complic job—but not, I believe, beyond capabilities.

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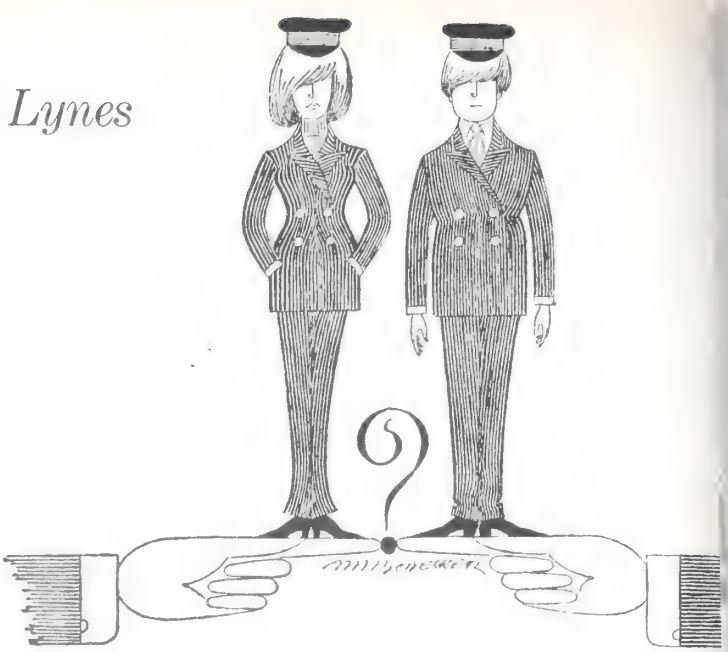
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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



WHAT REVOLUTION IN MEN'S CLOTHES?

One can hardly pick up a magazine or a newspaper without seeing a reference to the revolution in men's clothes. I have been collecting material for several years on this so-called revolution, and the more I collect, the less like a revolution it seems to be. What I read is scarcely reinforced by what I see on the streets or among my contemporaries and my children's contemporaries or in men's shops. There seems to be a moderate shift in the nature of the way men dress, most men, that is, and the rate of change seems about the standard rate that has prevailed since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution a century and a half ago. Lapels change their width; the length of jackets goes up and down; waistcoats come and go; buttons move an inch in one direction or another; collars turn from high to low and back to high; hat brims expand and contract; neckties are wide and gaudy or narrow and bleak. But I can't see that there has been a revolution in clothes of any real consequence since the French Revolution, when fops were not only heedless but became headless. The only real revolutionary I can think of in my time was Raymond Duncan, who long survived his more famous sister, the dancer Isadora Duncan; he went about in homespun, skirted garments and wore a rope garland around his head to restrain his long, gray hair. He did it out of some sort of conviction that modern men's clothes make no sense, and who can argue with that?

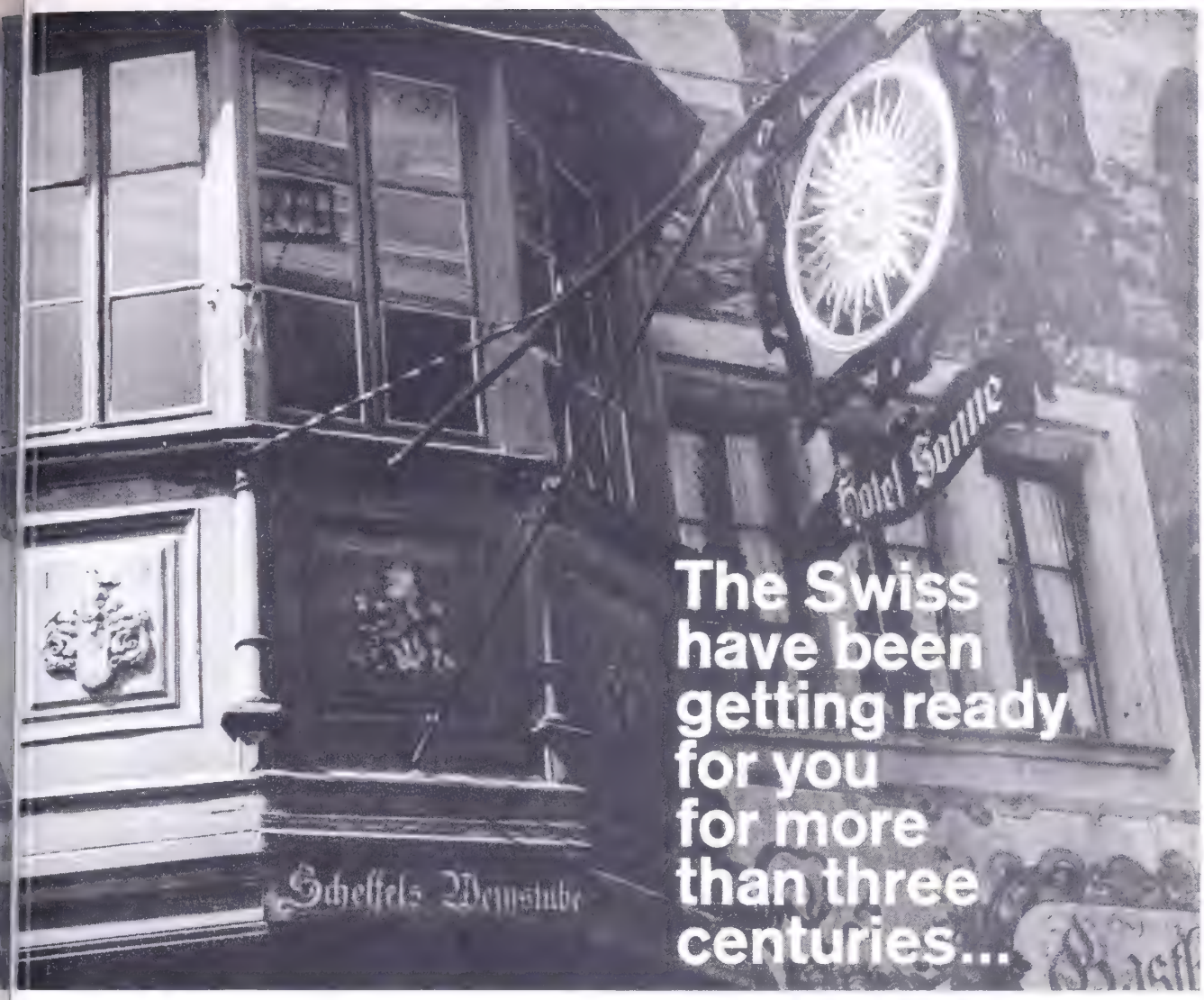
Something interesting, if not revolutionary, has obviously been going on, and I think it is worth considering why the changes are surprising enough to be thought of as a revolution.

The most obvious thing that has happened to male attire was rather surprisingly summed up for me by a narcotics-squad detective testifying before a New York County grand jury of which I was a member. Speaking of some individuals he had under surveillance on the street, he said, "One of them was an *apparently male* Puerto Rican . . ."

"Apparently male," indeed. There has, of course, been a great deal of comment in the last few years about how male fashions and female fashions are meeting at a center point where their inhabitants become indistinguishable. Like many people I am frequently misled by the long slim legs in tight pants, box jackets, and medium-long hair into thinking that what I am looking at (especially from behind) is not what I am looking at at all. But to say that this is a change in male fashion is to get the matt back-end to. It is a radical change female fashion and a slight shift what is considered tonsorially accep able for men. Very long hair on m is still cause for sharp comment many quarters, but moderately lo hair is increasingly acceptable eve to the conservative members of t community . . . any community. Ve soon the American Civil Liberti Union, which has expended a goo deal of energy on defending boys wh have been thrown out of (or kept ou of) high school because their hair too long to suit the school principa will be able to return to their mo proper functions of defending mo urgent causes.

What has caused the confusion be tween the sexes is the female affe tation of male styles and not the othe way around. Teen-age boys, for ex ample, are not trying to look lik Barbra Streisand, with their hai longish and down over one eye Barbra (she wants everyone to kno her as just Barbra) is trying to loo like a teen-age boy, and the effect ha been theatrically successful. She ha made what is essentially a rathe homely face into something remark ably attractive.

There has been a good deal of un necessary and unjustified comment by



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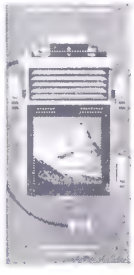
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the slowly vanishing crew-haircut crew about the sissy fashion of long hair. Actually, long tresses on men seems to be a socio-political rather than a sexual manifestation. There are sissies with long hair, I have no doubt, but homosexuals seem to incline more to tidy little bangs than to locks falling down over the backs of their necks. By and large, it seems to be true that homosexuals want to be conspicuous to each other but inconspicuous to the community in general. They have their own set of tonsorial signals which should not be confused with what is generally accepted as male fashions. The long haircut, incidentally, is working a hardship on some factions of the barbering business. A *Wall Street Journal* reporter several months ago quoted a barber in New York whose shop is near Columbia University as saying, "This used to be a growing business. Now it's not. Long hair did it." And another barber in Manchester, Connecticut, says he specialized in the "nothin' haircut . . . nothin' off the top, nothin' off the sides, nothin' off the back." It is preferred by what he calls "Beatle types." Historically, of course, there is no connotation of sissiness in long hair for men. Davy Crockett and Buffalo Bill wore their hair long, but today's hair styles among the young are tending rather more toward styles popular with men at the height of the Italian Renaissance than anything that has come along since.

The feminization of male fashions has been criticized within the male clothing industry. George H. Richman, who is president of a major men's clothes manufacturing business that also has retail outlets, got himself in wrong with some of his colleagues by publicly deploring "creeping feminization in the men's and particularly the boys' wear in this country." To this the vice-president in charge of merchandizing for Hart Schaffner & Marx replied, "There's only an infinitesimal percentage of buyers and producers who take fashions to such an extreme you might charge a feminine trend." A guest columnist in *The Arizona Republic* of Phoenix expressed the opinion that a reputation for effeminate attire in high school can follow a boy through life; though the effeminate attire he describes ("long curled hair . . . extremely pointed shoes, and pants that are revealingly tight . . .) has perfectly good, indeed excellent, historic precedent as the most masculine of clothes.

What he is really talking about is not effeminacy but the revolt of the young against their parents' generation, which is another subject, another aspect of fashion, indeed. It can be argued that the elaborateness of dress, the concern with fancy details in shoes and scarves and shirts and jackets, is man trying to reclaim from women his right to plumage which he gave up at the time of the Industrial Revolution, when he wished to divorce himself from the frippery which was associated in the public mind with the old aristocracy. The Industrial Revolution man, as Quentin Bell* has



From the 1907 Style Book of Hart Schaffner & Marx.

pointed out, dressed in black like the chimneys of his factories, and his object of "conspicuous consumption" (Bell elaborates on Veblen) became his wife, whom he dressed in acres of silks and satins ornamented with miles of ruffles and bows. It took him more than a century to get sick of his smoke- (or soot-) colored garments, but he's no less a man for being bored with them. If some of the young are revolting to (and against) their parents and grandparents, it is because they have chosen to take a giant step in a corner of human male behavior where tiny steps have been the accepted practice.

There is a good deal of speculation in the press about what has caused the change in men's fashions, who are the leaders who set the styles, if, of course, there is any great change.

The change is mostly among the young, and the source of their inspiration is said to be pop singers. John Crosby, writing in *The Observer* (London) quoted David Mlinaric, a designer and "one of the best-dressed young men in London," as saying, "The pop singers have the panache of the movie stars in the 'thirties. The pop singers and designers and film stars dress adventurously—and others have followed them."

Carnaby Street, in the West End in London, as every teen-ager who knows anything knows, is the Mecca of the "mod" fashions which became so popular that nearly every department store in America which caters to the young opened special shops for them. Though the fad has already declined somewhat, it was from there that the inspiration came for the "fancy floral-print cotton shirts," the "hip-hugging trousers with low belt lines," the jackets that were long and nipped in at the waist, the bell-bottom trousers, the high-heeled boots and gorgeous cuff links. In London, however, Carnaby Street is looked down upon with some disdain by the young men like Mlinaric who are the most conscientiously elegant and self-consciously fashionable young men in England, as producing rather shoddy wares of inferior materials and design. These young men, mostly in one way or another associated with the arts and therefore free of the confining conventions of the business world, regard themselves as dandies; their concern with what is in general socially acceptable is, if it exists at all, contemptuous. The scorn of dandyism for middle-class notions of suitability is far more like the beatnik scorn for middle-class morality, objectives, and conventions than either the dandy or the beatnik would be likely to recognize or, if he recognized it, admit.

But Carnaby Street and dandyism (some more accurately call it foppishness) are symptoms and not causes. The causes are in the changing social structure, in the nature of a society so affluent that it has the leisure to consume several wardrobes, on the one hand, and a society bored with itself (as England seems to be) on the

*On Human Finery. A. A. Wyn, 1949.

(Paul Masson's 1967 Tourney)



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What Could We Build If We Worked Together?



by U Thant
Secretary General, United Nations

ould we build if we worked together?

iple but tantalizing question is a sharp reminder rony of the present state of mankind. It drama- e persistent struggle between our wisdom and lishness, our strength and our weakness, our cre- ss and our self-destructiveness, our idealism and eness. It serves to remind us that the predominant of our era, political, military, or ideological, are most wasteful consumers of our time, spirit, tal- ources and even of life. It reminds us of the fact that even now, with an unprecedented range vledge at their disposal, men in all parts of the passively continue to accept policies and pro- es of all kinds which not only fritter away their ce and the bountiful legacy of nature, but at ndanger their very existence.

nplest citizen can grasp the fact that a fraction of ney that will be spent throughout the world on ents in 1967 could finance economic and social nmes, both national and global, on a scale hither- eamed of. It is obvious that a small part of the in- , effort, expertise and resources deployed in g an intercontinental missile system, for example, almost certainly, if applied to the more immedi- blems of human misery or of future human devel- t, produce a series of breakthroughs which might uminate and inspire man's whole concept of his ture. It is a commonplace that, if nations could y down the sword and live in harmony, the world with judicious leadership and management, well e a place which could rival all the utopias of the phers—and certainly be far more interesting.

lo these totally obvious and desirable develop- fail to come about—fail, moreover, in an age prides itself on its new mastery of communica- f every kind? Why do we have to live in fear rather n hope, in antagonism and distrust rather than in ny and co-operation?

"Human nature" is popularly held to be responsible for this deplorable state of affairs, the assumption being that "human nature" is in some way a force which cannot possibly be controlled or improved. It is high time this comfortable pretext was exploded. Men should aspire to be the masters of their fate, rather than the victims of their own "nature." If we presume, as we do, to change and improve everything else in nature, why do we leave ourselves out of the process? Improvement and progress should surely begin at home.

If, then, we discard the facile notion that "human nature" is to blame and that nothing can be done about it, what is the real reason for our inability to shape our affairs as reason and self-interest tell us that they should be shaped? How does it come about that greed, prejudice, arrogance, envy, fear, misunderstanding and all the other less desirable human characteristics play such a large part in the affairs of the world, so that the common denominator of international life is fear and lack of mutual confidence? It is perhaps because we think more of our differences than of our opportunities. We are still in a state of mind where the traditional attitudes born of our past wants and conflicts influence us more than the abundant, and so far largely unexploited, opportunities of the hopeful present. The note of hope and idealism in the world is still tremulous at best, and tends all too often to be drowned out by a jangle of qualification, compromise and cynicism. We must sustain that note of hope, which our achievements in many fields so amply justify, until it overpowers the voices of fear, cynicism and reaction. We must gain enough confidence in ourselves and in each other to turn our ideals and our potential into reality.

The opening question—What could we build if we worked together?—certainly provides us with a powerful incentive to solve this basic problem, and it may even provide us with a clue to the problem itself. It is a historic fact that when men have worked together in enthusiasm and loyalty to a commonly held ideal the results have benefited all succeeding ages, and have even on

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occasion—as for example in Athens or Florence in their greatest days—inspired enduring works of genius of an extraordinary quality, vitality and variety. We may not hope to find the conditions of Athens or Florence in large modern states, let alone in the world. But we can at least recognize that working together in the pursuit of practical aims provides men with an unusual solidarity and vitality, an environment in which their differences are a stimulus rather than an obstacle.

In this century political ideology has taken the place formerly occupied by religion as a main source of strife in the world. We have been, perhaps, too anxious to define and agree, by force if necessary, upon the ideal to be pursued before making a practical start in co-operation on fundamental problems. The world is, mercifully, an infinitely varied place. If we could start pragmatically by working together on the problems which urgently concern all peoples, differences of ideology and other apparently insoluble conflicts might be seen in a new light as wasteful and unnecessary, and may thus work themselves out over a period of time.

If we were to ask ourselves: What could we work on together *now?*, a vast range of fascinating possibilities for enhancing the condition and the quality of human life opens up before us. This range of possibilities will, I hope, be explored in succeeding articles in this series. We have too often in the past been forced to regret some aspects of scientific progress, and have been driven to act belatedly to mitigate them. We are now in a position, if we work together, to foresee and, to some extent, to determine the future course of human development. We can do this, however, only if we cease to fear and harass each other and if together we accept, welcome and plan the changes that must inevitably come about.

If this really means a change in "human nature," then it is high time we began to work toward such a change. What is certainly required is a change in some human political attitudes and habits. Intelligent self-interest is reason enough for making this change, already long overdue. In this process, I believe that the United Nations, as a centre for harmonizing the actions of nations, may have a vital role.

I hope that this series, by showing what shining possibilities could be within our reach, and by inspiring people to concentrate on their opportunities for working together rather than on their differences, may contribute to the urgently required improvement of the attitudes of peoples and nations to one another. Then only will we begin to build as we should.



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A WORLD OF EXPERIENCE IN ALUMI

AFTER HOURS

reflects as well changes in a
n which manual labor is con-
giving way to automation
which professionalism is in-
ly in demand in every aspect
conomy. Clothes have always
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leave the young aside for a
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ally, American men are ex-
conservative in their dress
y change their habits slowly.
suitable for the banker today
t was suitable forty years ago
almost superimposed on each
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iform has given up the high,
lar; otherwise it remains, ex-
changes in details of lapels,
f trouser bottoms, and length
t almost precisely what it was
.

catalogue of "Men's Nobby
, made to measure" for the
and summer of 1905, Magnus
s of Chicago shows page after
f suits which only the most
ously up-to-date man would
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uble-breasted suits are three-
instead of two, and the
t jackets are four-button in-
f two or three, but the lapels
t about in today's fashion, so
cuffless trousers. The dinner
have shawl collars, not
l lapels; short boxed topcoats
fait for spring. The principal
ices are in the width of hat
the length of overcoats, and
ices of everything. The suits
om $10 to $20 (with "Rain-
Overcoat, Fancy Vest, or Silk
lla FREE"); a Tuxedo Suit
0 to $40 and a Full Dress Suit
at) from $30 to $45. Clothes
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ackets are a little longer and



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some of them have piping on the lapels and down the front.

Most men dress most of the time to be inconspicuous, to draw as little attention to themselves as possible. No one, for example, notices a professor in tweeds, but a professor on campus in a dark business suit, white shirt with French cuffs, and a stickpin in his tie might be taken for a member of the board of trustees or of the upper echelons of the college administration. A man in tweeds in a New York business office is probably from the "creative" department of an advertising firm. Men's uniforms, in other words, vary only slightly and within a narrow range depending on how and where they work. The president of a Chicago or New York bank would be as much out of place in a tweed jacket and slacks as a man in a dinner jacket who turned up to read the gas meter. There are, to be sure, regional differences in what are considered suitable uniforms: California, for instance, and especially the southern part of the state, is a law unto itself; the light (even white) wide-brimmed hat is conventional for businessmen in the Southwest, and in Dallas men can reasonably wear tweed jackets to their offices; in Florida it is often difficult to tell the native real-estate man from the migrant vacationer in his winter plumage.

Obviously it is in the off-duty or leisure or sports clothes that the greatest revolution has taken place, but it is not a new revolution at all. The trend to male "separates" (trousers and jackets that don't match started (or I should say restarted; jackets and trousers of different materials were common in the last century) about twenty-five years ago in earnest; but just last year the number of sports coats that were sold increased from 12.5 million in 1965 to about 13.4 million. The number of suits, on the other hand, went down from 22.4 million in 1965 to about 21 million in 1966. More surprising, however, is the fact that, according to the *New York Times*, "More suits were made in 1953 than in 1966, even though the number of males in the country grew sharply during this thirteen-year period." Still more surprising, to me, and I would think to those who believe the American man to be increasingly clothes-conscious, is a statement the clothing industry that "male apparel has been receiving a smaller share of the total consumer disposable income" than it did two decades ago.

It is quite possible, of course, that this diminishing percentage of income spent on clothes is attributable to the increased spending on entertainment for leisure—for skis and surfboards, for camping trailers and golf clubs and fishing tackle. Costume for leisure are far less expensive for the average man than the clothes he needs for his office and for the formal aspects of his leisure. There is another interesting sidelight, however, on leisure clothes that is worth mentioning. Many men are inclined to wear their leisure clothes the working clothes of other men. The businessman, for instance, wears blue jeans like the uniform of the farm or cowhand. The farmer, when he gets dressed up for his leisure, wears the uniform of the office worker, a business suit. (World War I uniforms, at the moment anyway, are dear to the hearts of teenagers who buy them, or copies of them, in Army and Navy stores.)

It is also in leisure clothes that the peacock in many men reveals itself, but even so, the efforts of the clothing industry to make men gorgeous has never quite succeeded. Do you remember in the mid-1950s when there was an attempt to get men into bright dinner jackets? Where are they now? An advertisement in *The New York Times Magazine* in February said, "Who says a tasteful outfit must be dull? And if you can't quite summon up the ego for tangerine, how about Canary, Sky or Skipper?" It does, as the ad implies, still take a great deal of summoning up of the ego for most men to wear flashing colors.

High style for mature men, like high style for the dashing young, comes to America from Europe as it has since the founding of the Republic, and before, and as it does for women. The influence of Italian tailors, so evident a few years ago (remember the Italian suitings?) seems to have given way to the influence of Paris and London on those men whose closets bulge with thirty suits and fifty pairs of shoes. Pierre Cardin of Paris, whose repu

eneral Motors is people
aking better products for people.

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Don Trites, these dummies very special people.
ue. Their expressions never ge, but they do have feelings. hanical feelings that can be sured by Don in moving simulated impact tests. These tests have helped GM safety engineers find and develop automotive designs that are safer for real people.

The tests go on day after day, year after year, ever increasing in sophistication and value.

Safety is an important part of every General Motors car. Maybe that's why Don thinks his dummies are something special.

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Don Trites, experimental technician, General Motors Proving Ground, Milford, Michigan.



COMING IN HARPER'S



Harper's New Monthly Magazine, December 1865

Cass Canfield looks awfully young and vigorous to be the author of an article called **Reflections on Reaching the Age of 150**, but that is the title of his delightful reminiscences of the ancient House of Harper, publishers (established in 1817), of which he has been the head for many years.

Why did Pythagoras stop dead at the edge of a bean field and let himself be slain by pursuing Greek soldiers? **The Riddle of the Broad Bean**, by **Judith R. Marcus and Gerald Cohen**, is a biochemical detective story that not only answers this venerable puzzle but also explains the origins and surprising migrations of ethnic groups to whom the broad bean is still a violent poison.

Four years ago **Willie Morris** (Mississippi-born) came from Texas to New York to join the editorial staff of this magazine. It was his first bout with the great metropolis (which he calls "the big cave"), and he has reported on it with some horror and much humor in two articles to be presented by *Harper's* this summer. They are adapted from the book *North Toward Home*, for which Mr. Morris was awarded the Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship. The book will be published this fall.

The table of contents of each issue of *Harper's* is like the menu of a feast that its editors do their best to make at once nourishing, varied, and delicious. There are appetizers, a selection of substantial entrées, soufflés, spices, tossed salads, and desserts. Substitutions in the menu often get made at the last minute in order that just the right balance, variety, and freshness are served to our readers. If occasionally an article or story is mentioned in this column, and it doesn't show up, rest assured that it will be served soon, piping hot.

With this gentle disclaimer, we plan to give our June readers an article on **The Law Schools**, by **Martin Mayer**; **California's Gift to Psychotherapy**, by **Jack Langguth**; a report on how Seattle is solving the seemingly unsolvable problem of water pollution, by **Earl Clark**; and an essay promised earlier (but saved for the June issue), **D. W. Brogan's The English Sickness.**

AFTER HOURS

tion is based on *haute coutu* f
women, but who now runs a bu re
that makes five times as mu
men's clothes as on women's, is cu
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opposed to the foppish) male, tou
much of what he advocates is gra
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Carnaby Street fashions, the a
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Hardy Amies of Savile Row.

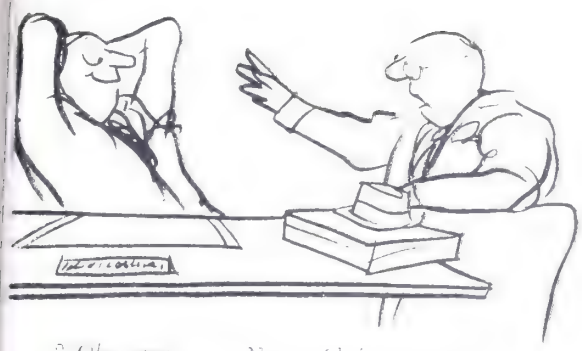
Their fashions are likely, ho v
to penetrate the general Am ic
market in greatly modified way a
very slowly. The primary inf r
on men's fashions comes, as it h
come in the past, from the y
It does not come from those fu
who are hopefully outrageous,
the black-leather jacket and s t
young or from the beats; it n
from the amused and urbane
who, without being foppish, a
decided that there is mo
dressing than putting on a shi a
a suit and a tie that nobody will t
and that their elders can cer i
not complain about. What is
ing is not a revolution in
clothes; it is an echoing of th
overlaid with a kind of humor
sense of fun. Lord Chesterfi
quoted by Quentin Bell as sa
"The difference . . . between a m
sense and a fop is that the fop
himself upon his dress; and the
of sense laughs at it, at the same t
that he knows he must not negle

There are inevitably a great
people of my generation who
the young are going to hell in a b
because their hair is long, their
frilled, their trousers tight,
neckties loud as brass bands, ar
evitably they will try to harness
discourage them, lay down the la
keep them out of school, indeed
is reminded of the "sumptuary l
that have been enacted by a
every civilization at sometim
other to quell elaborateness of
on grounds of extravagance,
morality, and the breaking dov
social distinctions. As Mr. Bell
". . . the history of sumptuary la
a history of dead letters."



1. Say, George, what about this rumor that you have a cow in your garage?

That's no rumor. That's Bossie, my Guernsey.



2. Oh, a gag.

No, sir. She's insurance. I also have some Rhode Island Reds on the roof.



Beans where the rosebush used to be. Peas instead of pachysandras. Potatoes instead of petunias.



4. I don't get it.

You would if you were near retirement age. Jane and I sat down and counted up our assets. We figured it's possible for our money to run out before our appetites do. So we're not taking any chances.



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A Follow-up Report by Lena Brown Work

A DIFFERENT VIEW OF WATTS

Not all the graduates of Jordan High School in the now-famous W[illegible] area of Los Angeles resemble those described by Johnie Scott in "H[illegible] per's" last October as "frustrated by the demands of school and [illegible] impersonal teaching they got . . ." This report comes from Jord[illegible] Scholarship Coordinator and College Counselor, herself a Negro, [illegible] has an M.A. from Michigan and teaches mathematics at Jordan.

In the months since *Harper's* published Johnie Scott's "My Home Is Watts" some of the teachers at Jordan High School have been analyzing our recollections of the students who have been graduated from this predominately Negro school in our time. We remember that *Time* Magazine in its November 21, 1960, issue selected Jordan as an example of a senior high that enabled many of its graduates to go on to college—even if it meant buying them everything from socks to study lamps, and getting them jobs in the summer. Nevertheless we know that many of our boys and girls are starved educationally, for a myriad of reasons, as Johnie implied, and that those who go on to a four-year college and make the grade are the exceptions. However, the number of these is steadily increasing. Here are a few whose success encourages us to keep on struggling against the unnatural odds in the ghetto that is Watts:

Phillip Peoples was graduated from Claremont Men's College with a math major and from Stanford in electrical engineering, with honors.

Bernard Bowler, math major, received a degree from Loyola University in Los Angeles. He was elected president of his class.

Rachel Chavez, social science major, was graduated from Whittier College with high honors.

Benjamin Grundy was graduated from UCLA, in accounting.

Benjamin Thomas earned both the bachelor's and master's degree in math from UCLA.

Benny Robinson, math-science major, is now an upperclassman at West Point.

Baltimore Scott, no relation of Johnie, served Occidental College in many capacities of honor before being elected president of the student body. He received a scholarship to New York University Law School from which he earned his degree in [illegible]

Vermont McKinney, Califo[illegible] Polytechnic graduate, is now study[illegible] at USC graduate school.

Arthur Harris, Stanford's bas[illegible] ball captain, was the star player of[illegible] game in which Stanford defe[illegible] UCLA last season.

Charles Alcorn, physics major f[illegible] Occidental, is studying on a th[illegible] year NASA scholarship.

Simon Cotte, a language and sc[illegible] studies major of Claremont M[illegible] College, began teaching at Redc[illegible] Beach High School this school yea[illegible]

Violet Stepney, language dep[illegible] ment chairman, and UCLA gradu[illegible] *Samuel Anderson* and *X. L. Sn[illegible]* social science teachers and Pep[illegible] dine graduates; and Coach A[illegible] *Youngblood*, University of the Pa[illegible] graduate, are all Jordan High Sc[illegible] faculty members.

William Buckner, bachelor's de[illegible] and law degree from UCLA, [illegible] practicing attorney in Los Angel[illegible]

Amy Hayashi, UCLA graduat[illegible] an executive in the Beverly [illegible] Office of the Japan Air Lines.

Sam Clayton was a recent presi[illegible] of Los Angeles Trade Tech stud[illegible]

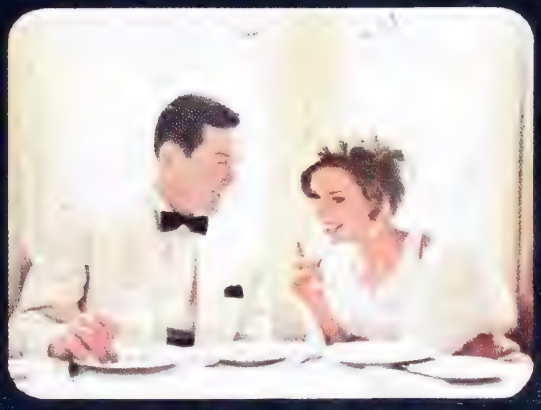
Stanley Sanders, a Yale Law Sc[illegible] second-year man, a former Rh[illegible] Scholar, is best known in some ci[illegible] for his having declined a $13,00[illegible] fer to play football for the Chi[illegible] Bears in order to study at Oxfor[illegible]

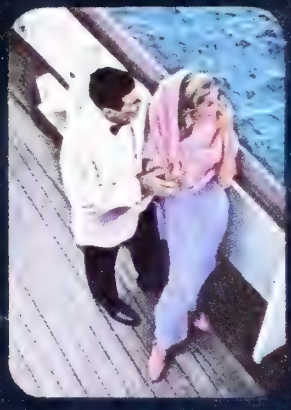
The above is only a partial lis[illegible] students who have received their [illegible] cation in Watts, who have kn[illegible] many successes in many areas and[illegible] now making contributions of w[illegible] they have reason to be proud.

In addition, Jordan graduates [illegible] at present attending Antioch, O[illegible] lin, Redlands, Whittier, Occide[illegible] Carleton, Knoxville, Seattle Uni[illegible] sity, Pacific University, Stanf[illegible] Lewis and Clark, UCLA, and the [illegible] versity of Utah.

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Weyerhaeus

Harper's
magazine

Peter Schrag

NOTRE DAME: OUR FIRST GREAT CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY?

A bold and imaginative college president and a refurbished faculty are striving for an intellectual renaissance in South Bend—without forsaking either The Faith or Football.

In winter and spring the great stadium stands empty. Beyond it, rising from the Indiana plain like a huge grain elevator, is the thirteen-story tower of the new Memorial library, its concrete façade decorated with a hundred-foot mosaic of Christ the teacher—a work of art that has been called the biggest holy card in the world. Every fall, football crowds shout for new victories and recall the old: *Remember Rockne and the Golden Boy, Lujack and the Four Horsemen? Remember the season of '29 and the big game with Army in '46?* On the street near the stadium a few students, their shoulders hunched against the wind, wait for a bus or a passing car to give them a lift into town. Some wear blue and gold jackets inscribed NOTRE DAME; on one a large button proclaims Notre Dame the 1966 national champion in collegiate football.

Since 1924, Notre Dame has won that title nine times, making it a national phenomenon long before it was an important educational enterprise. While Al Smith was reflecting that a man still couldn't say his beads in the White House, the Fighting Irish, bolstered by Poles, Italians, and Germans, and cheered by nuns from Maine to Montana, were whipping the bejesus out of every team in the country. But when George Bernard Shaw said that "a Catholic university is a contradiction in terms," Notre Dame, and other colleges like it, answered only—as one critic said—with Thomism and the split-T.

The Thomism is still there and, though the split-T has given way to flanker formations invented by the professionals, so is the football. But Notre Dame, driven by new currents of scholarship and the winds from Vatican II, is trying to become what has never existed before in America: a major Catholic university. On its campus at the edge of South Bend, there are 6,000 undergraduates and 1,000 graduate students—plus an atomic accelerator, a computing center, an 18-hole golf course, a television station, a seminary for priests, a residence for nun-graduate students—as well as classroom buildings, dormitories, libraries, and the oldest Catholic university law school in the United States. Not far from the stadium are fa-

cilities for research in radiation chemistry, theoretical physics, and biological experiments with germ-free animals; the library houses study projects concerned with population in Latin America, urban problems in the United States, and the rehabilitation of young ex-convicts. Across the campus the same students who every fall write "Hate State" on the walks and roar at orgiastic pep rallies, talk of Camus and existentialism, of quest and confrontation, microbiology and birth control.

Dormitory curfews have been lifted for all but first-semester freshmen, attendance at mass is no longer required, and there are women on the campus—graduate students and exchange undergraduates from nearby St. Mary's College. At the same time, important administrative changes are in the making. Until recently the university was under the legal control of the priests of the Congregation of the Holy Cross (the Congregatio Sanctae Crucis—or CSC). Now steps are being taken to give laymen equal power on the board of trustees, and to afford the faculty, of about sixty priests and six hundred laymen (including a number of Jews and Protestants), a greater voice in academic affairs. The university has established a new faculty Senate and abolished a vestigial rule which made teaching counter to "Catholic doctrine and morality" grounds for dismissal from the faculty. Clerical teachers are now subject to the same standards and tenure regulations as lay faculty members, thus ending the practice of assigning unqualified priests—who work without salary—to departments that didn't want them. Priests still dominate the administrative staff, but laymen control the faculty; even for the clerical professor, it is said, the choice now is publish or parish.

Physical additions such as the radiation laboratory provided by the Atomic Energy Commission and the $9-million, 700,000-volume library reflect substantive academic changes. For example, the sociology department, for years suspect as an un-Christian enterprise, has developed a serious, energetic graduate and undergraduate program. (One of its members has turned down a departmental chairmanship at an Ivy League institution because of his faith in the future of sociology on a Catholic campus.) The psychology department, nonexistent two years ago, is slowly growing under a chairman formerly with the Menninger Foundation; and the theology faculty, historically one of the weakest, though largest, elements in the university, is slowly being staffed with young priests who are talking existentialism and reform. Two members of the Notre Dame faculty are members of the Pope's commission on birth control and one of them, John T. Noonan, Jr., is the author of what is often considered the most important study of the history of the Church's attitude toward contraception. In the dormitories some of the younger priests, often defying the edicts of the local bishop, are conducting folk masses complete with sermons involving spontaneous response by the congregation, and guitar-accompanied folk music rewritten for the mass. To the tune of "Cumbaya":

> We bring to you, O Lord, bread and wine;
> We offer you, O Lord, bread and wine;
> These are yours, O Lord, bread and wine:
> Accept our gifts of bread and wine....
>
> Give us Peace, Lord, give us peace;
> Teach us love, Lord, teach us love;
> Make us one, Lord, make us one;
> Change our gifts of bread and wine.

Although a fourth of Notre Dame's students are enrolled in an ROTC unit and expect to become commissioned officers, more than half the seniors go on to professional or graduate training, the best of them at Berkeley, Chicago, or Yale. The total number of Rhodes Scholarships (five) and Woodrow Wilson Fellowships (122) earned by Notre Dame men to date, while not impressive by Harvard standards, has climbed steadily, and far exceeds the record of any other Catholic college. The mean College Board scores for entering freshmen now stand around 570 on the verbal tests, and 630 on the mathematical—equivalent to the average Ivy League freshman class a decade ago. Faculty salaries have climbed to a mean of about $11,000—approximately the same as Ohio State, Syracuse, and the University of Wisconsin.

Aggiornamento on the Campus

Prime symbol of the new Notre Dame is The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of the university since 1952. If Knute Rockne put Notre Dame on the map in the 'twenties with football, Hesburgh is doing it in the 'sixties with civil rights, ecumenicism, and his own prominence in the Establishment. Born in Syracuse, New York, in 1917, the son of a German-French father and an Irish mother, Hesburgh studied at Notre Dame

Peter Schrag's book, "Village School Downtown," a report on politics and education in Boston, has just been published by Beacon Press. Mr. Schrag, [illegible] years, also wrote "Voices in the Classroom." He is now associate editor of the education section of "Saturday Review."

nd at the Gregorian University of Rome; in 945, the year he received his doctorate of sacred heology from the Catholic University of Washngton, he returned to Notre Dame to teach. He ecame chairman of the theology department in 948, executive vice-president of the university n 1949, and in 1952, at the age of thirty-five, he vas named Notre Dame's sixteenth president. Today he is also a member of the U. S. Commission on Civil Rights, the U. S. Advisory Commission on International Educational and Cultural Affairs, and representative of the Vatican on the nternational Atomic Energy Agency in Vienna.

A man who seems equally at home with Rotarians and Vatican ecclesiastics, he may well be the most cosmopolitan and urbane of Catholic university presidents. As such, he is uniquely attractive to national organizations seeking to balance the ticket with a Catholic who is liberal, intelligent, and yet unmistakably Roman. Every year Hesburgh logs more than 100,000 miles on trips to Washington, to Latin America, where Notre Dame operates research and public-service programs, to Vienna, and to Rome.

At the same time he has built the university's endowment from $4 million to $60 million and nurtured research programs supported by some $5 million a year, much of it federal funds. And continuously he hunts academic heads with the enthusiasm of a missionary seeking souls. (Thirty years ago, an irreverent Notre Dame undergraduate shouted to a turgid theologian, "The hell with saving souls, let's save a few minds.") A few years ago, when the historian George N. Shuster, a Notre Dame alumnus, retired from the presidency of New York's Hunter College, Hesburgh persuaded him to return to South Bend to direct the university's stumbling research efforts in the social sciences and humanities. Hesburgh also hired Frederick D. Rossini, a distinguished physical chemist, away from Carnegie Tech to head his College of Science. Currently he is negotiating with several other senior scholars. "We've done a few things," he said, "but I'm not putting in for any medals."

Hesburgh's problem is not merely to attract money—and talent. It is ultimately a problem of definition—tied to the difficulties of the Church in the modern world. He is trying to make Notre Dame three things at once: a first-rank undergraduate college, a modern university, and a Catholic university.

"Everybody knows," said a professor, "that you can't charge $3,000 a year and graduate a lot of people who love the Blessed Virgin but don't know enough physics to get a job at IBM. I remember



The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh

when they read the papal encyclicals in an economics course. Those days are over."

The university thus confronts for the first time the issue that now plagues every major Catholic institution in America. Can a university be "free" and Catholic at the same time? Can it be open to all points of view, all modes of inquiry, without jeopardizing its Catholicism? Doesn't the presumption of some sort of Catholic wisdom foreclose the possibility of giving all other views equal time?

Such questions did not bother anyone within Catholic higher education until very recently. Notre Dame was content to win football championships while the urban Jesuit institutions turned out reasonably competent lawyers, businessmen, and politicians, and the little women's colleges taught their students that death was preferable to sexual dishonor.

With virtually no Catholic intellectual tradition behind them in America, the Catholic colleges were established with religious, not intellectual motives. They still suffer some of the deformities of their birth. When the Reverend John J. Cavanaugh, who was president of Notre Dame in the years immediately after World War II, asked, "Where are the Catholic Salks, Oppenheimers, and Einsteins?" no one raised his hand. If there was any conflict between Catholic and university, then clearly the Catholic took priority.

Several recent events have brought the issue to life. The first, of course, was the spirit of *ag-*

giornamento—of bringing the Church up to date—that stemmed from Vatican II. Though the Council hardly fulfilled the hopes of liberal Catholics, it did open a door that will never be closed again. More immediate is the apprehension among some Catholic university administrators that their institutions will have an increasingly difficult time competing for funds with their secular counterparts; a recent Maryland court decision declared unconstitutional the award of state funds to colleges that are wholly religious in character; if that decision is sustained by the U.S. Supreme Court much of the federal support now granted to institutions like Notre Dame may be jeopardized. Most dramatic was the academic rumble, early in 1966, at St. John's University in Brooklyn, where thirty-one professors were summarily fired for making demands long taken for granted by teachers elsewhere. Salaries at St. John's were far below scale, tenure was meaningless, and teachers were powerless to choose course materials or plan curriculum. One casualty of the St. John's battle, Dr. Rosemary Lauer, concluded that "Churches and universities don't mix. The Catholic Church, or any other Church, ought not to operate a university."

Few Catholic educators concurred. But the St. John's affair, coupled with academic-freedom incidents at other Church institutions, seriously embarrassed the major Catholic universities. Notre Dame sponsored a well-publicized academic-freedom conference and its American Association of University Professors chapter sent a strong rebuke to the St. John's administration.

A few months later Sister Jacqueline Grennan, president of Catholic Webster College, declared that "the very nature of higher education is opposed to juridical control by the Church." She converted the college to secular control and—relieved of her vows—became Webster's lay president. Meantime several other institutions—among them Notre Dame, St. Louis University, and the University of Detroit—moved to give laymen an equal voice with clerics on their governing boards.

Everywhere in Catholic higher education today ecumenicism is in, parochialism is out. Protestants and Jews are appointed to faculties of theology, while birth control—usually called Christian parenthood, Church reform, and academic freedom have become serious campus issues. Marshall McLuhan, the high priest of hip communications argot, has been named to a State-supported $100,000 chair at Fordham University. Catholic institutions now sponsor, as did Notre Dame, major conferences on such once-heretical themes as evolution, psychoanalysis, and Marxism (with live Marxists). Everywhere the old Thomistic rigidities, and the frozen catechistic theology, are breaking up.

Jung vs. St. Thomas

All of these developments reflect a new energy and life on the Catholic campus, a life that few secular institutions can share. "People like myself," said David Riesman, "who grew up in agnostic, permissive, or unreligious homes almost envy the élan that comes to people moving out from encapsulation toward a wider world view, less ethnic, less ethnocentric and nationalistic, Catholic in the original and broadest sense of the word."

At Notre Dame today Camus and Sartre are more quoted than Thomas Aquinas or Augustine. The brighter students cite Heidegger and Wittgenstein with a conviction long reserved for such orthodox Catholics as Jacques Maritain or St. Thomas himself. ("It's a fad," said a priest-administrator.) The faculty earnestly discuss the absurdity of the Church's official position on birth control—which many of them, like other Catholics, disregard; for some, indeed, the pressing personal problem is whether to remain in the Church at all. They are embarrassed by the refusal of the Vatican bishops to ratify the original, unequivocal Chapter on the Jews (which would have absolved them, in the official view of the Church, of killing Christ). Although about 99 per cent of the university's students are nominal Catholics, an estimated 25 per cent do not attend mass regularly. Of those who do, an increasing though still small number go to the folk masses. "After you're exposed to a few new ideas," said one, "it's pretty hard to leap back to a simple childlike faith."

Among the theological liberals and the undergraduate intellectuals the most popular campus figures are young teachers like The Reverend John Dunne of the theology department. A young Holy Cross priest and scholar who holds that Christianity can only be accepted (or rejected) on the basis of content, rather than authority, he lectures to a room overflowing with visitors from nearby St. Mary's, and with Notre Dame undergraduates who are not formally enrolled in his course. His students, who have been nurtured on the Catechism, on rote learning, and on priestly authority (two-thirds of them come from parochial schools), are assigned readings in Camus, Sartre, Tillich, Martin Buber, and the Catholic evolutionist Teilhard de Chardin, whose works the orthodox, until recently, considered quasi-heretical. Dunne is as likely to quote Jung and Freud

as conventional Catholic theology. The first step in the process of individuation, he explains, translating from Christian into Jungian terms, is to understand that the enemy is what one has rejected in oneself, and that what one likes in a friend is an extension of self. "Excessive concern for someone else's sexual morality," he says by way of example, "is based on something that the individual has rejected in himself." The historical man—conscious of all time before and after—stands on the summit of existence. ("Faith around here," said an administrator, "has become a quest, an inquiry. Many of these students don't want to make an ultimate decision, either about faith or anything else.")

Impudence with Affection

Dunne's "with-it" theology and the aura of Catholic liberalism that one finds at Notre Dame are only part of the story. For this thousand-acre campus, with its shrines and religious statuary, its yellow-brick neo-Gothic buildings, and its modern laboratories, is a maze of paradoxes. Students may read Riesman and Max Weber, Marx and C. Wright Mills. But beneath this contemporary façade flows a current of conservatism and deductive thought that sets the university apart from its secular counterparts. Four semesters each of theology and philosophy are still required of all students in the College of Arts and Letters. The dormitories—despite relaxed curfew regulations and a greater reliance on individual responsibility—are still inhabited—and probably inhibited—by priests (called rectors and prefects). Wherever one goes, black clerical figures pass as reminders that this is no ordinary campus. Catholic wisdom—and sometimes Catholic authority—impart a special stamp even to secular matters. For example, a bright senior majoring in political science and American government can discuss Plato and Aristotle with ease but may never have read J. K. Galbraith or Walter Lippmann. Students using historical materials with conflicting points of view ask their professor to tell them which position is "right." Juniors discussing Pascal in an interdisciplinary "collegiate seminar" stumble between the relevant and the preposterous like drunks clutching for a lamppost; they have never before been required to think cogently around a table. (Some Notre Dame people claim, however, that their students' weakness in the techniques of inquiry and contemporary scholarship is offset by theological and philosophical awareness.)

Any university—according to Father Hesburgh—"should be a place where all the great questions are asked, where an exciting conversation is continually in progress, where the mind constantly grows as the values and powers of intelligence and wisdom are cherished and exercised in full freedom." Despite this ideal, the two teachers of political theory tend to be conservatives. One is a Goldwater Republican, Gerhart Niemeyer, who feels that the great moment in his course comes when the students perceive their Sunday school lessons as the foundations of a sound political order. ("When Vice President Humphrey visited here," said one student, "we wondered whether Niemeyer would ask him if he believed in grace.")

Teachers like Niemeyer are effective because of the university's common culture. The students have all had those Sunday school lessons. When the Trinity or the forty days in the desert are mentioned everyone in the class understands. This common culture also manifests itself in a widespread deference to authority, in general good behavior, and in courtesy. The difference between Notre Dame and an Ivy League university, said Niemeyer (who has taught at Princeton and Yale), is that "The students here come halfway. There is a tone of impudence and affection. In the Ivy League there is impudence but no affection."

In fact, the Notre Dame brand of undergraduate impudence is rather tame. The students—many of them children of middle-class, college-educated parents—are fiercely proud, not only of their football team but of the fact that Notre Dame is not Berkeley. Under their sloppy sweaters and levis, many tend to be social moralists and political prudes. Some 400 are involved in tutoring programs in South Bend, a few have tried to picket the annual ROTC review, protesting American involvement in Vietnam, but only a handful are engaged in any serious political activities. Sitting in the Huddle, an undergraduate snack bar decorated with murals of football players, a student says that "everybody is pretty normal around here. We get a few longhairs—the longhairs get jumped sometimes. Last fall one got jumped by some jocks and shaved. But there's no demonstrations—no LSD and all that. If McNamara comes here—well he's an important guy. It doesn't matter whether you agree with him, you feel for him." Early in 1967, the senior class overwhelmingly elected General William Westmoreland, U. S. Commander in Vietnam, as its Patriot of the Year.

For most of the students Notre Dame has no competitors among Catholic institutions. Not going to Notre Dame would mean going to a state university, "where nobody pays attention to you

and you get ignored," or to an inferior Church school. A few upperclassmen wish they had gone to an Ivy League college where the instruction, might have been more rigorous, less philosophical, and hence more practical. (Brother Raphael Wilson, the director of admissions, feels Notre Dame competes primarily with Ivy League schools, not with Catholic institutions.) But most students feel Notre Dame is a good entrée to jobs, to social life at home, and a good preparation for graduate school. For many Catholics, Notre Dame is *the* prestige institution.

"Castrate State"

The prime topic of undergraduate conversation every fall is the team's standing in the football polls—"You talk about where the coaches rated us, or the AP and UPI rankings"; much undergraduate energy is spent playing touch football and screaming at Friday night pep rallies. "You can't organize anything around here in the fall," said one student protest leader. "At Berkeley or Harvard they've got a twelve-month year because people are there in the summer. Here, you have to organize everything between January and May." Appropriately, according to all reports, *Sports Illustrated* is the most widely read magazine.

And *Playboy*, apparently, is second. The magazine, to be sure, is not sold on campus. But most students report that other students read it, especially after the football season. ("I don't buy Hefner's philosophy that every girl is itching f it," observed one undergraduate, "except when get really horny.")

For most Notre Dame undergraduates, datir opportunities are severely limited. The great m jority who live on the campus are not allowed entertain women in the dormitories or to ha automobiles. St. Mary's is within walking di tance, but its 1,500 girls—known locally as th belles of St. Mary's—are hardly sufficient for 6,0(Notre Dame males. Going out with a St. Mary student, said a Notre Dame junior, assaying th sexual possibilities, "is like escorting the Blesse Virgin herself. Nobody would think of touchin her." (That appraisal, said a young teacher, "eyewash. If there is a stereotype, it is that they' frigid, and this is in large measure a cop-out s that the marvelous potency with which they ar magically endowed on acceptance to this plac need never be tested.") A few South Bend girl ("townies") occasionally drive to the edge of th campus to give boys a lift into town and, accordin to the campus lore, to look over the field. Whethe any of those trips end somewhere other than movie house or a beer joint remains in doubt.

But on the whole most of these students—what ever their preferences—are no closer to sexual in volvement, or even to a regular heterosexual socia life, than they are to Coach Ara Parseghian' football players on a Saturday afternoon.

No one knows how profoundly their Catholic up bringing—and the concomitant feelings of sexua guilt—inhibit the few available dating opportun ities. Most of the students—who come from all

The stadium with Memorial library in the background, "... the biggest holy card in the world."



nale high schools—have little past experience with women. There is highly visible evidence of undergraduate sexual fantasies and projections, and the fear of being effeminate. In almost every classroom, the desks are covered with graffiti devoted to two subjects, football ("Hate State") and sex ("If you know where I can get it, please list name and number"). Sometimes there is a reference to religion ("God is alive and well in Mexico City" or "St. John was a Baptist") and sometimes the sexual and athletic motifs are combined: "Castrate State."

Notre Dame does not have any psychological counseling service, though it is now considering establishing one. For many years there were no signs of traumatic maladjustment—no suicides, for example. Then, a year ago, a student hanged himself in his room, and shook the accepted assumption that regular confession and a deep religious faith mitigate the problems that drive other people to the psychiatrist. The university is now conducting a class in counseling and guidance for a group of its resident priests.

"Them Against Us in Vietnam"

Notre Dame has its social and intellectual activists, but compared to the major secular universities its undergraduate culture still appears to lack ironic detachment, wit, and irreverence. One can hear rock 'n' roll in the dormitories, and occasionally a folk guitar, but no Mozart or Beethoven. The place seems isolated from the world, as well as from the city of South Bend (which most students visit only to drink). Most, though not all, of its students come from the Midwest and from middle-class homes and schools where they have been drilled in obedience to authority. Those who read newspapers (many watch television) tend to buy the Chicago press. The *New York Times* is available a day or two late, and *Time* and *Newsweek* are sold in the cafeteria, but hardly anyone seems familiar with the weekly journals of opinion, right or left. The military, on the other hand—with its large ROTC units—is conspicuous, as is the clergy. Both tend to reinforce native Midwestern Catholic Americanism, and to weaken any incipient liberalism or rebellion.

Undergraduates are demanding more responsibility—the right to have cars and entertain women (the rules against drinking in the dormitories seem to be largely ignored). But the tone of protest and questioning is far more subdued than at Chicago, Stanford, or Yale. No one seems to have read (or even heard of) Paul Goodman, the author of *Growing Up Absurd*, a major hero on other campuses. While the college bookstore has sold nearly a thousand copies of the Tolkien trilogy, there are no signs at Notre Dame saying "Frodo Is Alive." A student editor acknowledged that he cannot find either undergraduate humorists or serious writers who are outspoken on contemporary issues. Even arguments in support of the status quo—involvement in Vietnam, for example—are anemic. "They look on Vietnam like a football game," said a young teacher. "It's them against us." How would the administration respond to any serious political demonstration on the campus? ("We're not sure we would allow it," said the vice-president in charge of student affairs.) Unless the undergraduate mood changes, the question is academic.

This is not to say that either the faculty or the students are fettered. Echoing many other professors, one teacher, who is considered a reformer, said, "There are no checks on you. No one is handing you a syllabus or telling you how to teach." The university, and Hesburgh particularly, have gone out of their way to protect academic freedom. A few years ago, after Michigan State parted company with Professor Samuel Shapiro, a historian who defended the legitimacy of Fidel Castro's government, Notre Dame hired Shapiro. The first Jew in the Notre Dame history department, he was assigned to teach Peace Corps trainees in a summer program. When Washington questioned Shapiro's suitability for the program, the university replied that if the government didn't want Shapiro, Notre Dame didn't want the Peace Corps. Similarly, when James Silver, author of *Mississippi, The Closed Society*, resigned (under harassment) from the Ole Miss history department, Notre Dame took him on. Plainly, Notre Dame—with its independence from legislatures, and even from formal control by higher Church authorities—can be at least as free in its appointments and in its treatment of faculty as many state or private institutions.

Men with a strong religious commitment or a keen interest in problems of value find the South Bend academic community more congenial than the secular institutions where they previously taught. "Notre Dame's concern about values," said Hesburgh, "is probably an asset for the kind of people I'm trying to get. If a man feels that this quality is not relevant to an institution, then I'm not sure he ought to come." Hesburgh's own prestige in American life—what one teacher called "his clout on the outside"—apparently gives him almost total freedom from Church interference. (Legally, the university is not answerable to nor

dependent on any diocese for funds. The Bishop of Fort Wayne, according to one faculty member, "enjoys some senatorial courtesies. He gets invited to dedications and other ceremonial events.") Hesburgh is thus able to bring to the campus pretty much whom he wants—whether it be a Shapiro, a Silver, or even—as he did recently for a lecture—the authors of *Human Sexual Response*.

Freedom with a Frame Around It

Yet, Notre Dame's freedom is freedom with a frame around it—a frame that Hesburgh would call commitments. The Catholic university, he said, "touches the moral as well as the intellectual dimension of all the questions it asks itself and its students; it must emphasize the rightful centrality of philosophy and theology among its intellectual concerns. . . . The Catholic university must be a witness to the wholeness of truth, from all sources, both human and divine . . . [it] must reflect profoundly, and with full commitment, its belief in the existence of God and in God's total revelation to man."

On the university's shelves of ideas and commitments, students can now find two or three brands of Catholicism, but little support for atheism or agnosticism. An undergraduate on a secular campus swims in a maelstrom of relativistic questions—in scientism, and in various forms of liberalism. In contrast, the Notre Dame student's choices are anchored firmly to something called value or philosophy. In the campus bookstore, the ratio of psychology to theology is roughly comparable to the proportions in which the average supermarket stocks caviar and soap powder. Windows have been opened in psychology and other social sciences, religious doubt, and many aspects of personal responsibility. "If a boy wants to sin," said an administrator, "he can sin." An increasing number of teachers are, in a sense, secularists more concerned with their own disciplines than with philosophical values. Nevertheless, many still believe that everything must be taught with an eye to values. ("You can't read Shakespeare without confronting religious questions," said a member of the English department). An important goal for them is "building bridges between the world and the wisdom of the Church."

The university's application for a campus chapter of Phi Beta Kappa was denied a few years ago, allegedly because the philosophy department was thoroughly Thomistic, too committed, that is, to the notion that philosophy is the handmaiden o Catholic theology, and that all truth derives fror God. (In fact, the decision may have also stemme from a feeling that big-time football is incom patible with serious scholarship.) Whatever th reason—and chances are that Notre Dame wil soon, in fact, have a Phi Bete chapter—the univer sity still shares with many other Catholic in stitutions an essentially philosophical approach t knowledge.

For many undergraduates, learning seems t begin at the top of some large generalities, an to make its way down by deductive steps. "That' always a problem," said Hesburgh, "although th approach is becoming ever more phenomenologica and existential." At the same time, he is not ready to fill the campus with too many vocal atheists an secularists. "It could become wildly ecumenical and there's no point in starting with wild confu sion. We should start with something, to make i clear that we're not confused." At Notre Dame apostate Catholic or vocal atheists are probably far more suspect than practicing Jews or Protestants, or even Cuban apologists. Institutiona character defines institutional freedom.

For Hesburgh, the large problem is "whether the private university can exist in modern-day America." Although Notre Dame plans to hold its undergraduate enrollment at 6,000, it must attract its share of scholars and of competent graduate students and it must continue to develop its plant. The university has conducted two successful capital-fund campaigns in the past six years, raising a total of $46 million—only a third of it from alumni, the rest from trustees, corporations, friends, and foundations (including two major grants from Ford). Yet Notre Dame's $60-million endowment is still pitifully small, even considering the fact that no cleric on the campus—including the president—draws a salary. (By comparison, Harvard's endowment is close to a billion dollars and even Amherst's is over $80 million.) Hesburgh must continue to build his endowment "so you don't have to spend your life raising money," and to keep Notre Dame—where it costs a student $3,000 annually—from pricing itself out of the market. At the same time he must fulfill outside obligations that take an estimated hundred days a year. "You're expected to give talks," he said, "to everyone from the local chamber to the interplanetary assembly, and at the same time go out and get the resources for the university." Hesburgh travels so much, and is gone from the campus so often, that some of the students have dubbed a campus statue of Moses pointing to the sky as "There goes Hesburgh."

An outsider observing Notre Dame in a time of change is struck by the amount of energy that goes into the matter of the *aggiornamento*. For the university, this means opening holes in what was once a closed academic system inherited from the days when, as David Riesman has put it, the Catholic universities served as "decompression chambers for those edging their way out of the ghetto."

The heritage of those days lingers on. To start a psychology department from scratch in the mid-'sixties is—to say the least—a serious disadvantage for a modern university. To replace loyal but uninspired clerics with modern academics is a thankless and difficult task even for a dedicated administrator. Notre Dame scholars like John T. Noonan devote their best efforts to problems that are of pressing concern within the Church but largely resolved outside—birth control, clerical authority, and the form of the liturgy. Expertise in these matters has little exchange value in the open academic market. "The university," said Hesburgh, "is of the Church, but it isn't the Church." Yet the connection is strong enough to link Notre Dame—if it wants to remain Catholic—to the fortunes of the Church on the one hand, and to the requirements of worldly scholarship and learning on the other.

At the same time, the Church is also very much in the world. Its presence is felt by all Americans when Catholic bishops issue pronouncements on birth control, divorce, or abortion. There are some forty million American Catholics, many of whom are far less enlightened or liberal than Father Hesburgh. Their future attitudes—and those of their priests and bishops—will be largely shaped by what happens at universities like Notre Dame. And the Church itself will be affected.

American Catholic universities were scarcely represented at Vatican II, which was shaped by European Catholic thought. "Vatican II was in fact Louvain I"—the Catholic University at Louvain, Belgium—says Father Andrew Greeley of Chicago's National Opinion Research Center. "Vatican III has to be Notre Dame I, because I am unaware of any other Catholic university in the world that is capable of furnishing the theoretical underpinning that will be necessary . . ."

Notre Dame, he said, must begin to think of itself not merely as a Catholic university in the United States "but rather as *the* university of the whole Catholic world and through its impact on the Church, indeed, a university for the whole world."

Whether Notre Dame is uniquely qualified for the task, even among Catholic universities, is an open question. Yet it is clear that the university, with its growing research programs, its ecumenical studies and conferences, its service projects in North American cities and in Latin-American hamlets, its young theologians, its internal freedom, and its dynamic president, is taking the responsibility seriously. Notre Dame is—ironically, perhaps because of its football—far more of a national institution than most of its Catholic competitors. And Hesburgh has the respect, the influence, the "clout" that the job requires. If Notre Dame's development and intellectual growth depend on the renewal and relevance of the Church, then similarly the Church's relevance—its success in entering the modern world—depends in substantial measure on Notre Dame.

THEOREM

by Roderick Cook

"Something to forgive is a purer joy than geometry." —William Golding, *Free Fall*

I had forgotten isoceles
Until this moment, musing on revenge
In a provincial train, with a book on my knee.
I thought I remembered the routine anguish
Of all mathematics, but
In a flash came a picture of acute angles
Falling equal in calm submission
All the way down intersected parallel lines—
Which, themselves, gave a picture of an
infinity
The Scripture teacher—a patent agnostic—
couldn't match.
All angles in opposition
Were equal.
Even the obtuse agreed.
The triangle was eternal but proper,
Reaching its apogee in a Pythagorean concept
More satisfying than the transmigration of
souls.
In the midst of unreal history, ungrounded
geography,
And moody, tense, and irregular French verbs,
There was Q.E.D.
And everything—Heavens to Euclid!—
Was simple as ABC (= 180°).
So I recaptured a bliss
I never knew I had known as a child
And forgiveness fell free into my mind.

Larry L. King

THE BATTLE OF POPCORN BAY



In World War II movies, John Wayne once knocked off several dozen Japanese in hand-to-hand combat, Bogart outfought a German battalion and a Sahara sandstorm at the same time, and pure Bonita Granville was flogged for refusing to romance a whole squad of Storm Troopers. For Hollywood moguls, the box-office profits were huge, but for many young Americans the emotional involvement was both real and total.

The dust of twenty-five years has settled over Pearl Harbor, but now and again a history-book reference or a visit from some balding old Army buddy recalls my generation's war. Then children all over America, like my own teen-aged daughter, ask the old question, "Daddy, what did *you* do in the war?"

Presumably this innocent query holds no terror for Audie Murphy, Dwight D. Eisenhower, or most of their fifteen million World War II comrades-in-arms. But for others (war profiteers, Lord Haw-Haw, myself) it is a dubious proposition. With Van Johnson and other MGM-based Doolittle Raiders, I spent *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*. I parachuted into Occupied France with OSS Captain Alan Ladd and hit a dozen Pacific beaches behind Sergeant John Wayne. ("Come on, you Devil Dogs! Do you want to live forever?") I suffered the perils of the Merchant Marine with Humphrey Bogart in *Action in the North Atlantic*. In Italy I took *A Walk in the Sun* with Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, and Lloyd Bridges. In Europe I was menaced by the cold, monocled presence of Nazis Erich von Stroheim and Otto Kruger, who listened to Wagner above the screams of their torture victims. In the Pacific I confronted evil, slit-eyed fanatical Japanese officers such as Richard Loo, Benson Fong, or Phillip Ahn, all graduates of UCLA.

We hit our objectives each Saturday afternoon at exactly 1300 hours, when the box office opened in the shabby movie house in Jal, New Mexico. Ahead lay darkness, danger, and a gory glory; to the rear was only the ominous crackling of the popcorn machine. Outside, our Air Raid Warden fathers kept their sand buckets handy while searching the skies for enemy aircraft. Jal, perhaps because it was in close proximity to the county seat, only 39 miles from Hobbs Army Air Base and 5,260 miles from Tokyo, was among top Axis targets.

Cynics might have you believe that Hollywood

cranked out its tank burners for mere money: six motion-picture companies simultaneously sought to establish title priority on *Remember Pearl Harbor*. And that among Hollywood's sacrifices in the mobilization effort was abandonment of the annual Santa Anita Handicap. Studios sent out press releases bravely telling how Movieland was making-do with secondhand lumber and nails in constructing sets. Others might recall that MGM's Louis B. Mayer was so upset by Hirohito's sneak attack he only earned $949,765 in 1942 salaries.

Such cynics argue that in the dull prewar years movie attendance had dropped from 85 million to 55 million despite gimmicks like Bank Nite, Bingo, and Free Dishes. Movie moguls, they claim, were quick to discern how promptly war epics turned a home-front buck. I would not have believed these slanders any more than I would have believed Captain Robert Mitchum smoked reefers. It *is* true that picture making, like gestation, normally required nine months from conception to delivery, but that wartime quickies hit the screen in forty-five to ninety days. One actually made the trip from idea to film can in nine days.*

But for us the emotional involvement was total. When house lights came up following the gathering of the last dastardly Nip to his ancestors, or after Dana Andrews had avenged Resistance fighters who burst into patriotic songs in front of Nazi firing squads, I was ready for anything. Nor was I the only home-front commando magically transported to distant battles. Once, giving Popcorn Bay support to Duke Wayne in hand-to-hand combat against several dozen Japanese infantrymen, Bood Reed swung an early-day karate chop that fractured Ode Joiner's nose. When Bonita Granville refused to romance a whole squad of Storm Troopers and provide future warriors for the Fatherland, wicked Nazis chained her to a post and flogged the poor girl until her blouse ripped. The chief emotion stirred among us desert youth by Nazi maltreatment of Miss Granville's cleavage was burning patriotism.

Typical American superiority was exhibited in a film called *The Fighting Seabees*, in which GIs manning cumbersome bulldozers routed a company of mobile Japanese tanks before dismounting to out-bayonet surviving Nips by a ratio approximating six to one. In *Bataan* a mere dozen Occidental heroes withstood repeated assaults of what had to be a brigade of bowlegged, bucktoothed sadists. *Sahara* saw Humphrey Bogart and a ragtag band of tank soldiers, stranded at an oasis, fight a world's champion sandstorm and a whole Nazi battalion. Perhaps the high point of American superiority was reached by Errol Flynn in *Desperate Journey*. Errol outwitted Gestapo Colonel Raymond Massey to the extent that he blew up a lion's share of Germany right under Massey's nose, then escaped in a commandeered Nazi plane while saying to himself, "Now for Australia—and a crack at those Japs."



Robert Mitchum, Captain of a Navy destroyer

(Music up and out; the sun shines on Flynn's smile.) Dennis Morgan as a Flying Tiger hero in *God Is My Co-Pilot* confessed to Priest Alan Hale that he had killed a hundred men. Father Hale said what Joe Louis (possibly with coaching from Public Information Officers) had said earlier, and more briefly, "We'll win 'cause we're on God's side." By this logic, one must assume that God was with Hitler up to a point, but switched sides during the siege of Stalingrad.

The Greasepaint War gave the screen some of its most despicable villains. There was nothing a rat-fink Jap or bullying Kraut wouldn't do to the clean-cut kid next door. Richard Jaeckel as the sixteen-year-old Marine, "Chicken," in *Guadalcanal Diary*, coughed while learning to smoke. His

Larry L. King grew up in rural Texas and, after his brief soldiering described here, became a Congressman's administrative assistant in Washington. He now writes as a free lance, and his novel, "The One-Eyed Man" was published by New American Library.

*Later on, a film distributor would say of wartime movies, "Every night was Saturday night. You could open a can of sardines and there would be a line waiting to get in. Only sardines wouldn't have smelled as bad."

pithier expletives were suited to Robin the Boy Wonder, and he died a hero's clean death only after speaking well of Country, God, and Mother; his corpse was blond and smiling. In *So Proudly We Hail* the enemy indiscriminately strafed our hospitals; our walking wounded including Sonny Tufts; Red Cross doughnut trucks; unarmed medics; wretched refugees who looked like The Hundred Neediest Cases; and Paulette Goddard. *Our* bombers, on the other hand, spared all civilians, cathedrals, and works of art.

German spies and Gestapo agents may have fooled the Allied High Command through the opening reels, but our intelligence forces at Popcorn Bay spotted them on sight. Peter Lorre was sneakily sinister as he crept around in the shadows of waterfront cafés; Sidney Greenstreet was so openly and arrogantly evil you felt he might write J. Edgar Hoover a catch-me-if-you-can letter. George Sanders tried to trick us with polished charm, but his clipped hair and a dueling scar from the University of Heidelberg gave him away at Popcorn Bay. Walter Slezak's double-dealing was masked behind a catlike purr and the manner of a clown, though in the end he was revealed as just another blubbering tub of rancid Gestapo cowardice.

But Hollywood saved its choice haymakers for the Japs. Even before that day of infamy, Hollywood saw special horrors in the "yellow monsters"—as Scotland Yard inspectors called them in *The Mask of Fu Manchu*. Boris Karloff, as Fu himself, pledged to "wipe the whole accursed white race from the face of the earth"; his followers were urged to "kill the white men and mate with their women." In *Cry Havoc*, the primary goal of Japanese invaders on Bataan seemed to be the charms of a detachment of Army nurses that included Ann Sothern, Joan Blondell, Margaret Sullavan, and Ella Raines.

My friend Bobby Dyer came unglued the afternoon we saw *The Sullivans*, a story of five Boston brothers who went down on the same battleship early in the war. At final fadeout the tagalong kid of the family could be seen running Heavenward ("Hey, wait for me!") toward his four brothers, grinning at him from the fleeciest cloud that special effects could create. It was more than Bobby could take; personally, I doubt if even Adolf Eichmann could have stood it. Bobby, two years older than the rest of us, gave his parents no peace until they signed permissive papers. Within ten days San Diego Naval Training Station had gained a new Boot, and the Jal Panthers had lost a 127-pound wingback.

Sometimes Hollywood seemed to get its moral preachments tangled, as when a kindly priest took a rock in hand and crushed a Nazi's skull. A short "documentary," *Conquer by the Clock*, gave us a munitions-factory girl who, through sneaking time for a cigarette in the ladies' room, sends a dead cartridge to a soldier and the soldier to his death. This failed to suggest—as James Agee wrote in *The Nation*—"that the same thing might have happened if her visit to the toilet had been sincere." In *Passage to Marseilles*, Humphrey Bogart was permitted to methodically slaughter the helpless survivors of a crashed Nazi plane though the crew had done him no particular dirt. Errol Flynn, in *Objective Burma*, had his troops surround a garrison of off-duty Japs (shown eating, sleeping, and relaxing) before luring them into the open on a ruse, there to slaughter them with wild cries, oceans of blood, and enthusiasm unmatched until the 1964 Republican convention. This violated Hollywood's concept of the code of the American fighting man: the Japs, by rights, should have committed an atrocity or two before getting what they deserved, and Flynn should have been more pious in his killing. Such a lapse was rare, however.

The beginning of the Cold War caused Hollywood some blushes. As our wartime ally, Russia had been glorified in *Song of Russia*, *Days of Glory*, *Stalingrad*, and *North Star*. Most of these films were hastily removed from circulation. *North Star*, however, was subjected to new editing. Russian peasants, originally shown as Nazi victims, emerged as the victims of Communist oppressors; Russian soldiers, who in the first version were depicted as mighty defenders of their homeland, were with a few artful snips of the scissors turned into aggressors. Losing all its cool in *Red Planet Mars* (which had *all* nations seeking peace except for Russia), Hollywood had no less than God preserve Liberty, Mom's apple pie, and Free Enterprise at the climax, by bringing about a worldwide religious revival and causing well-arranged disasters behind the Iron Curtain.

Was It Raining in West Point?

Though Bobby Dyer, Lucky Strike Green, and even Mickey Rooney had gone to war, I stayed stuck in Jal. At a time when the world shook with history and bombs I had acne. I think it was *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (G-man Edward G. Robinson unmasks George Sanders) that inspired me to become an undercover agent so secret it was known only to me. Secret Agent OO-I hung around the pool hall alert for any rumors of enemy troop



Memories of Popcorn Bay: "Action in the North Atlantic"

movements, inspected the city waterworks for signs of espionage, and tried to catch Deputy Sheriff Elmer Turner contacting Berlin on his police-car radio. I never fully trusted Deputy Turner after his investigation of the truckload of Italian spies I caught when they stopped for gas at Houston Wink's Service Station. Elmer claimed they were itinerant Mexican cotton pickers from Clovis.

To a man, Jal approved of civilian Minutemen, who were training under police-department auspices in Connecticut and California, to meet potential Axis invaders on the beach with .22 rifles and pitchforks. We cheered when the government herded Japanese-Americans into "detention camps" on the West Coast. We understood that Harry Wismer, broadcasting the Army-Navy football game, couldn't tell us it was raining in West Point, New York, because somebody might flash the word from Jal to Tokyo, Berlin, or Rome. Our mothers rolled bandages for the Red Cross and our fathers gamely worked overtime at their desks or lathes. We ostracized the hoarder of sugar or tinned goods, and kept a suspicious eye on the Schultz and Venitti families.

Still, I felt like Crillon chastised by the French King Henry IV: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon. We fought at Arques, and you were not there." Knowing that my family had produced a real, live hero kept me going from Saturday to Saturday until I could return in triumph to Popcorn Bay. Cousin Lanvil Gilbert was pushing across France, Belgium, and Germany as an infantry rifleman. I confess that I was momentarily ecstatic when news that he had been wounded at the Battle of the Bulge reached us. Had Lanvil wiped out a Nazi machine-gun nest, or captured a Kraut tank company before . . . ?

"No," my mother said, reading from Aunt Clara's letter. "His socks got wet and his feet froze."

Even Hollywood was soon to disappoint me. By 1944, the Lea Theater offered so-called musicals, although no self-respecting home-front commando would suffer through the first eight bars of "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree with Anyone Else But Me." James Cagney prancing through tap dances in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, Katharine Cornell and Aline MacMahon serving Pepsi and cheese tidbits to stateside Johnnys in *Stage Door*

Canteen, all the flag-waving and bugle-blowing that was *This Is the Army* (with seventeen songs by Irving Berlin)—these left Popcorn Bay dissatisfied. Nor were we mollified by Hollywood's attempts at wartime humor: Bob Hope and Eddie Bracken peeling potatoes when *Caught in the Draft;* Abbott and Costello zigging when they should have zagged in *Buck Privates;* Charles Coburn and Joel McCrea suffering the hazards of wartime Washington in *The More the Merrier.* We wanted our comedy only to relieve tension just before the battle. When the paratroopers were only two minutes away from their combat-zone drop, they played the scene this way:

First Trooper: "What's the first thing you're gonna do when you get back home, Joe?"

Joe: "I'm gonna kiss my gal like she's never been kissed before!"

First Trooper: "And what's the *second* thing you're gonna do, Joe?"

Joe: "Take off my parachute!"

Spasms of tension-breaking laughter would rock Popcorn Bay. So intent did we become in our missions that only rarely were we disconcerted by technical blunders in the Actors Guild war: scouting patrols walking in single file, so that a lone well-placed bullet would have passed through nine men marching like ducks in a row; Alan Ladd throwing a heavy hand grenade with an easy, overhand Bob Feller motion, so that it carried more than a hundred yards and blew up half an advancing tank column; Errol Flynn blowing up a Japanese aircraft carrier with a single grenade, then swimming with a knife in his teeth to attack a submarine. Until James Agee would point it out years later, I would not notice that after our GIs captured a farmhouse in *Walk in the Sun* they set about "chomping an apple, notching a rifle stock, and so on—while, so far as the camera lets you know, their wounded comrades are still writhing unattended in the dooryard." Such undetected goofs now appear frequently on my television set. It's like seeing Cecil B. De Mille putting Christ on the Cross wearing a 21-jewel Bulova wristwatch.

As our frontline troops smashed to victory, Hollywood gave us fewer blood-and-thunder pictures like *Fighting Devil Dogs, Betrayal from the East,* and *Destination Tokyo* in favor of such fluff as *Two Girls and a Sailor, Seven Days Ashore,* and *Here Come the Waves.* Driven out of the Lea Theater in search of adventure, I boosted servicemen's morale by waving to troop trains from the Jal depot, but my father stopped this after certain spiteful rumors, probably inspired by Axis counterspies, got out about my hormones. When my mother complained because I had donated some of her favorite pots and pans to the scrap-metal drive, I knew the war was coming to an end.

That Was My Shovel

But there was a peace to keep, so early in 1946 I enlisted in the U. S. Army Signal Corps. In my bunk at Fort Dix, New Jersey, I was certain that Hitler was alive and hiding in Argentina. On some uncharted Pacific atoll there, no doubt, remained a company of fanatical Japs it would be my mission to dig out with M-1 rifle, flamethrower, and tricks remembered from Popcorn Bay.

First, however, I was assigned to the Army Pictorial Center in Astoria, Long Island. Paramount once made some of its earliest smashes there. When I arrived, the old barnlike studios were used to shoot Army Training Films—"message" epics designed to show new recruits all the glory and horror of military service.

Though my $78 monthly salary was less than Clark Gable's, I had roles in a number of productions. Perhaps you remember me. If you saw *Nomenclature and Operation of Field Weapons,* you caught me in my first speaking role: I was the battery sergeant who yelled "Fire" to the gunners. My hand held the pointer in *Map Orientation and Characteristics of Coastal Topography.* That was my shovel you saw in *Digging of the Slit Trench,* and I don't have to tell you who fashioned the title object in *Rolling of the Horseshoe Field Pack.* In *Proper Wearing of the Military Uniform,* I was the Times Square Commando who upon delivering his best line to a bar-stool cutie ("Let me tell you about my war experiences, Baby") is hauled off by a grim-jawed MP for unauthorized wearing of a fifty-mission crush hat, a Sharpshooter's Medal, and white socks.

But the role for which generations of fighting men will remember me is that of the Sick GI in *The American Soldier and Personal Hygiene.** In that historic film, so graphic that recruits exposed to it were later known to wear rubber gloves when shaking hands with their sisters, the camera panned to a hospital ward clearly marked by the twenty-second and the fourth letters of the alphabet, respectively, then dollied in on the Sick GI.

Bashfully twisting the tail of his hospital robe, he says to a hard-eyed colonel: "But, Sir—she *looked* clean!"

And that, children, is what Daddy did in the war.

*I want it clearly understood that my stand-in was the object of the panning close-up.

Arnold J. Toynbee

SIR LEWIS NAMIER AND HISTORY

"I am Bernstein; I am coming to have breakfast with you." So two great historians met for the first time and became close though sometimes belligerent and non-speaking colleagues. This is the story of their friendship, told by one of them.

One autumn morning in 1909, during my second year as an undergraduate at Balliol, I observed that my "scout," who, as usual, was bringing my breakfast up to my room, was being followed by a procession. A second scout, carrying a second breakfast, was at my own scout's heels, and from behind him there came a voice, saying, in a strong Slavonic accent, "I am Bernstein; I am coming to have breakfast with you." This vocal member of the procession was not the end of it; for the owner of the voice had come trailing clouds of Eastern Europe. These clouds floated into my room behind him, and they quickly filled it, as Bernstein's stream of talk flowed on.

I had already heard of other men of my year receiving similar visitations from an importunate and exotic freshman. Bernstein's tactics were hazardous, for they were a breach of the rather formal rules of undergraduate etiquette. The custom was for second-year men to call on freshmen and invite them to breakfast for a date some time ahead. It was for them, not for the freshmen, to take the initiative; and here was this foreign freshman inviting himself to breakfast, unannounced, in second-year men's rooms. Some of the men who had had this experience of Bernstein had been resentful. This had been unimaginative and unmagnanimous on their part. How could the East Galician stranger be expected to be *au fait* with Oxford undergraduates' provincial conventions? And was it not natural that he should take the shortest cut that he could think of toward getting acquainted with other members of this interesting fraternity? For what other purpose had he made his way across Europe to Ultima Thule?

Bernstein always knew what he wanted, and he was seldom hampered by inhibitions. In his debut at Balliol, he was innocently unaware of the negative effect that he was making on some of those whose friendship he was eagerly seeking. If Bernstein's psychic antennae had been like Lloyd George's or like President Johnson's, he would have been more sensitive to the reactions of others. Unfortunately for him, his psychic radar was as inadequate as President Wilson's. His attention was preoccupied by what he himself had to say. He had no psychic energy to spare for picking up what the other person was feeling.

My own reaction to Bernstein's uninvited visit was positive, I am glad to say. As he followed his voice into my room, I was instantly taken with that broad bespectacled face, backed by that massive head. I divined that Bernstein was lovable, and I did not find his clouds of Eastern Europe suffocating; I found them entrancing. His monologue did not bore me; it held me spellbound. As he talked on, piece after piece of the East European nebula came into focus and then coagulated into a world that was as solid as my Winchester and Oxford world, yet, at the same time, was fascinatingly unfamiliar and complex. This was a feast for my curiosity. When my visitor left, I was eager to see and hear him again; and during the next three years this first session of ours was frequently repeated.

We got on with each other well; for our wishes were concordant. Bernstein wanted to talk; I wanted to listen. Bernstein had more to tell me than I had to tell him. Bernstein was opportunely filling a blank in my picture of the world, for, in my picture, Eastern Europe was still a *terra incognita*. In this, I was typical of my generation

From Acquaintances *by Arnold J. Toynbee.* *© 1967 by Oxford University Press.*

and my kind in England; and most of Bernstein's and my contemporaries at Balliol persisted in their state of invincible ignorance about Eastern Europe till they were overtaken by the outbreak of war in August 1914.

The Young Englishmen Laughed

In the last academic year but one before the start of the first world war Bernstein was still at Balliol, while I was back there again as a don. This was the year of the two Balkan wars. In one of the vacations in that year Bernstein had gone home to visit his family, and he came back to Oxford looking worried. "The international situation is very serious," he reported to us. "The Austrian Army is mobilized on my father's estate, and the Russian Army is mobilized just across the frontier, only twenty minutes' walk away. A European war is just round the corner now." Bernstein was given no chance of enlarging on his grave theme. At the words "European war," most of the young Englishmen whom Bernstein was addressing in Balliol front quad burst out laughing, as the Athenians had laughed when St. Paul, in his address to them on the Areopagus, came to the words "resurrection from the dead." Too good to be true! Ruritania was running true to form! As entertaining as a novel of Anthony Hope's!

Ruritania? But what about Utopia? Certainly, Bernstein's world and the laughers' world could not both be real; for they were mutually incompatible. Which of the two would prove to have been the reality and which would prove to have been the mirage? It was Bernstein's world, not the laughers' world, whose reality was vindicated by events. Within three years of this fantastic conversation in the quad, half of those unfortunate laughers were dead.

The British ignorance displayed in that prewar conversation in the quad was not the last or the most shattering example of it that Galician Bernstein was to encounter. On Armistice Day, 1918, Lord Robert Cecil, who had been the United Kingdom's wartime Minister of Blockade, kept his vow that he would resign from the Government as soon as the war was over as a protest against the disestablishment of the Episcopalian Church in Wales. He had then promptly been appointed head of the section of the British delegation to the forthcoming peace conference in Paris that was to deal with the setting up of the League of Nations. Lord Robert wanted to equip himself for his new task, so he sent to the Political Intelligence Department of the Foreign Office for a map of Austria-Hungary. This was Bernstein's job, so he went to Lord Robert's room, map in hand. "That map must be wrong," Lord Robert said to Bernstein, after glancing at it. "Well, no, it is correct, sir," Bernstein answered. "But surely this long straggling piece ought to be yellow, not red." Lord Robert had his finger on Bernstein's native Austrian Crownland, Galicia. (On Bernstein's map, Hungary was colored yellow, Austria red, and Bosnia-Herzegovina green. I saw the map a few minutes later, when Bernstein came staggering into my room, still holding the map, with a dazed look on his face.) "Well, no, you see, sir, Galicia is part of Austria, not of Hungary." There was a moment's pause, and then: "What a funny shape Austria must be," Lord Robert said ruminatively, half to himself. This from a Minister of the Crown who had been engaged in blockading the Habsburg Monarchy for the last four years! Bernstein never got over the shock of that interview. "The English: are they human?" Someone once published a book with this title. The query would seem to be justified by Bernstein's Oxford and Whitehall experience.

A Name Is Born

Bernstein's father's estate lay in Eastern Galicia, just on the Austrian side of the Austro-Russian frontier. The neighboring landowners had nicknamed Bernstein's father "the Count of Jerusalem." He was of Jewish origin, and in this he was unique among the East Galician rural gentry. The family were no longer Jews in religion; they had become converts to Roman Catholicism.

The Bernsteins had embraced the distinctive nationality as well as the distinctive religion of their fellow landowners in Eastern Galicia; but their assimilation, though it had gone far, had not been complete. Their neighbors evidently did not feel that the Bernsteins had become one hundred per cent Polish and Christian. Conversely, Bernstein, when I first knew him, was conscious of his family's Jewish background and was proud of it. One of the first bits of information that he gave me about his world was that he was de-

While Arnold J. Toynbee was writing the twelve volumes of "A Study of History" and his other great works, he was also gathering personal knowledge of his contemporaries. In his forthcoming book, "Acquaintances," he reports on 24 characters. This recollection of Sir Lewis Namier is adapted from the book. Toynbee is professor emeritus at London University and is lecturing this spring at Stanford in California.

scended from Elijah ben Solomon the Gaon of Wilno, the redoubtable enemy of the Hasidim. (The Gaon? The Hasidim? The Frankists? These figures in the history of the Jewish Pale have been part of my mental furniture ever since Bernstein put them on the map for me.)

From this point onward, I shall call Bernstein by the name that he adopted after he had decided to throw in his lot with England permanently. Namier? The name is a compound. Here is the recipe. Take "Nemirov," which was the name of the Bernsteins' family estate; drop the adjectival last syllable, which gives us "Nemir"; substitute the original vowels of the English surname "Napier"; and then you have a name that its inventor and subsequent bearer has since made famous by his achievements as a historian.

Though Lewis Namier, at the time when I first came to know him, certainly felt an attachment to his Jewish past, my recollection is that at that stage he saw international politics with Polish, rather than with Jewish, eyes. He was then hoping to see Poland liberated and reunited, and he was therefore hoping for the overthrow of both the German and the Russian Empire. Clearly this was the only condition on which the political resurrection of Poland could become practical politics, but at that time, this Polish hope seemed chimerical. In actuality, of course, the incredible conjuncture came to pass. By the end of the first world war, Russia and Germany were both prostrate and Poland was able to rise again, reunited at the expense of the two thunderstruck giants. But the liberation of Poland did not turn out to mean integration or equality for its Jewish minority. Thus, when Poland regained her independence, Lewis became a Polonophobe and a Zionist. Having been awakened by Polish injustice to a sense of solidarity with Jewry, Lewis wanted to take his share in doing something practical for the relief of Jewish distress. His motive for turning Zionist had been the chivalrous one that had also moved other people of Jewish origin who, like him, had previously sat rather lightly to their Jewishness. It was a demonstration of solidarity with Jewry now that Jewry was suffering adversity.

Lewis's transition from Polonism to Zionism allowed of his being consistently anti-German throughout. Before the end of the interwar period, Germany had naturally become still more hateful to Lewis as a Jew than she had been hateful to him as a Pole in the prewar age. His hostility to the Russians, however, was not implacable. This is demonstrated conclusively by two positive acts that were the two most important events in his private life. Lewis twice married a wife who came from Russia, and his widow, Lady Namier, made the last chapter of his life by far the happiest. "Transfiguration" would be hardly too strong a word to describe the effect on Lewis of his second marriage. The lovableness that I had divined in him at our first meeting now shone out of his countenance unclouded.

Lovable Zealot

Lewis was invincibly lovable, from first to last; and during the years before he was transformed by his second marriage he needed to be invincibly lovable if a friendship with him was to last, for his character had another vein in it which, unsubdued, put his lovableness to a searching test. If you crossed Lewis on some issue which, for him, was of importance, he was capable of declaring total war on you, however old and close a friend you might be; and in making war, he was always vehement, sometimes vindictive, and occasionally even venomous. If anyone else had been making war on one in this intemperate style, one's affection for him would have waned and perhaps have expired sooner or later. Yet there was something in Lewis that was disarming, even when he was giving considerable provocation. I can speak of my own reaction only. When he quarreled with me, I found that I had no inclination to hit back. One's affection told one that the belligerent Lewis was not the ultimate Lewis.

Lewis's quarrel with me was over what I was writing in the Chatham House *Survey** about the history of Palestine under the British mandate; and he objected to my handling of this controversial and tricky subject because, by this time, he had become an ardent Zionist, while I, as the course of events in Palestine unfolded itself, was becoming more and more doubtful whether the mandatory power was going to succeed in reconciling its commitments to the Palestinian Arabs with its commitments in Palestine to the Jews. I feared that the Arabs were going to get an unfair deal, and I felt a concern to make sure of recording the facts that looked to me as if they were giving the Arabs reasonable cause for apprehension and therefore for resentment.

Part of the technique that I had developed for the production of the *Survey* was to circulate chapters on controversial topics, in drafts, to authorities in both the contending camps, in order to be able to consider and compare their comments,

**The Survey of International Affairs*, published more or less annually by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, at Chatham House, London.

and to make any revisions I felt were required before sending the draft to the printer. The understanding was that I would give the most careful consideration to any comments and any suggestions for amendments that an authority might be moved to make, but that I could not guarantee acceptance of his suggestions, even partially.

When I came to have to write my narrative of Palestinian events in the explosive year 1929, I thought at once of Lewis, and sent him my draft under cover of a letter on my usual lines. Lewis's comment was furious and mountainous; and when I had revised my draft to take account of it, my additional footnotes, qualifying many of my original statements in view of the points that Lewis had made, had become as thick as those one finds in a commentary on a play of Aeschylus or on an epistle of St. Paul. But Lewis remained unsatisfied. What he required was an incorporation of his amendments in my text, *in toto* and *verbatim*. After this experience had repeated itself in one or two subsequent years, Lewis broke off relations with me. If we passed each other in the street, he would march past in grim silence; and, if Chatham House colleagues of mine happened to be with me, he would cut them, too, dead. I had brought the whole Institute and all its works under Lewis's anathema.

Lewis was not, I think, a Jew in the religious sense at any stage of his life, and I guess that he had never been a practicing Roman Catholic either. I cannot remember our ever discussing with each other our respective attitudes toward religion, but my impression is that, from the time when he was first able to think for himself until his marriage to Julia de Beausobre, he was an agnostic. In any case, whatever Lewis's attitude to religion may have been, his Zionism was essentially practical and political. Secular nationalists, however, as well as religious zealots, can be fanatics. Indeed, since the rise and spread of agnosticism as the nemesis for the Western Catholic-Protestant wars of religion, the fanaticism that has been ebbing out of religion has been flowing into nationalism as an alternative container for it. The ultra-Zionists were, and are, politically fanatical to a degree; and this spirit found a response in the belligerent vein in Lewis's temperament.

Lewis's breach with me was maintained by him for several years, and was ended only by a fluke. One afternoon we collided with each other in Lower Regent Street, and forgetting his vow of non-intercourse, Lewis picked up a thread that he had dropped in my room in Chatham House twenty or thirty months back. "Toynbee, that footnote of yours . . ." But this tenacity of Lewis's was so comical that I cut him short by laughing. "Look here, Lewis," I said, "this is ridiculous. We were at Balliol together, and we have been friends for years. It is absurd that footnotes should come between us, or politics either." To my surprise, he checked himself, and the smile of the lovable Lewis broke out on the militant Lewis's face. He never broke off relations with me again, though our views on the Palestine question remained as far apart as ever.

Lewis's Zionism made him quarrel for a time with me, but it never made him quarrel with England. How he managed to reconcile these two conflicting loves I do not know, but he was obliged to; for he had fallen in love with England at first sight at least ten years before he was captivated by Zionism. England did not reciprocate his devotion in equal measure. Her formal recognition of his merit was, in my judgment, inadequate. England did, it is true, eventually give him a knighthood, but she never gave him a professorial chair at Oxford. On the other hand, the informal homage that he came to receive in England was immense. If imitation is the sincerest flattery, his heart should have been warmed by the spectacle of the legion of Namierizers that sprang up from the British soil on which he had scattered the dragon-tooth seed of his own particular approach to the study of history. Long before his death, Lewis had lived to see the clouds that he was always trailing turn to clouds of glory.

The Fresh Foreign Eye

After Lewis had begun to explore British history, he did not arrive either at political history or at eighteenth-century constitutional history straightaway. His first discovery was the writings of the seventeenth-century English Puritans. Before the end of the first world war, he could, and did, recite long passages of these from memory. His analysis of the structure of British politics in the reign of George III came after that. It might seem to be a *tour de force* for a scholar who was by origin a Slavonized Jew to become the greatest of all authorities on a characteristically British institution. However, Lewis had two no less eminent precursors. One of these was a Russian Slav, Sir Paul Vinogradoff, who had served his apprenticeship at home on a study of Russian village communities, but made his name at Oxford as a student of Domesday Book and of the English manor. The other was the French Jewish scholar Elie Halévy, who became the leading authority of

his time on the social history of Britain during the earlier decades of the nineteenth century. Nor was it, I believe, merely a coincidence that such outstanding contributions to the study of English politics and social life should have been made by foreign observers whose own cultural backgrounds were so unlike the English cultural phenomena that they were studying. When once those three Continental European scholars had made themselves at home in this exotic English field, they were in a position to inspect it with fresh eyes; and their foreign eyes could espy things—and these noteworthy things—that their English fellow students had taken for granted.

Lewis, for instance, came to me one day, in a state of some excitement, to share with me an observation that he had just made. He had discovered that the English language possessed two vocabularies to the Polish language's one. Like Polish, English had, of course, the vocabulary of everyday speech; but, in addition, English had the vocabulary of the Authorized Version of the Bible; and this second vocabulary could be drawn upon to enrich the first. This could be done in any number of graded dosages, ranging from the verbatim quotation of a Biblical text to the subtlest nuance of the reminiscence of Biblical language. In Poland, a Catholic country of the Latin rite, the authorized version of the Bible had continued to be in the Latin Vulgate—a source on which the Polish language could not draw because between Polish and Latin there is a great gulf fixed. This discovery of Lewis's was one that I think I should have been unlikely ever to make for myself. Unlike Lewis, I had been brought up on the Authorized Version, and the relation between its vocabulary and the everyday English vocabulary of my time had always been so familiar to me that I had never meditated on it. Even if I had, I might not have arrived unaided at Lewis's observation; for I did not possess the illuminating term of comparison that Lewis possessed in having Polish for his native language.

Demythologizing History

Lewis once pointed out to me—I forget at what stage of his work this was—that, though, since we had first come to know each other, we had gone such different ways, we had retained one thing in common: we had, both of us, been unwilling to follow the broad highway that was being trodden by most contemporary Western historians. The simile that Lewis used was a different one. "You," he said, "try to see the tree as a whole. I try to examine it leaf by leaf. The general run of historians try to take the tree branch by branch; and you and I agree," he wound up, "that this last approach, at any rate, is an unpromising one."

I myself believe that what Lewis's way of working and my way have in common is something more than our common rejection of the usual way. I believe that we have rejected this other way because it has seemed, to both of us, to be a mythological way. We had both been trying to demythologize history—to find some way of expressing historical events in terms, not of myths, but of the realities. The reality to which I myself have been trying to relate history is—speaking the language of Lewis's simile—the whole of the tree; that is to say, the whole of the Universe, together with the ultimate spiritual presence behind the phenomena, if there is such a presence there. The single leaves, which are the realities with which Lewis sought to operate, are the individual human beings whose innumerable and intricately interwoven relations with each other produce the tangible fabric of history. Lewis's way interests me no less than my own. It interests me because it seems to me to go straight to the heart of what is one of the historian's crucial problems, as I see it.

As I see it, and as Lewis, too, saw it, the realities in the realm of human affairs are human beings and the relations with each other into which human beings enter. In human affairs the source of every action is some individual person. Every human action is a product of a previous act of choice, and the power to make choices is the monopoly of human personalities. So, when we say, "Harold Wilson did this or that," we are using language that is one hundred per cent realistic. If we say, "The Prime Minister did it," our feet are no longer planted quite so firmly on the ground, for the term "Prime Minister" is an abstraction; the title is worn like a secondhand suit of clothes by one human being after another, and the wearers, not their official vestments, are the realities. If we say, "Her Majesty's Government did it," we have floated off the ground into the atmosphere of mythology. What we are alluding to is the resolution of a number of real forces, namely, the network of relations between Mr. Wilson, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Gunter, Mr. Brown, and several other realities in the shape of human personalities. "Her Majesty's Government" is a mythical character; and so are its congeners the United Kingdom, the Electorate, the Crown, the Church, the Bench, the Bar, the Trade, the Turf. These abstractions, to which we attribute human-like acts, are of the same order of unreality as the nereids, dryads, and other divine presences in

human form in whose imaginary actions the ancient Greeks mythologized the seas, woods, mountains, and other features of inanimate Nature.

Everyone will agree that history ought to be written in terms of the realities, not in terms of myth. Try, then, to write a passage of historical narrative in terms of nothing but human individuals and their relations with each other. You will find the experiment frustrating. You will discover that you will not be able to write a line without ascribing to mythical abstractions the authorship of actions that, in reality, were performed, as you know very well not by these nonexistent wraiths, but by human beings.

Why do we find ourselves writing about human affairs in terms which we know to be imaginary? The historians are not the only students of human affairs who are driven to defeat their own purpose this way. The sociologists, anthropologists, and economists fare no better. All of them alike are defeated by Psyche's task—the task of coping with quantities with which a human being's unaided powers are incommensurate. This task has been aggravated in our time by a characteristic feature of the modern world. Since the outbreak of the Industrial Revolution, the quantity of everything in Man's environment—particularly the quantity of production and of population—has been increasing inordinately, while a human being's powers have remained what they always have been. The limitation of these powers is the most rigid in the realm of intellectual work, which can be performed only by a single human mind, and cannot be expedited, as industrial productions can be, by teamwork and the division of labor. The widening gulf between the life-span of the individual intellectual worker and the multiplication of the quantity of things to know is the gulf that students of human affairs have, so far, found themselves unable to bridge.



". . . Daughter of Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, she reigned from 1553 to 1558. Renounced by her father, later reconciled, she was on the throne when the old heresy laws were revived, followed by several years of religious persecution. Hence her name, "Bloody Mary."

The "Who's Who" Method

Lewis Namier had two virtues that are great in themselves and are cardinal for the study of human affairs. He had insight and he had courage. Lewis saw that, if we are to solve the problem of demythologizing our language by describing things in terms of the human realities, we have also to solve the operational problem of coping with inordinate quantities, and he worked out a plan of campaign. He decided to start operations from the side of the realities. He would make a survey of the acts, thoughts, and feelings of the individual human beings involved in the transactions that he was studying. This survey was to be so exact, minute, and extensive that it would embrace the sum total of the realities and would thus make the mythological travesty of these realities superfluous. When he had made his plan, he had the courage to put it into action. This was an act of faith, for he was relying on his own human intellectual powers alone, without aid, either supernatural or technological.

Lewis was not, of course, the first student of human affairs to employ the "prosopographical" method of investigation. This word, which means "the documentation of personalities," has been coined out of two Greek components and the method had already been applied in

the field of Greek and Roman, as well as Chinese, history before Lewis Namier adopted it. A "Who's Who" had been compiled of Alexander the Great's officers and another of the members of the Roman governing class, before Lewis started to compile his own "Who's Who" of members of the Parliament of England, and, thereafter, of the United Kingdom. But the classicist prosopographers had not looked far—if they had looked at all—beyond the process of accumulating biographical information. Lewis Namier was, perhaps, the first prosopographer for whom this process was, not an end in itself, but a means to an end that lay beyond it: to arrive ultimately at a presentation of history itself in terms of individuals and their relations with each other—terms which would present history as it actually happened.

Lewis, before the end of his life, had cut down his own stint of work on the history of Parliament by confining its chronological limits to a span of only twenty years of eighteenth-century parliamentary history; but, on the last occasion on which I had an opportunity of asking him how he was getting on, he was pessimistic and low-spirited. He was not expecting to live to finish even this drastically reduced stint of work himself; and in the end he died in 1960, leaving it uncompleted. (Happily for Lewis, it has been finished since his death by a colleague whom he himself had inducted into his method.)*

Bare Fists vs. Infinity

Does this spell failure? No; for there are two senses in which Lewis did achieve his ambitious purpose. In the first place, he did succeed, unaided by a tutelary divinity or a computer, in writing history in terms of the human realities in one field, at any rate—the history of the German revolution of 1848. In the second place, Lewis blazed a trail which his disciples, equipped with computers, will perhaps now be able to follow out to its goal, but which they might never have been able to discover for themselves if Lewis had not shown the way.

Lewis's discovery about the Revolution of 1848 is a characteristic feat of his streak of genius. Prompted by the approach of the centennial of the event to make a study of it, Lewis compiled biographies of the leading participants and in this investigation he broke through to a conclusion that was as brilliant as it was illuminating.

He found that the majority of the Revolution leaders were people whose native district had been transferred, in the peace settlement of 1814-15, from one sovereignty to another. Thus, arbitrarily cut off from their ancestral political attachments, the inhabitants of these transferred territories found themselves, like deportees or exiles, politically uprooted. Man, however, is (in Aristotle's phrase) "a political animal." When he has been expatriated, he feels uncomfortable till he has found a new country to supply the missing focus for his patriotic feelings. The former subjects of the extinguished German principalities, who had now become subjects of Prussia or of Bavaria, gave their allegiance instead to a fatherland that transcended all the German parochial states. They gave their allegiance to Germany herself.

Germany, however, like Italy, was still "only a geographical expression"—Metternich's wet-blanket phrase. If Germany was to become a political fact, the peace settlement of 1814-15 would have to be overthrown. The German Revolution of 1848 was the first attempt at this, and it was only natural that, in this movement, the expatriates should have taken the initiative. This historical connection between the settlement of 1814-15 and the Revolution of 1848 was perceived by Lewis, and he perceived it with no other aid than his own intellectual acumen.

In the field of British parliamentary history, in which Lewis did not succeed in reaching his goal, who is going to play Solomon to Lewis's David? Probably someone who will not have Lewis's acumen, but will have a computer. (If Lewis had lived ten years longer, he might have taken to operating a computer himself and have ridden this electronic steed to victory in his parliamentary enterprise.)

This vista that is opened up by this guess of mine is both exciting and depressing. It is exciting that Man should have acquired an instrument that promises to enable him to achieve results that, in the precomputer age, were as far beyond his reach as the Moon, too, was at that time. It is depressing that an inanimate moron should be able to accomplish things that are beyond the unaided power of the ablest human mind.

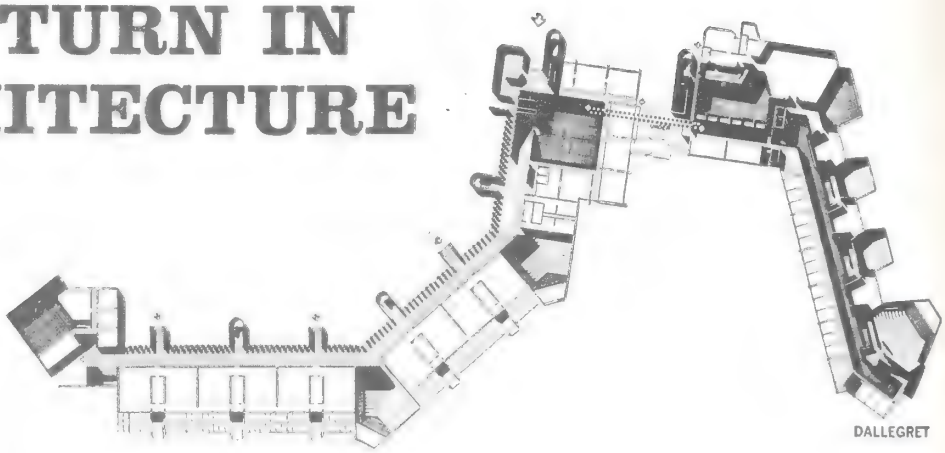
Lewis assaulted infinity with his bare fists, and this was Quixotic. It was magnificent, but it was not war. The computer-man is going to subdue with his machine quantities of the highest order of magnitude to be found in the field of human affairs. His victory in this vaster intellectual war will be scientific, but it will be less glorious than Lewis's brilliant successes and heroic reverses.

Harper's Magazine, May 1967

**House of Commons, 1754-1790,* by Sir Lewis Namier and John Brooke, 3 vols., London, H.M.S.O., 1964 (published in the U.S. by the Oxford University Press).

Edgar Kaufmann, jr.

CANADA'S NEW TURN IN ARCHITECTURE



Compared with the architectural excitement north of the border, American design looks somewhat lumpish. Expo 67's buildings are full of new ideas—but they don't tell the whole story of Canada's new look by a long shot.

The growth, the enterprise, the [illegible] courage in grand projects so conspicuously needed for great architecture is shifting to the banks of the St. Lawrence and the shores of Lake Ontario. The news from Canada about new buildings—skyscrapers, colleges, new communities, new transportation centers and networks—is that here is an architecture crisp and free, with the backing of a young and self-confident area.

Canada's hundredth anniversary is now being celebrated, especially by a big international Exposition 67 at Montreal. Like the centennial world's fair held by the United States in 1876 at Philadelphia, this one is full of the latest ideas of its day. In the snows of early February I went to look at the newer Canadian buildings in Toronto, and at Expo 67. There had been advance notices of some Expo buildings—a permanent ziggurat of prefabricated dwellings called "Habitat"; Russia's great glass barn; the United States Buckminster Fuller sphere of steel network and plastic bubbles; and the West German tent, irregularly curving in a cradle of cables and masts—all hard to visualize in full scale. Besides, the University of Toronto in Canada's second-largest city was generating international excitement with a new suburban campus conceived as a meandering, enclosed pathway linking clusters of faculties and facilities. Was Canada attracting architectural vitality just at the moment when the rich and studied aestheticisms of the profession in the United States seemed to pall, even at home?

The answer is yes. Something powerful and new is stirring in Canada, something bound to affect architecture everywhere before long. Architects, patrons of architecture, and students of it ought to see this for themselves. See, and sense; because if I am right this is no mere elegant fashion or suitably certified style, it is a new turn in how to think about buildings as human implements and poetic human expressions. The new direction shows clearly in Canada despite plenty of shallow, up-to-date architecture at Expo 67 and in the cities

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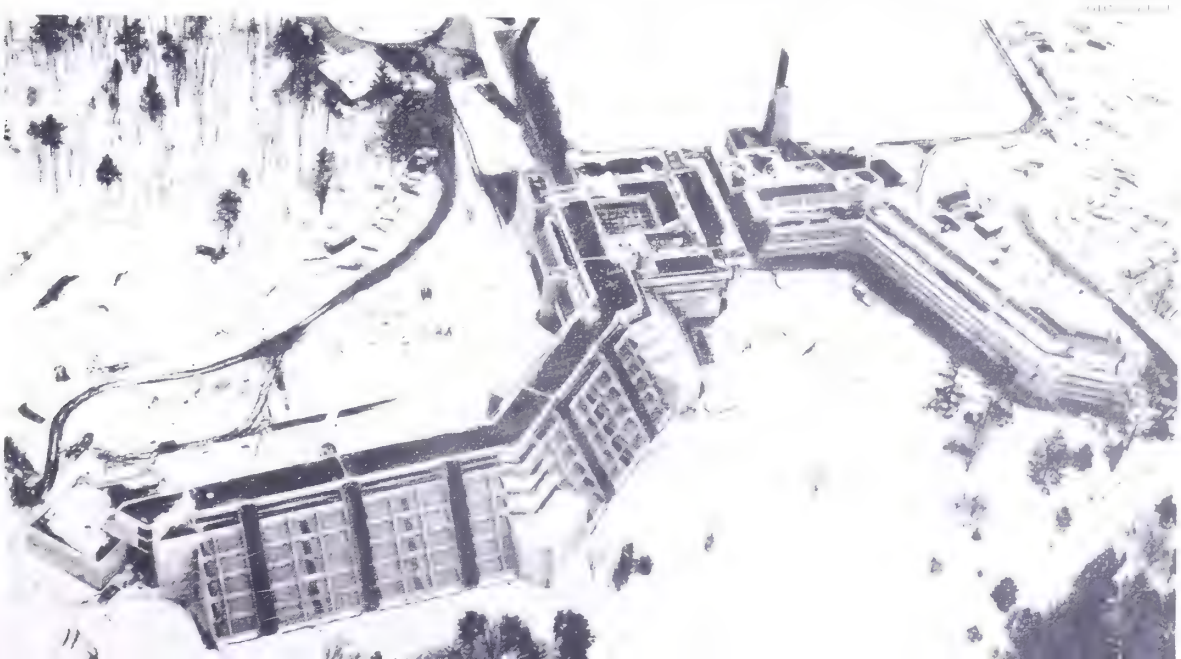
of Toronto and Montreal (the only ones I had time to visit; Vancouver has its own interesting new university "megabuilding"). The fair at Montreal will end stories about the end of world's fairs, principally because it partakes of bigger and more durable ideas that are finding expression in architecture in Canada.

One big idea is that the unit of architecture is no longer an individual building, but a whole milieu. Thus architecture without the disciplines of planning is scarcely conceivable. Sometimes an interrelated group of buildings is roofed together (as at the Scarborough College campus outside Toronto), sometimes towers and blocks rise independently from a platform which in fact unites them in an elaborate catacombery of shops, subways, and sunken areas (as in Montreal's spectacularly successful Place Ville Marie fed by the brand-new Metro that rolls on rubber tires). One element dominates these new complexes—the street, whether motorized as a subway, an escalator, an elevator bank, or separated as a pedestrian mall with vistas and planting, or lined with services for food, shopping, and entertainment as in the classic arcade. There is always the path along which accumulate bigger or smaller volumes of space devoted to more sedentary occupations. And the path predominates as a whole. Even when the interconnections lie mostly concealed below ground this unity is expressed by a plaza, crossed by random paths according to the memorable image of Giacometti's sculpture. Here architecture has a new theme: the path. Pediment, portal, porch seem too static for our age; at best a cantilevered canopy over the path may indicate a change of direction or a change of pace.

Expo 67 has created a passacaglia of pathways which should make it one of the easiest expositions to negotiate despite its thousand acres. Segregated pedestrian streets predominate, fed by four motorized and separate systems on land and water that meet more needs than any one visitor is likely to feel. And many of the larger exhibition buildings have their own powered systems for raising and lowering visitors through their spaces. But it is the coordinated networks of passage through the whole grounds that hold Expo together as an experience; assisted, to be sure, by the site on points and islands amid the St. Lawrence River, whose busy traffic and huge port facilities merge into the distant rises of Montreal City as a backdrop. Divided into four areas of activity, with waterways and parklands interspersed, Expo 67 is conceived as a whole in the spirit of architecture today.

A second big idea is that style arises from problem solving, and varies with the occasion. This is quite different from the ordinary concept of style as the expression of an age (modern, medieval, or Ming) or of a race (Maori, Maharashtra, or Mixtec); and equally different from the artist's favorite concept of style as a personal expression: "Style is the man." The new feeling for style arises from an insight that artists borrowed from scientists and logicians, and that John Andrews, the architect of the Scarborough campus, phrased thus, "Being free to formulate a question is the first step in solving it." It will not do to present a problem to an architect today; he wants to be in on exploring exactly what the problem is. And it will not do to approach a client with a style ready-made, a yardage of effects and details that can be cut to fit the case; what is apt is an open mind and an open eye, ready to seize the character-

At the Scarborough College campus outside Toronto, interrelated buildings are roofed together





JOHN REEVES

"Variety and continuity of spaces, the natural ease of interlarding work areas with communication paths and with enclaves of study and social exchange, the felicity of spatial and textural resourcefulness"—at Scarborough. Above, a large meeting place; below a "street" in the Humanities section.

JOHN REEVES



istic tone and language of the occasion. For this approach architects have had to assemble a new kit of tools; where once T squares, modules, and aesthetic theories were enough one now finds computer engineering, use vectors, climate and soil analyses (often through new films and aerial photography), and of course traffic networks. A cynic might say the new style of architecture is merely to "let the punishment fit the crime!" but we shall see that where this new idea is well embodied, cynicism is out of place.

If one adds together these two ideas, that architecture is milieu and that style is of the occasion, clearly enough something is going to happen to the old dichotomy of architecture opposed to nature or architecture as an outgrowth of nature. In fact the problem disappears; the new architecture tends to fit site to use and adapt use to site without worrying.

Two-Year Push at Scarborough

In the city of Toronto, these new approaches to architecture are convincingly united at the Scarborough campus. Interrelated practical problems and a unified architectural high command, focused on buildings meant to last as well as to grow, naturally yield results more powerful than the ephemera of a fair. Scarborough College has made architectural history, and will likely continue to do so as it augments under the care of a principal, A. F. W. Plumtre, who knows the value of what's there. Scarborough arose rapidly on a site that had been held in reserve by the University of Toronto. Four hundred thousand square feet of services were designed, enclosed, and ready for use in a two-year push. The program was sparked by an emphasis on televised instruction for both the humanities and the sciences; thus the center facilities include telecasting studios as well as the usual administrative complex, feeding and assembly areas, and library. The budget was in keeping with the satellite status of the campus.

As the architect of the original faculty team appointed to launch the work, Andrews grasped his opportunity. The site was thoroughly analyzed for soil and climate conditions, and a sloping, winding path was established that would ensure solid foundations, a variety of access and outlook, and the best exposures. In the center where the ground was weak, a shielded courtyard open to the south was endowed with a new "micro-climate" that much enhances the livability of the campus. In clement weather this courtyard shortens connections from one wing to another of the build-

g, though the wings are devoted to separate culties and technically require little communica- on. Still, students of sciences and the arts can ingle not only in the series of lounges and great ll of the architectural path, but in the open court well.

It was clear that the college could not arise in e time given if all were to be designed and ecked before work began. Thus careful logistics d to back the building campaign, and founda- ns were often poured before finished details d even been discussed. Architects tend to call anning of the construction process a "critical th," meaning that the flow of supplies and pro- dures is scheduled so that changes, inevitable they are, can be assessed in terms of timing d costs, and so that suitable adjustments can made. When talking with architects one some- mes wonders if this recent name for an essential de of the profession has not tended to reinforce e idea of paths as a central preoccupation. How- er that may be, this brief description of the ppenings at Scarborough will make it clear that e architect cannot do his job without the close- it collaboration of an expert staff.

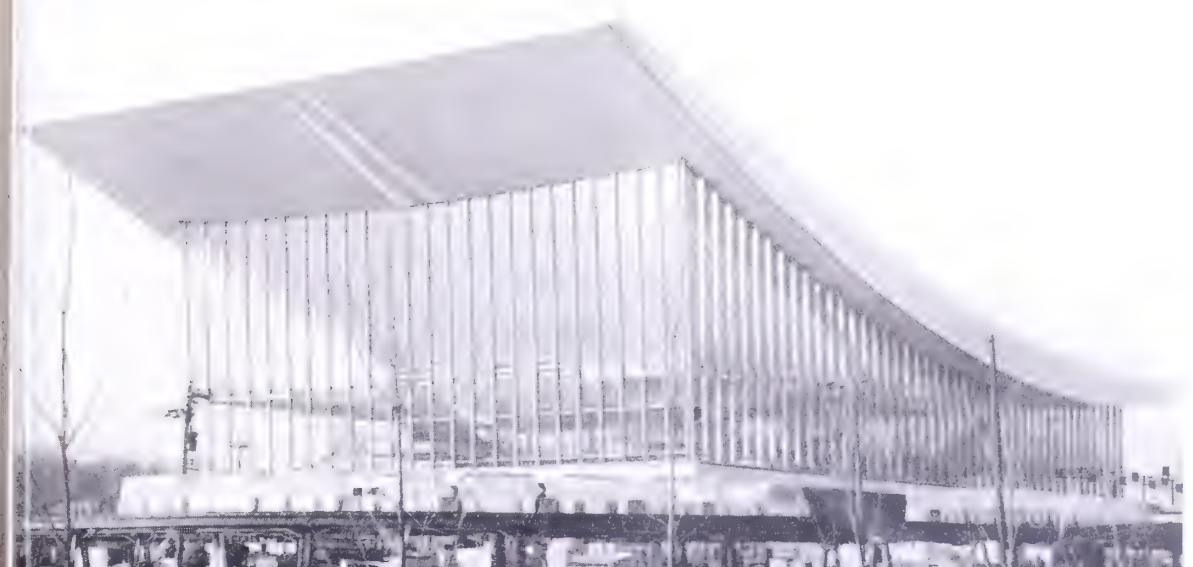
At last, however, it is architecture that em- odies all these skills and considerations, and that peaks for the client and planning crew alike to e users (instructors and students) and the orld at large. Thus John Andrews' voice is the oice of the Scarborough campus; and a brilliant citative it sings. The variety and continuity of paces, the natural ease of interlarding work areas ith communication paths and with enclaves of udy and social exchange, the felicity of spatial nd textural resourcefulness, the meaningful lterations of light and level, and the consistency f tone throughout, all testify to a most eloquent alent, if still a young one. Surprisingly, neither the approaches to Scarborough by car nor its parking facilities have been resolved. There are other crudities too, but in context they do little to affect an architectural statement that carries its art beyond finicking refinements into a world of creative and social value.

Naturally enough, Andrews and his office are occupied with a number of projects for the University of Toronto: another satellite campus with carefully planned parking, graduate housing, a student-union building commissioned by the students themselves, and master-planning studies for the main downtown campus. Another small university in Guelph, Ontario, and a primary school adapted to easy and rapid enlargement for Scarborough itself, show the same positive qualities as the new suburban college, but varied in detail and form, in setting and choice of materials, so that there is no doubt about the viability of the Andrews approach. He has been called to do work as far south as Jamaica, but so far his abilities have not been tested in the United States, nor for that matter in his native Australia.

Among the Pavilions

At Expo 67 one naturally expects to find Andrews at work, and indeed he and his associates are responsible for one of several extended convenience areas (small shops, refreshment stands, information centers, rest rooms, etc.) that have been skillfully deployed around the grounds. It is a crisp and happy minor effect, and easily surpasses Andrews' more ambitious Expo complex of shelters and a little plaza for the African nations. While the latter design has the benefit of several ingenious ideas, under the winter sun at least it seemed to suffer from awkwardness.

he Russian pavilion "seems to have come straight out of Gulliver's Travels."



The greatest unexpected delight of Expo 67 is the little Cuban pavilion by Baroni and Garati, perfectly scaled and sparklingly entertaining. When I saw it, it was still being put together by the merriest crew of red devils anywhere—wiry, dark islanders clad in scarlet quilted coveralls, grinning from ear to ear and working with that well-known Afro-Cuban rhythm. The pavilion is a series of white boxes, edged in nautical blue, set tightly between its neighbors. Some of the boxes are aligned at the sides, but from front to back are staggered. The jutting ends are big, rear-projected screens on which Cuban messages will be flashed to the outside world. The public can go inside and these spaces are given titivating vitality by big circular windows closed with plastic bubbles of the brightest primary hues. To walk around while watching the outside world shift from azure to emerald to amber on short notice is just plain fun.

There is a whole slew of foreign pavilions at the exposition that don't warrant mention as architecture, however well they may function once exhibits are installed inside. Japan and Venezuela both have built shells of considerable distinction; both seem a little solemn for the occasion even when one remembers that the Venezuelan cubes are to be lacquered in strong, simple colors. The Russian barn (by M. V. Posokhin and associates) seems to have come straight out of *Gulliver's Travels*, so Brobdingnagian are its dimensions, its gross scissors-shaped supports of steel, and its hammock-like roof. Perhaps displays will fill its gaping void with interest, but surely they could have been given a stronger and more coherent setting. The absolute nadir among foreign pavilions is hit by the State of Maine, with a flatulent little social offense, distressing far beyond its size —though of course it is bigger than the Cuban delight.

What of the United States pavilion, Bucky Fuller's bubble across an ample arm of water from the Russian building, and taller if not so large? It is by far the prettiest object on the grounds, shifting highlights with every turn of an approaching viewer. The rounded repetition of steel strands and acrylic lenses yields a frothy, airy naturalness not to be expected with these synthetic materials. The sphere lies easily on its slope, as if just come to rest from an aerial voyage; and the closer one approaches, the prettier the whole lacy texture appears. As a billboard for the technological society it is a huge and ingratiating success.

As much cannot be said, inside. The volume of space enclosed is wonderfully impressive, and the colossal interior structure that rises to accommodate displays is a tribute to the skill of its designers, the Cambridge Seven, who have done nothing to demean, indeed have kept pace with the grandeur of Fuller's space-frame dome. It is the very nature of the dome itself that makes for trouble—the endless repetition of small elements, the bulging lenses of colorless plastic that look out to a world continuously distorted into weak-kneed wobbles by their curvatures; one is all too clearly inside the air-conditioned nightmare. The great display platforms and their contents might withstand this envelope were it in itself as banal as the Russian pavilion, but, on the contrary, its overarching curve, its intricate fabric, and the unity of its impact all make the sphere too strong ever to be forgotten. Beautiful outside, queasy-making within—that is what I felt about the United States pavilion.

West Germany's convoluted tent, that stretches with controlled, uniform tautness over some two and a half acres, was designed by Frei Otto, the most talked-of structural innovator today. It is

The United States pavilion "lies easily on its slope as if just come to rest from an aerial voyage."



he unquestioned success of the exposition. Less eautiful than the United States sphere outside,)tto's tent is still immensely fascinating as soon s it comes into view. Thrusting upward at oblique ngles, sweeping down smooth curves whose nathematical precision cannot be doubted even vhen the shapes presented are utterly unfamiliar, he German shelter opens in smiling arcs that wait response. The outer surfaces are reticulaions of tensed cables, perfectly paralleled by a parchment-colored membrane of polyester echoed by a layer of off-white canvas just below. Here and there the membrane and cables dip out of sight; here and there the rocket-shaped nose of a sturdy mast rises sharply against the sky; the whole seems leaping like a dolphin in the spume of lesser structures around it. And it is aglow with daylight, trapped by the light skin; a very different effect from the sharp sparkle of acrylic lenses. Despite the iron regularity of the tension cables, it is this warm glow that characterizes the German tent.

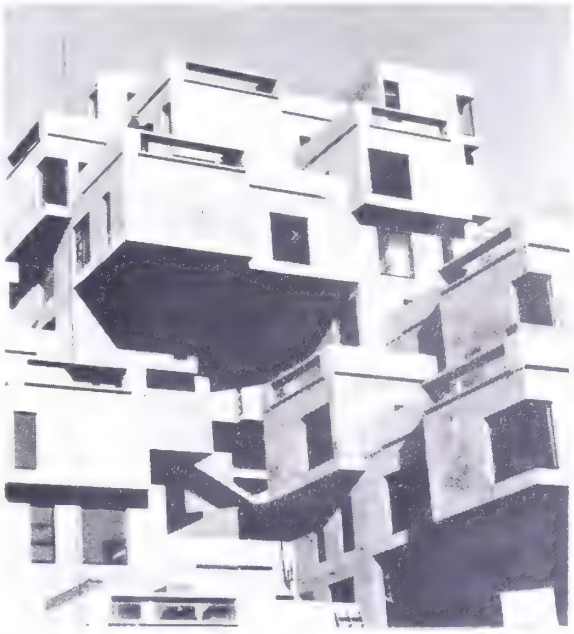
Within, even more. The interior of Frei Otto's tent is one of the happiest, most serene spaces I've ever entered. As in a Gothic cathedral the mechanics of support are left outside and only a magic continuity and soaring surfaces remain in sight. Broad, slightly varied platforms rise and sink with the skill of professional dancers, it almost seems, and the eye quickly moves to follow them as they weave close to the low, arching tent and then sweep boldly out to the high middle spaces, or skirt the central tube of inverted fabric that descends, luminous, into a square pool of water. No matter what is shown on these platforms the magic rhythm of their interplay with the irregular roof forms above will give symphonic tone to the experience of all visitors. This very successful collaboration with Otto is due to Rolf Gutbrod, the chief architect. The two have created an exceptionally charming little auditorium in one corner of the tent, from which it descends in easy gradations under curves as subtle as those of tension, but held entirely in compression, and necessarily made of more impervious materials, attached to a light wood lattice. Merely to step into this space is to hear the smoothness of its acoustics.

Of the fanfared architecture only Habitat remains to be mentioned, and it would be kinder to forget it. Habitat was designed by Moshe Safdie to be a breakthrough in mass-produced, economic housing. Each home is made of one, two, or three identically dimensioned, prestressed concrete boxes that interlock and overlap in a busy pyramid that forms the whole. Paired elevators and great





The top photo is an aerial view of West Germany's convoluted tent. Next, the Gyrotron, "breathtaking, the ride and pretty, the structure." Below, a section of the ill-fated Habitat 67.



horizontal bridges link the parts together in a more than Piranesian setting. Terrifying as a whole, repulsive in its cold gray surfaces, Habitat seems like some giant ancient film set waiting for Frankenstein's monster to shatter its spell. Within, the rooms have good proportions and pleasantly located windows, as well as ample terraces on the roofs of blocks below. But it seems there was a fatal discrepancy between theory and design; the supposedly precast units were too big to be handled by the mightiest machines available and had to be cast in halves; they piled up in the ziggurat with crushing weight so that low blocks were stressed for more than high ones, while, in the artistic massing, strains at any one level were diverse and unpredictable. The virtues of mass production and standard conditions were lost, or so one hears, and the whole affair, reduced to one-third its planned extent, has become to all intents and purposes a very large, hand-tailored constructional and aesthetic extravaganza. This seems confirmed by the official reports of costs per unit, increased at short regular intervals until the dollars stand as high as Habitat itself, figuratively speaking.

Expo 67 includes several notably successful buildings which received less advance notice than those discussed so far. First mention should go to the complexes built to house two out of four theme exhibitions, "Man, the Explorer" and "Man, the Producer." Both are made of preassembled steel trusses based on regular networks of mathematical forms distantly related to the frame of Fuller's dome, but used in great, flat, hexagonal panels that slope up from triangular floor plans. These pyramid walls are pierced by very large openings that follow the lines of the networks. Strong enough to lend coherence to the fair even among the babble of many architectural tongues, the theme buildings are, in both cases, vast halls in series, assembled around courtyards designed to continue the geometry of the structures. Memorable the buildings and the courtyards are, but who can remember the architects' firm name: Affleck, Desbarats, Dimakopoulos, Lebensold, and Sise? Perhaps in time . . .

Forms and Performance

Nearly as interesting as these theme structures is a feature of the entertainment sector (due to remain as part of Montreal's park system), the Gyrotron. Within a Christmas-tree-shaped envelope of aluminum scaffolding, the young at heart can be whirled into a voyage through space, seeing the very surface of the moon, and then, in an annexed area, plunged through flames and molten lava deep into a simulated volcano. At last, they are devoured by an outsized arthropod. Purged of emotion, they emerge into an Aristotelian calm that I, for one, would not be able to distinguish from catalepsy. Breathtaking, the ride, and pretty, the structure, envisaged by theater designer Sean Kenny. Behind the engineering stood Alcan, Canada's aluminum giant; and a good thing, too, when the strut-frame began to weave and vibrate in the winter winds. For it was Alcan know-how that recalled a simple device used to stabilize power cables when they too start to shimmy; it is a little metal whisker, not unlike a small antenna, now attached to each aluminum strut. From it, vibrations are conducted to the surrounding air, and no longer build up in compound accumulations.

These last examples are typical for a great number of Expo 67 buildings in their big-scale, rather obvious use of geometry. Perhaps never before outside the pages of Wentzel Jamnitzer (1508-85) have so many pure mathematical forms been assembled playfully. This lends a not unpleasant abstract clumsiness to the fairground, but we may hope that it is no portent of the course of architecture. The prevalence of prefabricated space-frames may, on the contrary, mean that techniques first demonstrated to the world at the very first world's fair of all, in Paxton's Crystal Palace, are making—after more than a century—serious contributions to the structure of a modern world. In another vein, notice should be taken of a very elegant, precast concrete stadium for 25,000 seats, built in connection with Expo 67 to the designs of Victor Prus and Maurice Desnoyers. Anyone would like to be a spectator in it, so simple, clear, and adequate is it.

Does the architecture at Expo 67 in fact perform? Does it show the new ideas outlined at the beginning of this article? I believe so; the milieu predominates over its components, thanks to foresighted planning by the fair design team: Edouard Fiset, chief architect, and under him Steven Staples for planning, R. Papanek for structures, and Louis Villa for standard outdoor elements (Norman Hay will oversee display). Individual buildings are, in many cases, outgrowths of the occasion, special as it is. Together, the new ideas have evoked an atmosphere that does not try to portray a permanent world, but that points the way toward the very excellences that give life to the best in architecture in Canada, as in Place Ville Marie or Scarborough College. Expo 67 is in tune with architecture as a performing art.

Harper's Magazine, May 1967



Edward Grossman

A ROUGH CURE FOR ADOLESCENCE

How a wartime course in survival techniques—punishing and sometimes dangerous—is now being used to change the character of teen-agers, from unpromising louts into confident men.

In a bright but chilly dawn last August, two men abandoned me on an uninhabited island off the coast of Maine, promising to come back in three days. To tide me over till their return they let me keep twelve matches, two tin cans (empty), a sleeping bag, one plastic sheet, the clothes I was wearing, and a prayer book. In case I got hungry I was supposed to graze for my food among the native flora and fauna of this half square mile of rock and pine trees.

Now, I am a twenty-four-year-old citified egghead who has nothing in common with Daniel Boone or Henry Thoreau. Yet I showed no anxiety as my escorts' boat chugged off. In fact, I waved a cheery goodbye.

I had been prepared for this moment by a three weeks' therapeutic ordeal known as Outward Bound. In comparison with what had gone before, being thrown to the mercy of nature felt like getting rescued. Outward Bound is a program designed to convert loutish adolescents into happy men. I do not consider myself loutish, and by definition I am not an adolescent. But rash journalistic zeal had led me to find out for myself whether this singular experience can—as its proponents claim—reshape the character of boys and improve them "in every nook and cranny of their bodies and souls."

The Outward Bound idea is an English import, invented by Kurt Hahn, a refugee from Hitler. Hahn, a teacher, ran a private school in Germany subsidized by Prince Max of Baden (the last Imperial Chancellor), and on his arrival in bleakest Scotland in 1933 set up Gordonstoun, a kind of prep school where he gave his boys (the future Prince Philip, for one) hard mattresses, strenuous exercise, coast-guard duty, and plenty of Greek verbs. Hahn meant his Gordonstoun treatment to be more than just the melancholy business of Cold Water Inside and Out that is a tradition in English public schools. He wanted to integrate physical hardship with service to the community, manual training, and academic discipline, all in a rationalized program that would arouse youthful enthusiasm, rather than hatred. Hahn believed his school succeeded at this. But being an evangelist he was unhappy because only a few sons of the rich were benefiting. Through the 1930s he agitated for a national network of schools, modeled on his principles and supported by capitalists and government, where middle-class and poor boys could go for concentrated month-long courses.

Hahn did not get any significant response until war came. In 1941 Lawrence Holt, owner of the

Blue Funnel Line, became aware of the fact that when his ships were torpedoed by German U-boats most young sailors gave up and perished in the sea, while older men, with experience in open boats and the cunning of age, survived. Holt gave Hahn the money to start the first Outward Bound school in Aberdovey, Wales. There Merchant Service apprentices bound for the North Atlantic convoy run learned firsthand that they could withstand starvation, exposure, hours of swimming and rowing. This was not a "survival school" of the sort armies operate now; as at Gordonstoun, Hahn was interested in building "health and character—survival will take care of itself." As it turned out, a remarkable proportion of Outward Bound graduates whose ships were sunk *did* survive.

By the end of the war Hahn had won a number of powerful apostles. Not all of them were High Tory types with titles and decorations, like Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery. For example, the biologist Julian Huxley lobbied successfully in education circles to get regular academic credit for time spent at Outward Bound. Five new schools, one of them for girls, were built. Factory owners began paying young workers to go to the courses in order, as Sir Spencer Summers, MP and Outward Bound trustee, puts it, "to develop a sense of responsibility, to engender self-confidence and self-help and so to provide an antidote to the possible consequences of the Welfare State."

Today there are Outward Bound schools in Germany, Australia, Holland, Kenya, Malaya, New Zealand, Nigeria, Southern Rhodesia, and Zambia. Four American schools have been established -one in the Colorado Rockies, another in the woods of northern Minnesota, one on Hurricane Island, Maine, and a mountain school in Oregon. Since 1941, 100,000 boys and girls have gone through Outward Bound, 3,000 of them in this country. American advocates of the movement aim to put their sweat shirt, emblazoned with the credo, "TO SERVE, TO STRIVE, AND NOT TO YIELD," on many more kids, and their chances look good. Soon Outward Bound may be all the educational rage here.

The American schools insist on mixing evenly "scholarship" boys, many of them delinquent Negroes and Puerto Ricans, with students who pay $100 tuition. Money for equipment and hiring expert instructors comes mostly from well-heeled trustees, with a small but growing contributio from the federal Poverty Program. Some soli citizens of New England, familiar with the Main Coast from having passed their vacations cruisin it, selected Hurricane Island and rented it fo Outward Bound.

Edward Grossman, a graduate of Harvard, has written for "Commentary" and other magazines, including this one. Now an editor of "Harper's," he is also at work on a book of French history.

First Run of the Zombi

Hurricane, formerly the site of a granite-quar rying village but unused since 1915, is 2.5 mile around, and 12 miles out in Penobscot Bay. sailed from Rockland, Maine, out to Hurrican in one of the school's 30-foot whaleboats, togethe with twelve others who were going to take th course for prospective instructors (which is, i anything, more rigorous than what the boys g through). We made a heterogeneous crew: a nine teen-year-old machinist interested in youth work a couple of veterans of the Peace Corps, severa young history and gym teachers from New York and New Jersey, an insurance underwriter, and three elders, all teachers in Trenton, New Jersey high schools—Cal Taylor, thirty-seven (truant officer, ex-prizefighter), Leo Fox, forty (another shop teacher, 250 pounds, green baseball hat, habit of calling people "Ace"), and José Gonzalez, forty-six (teacher of disturbed and underprivileged children, ex-pilot in the Flying Tigers, graduate of Yale Drama School, ex-stage and screen actor, practicing sculptor). These three were taking the course at the same time as a group of their Trenton students. The fourteenth man in our boat was instructor Barry Crook, twenty-four, a toothy, muscular Liverpudlian who looks like a choirboy and talks like a Beatle. After a smooth three-hour cruise, we docked at Hurricane. I remarked to Leo Fox, "This isn't going to be so bad," and he said, "You may be right, Ace."

We got settled in our tents and had supper in the mess hall with the kids, about eighty-five of them, many bigger and huskier than I remember kids being when I was one. Afterwards instructor Crook met our group in the twilight and proposed "a quiet walk around the island," which seemed a good idea. "Follow me, lads," he cried, taking off at a quick trot. He raced us through brambly meadows, down forest paths where moss concealed treacherous roots, then out to the ocean's edge, leaping from one monstrous rock to another with the surf crashing below. A ten-second stop to let us take in the stupendous sunset, then up and over a 25-foot tower made of granite blocks. More running. Suddenly we were in a forest clearing, staring at a sheer, 13-foot wooden barricade. The

object: to get everyone over. In two minutes of clawing, pushing, and cursing, we did it. Then off again. There was almost no light now, only Crook's bobbing blond head was visible, leading us on to the bottom of the quarry cliffs. Like a mountain goat he galloped up the nearly perpendicular rock face, here stopping to inch along a narrow ledge, there jumping nonchalantly, until he reached the top, about 200 feet up into the gloom.

Zombi-like we followed. I wondered what sound a falling body makes on granite. About halfway up I thought I was about to find out. I was making my way on all fours up a section covered by thin gravel when I lost my footing and started sliding down on my stomach. The man climbing behind me wailed, "Hey, you're going the wrong way!" I shut my eyes and in some manner stopped myself before colliding with him. Bathed in cool sweat I started back up. After the ascent, more sprinting through the black woods. Finally, back at the mess hall, Crook, looking much refreshed, told us that would be all for now.

My knees were bleeding, my hands bruised, and a large blue egg was growing on my right ankle. The group, stunned, picked its way back to the tents and crawled into sleeping bags.

No sooner, it seemed, had I zipped in than Crook was shouting gaily, "Up, mates, up! It's late!" It was, to be exact, 5:30 A.M., time for the Run and Dip. The Run is a two-mile duplication, minus the quarry business, of what we had done before going to sleep; the Dip is a leap from a dock 20 feet into the 48° Atlantic. Rain or shine, R&D ushers in each day at Hurricane. The whole school collects at the dock after the Run, and each "Watch," or group of twelve boys, goes over the side in turn. "Dunkirk" Watch (in honor of the courageous evacuation), "Jones" (after John Paul Jones), "Bowditch" (after a nineteenth-century navigator). For anyone not a circus performer, this stunt is dismaying. "Man, Ah ain't going to do it!" one of the Trenton boys announced. But his instructor and comrades insisted: if he didn't jump, they would lose points in competition with the other Watches. In everything, down to swabbing the outhouses, the Watches compete. So he jumped. Another Trenton boy also gave way to the same sort of pressure down at the quarry pool. He jumped in, but instead of swimming ashore, he promptly sank. When he was just as promptly pulled out by a lifeguard, he commented, "Ah thought you *knowed* Ah can't swim."

Remarkably enough, the feeling after the R&D (if you can swim) is of sudden euphoria. It comes from shocking the body, from healthy fatigue, from the bracing dawn air, and not a little from discovering yourself still alive after doing a thing that appeared suicidal. This sensation followed many of the activities at Hurricane, and distracted me from a mass of minor hurts. Within a couple of days our group was introduced to:

• DROWNPROOFING, a method of exquisite breath, body, and mind control which, if mastered, is supposed to keep you alive for hours, even with cramps, in all but the most mountainous seas. The basic position is the Dead Man's Float (head under water), using the natural buoyancy of the body. The head is exposed only to take a quick breath every six seconds or so, then back under water. The theory is explained and demonstrated with beautiful sangfroid at the quarry pool by Reagh Wetmore, forty-three, who teaches drownproofing at Phillips Andover. But once in the water, especially when your hands and feet are tied with rope to simulate cramps, all is not so logical. After swallowing a few gallons I quit; the boys have it harder, they are pressured to stay in despite panic. "As long as a guy is screaming," says Wetmore, "we know he's all right." Negro kids I saw, for environmental or physiological reasons, were uncomfortable in the water—Wetmore calls them "sinkers." Several suffered quite horribly. They were glad to get out. So was I.

• RAPPELLING, which is conducted on the truly vertical section of the cliffs. "It's all in the friction," explains Crook, who has done this sort of thing in the Alps. "It's very safe." Rappelling means tying one end of a long rope to a tree at the top of the cliff, threading the rope through a snaplink at your waist, bracing the rope with your right hand against your hip, and then walking backwards over the edge of the abyss and down to the







bottom. "Keep your feet flat on the rock face," advises Crook as he descends and we peer over the edge. "Lean wa-a-a-y out. Don't worry, this nylon rope is 3,000-pound test." Though I believe him, there is something about stepping backwards into thin ozone, above the tops of pine trees and crows circling like vultures, that the nerve cells resist. Some of us go over with alacrity; others, like ashen-faced stand-ins for Harold Lloyd. The euphoria arrives about ten feet down, when you realize there is a good chance the rope is not going to snap. Then you wet your cracked lips, gaze over your shoulder to the razor-sharp ocean horizon, smile wanly at the fellows below.

• THE ROPES COURSE, where I chickened out. I should mention that the day before this incident, something happened that reinforced my yellow streak. Crook had set us this problem: A beam, parallel to and ten feet above the ground, has been nailed between two trees. A log lies free on the ground. Put the log across the beam and balance the whole group, minus the Falstaffian Leo Fox, on the seesawing log. "Okay, pair up by weights," directs Flying Tiger Gonzalez, the oldest and most respected hand. We get the log up, and two by two clamber up, straddle it, and inch outward. The balance is precarious, the position tiring. Finally all are up. A thin cheer. But now what? We have not discussed the matter of getting *down*. Confused shouting. "Everybody let go when I say three!" "No! Get off two by two!" "Decide something, I can't hold on much longer!" "Christ, don't let go!" Too late. Someone (not I) lets go, and eleven bodies fly like discarded marionettes. I only break my spectacles; Big Jim Shugrue, the nineteen-year-old machinist, breaks his wrist, wrenches his back, and is taken away on a stretcher.

Now the ROPES COURSE is a maze whose *pièce de résistance* is a creaking, swaying "Burma Bridge" suspended between two trees at an altitude of 50 feet. The Bridge is simply a tightrope with two other ropes beside it for support beneath the armpits. With the memory of Shugrue's misfortune vivid, this is where I drew the line. The others went up, but despite Crook's assurances that it was "perfectly safe and you'll feel great after," I stayed below. A coward kid would have been put under severe pressure by his mates, and would have gone up trembling, and, chances are, come down unscathed and triumphant. Sometimes, infrequently, I wish I had given it a try.

• SAILING & NAVIGATION, the Feature Attraction at Hurricane. Since part of every day is spent on the ocean, even a landlubber like me couldn't help learning something of chart- and compass-reading, sailing, taking the helm, and rowing—above all, rowing. On overnight Expeditions the wind failed, so we rowed the whaleboat all day and once until 2:00 A.M. in order to camp on a particularly lovely island. It was that night I had my most exotic scare. We had been paddling around in the murk for hours, and it was becoming obvious that—save for Mr. Crook, who so far had done little more than smile knowingly and leave the navigation to us—nobody had the foggiest notion where we were. Finally even Crook got nervous. He shouted, "Oars!" and we stopped rowing and slumped over our oars while he trained a flashlight on the soggy chart. I was taking this opportunity to recall the last time I had slept between sheets on a real bed, when about ten feet from the end of my oar something surfaced and began breathing. Everyone on board looked in that direction and *stopped* breathing, except José Gonzalez, who said, matter-of-factly, "It's a whale, boys." Each hair on my head stood on end. I thought, What a curious way for my life to end—in a jacket illustration for *Moby Dick*.

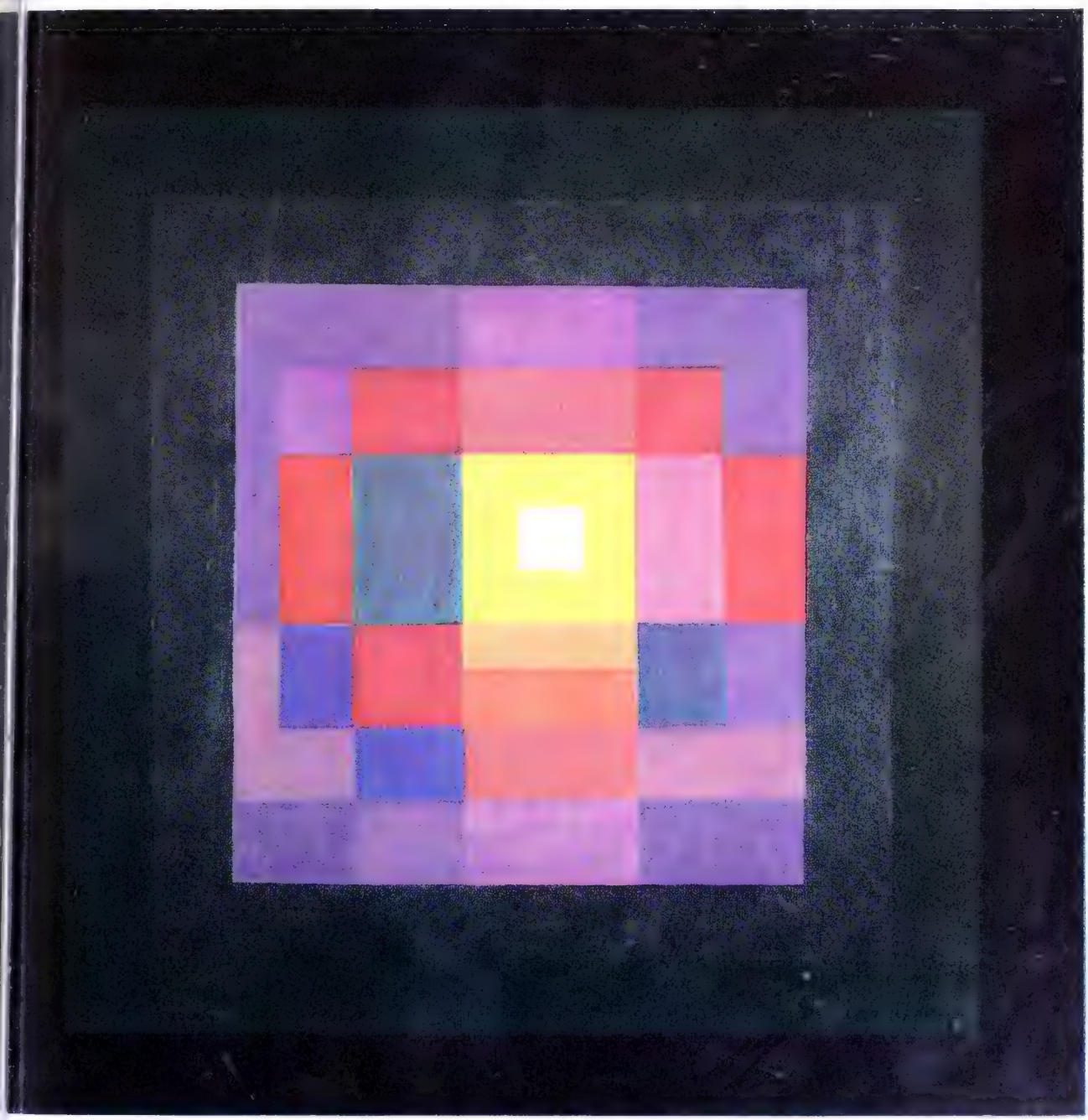
After what seemed no longer than a century, Crook slowly played the light out over the water, reluctant as any of us to see this thing, and found . . . a beautiful, intelligent, nonbelligerent porpoise. (Later Crook changed the course sharply; we made our destination.)

Under these conditions a fellowship of the battlefield grew up. In a special sense, we got to know each other better than our closest friends in the ordinary world—which seemed incredibly distant. Disputes flared, but were usually settled with good humor; weaknesses were exposed, but seldom exploited. This sounds strange to civilized ears; it is, indeed, ineffable, like the peacefulness on the boys' faces as they return to Hurricane after Expedition, tired, dirty, proud as Vikings.

Shaping Up the Mix

The mood at Hurricane, despite the fearful things that go on there, is upbeat. This surprised me, not only because I expected stress would make people edgy, but because the human combinations on the island seemed all wrong. The delinquents would be sullen and intractable. The preppies, who make up almost half the boys and more than half the instructors, would exhibit that mental cruelty and body pride that are ways of life at prep school as I remember it. Then there was the matter of integration at close quarters—could it work? And in any event adolescence is not the gladdest or most ingratiating of ages.

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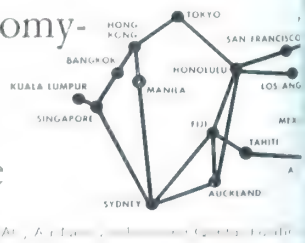
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But I found that although these behavior patterns may crop up, they are dealt with efficiently, so that the place functions on a level of cooperation and tolerance that I have hardly seen before, even on an Israeli kibbutz. I heard teasing, but little of the pathological sarcasm I knew at prep school; I saw no fist-fights; color did not seem to make a difference (though the white boys were soon using the livelier idiom of the Negroes); menial tasks like washing dishes were performed cheerfully ("Manual labor," said Crook, helping us unload the supply boat from the mainland, "is not some Spaniard").

Problem cases are treated by mixing appeals to a boy's sense of responsibility to his Watch with private threats of ostracism. "Now listen," I overheard Peter Willauer, the school director, saying in a brutal voice to Josh, a Trenton Negro who wanted to drop out, "until you shape up I'm not even goin' to *talk* to you, understand?" Josh, a likable kid with a police record, a pregnant girl friend back home, and a reputation as a Golden Gloves boxer, was suffering from the "culture shock" of coming from a gray slum into a grand wilderness, and seeing people exploit the wilderness for some inscrutable end. Not to be too anthropological about it, Josh was also a Cool Cat—why make himself uncomfortable rowing all over the ocean, man? So he would just go along for the ride, piddling around with his oar, briefly making a furious effort when the boys teased him about "changing your diapers," then piddling again. "We got a problem on board, Sir," a white boy from North Carolina nicknamed "Mother" told me, with no bitterness, when I accompanied Josh's Watch on a raw, drizzly day. "We're trying to take care of it." A few days later the boys did something clever: they elected Josh their Captain. This is a supervisory job that ordinarily is won by the group Straight Arrow, the Eagle Scout type. Josh accepted his new responsibility with gusto. "I got to keep after these guys day and night," he complained to me. "Some of them is so *lazy*." Still, it remained touch and go with him. He would participate, even lead, then turn cool again and refuse to get out of bed. He got caught smoking. But, unlike two of his Trenton pals who managed to be so uncooperative they were allowed to go home the first week, Josh stuck out the course.

Director Willauer, thirty-two, a hardnose who sailed Olympic yachts while in the Navy and teaches math at the patrician Groton School, believes the Outward Bound experience will help Josh stayed out of trouble. Willauer cites the evidence gathered by the Massachusetts Youth Service on thirty-seven delinquents who finished courses at OB schools in Colorado, Minnesota, and Hurricane Island in 1965. These boys were in reform schools and each had been in court an average of three times. After they came back from OB they were paroled, and, instead of the normal "recidivism rate" of eight parole violators, there has so far only been one.

Willauer also quotes from "impressions" the boys are asked to write after they have completed the course:

> This has meant more to me than anything else in the world. It's been tough, but in a sense it's been easy, it's shown me that I never really knew my own capacity. (*From a boy referred to OB by a Juvenile Court judge.*)

> Outward Bound has given me a better sense of responsibility . . . By looking back on my life, I can see how I've been selfish mainly looking out for myself and not caring about the other fellow. (*From a boy sent by a social agency.*)

An "impression" that Willauer neglects to quote was one I ran across in an anthology published by the English OB organization. The anthologist called its author "a boy who missed the point":

> Now that there are no more hills to climb I think I enjoyed it, but as to proving to myself that you can climb hills by climbing them it is a complete waste of energy, because if anyone was dieing up there you'd get up quick enough anyway. The last three day scheme was the best because I was just beginning to get used to hill climbing and also because there were only a few days to the end of the course. . . . As for the instructors the majority seem alwright and although very fit the way they act is very babyish, and to my way of thinking they must be a little mad because they seem to enjoy themselfs while using a lot of energy when they have other means of transport.

It was the anthologist, of course, who missed the point this funny kid was making: that certain boys won't buy the OB message, among them the ironically intelligent. I wonder what the English kid would make of the inspirational morning talks at Hurricane, delivered by instructors on a rock overlooking the rising sun, and of instructor Lance Lee, ex-Marine with unblinking, zealous gaze and a posture that could only be caused by a swallowed broomstick, who urges his audience to take a lesson in stick-to-itiveness from Jason and the Argonauts. What of the radio tent, where boys run a short-wave twenty-four hours a day, waiting for a rescuable civilian to turn up, but mostly talking to instructors, who scurry about the island with walkie-talkies like Captain Video? And what of the fake fires set by Willauer before ringing the general alarm, and the fake plastic wounds, doused with ketchup, that are glued on the limb

of a "victim" whom the boys anxiously—the first time, anyway—discover in a remote part of the island and must evacuate? Crying wolf is a vocation at Hurricane.

That OB is not for every boy is recognized by Founding Father Kurt Hahn himself, still going strong at eighty-one. He said during a recent American visit, "There is a kind of boy who remains contentedly unfit, whom you cannot challenge. . . . He is like that permissive educator who once challenged me by asking, 'Dr. Hahn, do your boys enjoy jumping, running, and throwing?' I answered, 'Do you enjoy brushing your teeth, Sir?' And he said, 'I don't enjoy it, and I don't do it.'" Neither would Hahn challenge another type of boy, whose "nervous and muscular conditions are not up to the demands of this kind of training." Among these I would include the kids I saw who lost consciousness or succumbed to exposure while undergoing Drownproofing, and the boy who, in tears, was forced to rappel over the cliff by his instructor.

If, at Hurricane, Hahn sometimes goes unheeded in this respect, in another he is so slavishly followed that he is misunderstood. "Rescue service must have the place of honor at Outward Bound," Hahn says. "He who drudges and labors, accepts hardships and dangers, all for the sake of helping his brother in peril, he discovers God's purpose." But as there are too few real emergencies at Hurricane, they must be concocted. True, the boys I talked with did not seem to mind being tricked; yet a moralistic educator would condemn this deception. And when a genuine emergency *did* occur, what happened made me wonder whether the rescue was worth it: Three men from the mainland had rented a lobster boat, and run aground across the sound from Hurricane. Their distress signal was picked up and a group of boys with their instructor hurried over in the school's rescue boat. They attached a tow to the sailboat to pull it free, but unluckily it was a nylon line, which stretched and then burst, flying like a whip through the air and hitting one of the boys in the face. He was hospitalized on the mainland and almost lost an eye. The incident made the Maine papers, winning OB some bad publicity. "You people are crazy," a hotel manager told me my first night back in civilization.

Such accidents are minor compared to what has happened at other OB schools. In Minnesota a boy fell out of a canoe into rapids and drowned. In Colorado, another suffered a brain concussion while climbing, and an instructor was killed by a falling rock. OB missionaries—like Joshua Miner, former teacher at Phillips Andover and President of Outward Bound U. S. A.—realize that the public's attitude toward their movement will be influenced by these disasters. But although he says "foolhardiness is inexcusable," and (justly) points to the many OB safety rules, Miner insists the dangers must be real, or else "the city kid will remain comfortable in his responses, and we won't be able to do anything with him. . . . Where the forces of nature are untamed as in the mountains or on the waterways, accidents do occur and we must be willing to accept more risk for the benefits to be derived, than we do in everyday life."

Accidents have not slowed down Miner's campaign. A fifth school, to operate year-round rather than just in summer, will open in North Carolina soon. The Minnesota school is running courses for girls. The Colorado and Maine schools have contracted with the Office of Economic Opportunity to incorporate OB principles into both urban and rural Job Corps centers. And, what Miner considers most significant, an "urban-based, locally run" course is now under way in Trenton, using the talents of Barry Crook, José Gonzalez, and some of the boys who were at Hurricane. About 150 high-school boys in this experiment are working with underprivileged children and constructing vest-pocket parks after school during the week, and on weekends going to state parks to rock-climb and camp out. Miner sees "Urban Outward Bound" as a way of getting Kurt Hahn's ideas "into the American mainstream." Money for the Trenton experiment is being contributed by the federal government under Title I of the 1965 Education Act ("assistance to local agencies for the education of low-income families") and by the Ford Foundation.



To no one's surprise, urban OB is having trouble. Besides red tape from the municipal bureaucracy, the high schools, and regular social agencies, the Trenton exper-

ment must contend with the distractions civilization holds out to teen-age boys: cars, clothes, TV, sports, and teen-age girls. Only when the boys take off for weekends, when the favorable conditions of simplicity and physical exertion are regained, does the project, as Gonzalez says, "go great guns." (My friend Josh—now back home—shuns both urban and wilderness aspects of the project; but he *has* joined a Knights of Columbus drill team, and so far he has stayed on the healthy side of the law.)

Though it is too early to tell if OB can take root in the city, the difficulties it is meeting there may relate to a criticism some have made of the entire movement—that Outward Bound's apparent success in improving boys is based on an artificial situation (the wilderness) and contrived means (such as rappelling), which have little relevance to the urban civilization the boys come out of and must go back to; thus the boys' "improvement" can only be superficial and fleeting. Often Outward Bound's critics endorse such ideas as reviving the New Deal's Civilian Conservation Corps, and other schemes to get youngsters outdoors, but they reject what similarity OB has with the CCC on the grounds that OB's activities are not "constructive" (building roads, planting forests), and that OB seems to be run by the rich for the poor.

The special circumstances of Outward Bound's operations are clear. In addition, the movement is, in an ingenious and breezy way, conservative, and its style carries a faint odor of paternalism. Some Negroes (OB President Miner, when I put this to him, disparaged them as "professional Negroes") will certainly repudiate the notion that giving a slum boy four weeks in white vacationland can touch the economic and social conditions that formed the boy and will keep forming others.

These criticisms are valid; but they should not be allowed to obscure Outward Bound's worthy aspects. OB need not be a panacea to be valuable. It is sufficient that for at least a few weeks it succeeds astonishingly well at being educational—in the original sense of the word, that is, in taking a kid out of the impacted routine of his existence and opening his eyes a bit to new surroundings, to physical and mental potentialities he may not have thought he had, and to possibilities for cooperation with his fellows, albeit under unique conditions. Even in my advanced senility I learned such things, and though I won't pretend the experience has changed me much, its memory lingers on, interesting to me and vaguely encouraging.

As for the contrived activities at Hurricane, while I have no use for bogus accidents and fires, or for boys' hurting themselves in rescue attempts that are the Coast Guard's business, I don't think it is wise to be dogmatic about artifice in education. Perhaps the most enlightening exercise I pulled off at OB was artificial in the extreme—being put alone in the outdoors for seventy-two hours without food. It is the episode with which I began this report, and it is known in OB parlance as solo.

The Table Is Set—for One

"Solo isn't meant to be an ordeal," Euell Gibbons, Hurricane's resident naturalist, reassures his charges. "Just be like me: Nature is my mother, and I'm her favorite son." Gibbons has been a teacher, farmer, and hobo, and has written books (*Stalking the Blue-eyed Scallop, Stalking the Healthful Herbs*) about the salubrious pleasures of eating wild food. His looks do justice to the adjective "craggy." He prepares the boys for solo by trotting them around Hurricane several times on "Ecology Walks," gathering wild delicacies and staples that the boys should look for on their own islands. Among the delicacies are raspberries, clams, and crabs; among the staples, the spinach-like orach plant, miniature beach peas, and mussels.

Gibbons is an engaging character and the boys enjoy his sessions. But they get apprehensive as the time for solo approaches. They are uncertain how they will react to hunger, boredom, the dark, being alone. From the faculty's point of view this is good, for it sets the boys up for what solo is meant and hoped to be: a time for reflection, for discovery of "inner resources" (or the lack of them), in an utterly quiet and private place, after the highly organized and communal schedule at Hurricane.

Luckily, I had fine weather for my solo; rain can make the exercise a misery even for the most resourceful. On a bright morning Gibbons and Crook left me on an island about one nautical mile from Hurricane. When their motorboat was out of sight I was overcome with happiness. Now I could lie in bed as late as I liked, and be rid of the Run and Dip. I dumped my sleeping bag and other hardware on the beach and pranced around the perimeter of my new domain, munching berries, skipping stones into the surf, and generally wasting energy I should have conserved. I didn't come to my senses until I noticed the ocean was getting low and remembered what Gibbons had told me, "When the tide is out, the table is set."

I began to slosh through the icy water looking for the makings of my first banquet. Soon I

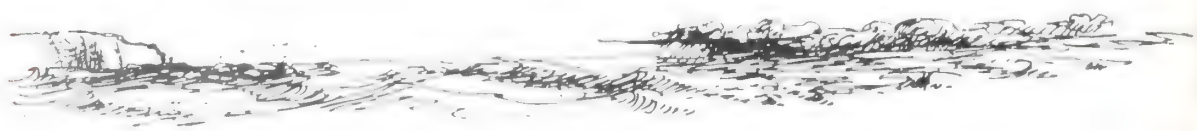
grabbed a sea urchin, but after that nothing. I had expected hordes of crabs and clams—it seemed so simple when Gibbons did it. Above high-tide line I fared somewhat better, discovering patches of beach peas and orach. I shelled the sea urchin, placed its pulp in a tin can with the greenery and some salt water, and prepared to cook the mess. First, though, the fire. I was quite hungry by now (it was early afternoon), and hastily used too few small twigs. Quickly the wind blew out my first four efforts, which meant I had only eight matches left. My stomach growled in panic. It occurred to me that if I was going to survive I had better shape up. The next ignition was as carefully planned as brain surgery, and it worked. For twenty minutes I nursed the boiling pot. But when I drained it there was only a sticky gruel on the bottom, and this I ate, with little satisfaction, inside a minute.

I spread out my sleeping bag in the shelter of a rock, lay down, and thought about food. I guessed that I was going to have to spend most of my time getting and preparing food, and that is how it turned out. One of the superior insights I gained during solo was of how obscene the consumption of food in everyday life is, the obscenity being in the contrast between the pain of bringing food from the soil to the table, and the mindless eating of it. Ordinarily the hardest thing about my nourishment is getting the waiter's attention.

At next low tide, just before sundown, I sallied forth determined to succeed. I must have turned over a thousand small rocks in the water before I saw a sideways movement and pounced on it, crying, "Got you, you little bastard!" The little bastard was a *Carcinides maenas*, a "battling green" crab, and I cooked him until he was red and tasty. In my three days I was to catch more crabs, and gorge myself on berries and peas, but I never rose from a meal without feeling I could immediately eat another. The ache in my gut matured nicely; by the end of the solo it would have done an ascetic proud. I don't say this condition made my thoughts always deep and spiritual; but I did find myself, between food expeditions, reciting to an audience of bemused gulls from the *Prayer Book for Jewish Personnel in the Armed Forces of the United States.* (Before solo, the boys are offered their choice of prayer book; it is the only reading matter allowed.) The gulls didn't know what to make of me. They would be looking me over at day's last light, as I turned in, and in the morning, when the glare of the sun woke me u against my best intentions, they came roun again. I considered hypnotizing one of them an catching him; but Gibbons had said gull meat wa tough, so I decided against it.

In any event, my energy was ebbing too low, an my reflexes were getting too sluggish, for suc heroics. When I got up the third day I almos fainted from weakness; later I fell heavily o some seaweed while collecting mussels. It wa safest, obviously, just to sit and kill time unti they came to pick me up. So I sat, watching th sun describe its career across the sky. The wate shimmered. Presently I detected my mind crum bling. Was this really the third day? Perhaps i was only the second. On the other hand, it coul be the *fourth* day. Had they decided to let me di here?

I was concentrating on how many times the sur had gone up and down, when out of the south two masts came into view, then a sleek hull, an finally human beings, one of whom was looking at me through binoculars and pointing. I hear their voices, the first it seemed in years, and the sound choked me up with love for my kind. I wobbled down to the shore, waving, and watched as they put down a dinghy and rowed in, two men and three women, out of New York in a chartered yacht. They inspected me and my settlement with awe. I suppose I looked strange, with my beard and dirty clothes and a bandage over my sunburned neck. The ladies especially could not get over my daring and expertise. "You mean they didn't give you *any* food? And don't you get scared in the dark?" While they helped themselves to some of my berries, I modestly but comprehensively gave them the lowdown. The visit, which lasted two hours, snapped me out of my blues. By the time the civilians returned to their floating pleasure dome I felt serene: I was doing something they could not imagine, I knew something they didn't. Though I wasn't snotty about it, I knew I was better than they for it. Not even when they proceeded to have lunch on deck, in my full view and saying things like "Pass the steak sauce, please," did I have any but the most charitable feelings for them. I was transcending my stomach, I was sure that it was, indeed, the third day, and I knew that, in the words of my favorite prep-school hymn, *Soon, soon, to faithful warriors cometh rest.*



Ronald Steel

ONE MILLIONAIRE AND TWENTY BEGGARS

Why violent revolutions probably are inevitable in most of Latin America—in spite of anything the United States can do.

The Alliance for Progress is an alliance between one millionaire and twenty beggars.
—Fidel Castro

It has become a truism, and a tired one at that, to say there are no easy solutions for what ails Latin America. The problems caused by political feudalism, social repression, and economic stagnation are so deep and their effects so widespread that chances for orderly and peaceful change in Latin America are not encouraging. It is not simply that conditions are barely tolerable for the vast majority of Latin Americans—they are getting worse. Today food consumption per inhabitant is less than it was twenty-five years ago. Much of the continent is plagued by severe undernourishment, and, as the population bomb takes its toll, prospects for the future are blacker still. With the highest birth rate in the world, Latin America is expected to double its population within thirty-five years, creating twice as many mouths to feed on the same inadequate resources. Figures like these transform abstract terms like "population explosion" into a social catastrophe.

The uncontrolled rise in population, disturbing enough in itself, is aggravated by the scarcity of accessible farmland. Throughout much of the continent, most of the arable land lies either in the hands of a few wealthy proprietors or else is parceled out into thousands of minuscule plots too tiny to be farmed productively or to earn their peasant owners a decent living. Between the big estates and the tiny plots is little on which to build a stable agricultural base capable of feeding and supporting the continent's population. Land distribution is largely based upon feudal patterns inherited from the Spanish and Portuguese, and except for Cuba, Bolivia, and Mexico, there has never been comprehensive agrarian reform. The United States has urged the Latin-American governments to push through land-reform programs, and a few are attempting to do so on a limited scale. But in much of Latin America the government is run by a landowning oligarchy which has no intention of relinquishing its land, because land is the basis of its political and economic power, not to mention social prestige. To ask it to share some of its wealth is to seek a degree of social responsibility and political awareness which is rare in any oligarchy, and virtually unheard of in Latin America.

Shackled by a rigid social structure, a feudal land pattern, and the demands of a galloping population, the nations of Latin America also have underdeveloped or lopsided economies. Like other countries of the Third World, they are usually dependent on a primary product, whether it be a crop or a raw material, for their livelihood. The product varies from country to country—bananas in Panama, coffee in Brazil, copper in Chile, oil in Venezuela, tin in Bolivia—but the problem of a one- or two-crop economy is the same. These products account for the bulk of the foreign currency they earn—currency they need to feed their population, buy essential imports, and industrialize themselves. Yet such products are subject to wild fluctuations in price, depending on the size of the crop, the foreign competition, and the de-

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mands of the market. Sugar, for example, during a single period in 1963-65 fell from twelve cents a pound on the world market to three cents a pound. Such fluctuations spell catastrophe for nations trying to achieve orderly economic development.

The economic crisis faced by many Latin-American nations has served to reinforce a social crisis resulting from the breakdown of the feudal order. Virtually every Latin-American society is going through a period of sustained social tension that inspires searches for radical solutions. The oligarchies feel the rumble of popular discontent, and even the democratic governments face social and economic ordeals they may not be able to surmount. It is generally assumed that Latin America is ripe for a social revolution. Whether or not the communists will benefit from such a revolution is difficult to say. But some kind of revolution—whether it be inspired by Castroism or by fascism—seems likely in a number of countries.

It is wishful thinking to imagine that private enterprise will stave off such a revolution by gradually raising the standard of living over the decades. Latin America will not wait. It may even be asking too much of democratic government to channel such a revolution. Unless a way is found to feed undernourished masses, provide jobs for the unemployed, introduce radical agrarian reform, redistribute income, and achieve a meaningful degree of political equality, democracy is likely to be rejected for one of the totalitarian formulas which are exerting an increasingly powerful appeal. Indeed, it is surprising that democracy has fared so well, considering the fact that, to the landless peasant and the slum-dwelling urban proletarian, political democracy as practiced in much of Latin America has not meant much more than the freedom to starve. To sacrifice that kind of freedom is not going to be a difficult choice, particularly when almost any alternative seems better.

Why They Admire Castro

Although Latin America has had hundreds, if not thousands, of revolts, coups, and insurrections, only three times has a fundamental change in the social order been achieved: in Mexico in 1910, in Bolivia in 1952, and in Cuba in 1959. All the rest—the uprisings, the coups, the interchangeable caudillos—was simply a change of characters within the same basic plot. Only these three revolutions destroyed the power of an oppressive oligarchy, redistributed the national wealth, and achieved a system of social equality. And in each case, the revolution was achieved by violence. Considering their own history, and looking at the stagnation and paralysis around them, it is not surprising that Latin-American reformers are becoming increasingly pessimistic about peaceful change and are turning toward the extremes. In a continent where military coups are the norm and where elections have been little more than charades, even the best-willed reformers think in terms of revolution.

The Latin-American radicals are virtually a class unto themselves. Rarely having experienced a viable democratic government, they are less concerned with formal constitutional guarantees than with breaking the grip of the oligarchy and launching a social revolution that will remake their societies. In this effort they have been inspired, in a limited but important way, by Fidel Castro. That Castro has turned his revolution into a political tyranny is not quite as significant as the fact that he has remade Cuba from top to bottom. Moreover, to have smashed the Batista dictatorship and broken the power of the Cuban oligarchy with Uncle Sam's big stick only 90 miles away—that is a source of inspiration for many Latin Americans. Even those who have little sympathy for Fidel admire his defiance of Washington, for when confronted with the power of the United States, they cannot help thinking of themselves in Cuba's shoes.

Reformers are impressed by Cuba's domestic gains. While other Latin governments form committees to discuss new housing, schools, and hospitals for the poor, the Cubans have already built them; while the others muse over the problems of agrarian reform, the Cubans have put it into practice. Even with the American embargo, they have achieved a formidable 8 per cent growth rate in recent years—an enviable record by any standards. It is not in his domestic policy that Fidel has lost support among the Latin-American radicals, but in a foreign policy which has become almost totally dependent on the Soviet Union. He is frequently criticized for turning Cuba into a Russian dependency—but then most Latins are convinced that the United States drove him to it against his will.

The Cuban example is one, although not the only, violent alternative open to Latin America if peaceful reform does not come fast enough. Another is the possibility of an insurrection by younger army officers determined to push through

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Ronald Steel's next book, "Pax Americana," from which this article is adapted, is his fourth in the fields of U. S. policy and foreign affairs. It will be published by the Viking Press in June. He was formerly a Foreign Service officer, lived in Europe, and traveled widely in North Africa and the Near East.

social reforms opposed by the oligarchy and by their own generals. This could lead to a military dictatorship, perhaps with vaguely democratic aspirations, rather like the rule of Nasser in Egypt or of Ayub Khan in Pakistan—authoritarian, radical, but noncommunist. In Latin America, as in many other parts of the Third World, younger military officers are imbued with a desire for economic progress, and they resent a feudal social order which provides no outlet for their ambitions, or any future for their country but economic stagnation. A third possibility is a national socialism of the kind espoused by Juan Perón during his heyday in Argentina: a fascist dictatorship. A fourth choice of status quo does not exist. Even in the most repressive and primitive backwaters of Latin America, such as Paraguay, Haiti, and Nicaragua, the archaic and dictatorial one-man states cannot indefinitely hope to survive the ferment that is sweeping the rest of the continent, any more than Batista survived it in Cuba or Trujillo in the Dominican Republic.

How to Buy a Revolution

The question of whether Latin America will have bloody or peaceful revolutions is one in which the United States has a serious and abiding interest, but far from a controlling one. What we do or don't do can have an enormous impact on the future of Latin America. But in the long run what happens to these countries depends upon the people themselves—what they are willing to fight for and what they are willing to endure. And they are becoming less and less patient. The facts are in harsh contrast to the official pieties from Washington on the glowing prospects for orderly change. Although the Cuban revolution dates all the way back to 1959 and the Alliance for Progress to 1961, there has been little improvement in the Latin-American social structure. Nearly everywhere the oligarchy remains in tight control; indeed, the democratic process has broken down in a number of countries. Except for Chile and Venezuela, there has been little reform in the key areas of land holdings, tax revision, and income redistribution. Yet it is precisely in these areas that the architects of the Alliance for Progress placed much faith.*

It was neither charity nor a guilty conscience, but Fidel Castro who provided the inspiration for the Alliance for Progress. By bringing the Cold War into the Western Hemisphere, by forcing Washington to realize that it could no longer take Latin America for granted, he galvanized U. S. policy makers and terrified Congress into voting $20 billion over a ten-year period for the economic development of Latin America.

Castro's brand of revolution was exactly what the Alliance was designed to prevent. The Alliance sought to do with dollars that which Castro had done with rifles and communist manifestos—it was constructed to buy a social revolution. By a combination of U. S. political pressure and financial aid the Latin-American governments would be encouraged to make essential reforms, and the need for violent revolution could be eliminated. *Fidelismo* would be discredited by being made to seem irrelevant.

This analysis mingled its idealism with a heavy dose of realism. "Political freedom," President Kennedy told the Latin-American ambassadors in the spring of 1961, "must be accompanied by social change, for unless necessary social reforms, including land and tax reform, are freely made—unless we broaden the opportunity of all our people—unless the great mass of Americans share in increasing prosperity—then our alliance, our dream will have failed." To bring about this social change, U. S. officials counted heavily upon the reform-minded elements of the middle class—the journalists, the professors, the students, the lawyers, and the liberal intelligentsia. These are the most outspoken voices for change in Latin America, and these, it was assumed, would be the natural allies of the Alliance. They, in the name of self-interest even more than idealism, would make its cause their own, because its aims were theirs.

Frighten the oligarchy, woo the intelligentsia. Yet neither the bogey-man nor the bait worked. The Latin-American reformers—and particularly the left-wing radicals, who are most outspoken against the oligarchy—proved incapable of swallowing any program that bore the fatal stamp, Made in U. S. A. The fact that it might be for their own benefit, that through North American help the oligarchy's power might be broken, was less important to them than that it was Yankee in inspiration. Their traditional anti-*yanquismo* was too strong, their own demagoguery too compelling, their inbred suspicions too overwhelming, and their preference for talk over action too inbred, to permit them to adopt the Alianza.

If the reformers turned their back, the oligarchy proved to be indifferent or even hostile. In most countries the landowning rich were less wor-

*At this writing, it looks as if the hemispheric summit meeting scheduled to be held at Punta del Este in April 1967 will only dramatize how little progress has been made since the launching of the Alianza para el Progresso six years ago.

ried by *Fidelismo* than by the loss of their privileges through Alianza reforms. Washington's gory picture of imminent revolution seemed exaggerated, while its prescription for reforms horrified them. If revolt were to break out, they were convinced that the army would quickly suppress it—and the army, or so they thought, was in their pocket. As for Washington's bribes, they were convinced that the United States would have to keep pumping dollars into Latin America anyway—not to encourage reforms, but to protect the economic investments of its own private corporations. American business, they reasoned, would never allow the Administration to tolerate another Cuba. And even if Wall Street were willing to write off its investments as a bad gamble, Congress could surely be counted on to oppose any revolution which could be labeled, rightly or wrongly, as communist-inspired. The oligarchy's assessment turned out to be more or less correct.

Faced with the hostility of the business groups, the conservatism of the urban middle class, the refusal of the oligarchies to be frightened or bought off, and the reluctance of the radical left to have anything to do with the *Yanquis*, the Alianza has been politically paralyzed. It has had to dispense aid on the basis of promises offered rather than on performance rendered and content itself with the usual jobs of technical assistance: building roads, hospitals, and schools. Worthy projects all, but a far cry from its original intentions, and also precisely the sort of projects the Latin Americans can and should be carrying out for themselves. The Alianza, while it has stimulated economic advancement, has almost totally failed as an instrument of social reform because it never was able to project a mystique that inspired the Latin Americans.

Disabled by Our Fears

Though much of the blame must fall on the Latin Americans themselves, and particularly on the left-wing reformers who often prefer the pleasures of anti-*yanquismo* to the harsh realities of social change, the Alianza was also hobbled by U. S. preoccupation with communism, which the oligarchies and generals exploited. Encouraged by Washington's fear of communism and by its preference for verbally anticommunist regimes, would-be caudillos—usually trained and equipped by the U. S.—moved in to depose a number of legally elected governments. Their charge: civilian reformers were weak on communism. Within the first four years after the Alianza was launched at Punta del Este, civilian governments were overthrown by the military in no less than seven countries: the Dominican Republic (twice), Guatemala, Ecuador, Bolivia, Argentina, Peru, and Brazil.

The record shows that the kind of government that creates a favorable climate for business investments under the Alliance for Progress and that can be counted on for anticommunist votes in the Organization of American States and the United Nations is not the kind of government that has popular support. President Kennedy realized this and tried to back the democratic progressives. But in the end, his determination to punish, and if possible to topple, the Castro regime, led him to align U. S. policy with the very oligarchies he detested, and served to neutralize his enlightened attitude toward reformers. Because it needed their votes to expel Cuba from the OAS and enforce economic sanctions, the Administration found itself wooing dictatorships such as those in Paraguay, Haiti, and Nicaragua, while at the same time declaring its allegiance to reforms that such regimes had no intention of undertaking. The result of this policy was a double failure: it neither brought about the weakening, let alone the downfall, of the Castro regime, nor did it succeed in instigating social change in Latin America.

The Cuban revolution thus is in the anomalous position of having fostered the Alianza, and also in large degree having been responsible for the failure of its reformist ambitions. Without Castro there would have been no "vast, cooperative effort, unparalleled in magnitude and nobility of purpose, to satisfy the basic needs of the American people for homes, work and land, health and schools," as President Kennedy described the Alianza to Congress in March 1961. Without Castro, however, there might also not have been the assumption that insurrection in Latin America automatically involved the danger of a communist take-over and thereby required direct military intervention by the United States. The equation Insurrection = Communism = Peril to the United States is rooted in the tragicomedy of the Cuban revolution.

Whether Castro jumped into Russia's arms, or whether he was pushed by Washington is a point likely to be argued for years to come. Some believe that Fidel sprang, like a bearded Venus, full-blown from the brow of Karl Marx and was determined to turn Cuba into a communist state ever since he was old enough to tell the proletariat from the bourgeoisie. Others assume that, like Topsy, he just grew into a communist, a little bit more every day, until the old agrarian reformer was transformed into the militant Red revolutionary. Perhaps Castro was determined to lead Cuba into the

ommunist camp from the beginning, and thus he ould not have been amenable to compromise after eizing power. Yet in an interview with Herbert Iatthews in October 1963, Castro said that in outning his plans for "a very radical revolution" he nitially "thought it could be done under the Contitution of 1940 and within a democratic system." His conversion, he explained, was "a gradual proc-ss, a dynamic process in which the pressure of vents forced me to accept Marxism as the answer o what I was seeking." It was, he said, the Ameri-an reaction to his "agrarian reform" of May 1959 hat "made me realize that there was no chance to each an accommodation with the United States. So as events developed, I gradually moved into a Marxist-Leninist position. I cannot tell you just when, the process was so gradual and natural." Perhaps Castro was fabricating an elaborate story in explaining his conversion to Marxism-Leninism. But since there is no convincing reason for doing so, it is equally possible that he was telling the truth.

Where We Drew the Line

Even had the United States been more cooperative in the months following the Cuban revolution, Castro and his followers probably would have been very suspicious of American friendship. Latin-American radicals are instinctively anti-*yanqui*, just as they were instinctively anti-British during the nineteenth century. Blaming America for their national ills, they tend to favor whatever foreign power is America's most effective opponent. During the second world war many radicals, particularly in Argentina and the Caribbean, were drawn toward fascism. Today their anti-*yanquismo* is expressed in an admiration for communism. During the heyday of the Cold War they were attracted toward Russia. Now in an era of "peaceful coexistence" between Washington and Moscow, they are drawn toward a belligerent Peking. Had Castro won his revolution in 1939 rather than in 1959 he might have been a Nazi sympathizer rather than a communist; had he won it in 1966 instead of 1959, he might have turned first to Peking rather than to Moscow.

Moreover, Castro drew a connection between the U. S. and the hated Batista regime which was not entirely fanciful. Batista served American business interests well, and Washington found the regime expedient, however distasteful its internal politics. Politically and economically, Cuba was an American dependency, with its fate decided in Washington and New York. President Kennedy, in an interview shortly before his death, indicated a deep awareness of the causes that inspired the Cuban revolution. "I believe there is no country in the world," he told a French journalist, "... where economic colonialism, humiliation, and exploitation were worse than in Cuba, in part owing to my country's policies during the Batista regime."

Despite its high per capita income for Latin America, Cuba before the revolution was the very model of economic colonialism. Every light bulb that was bought, every kilowatt of electricity consumed, every telephone call that was made, every razor blade that was used, and even nearly all of the food that was eaten could be traced back to some American corporation and to American shareholders. As Wall Street financiers controlled the Cuban economy, so Miami racketeers ran the elegant gambling casinos in Havana that catered to North American vacationers; the Pentagon supplied the Cuban army with its military equipment; and the State Department instructed it in the diplomacy it was to follow. As an economic colony of the United States, Cuba did better than most of the Caribbean republics. Or at least those Cubans on the top of the social pile did well, while the others lived in the misery which is taken for granted throughout most of Latin America.

Once Castro took power, Washington showed a considerable forbearance, and seemed willing to put a good face on what it saw as a rather dubious turn of events. Even after the seizure of U. S.-owned investments in Cuba, it is far from certain that Washington would have tried to intervene. The nationalization of foreign business is nothing new in Latin America. The United States accepted Mexico's nationalization of her oil industry and Bolivia's seizure of the tin mines without trying to overthrow their governments, even though heavy American investments were involved. The Bolivia revolution which occurred in 1952 even managed to win economic support from the Eisenhower Administration.

Yet the *Fidelistas* assumed the hostility of the United States, and by behaving as though intervention were a foregone conclusion, tended to encourage the very reaction which they feared. Had Castro been content with nationalizing U. S.-owned property and pushing through social reforms within Cuba, he could probably have had his revolution and, if not American friendship, at least American acquiescence. But being ideologues, the Cuban revolutionaries were not content with being simply Marxists. They had to make a dramatic spectacle of leading Cuba into the communist camp. Fidel had to declare his undying faith in the secular dogma of Marxism-Leninism

and embrace Soviet Russia as the guide and defender of the Cuban revolution.

It was here that Washington drew the line, for while it was willing to tolerate a revolutionary Cuba isolated within the safe confines of the U. S.-dominated Caribbean, it was outraged at the prospect of Cuba as a center of subversion and as a Soviet outpost in the Western Hemisphere. The former involved a matter of pride; the latter seemed to entail the very security of the United States. By failing to recognize that difference, the *Fidelistas* not only lost the American good will they enjoyed at first, but unleashed a complex of Cold War emotions in the United States that has made any accommodation between the two countries exceedingly difficult.

Fidel's Own Brand

Why did Fidel do it? Why was he not content to fashion a Tito-style communist dictatorship in the Caribbean, one which would proclaim all the half-truths of Marxism-Leninism, but which would avoid, carefully, entanglement with the United States? Above all, why did he allow (or persuade) the Russians to turn Cuba into a missile site directed against the United States? The answer is open to speculation, but it may be more practical than ideological. It may be that the Cubans turned to Russia because, once having decided to defy the Yankees and become the paladins of Latin-American revolution, they needed Soviet protection. To be anti-Yankee and vaguely communist, would be to suffer the fate of Guatemala in 1954. But to be a protégé of the Soviet Union is to enjoy a prominent role in the duel of the giants—and thus to put the Russians in the position where they would have to defend a fellow communist regime. Cuba may have ostentatiously made itself a Soviet-supported communist state because this appeared to be the only way of safely defying the United States.

Yet it is a tribute to Castro's political skill that despite a near-total dependence on the Soviet Union, he has managed to avoid having the island turned into a Russian satellite. He has cleverly used the Sino-Soviet split to his own advantage, blackmailed the Russians into furnishing far more foreign aid than they would like, and has given virtually nothing in exchange. Not only has Fidel resisted satellization, but he has twisted the Cuban communist party to his own purposes—using it in 1961 to set up a new Castroite political party, and then expelling the communist party organizer from the country the following year, leaving the party, in Theodore Draper's words, "dismembered, dishonored, and discarded." Castro's Cuba is a communist state because Fidel has declared it to be so. But it is a communism that bears more of a resemblance to traditional Caribbean *caudillismo* than to Moscow-organized conspiracy. It is Latin-American authoritarianism with a Marxist veneer, anti-*yanquismo* enveloped in the protective armor of communism.

This is why the real problem of the Cuban revolution is not communism as an ideology. The kind of government the Cubans live under is their business: President Kennedy said so, and President Johnson has concurred. Whether this pledge would be honored in the case of "another Cuba," remains open to speculation, and after Santo Domingo there is good reason to be dubious. But it has become an American dogma that every nation has the right to self-determination—even in the Caribbean. The Cubans, therefore, presumably have the unalterable right to practice communism, cannibalism, or nudism at home. They do not, however, have the right to let their island be used as a Russian base against the United States, nor as a center of subversion against other governments. Professional revolutionaries may consider this unfair, but it is a fact of life within the sphere of influence of any great power.

Yet as far as American security interests are concerned, a communist regime in Cuba is basically irrelevant. It may be a nuisance. It is certainly an embarrassment. But it is hardly a threat to our safety. It became so only when Khrushchev committed the folly of trying to turn the island into a missile-launching platform. The Russians had their fingers burned badly, and are unlikely to make the same mistake again. President Kennedy's demonstration that the United States would not tolerate a Soviet sphere of influence in the Caribbean was an impressive and restrained use of American power. Not only did it bring to an end an adventurous phase in Russian foreign policy, and thereby pave the way for the present détente, but it also caused a sharp drop of Russian and Cuban prestige in Latin America. It was a turning point of the Cold War and, had it been wisely exploited, could have put relations between the United States and the Latin republics on a better footing.

Instead, Washington has remained mesmerized by the communist orientation of the Cuban revolution, and has exaggerated Cuba's role as the cheerleader of world revolution out of all proportion to its real importance. Isolated within the Western Hemisphere, only 90 miles from the shores of the most powerful nation in the world,

nd 5,000 miles from their nearest ally, the Cuans are bound to search for and encourage political friends wherever they can find them. Considering the troubles it has at home and the perils it faces abroad, a Trotskyite Cuba is virtually inevitable. To expect it to preach "communism in one country" is asking too much of an island bobbing precariously in America's inland sea. But so what? The United States has been preaching democracy at the Latin Americans for two hundred years with infinitely greater resources and rewards to offer, but with little notable success. The Cubans, for their part, have been at it since 1959, yet their prestige and their influence have dropped precipitously over the past few years. Fidel Castro is unlikely to talk any government out of existence.

Indeed, among younger Latin radicals one can now begin to see a sharp disenchantment with the Cuban example and a turning toward Maoist extremism—and even beyond that, toward a vague left-wing anarchy that seems to defy external direction. Latin America may be ready for revolution, but it is exceedingly unlikely that Fidel will lead it, or even play any major part in it. Cuba is too small, its record too shabby, and the price it has had to pay—economic and military dependence on the Soviet Union—too high.

We can afford to let Fidel talk. The Egyptians, the Algerians, and even the Albanians preach revolution as the cure for all ailments; yet we have managed to contain our anxiety about them. The reason is that we know it is little more than talk—helpful for keeping the crowds at home in a high state of agitation, and for demonstrating one's revolutionary credentials, but not particularly useful for stimulating real insurrections. Considering our strength and Fidel's unimpressive record of conversion, we can afford to be as indifferent to his propaganda as he is to ours. If we did so, then we might discover not only that the influence of the Cuban revolution on the Latin Americans is a good deal less than we imagine, but also that the lingering obsession with ideology is impeding our understanding of the real problems facing Latin America.

"Another Cuba"?

These problems were not created by Castro and will not disappear even with his eventual demise, for they are rooted in the nature of Latin-American society. Castroism has merely brought them to our attention. But it has also given them a new focus, and therein lies its greater importance. Whatever the fate of the regime that today rules Cuba, Latin America is unlikely ever to be the same again. The old despair is no longer being borne with the same spirit of resignation, and the search for change has opened up a far wider range of alternatives. The conditions that kept much of Latin America in a state of political and social stagnation have now begun to break down. In countries such as Chile and Venezuela, where a relatively enlightened middle class is willing to pursue reforms over the opposition of the oligarchy, a nonviolent transfer of power may be possible. Throughout much of the continent, however, such conditions do not yet exist. In such cases it may be that violence offers the only means by which an oppressed majority may be able to overcome the monopoly of power held by an entrenched minority.

This spells revolution—a word that is anathema to American policy makers. We seem to look upon it as a repudiation of the values we believe in—even though our own society was founded upon revolution. To stave off the danger of revolution we launched the Alliance for Progress and are today training and equipping Latin-American armies for "counterinsurgency"—that is, the suppression of peasant revolts. We are doing so partly because, as an essentially conservative society, we are not really sympathetic to revolutions—except for anticolonial ones directed against European imperial powers. More importantly, we are engaged in the abortion of revolutions because we see them as inspired and directed by communists. And communism, we believe—despite the disintegration of communist unity and the open clash between Peking and Moscow—is a threat to American interests regardless of where or how it is practiced.

If we allow ourselves to become associated with discredited regimes the inevitable turbulence to which Latin America seems doomed will be directed against us. This need not be so. Even should there be "another Cuba," a nominally Marxist regime, it would not necessarily be hostile to the interests of the United States—as we have seen in the case of Poland and Yugoslavia—unless we help make it so by confusing labels with the realities of power.

As a millionaire amidst twenty beggars we can afford to remain calm as the Latin-American nations work out their own internal problems, have their revolutions if they will, and espouse the ideologies they find congenial. We may not always be happy with their choice. But one of the virtues of power is that it can afford to tolerate diversity. This is also one of its responsibilities.

A SELFISH STORY

A Story by Herbert Gold

for M. R. F.

I

Not long ago a girl whom I consider to be as grown-up as myself told me that she remembers my war because she remembers the boots her father wore while washing the car. She was an infant on an Army post. And yet, for those of us who enlisted near our eighteenth birthdays in the early 'forties, the war is still immediate, our youth is not disappeared, and yet time and history have rolled over us, despite our will to give sense to the present and future in the light of the past. Now I must subjugate the past in order to tell about it.

In 1942 I embraced New York City. I had spent a year wandering on the road, living out a fantasy of rebellion from Cleveland, part of it in the flophouses of The Bowery and Bleecker Street, but now I had washed and scrubbed myself, turned seventeen and a half, and entered Columbia College. Morningside Heights was as far from my scrounging boy-bum days as any place could be; Irwin Edman and Mark Van Doren replaced the gamblers and shills on Key Largo, the enraged, oversteamed chefs in restaurant kitchens all up and down the Eastern Seaboard, the hoboes, wildcats, and predators of the risky America I had pursued. Having so much eccentric fun made me morose and serious. I was an adjusted misfit.

The return to college structure was brief. We freshmen, turning eighteen, believed we might finish our first year before going to war. Autumn, black winter, reluctant spring. We read Homer, Thucydides, Herodotus, Humanities and Contemporary Civilization, and felt up the Barnard girls near the spiked metal fence on Broadway, and thought about our silver wings, our marksmen's medals, our future citations and press dispatches. We had no imagination for death, for our own inevitable future deaths, the death of everyone, and for the plain fact that a certain proportion of these readers of bloody Homer would be dead early, very soon now, before the end of the war.

However, there are fits in the process of growing up and imagining one's own mortality. Living is a flux and flow, but knowledge comes at moments. A serious illness is one start, the death of a parent is another. And sometimes even the incident of education can educate. By pure good fortune, one of these occasions occurred on a lazy late-winter afternoon in Hamilton Hall; the steam heat was boiling, there was a smell of chalk in the air, a seminar on Lucretius and Time was occupying a group of solemn freshmen and our professor, O. J. Campbell, a distinguished scholar of Shakespeare. Up till this afternoon, I must note, I had not formed any real friendships at school, although I admired the mad Cuban of Hartley Hall, who ran naked up and down the corridors, working out, and a boy with a Maine accent who wanted to be either a missionary or a dean, and an irritable young man from White Plains who felt misused because he was adopted into a rich family rather than born to it. Jack Kerouac was on the football team, a popular kid; I had spent a year on the road and felt cut off from him and the other middle-class youngsters making their way on squads and in clubs. I didn't even write for *The Jester*, the college review, or *The Spectator*, though I was a secret poet and journal keeper.

On that sleepy, still afternoon in Hamilton Hall, a crucial discovery was opened to me, and with it I also made my first close college friend. Professor Campbell, looking out over the dozen of us slouched around a table, talking about time and time's end,

suddenly remarked to this serious crew of freshmen, "I was dead once, and I came back. I was dead and I remember it." He had had a heart attack; he had gone under; then he had returned. "I was dead. I still remember it." The words were ordinary, but in the act of uttering them, he suddenly forgot to speak. He put his head down and remembered. Thick gray eyebrows, a heavy, handsome old head. A look of withdrawal, a look of the deepest seriousness possessed him. There was an uneasy silence in the room.

Ahead of my first risk in the war, ahead of my first dangerous illness, ahead of the first death of someone close to me, I suddenly had a premonition of what death might mean, beyond the drama of grief and mourning. My own heart stopped. There was the excitement of discovery and a terrible loneliness.

At that moment, and perhaps just as Professor Campbell began to speak once more of Lucretius, I noticed a fellow student, whom I shall now call Marvin Shapiro. Purplish hickies stood out in the pallor of his face. He was stunned by this reminiscence of death, as I had been, and he too felt that premonitory grief and loneliness. And then he flushed as the blood returned.

After class I approached Shapiro and we talked. We cut the rest of our classes that day, strolled the campus, ate ice cream, circled the track, told our stories, listened to our stories, and finally got around to the subject of girls. This led naturally to a number of pitchers of beer at the West End Tavern on Broadway. By closing time we decided we were lifelong friends, and so we were. Marvin was a skinny boy with a deep voice, a surcharged Adam's apple, and a family in Brooklyn. He wanted to be a radio announcer, a physicist, and a lover of beautiful women. I shared the latter ambition, but aimed at poetry and philosophy as the means to this dreamed-of end. I also told him (me from Lakewood, Ohio) that he was my first Jewish friend. Marvin looked at me as if I must be crazy. He knew nothing about Lakewood, Ohio.

Expanding our horizons, we organized expeditions to eat eggplant parmigiana on First Avenue and fish at Louie's on South Street near the market. We were voyeurs who stopped at every doorway. And after we had peeked, we discussed what it all meant. The sting of prying was a philosophical lust, we thought, but also we were perpetually horny. Strolling through the fish market, we saw a child idly piddling his hands in a barrel of shrimp. It was a boy of eight or nine in a corduroy jumper jacket; he had a bored, sallow, pretty, Italian face, and he was dipping his hands into the crisp pink shells and letting them spill through his fingers like doubloons in a pirate movie; he was watching the stand for his father. One withered leg encased in a shiny paraphernalia of metal braces. Marvin's eyes filled with tears.

Disasters and horrors are familiar in the city. Only a few days ago we had seen a dead man propped against a wall near St. Mark's in the Bouwerie. Marvin was shaking his head and tears were rolling down his cheeks. "What's the matter?" I asked him.

"That kid'll never get laid," he said.

Like most young men in those days circa 1943, we had a sure means to solve all our problems with college, girls, boredom, and anxiety. We could be heroes in the war. When Marvin and I began to talk about it, however, it seemed different to us. Professor Campbell's eyes looking downward, looking inward, had changed our feeling about the days to come. We were infected by the beginning of the imagination of death, and it lay beneath our friendship as a shared battle. We too had been born twice.

In all friendships between adolescent boys there are curious contradictions, rivalries, family difficulties. I was surely jealous of Marvin's great fortune with girls, whom he met and conquered in subway crowds, on campus walks, wherever he deigned to point his ardent, demanding eyes, his shiny beak, and his disturbed face. He would take a girl for a walk and an ice cream, and not get back to Hartley Hall till his first morning class. Unless he lurked outside, imagining my envy all through the grimy New York night, I had to assume that he figured out someplace to go with the lady after the walk, the hamburgers, and the balcony of the 42nd Street movie.

On the other hand, he envied me too—my lack of "nervousness." In those days I seemed calm. To Marvin I was a rock, though I knew myself to be volcanic lava, in inexorable motion. Also he envied me my year underground, hitchhiking, working at odd jobs on the Florida Keys, escaping the Ivy League, as he called it, somehow including Brooklyn. No wonder I was calm, he told me: life had not passed me by. All *he* had to his credit was satisfied lust.

Poor Marvin. I would have given up the life that had not passed me by for one, two, or three—as many as the genie might allow me—of the girls

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Herbert Gold's new novel (he has written seven) is "Fathers," published by Random House. He grew up in Cleveland, was in the Army 1943-46, and has taught in many universities. He now lives in San Francisco.

with whom Marvin strolled. Satisfied lust! But I would offer them deep feeling, each and every one. He shrugged. They couldn't resist him, he said, but that was not life. Every time he traveled in a crowded subway, he made a new conquest, and that was not life either. That was just rubbing. Each and every one would have been appalled by my morose deep feeling. They liked Marvin—cheerful rubbing.

I discovered, I think, why Marvin charmed women. It only *seemed* to be mere cheerful rubbing. He needed them, he really needed and wanted girls, this one and that one, each one in particular. He was born for women. We walked around Van Am Quad, a little space of brick and grass, endlessly turning in the damp midnight, while he explained, "Some people are ambitious. You wake up and write poems at dawn—"

"I kill myself, I'm so horny—"

"Shush. I wake all cold and gray and I know I'll die if I can't curve into her body."

"Whose, Marvin?"

"So the next day I take a subway ride at rush hour. I find someone. I sniff it out and wiggle in, sometimes we never even look at each other's face—sometimes we walk out together and go to her place—"

"What do you talk about?"

He grinned in the darkness. "I tell her how much I need her. I love her. I desire her. I treasure her. I adore her. I'll do anything for her, and more to her. Aitch-bert, when I talk like that, I'll tell you, they always listen closely."

The bust of Van Am glistened in the diffuse gray of a globe lamp. There were blackout curtains on the dormitory windows nearby, and lights where the V-12 program Navy boys were doing calculus and navigation problems. We walked round and round. Marvin contained a famine which he offered up in tribute to womankind. He did not hide his need. He surrounded them with joyous hunger. He gave it freely, and thus they could forgive everything. He may not have been sincere, but he was desperate. Girls had the key; friends had the key; excitement and variety and new adventures had the key. Everyone was grateful to be able to do so much for Marvin. He responded with the tenderness of a gratified child. He could barely remember their names.

He also met a Barnard girl named Ellen who wore black woolen dresses, had long black hair, a long maternal figure; she wept when he took her into the cold bushes, wept when he brought her out, and wept all the way to her parents' apartment when they had left it empty for the weekend. Marvin reported, somewhat worried, that she was still weeping when they emerged on a fine sunny winter afternoon. He had enjoyed the love of a good woman, and he found it wet.

For my own reasons, partly connected with the war, partly with the sag of midyear at college, partly with my lack of the love of a good or a bad woman, I began to figure on not waiting till the end of the school year to go into the Army. Casually one day I mentioned this to Marvin. He must have spent an unusually damp evening with Ellen, because his answer was short and to the point: "Yeah!" The jukebox at the West End was playing, I recall, a song with this line, "Get outta here and get me some money, too. . . ."

It solved the problem of cuts in classes, the itch for adventure, the discomfort of school, the failures of successes with girls. We would go in together, and be heroes together. We enlisted together.

Before telling his parents that he was to go into the Air Corps, he asked me to spend a night with him in Brooklyn. I expected to be bored—parents—but instead I was amazed. No plump, dull Brooklyn lawyer, Mr. Shapiro was a jaunty man who wore a yachting cap indoors and liked drink, exotic foods, and fishing. He had his own boat. He talked about mizzens and fore and aft; I was learning Latin and French, but had no grasp of yachting. His face was weathered by Long Island Sound. I had never met a sailing Jew before. Mrs. Shapiro was a soft sweet woman with a small, pretty, girlish face; she read good books and listened to Beethoven and smiled at her husband's jokes. He did calisthenics on a bar above the bed in their room. It was a jazzy household, unlike anything I had expected in that large, old-fashioned, furniture-filled house on a leafy Brooklyn street. There was also another son, younger than Marvin, to whom little attention was paid. Marvin was clearly the hope of the family, and Mr. Shapiro was delighted by his son's wildness. He twisted and dodged through life in a way which would have hurt him at thirty, but at eighteen he was a charmer. He had fun when I sought Meaning. He had style. From afar I admired a sense of luxuriousness. Even now, when rubbing up against strange girls in the subway does not seem very stylish, I carry the memory of a lively boy, with a swollen Adam's apple, a deep laugh in a skinny body, doted on by his parents and allowing himself all pleasures.

Marvin told them we were both going to war soon. This followed a discussion about Orientals in which we all agreed that there was something puzzling about the newspapers' descriptions of how to tell the face of a Japanese—sneaky, yellow,

totalitarian—from that of a Chinese. The Chinese face in those days was open, smiling, friendly, and democratic. Marvin's father had a wild, high, energetic laugh at this. He said that the objective testimony of witnesses was sometimes inaccurate. He liked the way his son thought ahead.

"Aitch-bert and I are going to enlist," Marvin said suddenly. "It's time. Otherwise all the good jobs'll be taken."

His mother dropped a spoon; it made a little chime against her foot. Silent tears. His father clapped him on the back and said, "I knew it, why not? You'll tear 'em apart. They'll give up as soon as they get the news." His eyes glittered with envy. Marvin's kid brother looked adoring and pleased. No one fretted about his mother's tears until Marvin kissed her on the neck and she sobbed wildly.

The night before Marvin and I went to Camp Upton, we bought tickets for *The Skin of Our Teeth*, with Tallulah Bankhead. She wiggled and chanted the Joycean lines. If only she had known we were about to go off to die for our country, we both thought, she would have been absolutely indifferent to us anyway. The next day we shipped out, were stripped naked, and began to put on our new lives.

II

As with girls, so with the war. Marvin seemed to have all the luck. His reflexes and his eyes were sharp. He became what both of us had wanted to be, a fighter pilot. I went to the infantry, and then to a school to learn Russian, toward a vague Army hope that I might help to provide liaison with our gallant Soviet allies. In the periods between drill, study, and fret, we deep Russian scholars continued real life by drinking, writing letters, and chasing girls at the USO. Most of us were successful at the first two projects, less at the third. I corresponded with Marvin, with Ellen, and with Marvin's mother. He was in England, flying missions over the Continent. I was in wet white Maryland that next winter, doing maneuvers through an American landscape—barns, churches, apple orchards—all traced and spelled in Russian on our maps. O'er the steppes of Maryland I wandered, dressed like a wolf, carrying a compass, a full pack, and a new vocabulary.

Marvin's mother wrote that she missed our coming out to Brooklyn to eat fish on Saturdays. Her husband spent his weekends in his small sailboat, digging salt fish out of the salt sea. He was also doing civilian-patrol work. She was worried about her son and wanted me to reassure her.

Ellen wrote that she was crazy in love with Marvin and he didn't write often enough. So she wanted to receive letters from me, since I was his best friend.

Marvin wrote that the English girls were peculiar but cooperative. He was now a first lieutenant, and what with his silver bars and all, he didn't like to do it standing up in the alleys of Piccadilly. So he had found girls who were willing to take him home. They liked chocolate and they liked to rock with him as the bombs fell and the sirens shrieked.

I remember this particularly now because it takes me back to the time when prowess, position, and opportunity were the great issues in love. It was technical and it was to be shared among men. Marvin was collecting his reward for being a fighter pilot and a man. He could dream of a girl in a flowing skirt, flowers and sunlight in a field, and also admire the technique of the wife of a Pakistani colonel (or perhaps he was an English colonel stationed in India).

Poor Marvin's mother, whose innocent boy was practicing the rites of killing and lust.

Poor Ellen, who imagined him pining for her, needing her.

Poor me, crawling around in Russian in the snowbanks and slushy mud of Maryland in winter. Our officers were combat dropouts—men so ineffective at war that they were sent back to train future intelligence officers.

The only one not to be pitied seemed to be Marvin himself, handsome, his acne drying under doses of adrenalin, collecting missions and medals and the wives of our allies. He made captain. The boy quick into the bushes of Riverside Drive was also quick in the sky against the stubby German fighters. Ellen, his mother, and I all formed his audience against the backdrop of horror and destruction, explosions and fire, brandy and good jokes. Seen from our distance, the garish light lit his face and made it angelic.

One winter night my group returned to Camp Ritchie, the intelligence training post in Maryland, after nearly a week of simulated war in marshes and orchards. We had been frozen and misled; we had been fired upon and tested; we had conducted a strange war among Maryland mountain people to whom we were not allowed to speak English. We needed shaves; we were jittery with stimulants; we smelled bad. Our mission had been a failure because our officer, who had been responsible for a minor disaster at Anzio, still believed that his own sense of direction was superior to that of a compass. He knew the way; could a compass think? Consequently we had been lost for three days in a prickly, cutover pine des-

ert. I felt as if ice had been packed into my ears. We had the usual gripes against officers. They became the real enemy. We stood in our long khaki overcoats against a camp stove, smelling the chicken-feather singe as we tried to get warm, slurping coffee from our mess kits, and reading the accumulated mail. Our officer went to sulk because north was not where north used to be in the Alabama National Guard. I tore open my little stack of mail.

A letter from Marvin described a weekend in London. What fun, what sparkle amid the blackout. A duke's daughter, he claimed; mentally I made him out a liar but read on. She loved him, she really did. He cared for her a lot, of course, but not that much. Ellen was writing him weepy letters and he supposed he would have to close now in order to drop her a line.

Ellen wrote to ask if I had heard from Marvin. She was worried. He must be ill or something.

The last letter was from his mother. It was the most recent. Marvin had been shot down over Germany; others in the squadron had seen his parachute open, but it was being fired on. There seemed to have been a hit in the air. He was presumed dead.

I crawled outside into the snow. I heaved and gagged and groaned because I had forgotten how to weep. I was too old to cry, and not yet old enough; later I would learn again. But now there was only this churning physical turmoil like seasickness, like jealousy, like lust and dread. The desire to run away or to deny was changed into an eating of the lining of my belly. I was simply sick, a trivial response to death, I then thought and still believe. I remembered Professor Campbell, his head down, contemplating the Fact. I remembered the awe Marvin and I had shared, which had been the foundation of our friendship before the matter of girls and career and the war came to give us the details of intimacy. I was appalled that I dared to feel my own body, even in sickness, when Marvin was simply without feeling, without soul, dead. I recalled with disgust Dostoevski's denunciation of Turgenev: When he watches a shipwreck, children drowning, he feels only the tears running down his own face. And yet I now had only myself. In the midst of this unreal war for which I was merely preparing, I had lost my emblem of vitality and true life, my friend. I was bereft. I was gagging in the deep, silent Maryland winter, with nearby slush piles and garbage cans and the debris of soldiering and, just beyond, a horizon of scrub and poor soil itching through the snow and a whiteness of hills and winter sky. The earth was an ache. This was the third death I had known in my life, and perhaps the beginning of the sense of my own death. I saw Marvin's face—grinning, delighted by life—under his parachute swinging down and then exploding in midair as he hung between heaven and hell. I have seen him there for twenty years, and so he will be always.

III

Like Dostoevski's Turgenev, I am telling a selfish story. After grief, how does the vain young poet survive? He writes a vain young poem, of course. It was a long elegy to the memory of Captain Marvin Shapiro (1924-1945) and I typed it in the company orderly room at Camp Ritchie, Maryland, and sent it to the *Atlantic Monthly*, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Presently it was returned with a long letter signed by a lady who had apparently been moved by this death in my life. I haven't seen the poem since the end of the war. I have lost track of it, but I am reasonably certain it was not a good one. I remember little about it other than its shape on the page and the rhyme scheme. I believe the editor wrote to me because I was a soldier mourning a dead friend and there was a war on. Shortly afterward I was shipped out. I carried the letter from Marvin's mother with me.

His body was never found. He had written to me that it was odd to have the initial on the dog tags that identified him as a Jew when he might have to parachute into Germany; but he kept the initial. Anyway, he was destroyed in the sky.

The class of '46, my class, mostly returned to begin college again as twenty-one-year-old sophomores. We counted our losses and secretly watched out of the corners of our eyes those with missing limbs or raw, still-healing scars. Some of us were still in line for plastic surgery, some were outpatients, many were on partial-disability pensions. Our hairlines had changed. Moony faces were lean and loony. There was confusion, the GI Bill, and a host of babies who claimed to be college students, too. I could not take up school as I had before, in a dormitory, with a roommate. I rented a room off Broadway and thought to enter adult life after the three years of murderous limbo. Our bodies twitched with unfulfilled destruction. How dare we live, how dare we not live? A friend and I jumped a thuggish heckler at a street-corner Henry Wallace rally. A group of us formed a klepto-bibliomaniacal society, stealing books, food, anything small and large. We called it the Book Find Club. Our motto was: Steal four books and get a fruitcake free from the A & P. We initiated girls into the sport. In their confusion they thought the war heroes must know what they were doing. They

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This engineer is solving a problem in cacography.

What's he doing at IBM?

He is making a computer easier to use by enabling it to read hand-printed numbers. No easy matter; in fact, incorrect handwriting is a study in itself—technically known as cacography.

IBM's Ray Norman analyzed thousands upon thousands of samples of hand-printed numbers, looking for patterns in the extra jigs and jogs people stick on their 1, 2, 3's.

The methods he and his associates use to tell one man's hand-printed 2 from another's 3 have been built into the circuits of IBM's new optical reader.

Installed in a department store and hooked up to an IBM computer, the optical reader works something like this. The salesgirl writes up your purchase, hand-printing numbers in spaces provided on the sales slip. Her sales slips are then fed into a reader.

The computer then can automatically subtract what you bought from its inventory record. It charges your account and updates sales and billing records.

A store manager can then get any of this information, quickly, any time he needs it.

Making information easier to get into a computer makes this most useful tool even more useful.

IBM

thought we were heroes and nervous. We were, in fact, nervous.

Around my thoughts of Marvin, on whose behalf I was taking certain revenges against the world, whom I was sometimes imitating in the subway, I came gradually to think of his mother, his father, and Ellen. Probably I did not know how to meet the grief of others; I was busy installing myself in the Bohemian student life of those days, all of us in khaki, sullen, arrogant. But gradually, as the months went by, I decided to visit Marvin's survivors; at last I telephoned Mrs. Shapiro in Brooklyn, she reminded me of how to get to Avenue K by subway. I used to know the way. My ears felt different in the roar of the tunnel.

At the subway entrance I began to think of the smoked eel I had eaten for the first time at their house. Marvin had said, bragging, "We have eels all the time—crabs, lobsters, oysters, shrimp. Snails. Clams."

"Do you eat pork?" I asked.

"Feh, unclean," he had said. "You know that joke?"

I remembered pausing at the newsstand to pick up a copy of *PM*. They were selling the New York *Post* with the same old headlines, and I thought it was the same man with the papers, fret on his face, hair in his ears, waiting out his time. Still alive.

I expected the house to be shaded, dark with mourning. Instead, it was light and sunny, with the curtains pulled back and the surprising winter sunlight filling the rooms. But it seemed empty. Even some of the furniture was gone. It was emptied of its men. After Marvin's death, his father had enlisted, not as a lawyer but as an expert sailor, and had commanded a landing craft, and had fought as an overage captain through southern France. After the end of the war he had simply not returned. Mrs. Shapiro, smiling, told me that he had found a girl in Marseilles. I couldn't imagine what a Brooklyn lawyer would do in Marseilles—Jean Gabin yes, Mr. Shapiro no—and I saw him in a corduroy cap, on the waterfront, a handsome, stocky, make-out, middle-aged settler in France, with a young high-breasted chick with wooden soles on her shoes. Mrs. Shapiro said simply, "It broke up our family. We were a good family, I think, but we needed Marvin." Her other son was now at Yale, going very white-shoe.

She made tea. We talked about Marvin. Tea, raisin toast, orange marmalade, chocolate cookies. I thought of Marvin's hickies—"zits," the freshmen now called them. She told me a little about her marriage and, I knew, would later want to tell me more. My need for a community of mourning gave way to embarrassment. I could not be husband and son to her, and when I slipped out into the deep early night, I felt relief to escape. Marvin was my friend in the past. What community I sought could not be built of nostalgia.

Still, I wanted to find Ellen. When I finally met her again, she was also in mourning, wearing an ugly, shapeless woolen dress, flat shoes, her hair untended, smelling of anxiety and poor caring. She was a graduate student and had a reputation for persistent moping. Never a very pretty girl, she had been a sweetly attractive one. Now at age twenty-three, she looked ravaged, as if she had been left out in funky weather. I had a bit more patience with her than with Marvin's mother. We took coffee and meals together near campus. She wanted to drink at the West End because Marvin and I had gone there with her so often. Three times, I think. She imagined for herself a deep love affair; she imported it backwards into history; she imagined widowhood. At first I shared the play, stunned by her conception of him, which seemed so much deeper than my own. They had been truly in love, they had been deep true lovers; it was not wrestling in the grass, it was not couch work in her parents' apartment on Central Park West, it was an immortal passion; her hero had been blasted out of the skies by fate and she would treasure his memory forever. Marvin and Ellen stood in the great tradition of doomed lovers. She was a graduate student in literature.

After a few immersions in her fantasy of the past, I began to feel discomfort and then resentment. Marvin had been my best friend. But he slipped away in the tumult of Ellen's ardent dream. I found new resources of coldness in myself. I would watch impatiently for her to finish her beer and then deliver her to her room on West 113th Street. Once, when she managed to order another beer, I felt myself ready to groan with boredom. And when she wanted me to come to her room, tiptoeing past the other rooms, past the common kitchen, I felt as if I were being led into a trap. Her wet beery kisses were not for me. I twisted away and cried out, "You're lying to yourself! Never cared about you! He had girls everywhere, in England, Brooklyn, everywhere!"

She started to run down the darkened hall. I caught her at the door, held her in my arms as she struggled, and pointed out that it was not my room from which she was running, but her own. She should stay and I should go. Be rational. Be logical. Make sense. I'm sorry, but it's the truth.

I believed myself to be proudly surgical, but also I was smelling the stench of a woman's hysteria for the first time in my life. Little popping explosions of rage and hatred were going off in my

arms. "You think you can play God! You think you're God and my judge!" she shrieked at me.

The practice of playing God and judge sometimes exhausts itself with time. I have the disease worse than most (*Ellen, wherever you are*).

I dragged her back to her room. Invisible ears were pressed to the shut bedroom doors. Community kitchen, community crises. Shush, shush, I said. The stringent leaping sobs subsided; she was simply weeping; I put her in bed with her clothes on, covered her, and sat stroking her hand. Toward dawn she fell asleep. Cold-eyed I felt. I tiptoed out.

Back on the street, I saw a metal case of milk at the door of a short-order restaurant. For the first time in my life—not the last—I had spent a night trying to calm a woman made mad by something I had said. And for the last time in my life I felt that, well, it wasn't really my fault at all, I was right, I had done the right thing, I was right. So I told myself. So I told myself again. Still insisting, I believed that I had committed an obscenity. I stood at the doorway of the diner: CLOSED. GO AWAY.

They had no right to be rude. I was hungry and thirsty. I was a veteran. They were turning a veteran from their door.

The metal case of milk glittered in the early light. I looked at the bottles. My hand felt a premonitory sensual coolness, like touching a loved woman. It would be sweet to drink long, cool swallows from the bottle and then heave it into the street. I was thirsty and hungry and cold and feverish and I decided not to steal a bottle of milk.

I stood there, squinting at the metal case. I would leave it in a moment. I would leave without a bottle for myself. This was a new reaction for me. The night had brought me much that was new.

IV

When next I saw Ellen, she had changed her hair, cut it stylishly, and her clothes looked recently dry-cleaned. Now she was a handsome, perhaps too mature twenty-three-year-old woman. She was going with someone. She had a *friend* (stare, blush, angry stare). We met as acquaintances, not as friends. She made it clear that I had sacrificed our past friendship. But she bore me no ill will; she smiled and inquired about my doings. I had little to say to her. Our life together was all in the past. I had projects for the future. She was married within the year, gave up graduate work, got pregnant, left New York. Though I insisted to myself that I had done the right thing, she made me uncomfortable. It was much easier for me not to see her on campus.

Now the years have passed and I think of my friend who died when he and I were mere children. The event still seems real when I remember it, but like a reality glimpsed through thick glass, without the physical heft of life.

Recently, however, an immediate grief seemed to break the glass of memory and Marvin came tumbling free and alive again. The distancing of history is fatal, and yet it can be reversed. I am accustomed to his death. And yet, when I needed an occasion to express my grief at something else, at something happening to me, in my own life, I found Marvin waiting like a boy, ready to play. I told the story about him to a friend who was a baby when Marvin flew over Germany. "He was dead before he had time to lose his adolescent acne." I had no tears for Marvin's mother or Ellen, but now, telling it, I fought for control of myself. A peculiar humping under my palate.

My friend reminded me coolly, "Ellen has a child ready for college. Marvin's father, if he is still alive and eating eels, must be nearly seventy—more. Do you think he's still in Marseilles? His mother is an old woman. His kid brother is a middle-aged professor."

"At Williams College, I heard."

"So," she said. "So it was a long time ago."

Yes, child, that was mere history. Yet there are new wars for which we must prepare ourselves, and I am still ready. I am also ready to join the company of O. J. Campbell, remembering my own deaths.

Harper's Magazine, May 1967

COCK OF THE WALK TALK

by Felicia Lamport

Every rooster in his patch
Keeps his hen-folk up to scratch
  Urging them to quicken speed
  Though they work for chicken feed.

A single "cock-a-doodle-doo"
Brings this lord his feudal due
  In which the clucking of his hens is
  Tribute sung in crisp cadenzas.

Even younger chickens prove
That he's clearly in the groove
  As the worship in their eyes
  Shows he wins the Pullets' Prize.



Doris Peters

CHANGE THE WEATHER, CHANGE THE WORLD

Scientists may soon be able to produce rain to order, warm up the ocean, and create new seas. But if they do, nobody is quite sure what might happen to millions of organisms—including people.

Weather modification is running into a lot of turbulence—though not the kind the meteorologists are concerned with. We have far more knowledge about how to alter the weather than we have of the biological, social, and economic problems that will result. The uncertainties confronting us deal not so much with what we can do about the weather as with what man-made weather will do to us—to man and his livelihood.

For one thing, no one is sure that a planned climate will be better than the old unreliable variety. And on what basis will weather be allocated? Are we going to listen to the dairy farmer who calls for rain in August, or to the vineyard owner who needs sunshine to ripen his grapes? How do we rate the demands of a resort industry which would be ruined by the rain that the farmers in the same area badly need? Do the potential benefits to Peruvian agriculture outweigh the simultaneous losses to the fishing industry which might be caused by a slight man-made shift in the temperature of the coastal ocean surface? What rules will govern large-scale intervention which affects the weather in several countries across national borders?

Basic questions of this kind must be faced very soon, and some have already been raised in concrete form by lawyers and politicians. Within the last few years six lawsuits in the United States have been based on damages allegedly caused by efforts to make rain which led to disastrous downpours or, conversely, by an attempt to suppress hail which deprived neighboring areas of precipitation. In one instance resort owners in the Catskills, where New York's major watershed is located, sought to prevent the city from attempting to produce rain to relieve the drought. The Catskill resort owners lost out; but a similar suit in Texas was successful. On another occasion Canadian politicians blamed their government and their New York neighbors across the border for heavy downpours in northern Quebec. Although rainmakers denied that they had been active in the area, the public outcry forced the cancellation of all experiments for the year.

Weather tinkering is no longer science fiction. As a Special Commission of the National Science Foundation reported in December 1965, "The scientific exploration of weather and climate modification is passing from the speculative phase to the rational phase."

A year later Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall announced a vastly increased federal program for stimulating greater rainfall by 1972. "We know now that we can do something about the weather," he said. "And we also know we must."

In fact, however, there is still a lot of work to be done to perfect the theory and practice of weather-making and guarantee reliable results. At present the state of the art is uneven. For example, there is virtually a 100 per cent prospect of success in

removing supercooled fog from a socked-in airfield. But there is only a one per cent prospect of diverting a full-sized hurricane by artificial means. Cloud-seeding has a 50 per cent chance of producing rain. This is a considerable improvement over the 1950s when the probability was only 17 or 18 per cent—but it is hardly reliable.

However, the technology and the energy requirements for better results are reasonably well known. We now have at our disposal a new generation of weather satellites to collect data from parts of the globe which in the past could not be covered by ground-based observation posts or by aircraft. New high-speed automatic computers will process and relay the information which weather engineers need in order to determine when and where conditions are favorable for interference. Serious research is going on in this country and abroad on the suppression of hail, the prevention of lightning, the dispersal of warm fog, and, of course, on increasing precipitation. In Canada and Australia the goal is a greater accumulation of snow during the winter. In the Arizona desert an attempt is being made to increase the reflectivity of the soil so that less heat is absorbed.

Man-made Oceans

Elsewhere, vastly more ambitious projects are being seriously studied. A German proposal, for instance, calls for the construction of a dam 875 yards long across the Bosporus. The rivers which discharge into the Black Sea would raise its water level until it overflows toward the east into the valleys north of the Caucasus. Eventually the water would join up with the Caspian Sea and add some 120,000 square miles to its surface. The evaporation from this large body of water would add moisture to the atmosphere, which normal winds would carry into Central Asia to come down as rain over steppes and deserts.

Another plan discussed here and, reportedly, also in the U.S.S.R. is to build a dam across the Bering Straits. The purpose is to reduce the ice cover of the Arctic Ocean. In theory, the dam would help retain solar heat, thus raising the surface water temperature considerably above that of the subsurface water. With greater circulation of the ocean's waters thus stimulated, the composition and circulation of the atmosphere over the Northern Hemisphere would also be altered.

Among the more visionary proposals are a scheme to wall up the Mediterranean by closing the Straits of Gibraltar, and another aimed at changing the climate of the North Atlantic by building a barrier across the Florida Straits.

No one knows whether such large-scale climate modification can be controlled and whether the effects can be reversed if necessary. Indeed, there are many aspects of weather that remain baffling. One such mystery is the so-called greenhouse effect, believed to be caused by the discharge of carbon dioxide from fossil fuels (coal and oil) which create an insulating blanket in the atmosphere. This blanket traps the heat which normally radiates away from the earth, just as the glass in a greenhouse keeps the warm air in. Theoretically, the result should be a steady rise in the earth's temperature with incalculable consequences. In fact, the world did grow warmer between 1830 and 1930. However, since 1940 the trend has reversed and the mean annual temperature, both in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres has dropped. This has happened despite the increased burning of fossil fuel, as evidenced in city smog. Does the current cooling trend mean that the theory of a greenhouse effect was in error? Or is the greenhouse effect only masked temporarily by something as yet unknown?

While such large questions are still unanswered, we do know that any interference with the environment upsets the equilibrium in which man and all other species exist. The effects of great changes in climate during the advancing and retreating phases of the ice age can be seen in the fossil record. Man's encroachment upon new land has led, and continues to lead, to the decrease, and sometimes the extinction, of entire species. The dislocations after unusual events such as earthquakes or floods are clearly visible.

But such catastrophes are rare. Minor fluctuations, however, keep the environment in perpetual motion. A tree grows and, by depriving smaller plants of sunlight, changes the ground cover. A rockslide falls across a brook and destroys the fish which cannot migrate to the new stream bed. A road is built across a valley in the Rockies, and as it attracts more tourists the native deer are driven to higher pastures where there is more rain and more nuclear fallout which the deer absorb as they graze.

Animal life is particularly sensitive to the precise timing of rain. For example, if spring rains are unusually early or late, the bees which would have pollinized the orchard trees are grounded. Another dramatic example is the Atlantic Logger-

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Doris Peters is the pen name of a science writer with a background in physics. Her own susceptibility to weather and climate has led to her concern about deliberate manipulation of the natural environment.



"What a beautiful day! Kind of makes you wish you were alive."

head turtle, which has been studied by Professor R. A. Ragotzkie of the University of Wisconsin. The turtle arrives in midsummer at the marshy sea islands off Georgia, builds its nest, and deposits its eggs. The young hatch early in September before the autumn rain squalls hit the islands; but if the rains arrive a week or two sooner the embryos are drowned as the rising ground water floods the nests. These are purely local rain squalls, which obliterate a whole generation of turtles.

Before adding man-made weather to all the natural hazards it seems vital that we learn more about how organisms grow, how they react, what they need to thrive and survive, how they fit into the community of living plants and animals. At present we have such data for only a handful of species: man, the speckled trout, the loblolly pine, and a few others. For the rest—numbering some 250,000 plant species and over a million animals—there are only disconnected bits of piecemeal observations. We know, for instance, that the monsoons which bring rain to Asia lead to a higher incidence of malaria in India where mosquitoes breed in the stagnant pools of rainwater. But in nearby Ceylon the malaria rate is high only in dry years, when streams dry out, and mosquitoes breed in the remaining puddles. In general, lack of moisture harms vegetation and animal life; but there is at least a suspicion that a moderate drought may have a regulatory function, just as forest fires are nature's way of controlling forest growth. Induced rainfall, particularly at the wrong season, could affect the reproductive cycle of many plants and animals; it could upset the equilibrium between competing organisms; it might spread pests or diseases through bacteria or insects that thrive on humidity, and lead to the defoliation of plants and eventually to changes in the soil.

How to Allocate Clouds

There is, to be sure, a wealth of literature about how weather influences man, affecting his health and mortality rate. But all this information merely proves that man is a highly adaptable organism who can survive under conditions that would kill almost all plants and most animals. Animals have few means of protecting themselves from extremes of temperature or rain, and only the migrating species can dodge the weather. Plants have an even narrower range of tolerance for severe changes in the environment.

Understandably, most biologists think weather modification will do more harm than good. They are not too alarmed by small operations such as fog dispersal, which affects a rather narrow area

and only temporarily. But the further the operation extends geographically and in time, the more dangerous it seems to them. And the Society of Ecologists regards the prospect of worldwide weather modification as an unmitigated disaster.

However, the protests of ecologists, conservationists, and even of agricultural economists will not halt work in theoretical and experimental meteorology any more than the Test Ban has stopped progress in nuclear physics. Meteorologists, oceanographers, physicists, and other scientists will continue to investigate such matters as the formation of droplets in a cloud, the conglomeration of moisture and winds that leads to cloud formation, the variations in the water content of different clouds, and cloud dynamics. And it is quite likely that the pressure of the expanding world population may force weather modification on us, whether we are ready or not. The need for a massive increase in the world's food supply has become too compelling. For example, if the Arctic surface water can be warmed, the Siberian Arctic coast, with its 800-mile-wide continental shelf might become the richest fishing ground in the world. An increase in rain in Africa could change deserts to grasslands and raise the productivity of marginal soils. In the Temperate Zone the agricultural yield could be augmented by a regular and reliable supply of rain.

On the other hand, benefits to one area may be canceled by damage to another. There is some evidence, though it is inconclusive, that cloud-seeding deprives an area downwind of rain that would have fallen naturally had the cloud not been tapped elsewhere. If this turns out to be true, one might have to balance, for instance, the claims of the wheat crop in Illinois against the sugar-beet crop in Michigan, the hydroelectric plant in Colorado against the cattle ranches in the plains. Whether this theory is correct or not, decisions will surely have to be made on how to allocate clouds, for only certain types are suitable for seeding. Suppose that one turned up on the border between a rich and a poor country: Should the seedable cloud be "given" to the poor country because the farmers in the rich country can get farm credits and insurance to tide them over an unproductive dry season?

Complicated legal questions are also bound to arise, for traditional concepts of property rights are scarcely applicable. Some lawyers argue that the landowner has unlimited right to the air space over his property, subject to the public's privilege of flight. This is the theory underlying the proposed Uniform State Law of Aeronautics; but it is not clear whether it permits the public to throw silver iodide out of a plane to seed a cloud.

Such theories might provide a basis for awarding damages. But they are of little help in resolving the regional and international problems which tinkering with the weather is bound to produce.

Certainly we should embark at once on an intensive effort to learn more about the biological, social, and economic impact of weather modification. To do this we will have to collect and analyze information about each of the earth's environments, its plant and animal population, and its range of weather. Eventually, this data can be used for computer programs which will simulate the total effects of all possible weather modifications.

As yet we do not have computers—or scientists—versatile enough to handle all these variables. In any event, the task will require that the major nations of the world pool their scientific resources. The first step is the World Weather Watch on the agenda of the fifth World Meteorological Congress held in Geneva this April. Supported by the United States and Russia, the World Weather Watch would be operating out of three centers, Moscow, Melbourne in Australia, and Suitland, Maryland. To keep the entire atmosphere of the earth under constant observation, weather data would go from satellites, drifting ocean buoys, balloons, and other devices in a steady flow to weather forecasters all over the world.

Such an international effort is indeed vital. For, as Dr. Walter Orr Roberts, director of the National Center for Atmospheric Research, has said, weather modification on a global scale is "in potential for benefit or destruction the analogue of atomic energy."

Harper's Magazine, May 1967

A TRIUMPH OF SOVIET COLLECTIVE ENTERPRISE

A snake as thick as a man's arm and 5 feet long suddenly appeared before Turkmen collective farmers. Turkmen know how to dispatch snakes speedily, and this one was soon out of action. But then another snake appeared from a hole, to meet the same fate as the first. Then came a third, a fourth and many others.

. . . The battle against the reptile horde lasted for 30 minutes. The Turkmen killed 30 reptiles, measuring a total of 132 feet.

—From the magazine *Sovietskii Soyuz* (quoted in *Sputnik Monthly Digest* (January 1967).

Richard L. Thomas

HOW TO DISMOUNT FROM AN ELEPHANT

Anyone can manage to get down from an elephant, in the sense of scrambling around without the least regard for appearances or proper form. Indeed, falling off is one surefire method. But people of poise and breeding do not feel the end justifies the means—they insist on dismounting in style. They are the natural aristocrats who have so mismanaged their lives that now they're marooned atop an elephant and not at all sure what to do about it.

I.

The first thing you do in dismounting from an elephant is to compose yourself.

II.

In step II, we begin to familiarize ourselves with the beast. I know this sounds remote from your current needs and aspirations, and perhaps even a trifle academic. Nonetheless, I must ask you to have confidence in me and place yourself completely in my hands.

Very well then. Now, there are many ways you can go about familiarizing yourself with your host. I'll merely advise you to try to obtain this personal information about him without his knowledge. Many elephants chafe under close scrutiny, and others become sullen and withdrawn, so it's best to employ an extremely tactful, circuitous approach.

III.

Our next step will be to learn the nomenclature of the elephant. This kind of careful preparation will help you avoid getting rattled and losing your composure in the hectic hours ahead.

If you will refer to Fig. 1, you will find what is, from your point of view, a complete illustration of the elephant. Now, the elephant is an animal of many parts, but we will confine ourselves to those portions which directly concern us here. This should not lead you to think there is nothing more to it. In fact, *the elephant is a very complex animal, mentally and emotionally, and should never be dismissed lightly.*

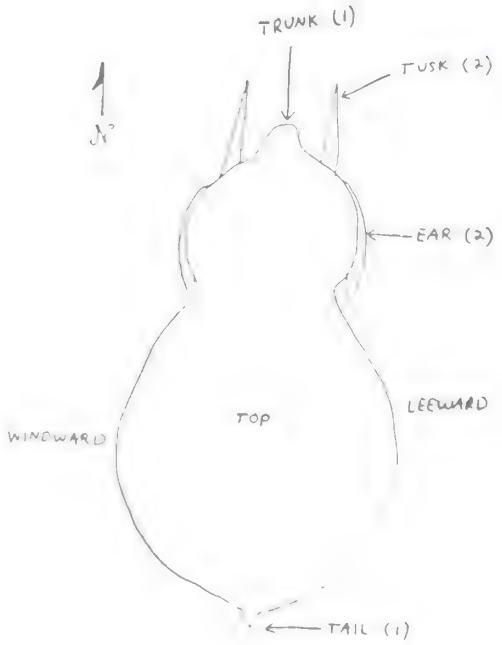


Fig. 1

Notice how I have not bothered to label the elephant's eye. This was a precautionary measure, not an oversight. You see, it is important to avoid, at all costs, *any* contact with the eye. The reasons for this are fascinating:

(a) An elephant does not see very well to begin with.

(b) But he is *not* blind, for heaven's sake, and if you were suddenly to appear before him on your way down, it could startle him, especially if he hasn't been aware that you were on him.

(c) Elephants do not like people sneaking on and off them.

IV.

Try to decide in advance from which side you want to dismount, and then *stick to your decision!* If you put off making up your mind until the last

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ssible minute or keep changing your plans, you ay find yourself unable to decide at all and end) running around in a flurry of indecision. It is rprising how quickly any panic you feel can mmunicate itself to the elephant, who in turn ay decide to go berserk.* But that's nothing mpared with how quickly *his* panic can commucate itself to you.

Once you've settled on a point of debarkation, alk quietly and casually to the site you have osen. By now the elephant will surely know mething is up, even if he is not sure it is you. ut if you have been following these rules dilintly, the news should not rankle him.

V.

Generally speaking, it's best to select one of the thodox ways of dismounting—the Right Side escent, the Prefrontal Slide, the Posterial Crawl, c. Do *not* attempt anything fancy your first time wn, such as swinging grandly from the elehant's ear (Fig. 2) and alighting with a springy tle leap onto the ground. Even the experts can't rry off this sort of thing with much success. unning starts and other grandstand plays should milarly be eschewed.

VI.

iscellaneous Hints and Caveats

1. Wait until the elephant stops before disounting. This is *not* a boxcar or a trolley you 're dealing with, but a flesh-and-blood animal ith hopes, fears, and ambitions probably not so ery different from your own.

If the elephant happens to be sprinting at the me you decide to make your move, you'll especially want to wait for him to stop. For those of ou to whom this would be an intolerable delay, least wait until he slows down to a canter. This no time to become impatient or hotheaded, even you *have* whipped yourself into a frenzy of urage to prepare for the moment of truth. Bedes, he won't run forever, so it won't be a long ait anyway. He's probably just remembered mething he meant to do earlier.

2. Better yet, wait until he is asleep if you can old out that long, the better to avoid any acrionious confrontations. It's always politic to void showdowns of *any* kind with an elephant, ut most particularly when the time and place are ot of your own choosing.

If you wait until dusk or later before starting our descent, the elephant isn't so likely to see you and take umbrage at your effrontery. However, you increase your chances of running into things and tipping him off that you're up to something. If you've never groped around at night on the back of an elephant, perhaps you shouldn't start now.

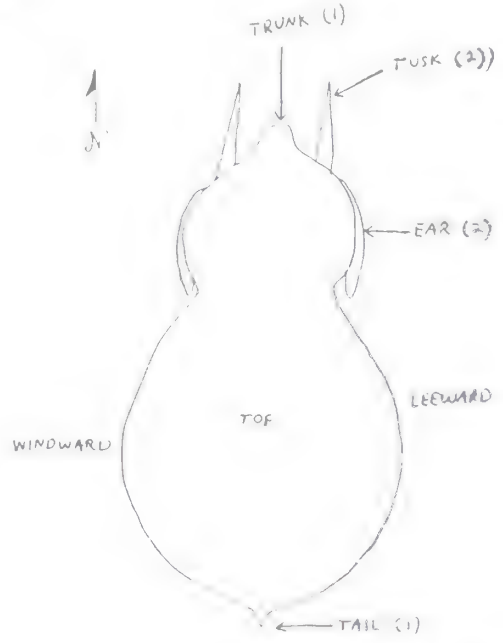
3. Do not leave anything behind, such as camera equipment, clothing, or magazines. These give the elephant a cluttered appearance, which he is likely to resent, and may also give him a clue to your present whereabouts, a fact you'll of course want to keep from him.

4. If he's one of those elephants who wear a lot of expensive jewelry and trappings, leave it all alone. It means the animal belongs to somebody, and you'll have enough trouble as it is trying to explain what you were doing up there, without being caught red-handed like a common second-story man.

5. Don't kick the elephant after you're down, or use similar crude techniques to vent your ill feelings on him. On the other hand, don't stop and chat with him in a fit of camaraderie, or chuck him affectionately under the tusks, or make a fuss about how glad you are to be down. Some elephants have very thin skins and are quick to detect a slur in the most harmless remarks. A waspish elephant is no laughing matter. If you *must* communicate with him, be sure to choose your words carefully, using pleasing gestures, and try to keep your tone of voice civil and well modulated. Above all, don't be condescending.

If you can manage all right now, I must be on my way.

Fig. 2



Harper's Magazine, May 1967

*The elephant is very high-strung, a condition rmally attributed to his deep-seated (but probly mistaken) feeling of inadequacy.

Washington Insight *by Clayton Fritchey*



FABIAN BACHRACH

WHO BELONGS TO THE SENATE'S INNER CLUB?

The first list ever published of the men who really run the Upper House—how they are chosen, what they do, and how they hold on to their power.

Nearly all Washingtonians as well as many citizens elsewhere know about The Club (that sovereign Inner Club of the U. S. Senate), but nobody knows who belongs to it. This column is intended to correct that strange and long-enduring oversight.

There is a growing tendency to refer to the Club as the Establishment, for the latter perhaps describes more precisely the increasingly tenuous nature of the group. But by either name it remains a unique force, difficult to define, and even more difficult to identify in terms of individual Senators. It is not always seen; it often is not heard—but the Capital knows it is there; and, without much fuss, it functions when it counts.

Yet after all these years it remains as mysterious as ever. It is a Club without a clubhouse; there are no directors and no membership lists. There are no meetings and no minutes. It casts blackballs, but even Senators themselves can't explain how, when, or where. There is only one feature on which all agree: the "President" of the Club is Senator Richard Russell (Democrat, Georgia),* chairman of the powerful Armed Services Committee, which presides over the vast Defense Department, also an establisnment but of another kind.

Some Senators think the Club collectively can be described in a sentence. One said to me, "Get out the *Congressional Directory* and look up the chairmen of the standing committees. That's the Club." Another said, "Go look up the Appropriations Committee. They're all there." Still another said, "The simplest way to go about this is just to get up a list of those who support the oil-depletion allowance." There is much to be said for all these characterizations, but they still don't provide a satisfactory definition.

Who Is In?

Broadly, the Senate may be divided into four groups: (1) members of the Inner Club; (2) potential or would-be members; (3) non-members; and (4) anti-members. In trying to determine which Senators fit into each category, I sought the views of a cross section of Senators and their wives, as well as the opinions of Senate staff workers, lobbyists, newspaper correspondents who cover the Hill, and Administration people. It turned out to be possible to draw up a list on which there was general agreement, although, of course, with shadings and reservations.

First come the relatively small number of full-fledged members. In alphabetical order (with Republicans in italics) they are:

Clinton Anderson	New Mexico
Alan Bible	Nevada
Robert C. Byrd	West Virginia
Howard Cannon	Nevada
Everett Dirksen	Illinois
Allen Ellender	Louisiana
Sam J. Ervin, Jr.	North Carolina
Carl Hayden	Arizona
Bourke Hickenlooper	Iowa
Lister Hill	Alabama
Spessard Holland	Florida
Roman L. Hruska	Nebraska
Henry M. Jackson	Washington
B. Everett Jordan	North Carolina
Russell Long	Louisiana
Warren Magnuson	Washington
Mike Mansfield	Montana
John L. McClellan	Arkansas
Thruston Morton	Kentucky
Karl E. Mundt	South Dakota
Edmund Muskie	Maine
John Pastore	Rhode Island
Richard B. Russell	Georgia
George Smathers	Florida
John Sparkman	Alabama
John Stennis	Mississippi
Stuart Symington	Missouri

This list includes the Minority Leader (Dirksen), the Majority Leader (Mansfield), the Assistant Majority Leader (Long), and—a newcomer—Robert Byrd, who has been promoted to the No. 3 slot in the Democratic hierarchy. Some of those polled had reservations on Symington and Sparkman because both once had outside ambitions: one was a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination and the other was Stevenson's running mate in 1952. Also they are often more independent than some of their colleagues, but the consensus was that they should be in.

Mr. Fritchey was formerly special assistant to Ambassador Stevenson at the U. N. and to President Truman at the White House. He writes a syndicated column for "Newsday."

*See "Russell of Georgia: The Old Guard at Its Shrewdest," by Douglass Kiker (*Harper's*, September 1966).

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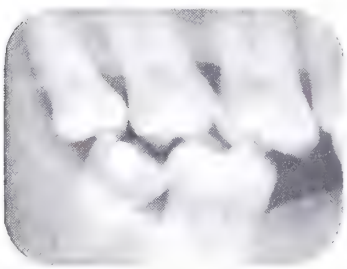
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cluded. Thus, the inner-core group totals 27, of which 22 are Democrats and 12 are from the South.

The remaining members of the Club might be described as half or three-quarters fledged: they belong, but are not charter members, so to speak, because of limited seniority or, more often, because they seem a little "different" and are sometimes given to going off on their own. This list is composed of:

George Aiken	Vermont
Gordon Allott	Colorado
Frank Carlson	Kansas
Norris Cotton	New Hampshire
James Eastland	Mississippi
Thomas H. Kuchel	California
Mike Monroney	Oklahoma
Joseph M. Montoya	New Mexico
Gaylord Nelson	Wisconsin
Jennings Randolph	West Virginia
Abraham Ribicoff	Connecticut
Hugh Scott	Pennsylvania
Herman E. Talmadge	Georgia
Milton R. Young	North Dakota

Some of those polled thought Eastland should be listed as a full-fledged member because he is chairman of the Judiciary Committee, but others felt he was too often an embarrassment to the Senate. The total for this group is 14, seven of them Democrats, and two from the South. Thus the total membership of the Club is 41, dividing as 29 Democrats (14 from the South) and 12 Republicans.

Not yet in the Club but possibly on the way to membership are these potentials:

E. L. Bartlett	Alaska
Birch Bayh	Indiana
Daniel B. Brewster	Maryland
Harry F. Byrd, Jr.	Virginia
Fred R. Harris	Oklahoma
Daniel K. Inouye	Hawaii
Gale W. McGee	Wyoming
Lee Metcalf	Montana
Walter F. Mondale	Minnesota
George Murphy	California
Joseph Tydings	Maryland
Harrison Williams, Jr.	New Jersey

Who Is Out?

In the non-member group there are some who would like to belong, and a few who couldn't be dragged in, but most of them simply have other fish to fry. They get along well enough with the Establishment, and are generally well liked in return, but prefer to pursue independent lines of their own. Republicans John Sherman Cooper (Kentucky), Clifford Case (New Jersey), Jacob Javits (New York), and Democrats Claiborne Pell (Rhode Island), Frank Church (Idaho), Albert Gore (Tennessee), Philip Hart (Michigan), Vance Hartke (Indiana), Eugene McCarthy (Minnesota), William Proxmire (Wisconsin), and Ralph Yarborough (Texas) are notable examples of the Senators in this category. Another would be Joseph S. Clark (Pennsylvania Democrat), but his is a special case. The non-member group also includes all the new Senators elected last fall, as well as most of the first-termers. They simply aren't eligible yet.

The Kennedy brothers are, of course, also a special case. They are involved in a super fish fry, as was brother Jack. On his own, the amiable Teddy might some day have become at least a fringe member of the Club, but he is associated with Robert F., who, like John F., is the archetype of the national kind of politician that the Club regards with suspicion. It believes (correctly) that the Kennedy family has always looked on the Senate as a means to an end, but not an end in itself.

And then there are a few very outspoken Senators like Wayne Morse (Oregon), Stephen Young (Ohio), and Ernest Gruening (Alaska), three Democrats who don't care a bit whether the Club keeps or not. They seem to be wholly indifferent to what the Institution thinks or feels about them. And finally there is the singular case of Senator J. W. Fulbright (Arkansas Democrat), a remarkable example of how a Senator can have nearly all the attributes of a full-fledged charter member, and yet not belong. He is a Southerner, he has great seniority, he is the chairman of the august Foreign Relations Committee; moreover, he is often an economic conservative, and he has voted with the segregationists. Finally, he is a staunch supporter of the filibuster, and has the distinction of having been called an "overeducated SOB" by Harry Truman. Not even the pillars of the Club can top those credentials. But in the final analysis Fulbright is an individualist and a thinker. His reputation rests not on his seniority but on such contributions as the Fulbright Resolution, the Fulbright Scholarships, and the Fulbright scrutiny of Vietnam. His intellectualism alone alienates him from the Club, and makes him suspect. It is possible the Senator might care have cared about this, but it is quite clear these days that all he presently cares about is trying to make the country and, if possible, the Senate give serious thought to war and peace.

What the Club Does

For decades the Club's principal achievement, if it can be called that, has been putting various Presidents in their place, chiefly liberal ones like Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman. It didn't have to do this to the modest Eisenhower, for he knew his place and kept it. When young John F. Kennedy left the Senate (where he had never been a member of the Inner Club) and went to the White House he learned more about the power of this group than when he had his office on the Hill. The New Frontier's legislation simply withered on the Club's vines.

The recent notion that the Club itself had begun to wither was based on three developments which occurred more or less simultaneously. First, a super member of the Club (Lyndon Johnson) suddenly became President, and so for a time enjoyed an indulgence on the Hill that is seldom granted Chief Executives. Then the Democratic landslide of 1964 enhanced the ranks of the non-members, and, finally, death, defeat, and retirement eliminated some of the Club's charter members, including such stalwarts as Byrd and Robertson of Virginia, and Saltonstall of Massachusetts. Yet the legislative record of 1966 and the opening maneuvers of 1967 demonstrate that the flag of this peculiar Establishment still waves.

Aside from its quiet satisfaction in squelching activist Presidents, the influence of the Club is mainly felt in important (sometimes all important) matters affecting the Senate as an institution. The true member never permits ideology, party loyalty, or even personal conviction to supersede his dedication to promoting the Senate's primacy in the American constitutional system, whether the Constitution calls for it or not.



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The Constitution, for instance, provides that most legislation shall be passed by majority vote, but the Senate amended that, in effect, by inventing the filibuster, which makes it necessary to get a two-thirds vote whenever the Club so chooses. Few Presidents have been able to overcome that obstacle. A classic and revealing example of how the Inner Club operates is provided by the struggle this year over changing Rule 22, which requires a two-thirds vote to shut off unlimited debate. Last year the civil-rights act of 1966 would easily have passed if it had not been filibustered to death. There was a clear majority for it, but not two-thirds for closure of debate.

When the 90th Congress convened in January it was apparent that new legislation on civil rights and labor would again be defeated in the same way later on in the session if Rule 22 was not changed so that closure could be invoked by less than a two-thirds vote. The liberal leaders thought they had a definite majority for modifying the rule, but in the showdown they lost badly. The Majority Leader, Senator Mansfield, and the Minority Leader, Senator Dirksen, speaking for the Club, simply argued that a vote for the proposed change was a vote against the Senate. The implication was that a member who supported the change was no better than a traitor to the Institution. This was pretty intimidating for new and junior Senators who hope in time to become members of the Inner Club themselves. It also put on the spot Senators who are not members but like to remain on good terms with the Inner Group. In any case, the effect was devastating. Thirteen Senators defected from the liberal ranks, although nearly all of the thirteen will probably vote later on for the civil-rights legislation that was doomed by their failure to help modify Rule 22. In short, when they had to choose between loyalty to their ideological convictions and loyalty to the Senate (as defined by the Club), they saluted the latter.

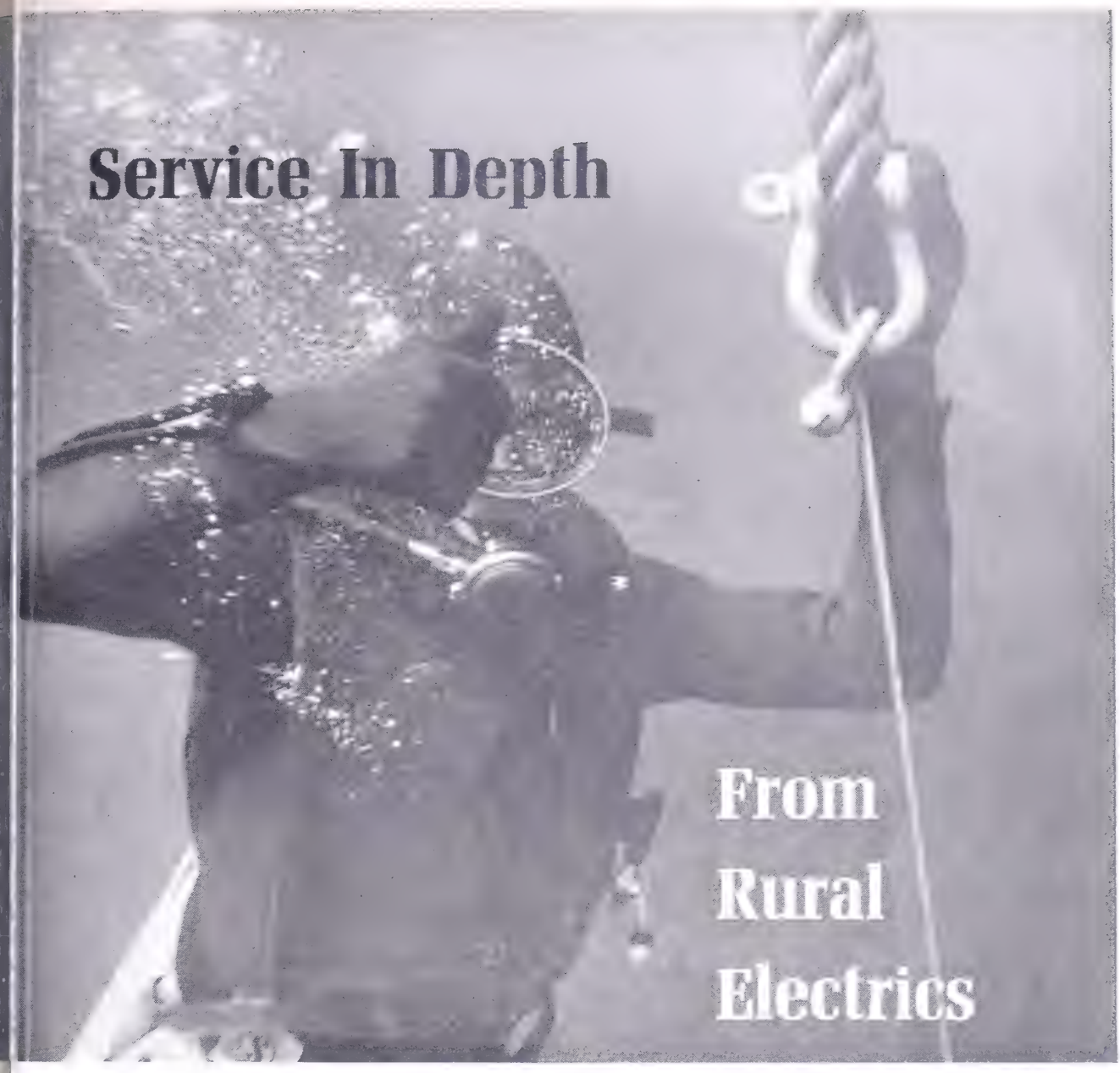
Another illuminating example this year of how the Club unobtrusively asserts itself is the momentary resolution of the long fight over broadening and tightening Senate supervision of the Central Intelligence Agency. A majority has been in favor of this for years (especially since the Bay of Pigs and U-2 fiascoes and the disclosure this February of CIA's links with student and other "private" organizations), but it has been opposed by Senator Russell, the "president" of the Club. Russell is the informal head of an informal group of Senators and Representatives who have been acting as so-called watchdogs over the CIA, but without notable results. Nevertheless, Russell has successfully resisted all efforts to establish a new standing committee (like the Joint Atomic Energy Committee) to oversee the CIA. Last year when Senator Fulbright and a majority of the Foreign Relations Committee recommended broader supervision, Russell accused them of trying to "muscle in" on his authority. The fight was taken to the floor of the Senate (although behind closed doors) and Russell won hands down. He did not argue the merits of the case. Again it was put on the basis of loyalty to the Institution and its way of doing things. Thus, a vote against Russell was transformed into a vote against the Club, and once more a number of Senators were willing to subordinate their convictions on the real issue rather than go against the Establishment.

Having publicly put his challengers in their place, Senator Russell has now moved to head off renewed agitation at this session by quietly inviting three members of the Foreign Relations Committee to sit in on meetings of his private watchdog group. Besides Fulbright, he invited Senators Mansfield and Hickenlooper, both members of the Club. The presence of Fulbright will help some, so the concession is better than nothing, but it is no substitute for the kind of systematic supervision of the CIA that is needed. Nevertheless, the president of the Club has prevailed for the time being.

Still another revealing instance of the Club at work occurred when Senator Joseph Clark sought election as secretary of the Democratic Senate Conference, a post that ranks No. 3, just back of Majority Leader Mansfield and the Assistant Majority Leader, Senator Long, another member of the Inner Club. Clark is a constructive, creative Senator, but above all he is independent, and has not even hesitated to question publicly the rules (both written and unwritt of the Senate. So it was perh foolish of him to aspire to the hi archy, but he thought he had enou support to win and thus went ahe If he ever had the votes, they me away when the Club turned thu down on his candidacy. As if to it in, they elected Senator Rob Byrd of West Virginia, who is an ema to most liberals because he a former organizer for the Ku K Klan and a consistent opponent civil-rights legislation. As a mem of the Club he is on the fringe, bu against Clark that was good enou So now the Club occupies all three the leadership positions on the Dem cratic side.

Qualifications for Members

Since there is unanimous agreem that Russell is the quintessential S ator, perhaps the simplest way to scribe a full-fledged member of Club is to describe *him*, although others of the Inner Group have al his characteristics. Russell has mense seniority, he is the chairm of a potent committee, he is a Sou erner. That's a big start, but still a start. Personally, he is courtly unostentatious; his word is good; lives and lets live; his dignity is h seen and felt. All of these quali are important, too, but not alw necessary for admission. The crit requirement that he fulfills so gran —the *sine qua non* for real membe ship—is a lifetime of never putt anything ahead of the Senate. The was a very fleeting apostasy in 1 when for a few weeks he reached for the Democratic Presidential no ination that went to Adlai Stevens His fellow members correctly sen this was only a brief aberrati Never before or since has his perso ambition exceeded the ambience the Senate. He is the Great C former, the Guardian of the Insti tion's traditions (bad, good, or different), the exemplar of non-fr wheeling. He is little known to national public (a matter of indiff ence to him) and there is little in way of positive achievement to sh for his 33 years in the Senate that does not reduce his stature wi in the Institution. In the eyes of ma Senators he stands for somethi bigger: the Senate itself. The reas



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worlds apart in quality
the premium product of
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founded 1749

so many non-members often go a
with the Club is that they realize
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secretly enjoy the prestige and
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of power over the years. That's
some of the Senators who voted
changing Rule 22 were privately
the filibuster was preserved. Thi
the ultimate weapon—the power
wring great tribute and concessi
from the Administration—any
ministration. No other upper hous
the world can do it.

Now, if examining Russell is
clue to the Club, another, in reve
would be a brief look at John F. K
nedy before he became President.
was in Congress fourteen years,
cluding election to two terms in
Senate, but he was never at any ti
a member of the Club. It was qu
clear to his colleagues from the fi
that he was not going to spend a li
time gradually working his way up
the Senate by dutifully adhering
the Club rules of self-effacement, r
tine chores, routine thoughts, a
cultivation of his elders. He was be
on a national constituency from t
outset, and that alone disbarred hi
from the inner circle. Kenne
couldn't have cared less. He was to
he would need his old colleagues if
ever got to be President, but he w
already sophisticated enough to pe
ceive that the Club generally will n
even play ball with a former memb
except on its own terms. Lynd
Johnson can confirm this assessme
He and others can also testify tha
while the power and prestige of th
Club may not be quite as pervasiv
as in the past, the opening months
the 90th Congress show that it is sti
very much in business.



Come Out, Mr. Kerr, Wherever You Are!

y Harold Clurman

ragedy and Comedy, by Walter Kerr. Simon & Schuster, $5.95.

Tragedy and Comedy is Walter Kerr's best book. It is in fact an exhilarating, a tonic book. It may also be an important one.

I must confess that I opened it with some hesitation. There appears to be a plethora of books on the subject of tragedy, by Joseph Wood Krutch, George Steiner, Lionel Abel, Robert Corrigan—to mention only some of the more recent ones. I found many of these informative and occasionally stimulating but rarely relevant to my own disposition.

I am one of those playgoers who, Mr. Kerr properly says, are "interested in plays not concepts." I want a play to move me to laughter, to tears, to thought. My primary concern is not with a play's traditional source, its aesthetic derivation, its weight in the scale of some hypothetical measure. I judge by the value of the play's expressive content.

As I opened Mr. Kerr's *Tragedy and Comedy,* I prepared myself to read another intelligent treatise about which only scholars choose to argue the fine points. What I found instead is a definition of tragedy and comedy seen as a unit, opposite sides of the same coin, a definition which may or may not be "new"—that is a matter of indifference to me—but one which illuminates a central element in our psychology and philosophy at the present time.

"We have a habit of thinking that 'tragic' means 'sorry' or 'doomed' or morally guilty': it means 'free'," says Kerr. He defines tragedy as "an investigation of the possibilities of human freedom." Freedom is not to be equated with "liberty" in the social sense although that may be inferred as part of it. Freedom is man's commitment to engage in an action to fulfill a supremely desirable end. "In tragedy man's aim is high and his thrust is strong." Oedipus wants to purify Thebes; Hamlet wants to and finally does set right the rotten state of Denmark. That they suffer and die for these aims, makes their stories not only tragic but heroic. By the nature of his purpose and act the tragic hero's destiny becomes affirmative and inspiring. "At the heart of tragedy . . . stands godlike man passionately desiring a state of affairs more perfect than that which now exists," Kerr says.

He further notes that "tragedy is inevitably the product of a fiercely optimistic society." "Again and again the Greek chorus cries out the litany of man's aims, adds up once more the conquests made by his astonishing powers. . . ." The disappearance of tragedy in our theater today is not a symptom of health but of fear. "America's tragedy," the martyred German statesman Walther Rathenau once declared, "is its refusal of tragedy." This retreat is essentially caused by a distrust of life.

I have quoted liberally from the book. If it were possible, I should quote almost the whole of "Tragedy Now," its most brilliant chapter. Here we discover the flaw in the prevalent (almost fashionable) pessimism or skepticism which in the theater today produces our substitute for tragedy: the black comedy. It is, Kerr says, "a phenomenon of the moment that derives from the complete absence of any tragic aspiration." It dramatizes what Kerr aptly terms "a cringing position."

This may be thought an inevitable historical development. Darwin and Freud among others have shaken our confidence in the *optimism* of tragedy. But Kerr argues convincingly that this need not have been so, that on the contrary, Darwin, Freud, and the others may be interpreted to reinforce man's will to act forcefully and courageously, in Kerr's sense tragically, that is, heroically. He even cites Sartre's existentialism; commonly regarded as a negativist philosophy, it espouses action as the only means of achieving freedom and thus a tragic stance.

Kerr's book contains many knowing observations and comments, but its importance for me lies in its basic thesis. Not only is it helpful but, in my view, *right.* The state of funk we live in today explains the intellectual and spiritual failure of our times. There never was a "happy time." Life has always been a trial and a challenge; for that reason and because of our ineradicable appetite for it, it has always been a glorious adventure, a rousing epic for those with the will to endure it. The wish to make life "easy," which it has never been nor can ever be—our avoidance of moral exertion—is the direct route not mere-

Mr. Clurman is a critic and director in the theater with a long list of Broadway successes – among them memorable productions of Clifford Odets and Eugene O'Neill.

ly to flabbiness but to an incapacity to enjoy life, to irresponsibility, to private and social crime.

I cannot leave off at this point without saying something about the book in relation to other aspects of its author's literary character. *Tragedy and Comedy* is admirably written. Its only fault in this regard is its too even flow, which occasionally tends to make for rhythmic monotony. Kerr's aphorisms (such as "Because man can hold his knowledge in his head he holds the cosmos in his hand") pour out in too steady a stream and extend themselves in too many variants.

That he can write fluently and felicitously is no longer news. What is new and surprising is the understanding and respect he displays in dealing with dramatists whom in his regular reviews he has often summarily dismissed: for example, Brecht, Beckett, Genet. In fact all his judgments in the present book show a far greater poise and solidity than he ordinarily brings to his journalistic animadversions.

This suggests several things: that while Mr. Kerr is a master at turning out a readable review in fifty minutes this practice is not a salutary accomplishment for a man who possesses his critical perception, and that as a daily commentary his writing does not represent his soundest thought or the true ardeur of his conscience. His daily reviews are patently an increasingly onerous effort to influence the theater's customers, the folk who read and run to (more often away from) the box office.

The most significant plays are not infrequently difficult plays, particularly at first sight. They rarely please the casual playgoer. As a newspaper critic Kerr sits where he is not at his best, for he is sitting in the ordinary playgoer's seat, and thus too far front: too close to the immediate event to give him the necessary "distance" to allow him to be as good a critic as his new book proves him to be. Where has Walter Kerr, the author of *Tragedy and Comedy*, been hiding?

Shortly after the present went to press, the *New York Times* announced that Mr. Kerr will write weekly reviews for the newspaper's Sunday drama critic.

The Bazelon View of America

by Eric Larrabee

Power in America, by David Bazelon. New American Library, $7.50.

David Bazelon is the spokesman for the post-Galbraith generation: those of us who rediscovered our sense of economic indignation in *The Affluent Society* and then went on to learn—from Bazelon's *The Paper Economy* (1963)—that still further frauds were being practiced on us in the name of realism and fiscal responsibility. Where Galbraith had said we could do far more and better than we thought, Bazelon said, "Why don't we?" His book was a glorious blast of indignation against a system which still restrains productivity for the sake of paper—or, worse, the manipulators of paper. In his new book he now addresses himself to the question of what is to be done.

Power in America is an important, appealing, not always comprehensible, and nearly always indescribable book. I am not at all sure that the author ever quite made up his mind what it is about. It is not about power in the sense that C. Wright Mills' *The Power Elite* or Douglass Cater's *Power in Washington* are about power—that is, it is not primarily structural in conception or descriptive in intent. It is an attempt to get a certain kind of reader—the "liberal" reader, if you like—to change his attitudes toward power, to be a little less fastidious or overawed about its exercise, and to this end Bazelon uses every means of access he can think of to that reader's mind. Since he knows that notions of power tend to be bound up with a lot of other things (sex, for example), he writes about them too—with the result that his book often seems to make a virtue of not getting to the point.

A possible subtitle for *Power in America* might have been: "An Intelligent Man's Effort to Confront, All at One Time, the Whole Bloody Mess." Bazelon's style is not, as McLuhan would say, linear. He does not lead you soberly from premise to conclusion. He has tried to invent a rhetoric that is easygoing and allusive, so that he can remind you within a given sentence or paragraph of the several other things you ought to be thinking about. His way of treating an idea is to pull it out of his pocket, rub it on the seat of his trousers, hand it to you, talk about something else, and fifteen minutes later ask for it back. There are undoubtedly those who will find this annoying; the post-Galbraith generation, I think, will find it delightful.

In the course of his wandering Bazelon touches on the Congress, the Supreme Court, science, religion, the Negro, and what he calls "the New Class"—a group which so interests him that it frequently threatens to take over the book. This is a class which has yet to define itself as such, so that Bazelon is compelled to be even more impressionistic in describing it than (one suspects) he would like. It is the class, in the wake of industrial technology, which has been acquiring power but not through property; it has said, in effect, "You can have the capital, we'll take the interest." It is not quite Veblen's soviet of engineers or Burnham's cadre of professional managers, though it partakes of both. It is not necessarily intellectual, though it is vulnerable to intellect and will be so increasingly. It is activist about ideas; it runs things. What Bazelon wants it to do is seize political power, but in a coalition and in a specific place: in the House of Representatives, in alliance with the poor.

The Congress is Bazelon's supreme symbol of negative power, non-rule, the power to obstruct things, and he writes of it with a baffled, loving fury which can have come only from many hours' intimate contemplation of that august institution. Like everyone else who has survived the experience he has come away with a mixture of indignation and astonishment that anything whatever is accomplished there. But he is also obsessed by the prospect of change, a vision of the tree being felled root and branch.

zelon believes that the Supreme urt, of all things, has offered the ited States its historical second nce. "The startling series of re- portionment decisions," he writes, ginning with *Baker v. Carr* in 62, has reintroduced the nation to idea of majority rule. It has been ost as if God coughed, apologized an oversight on Mount Sinai, and ke again."

Bazelon is greatly exhilarated by opportunity that nine men have en the country to start over again l maybe this time—who knows?— ke good on its promises. He sug- ts that we start at the bottom, h the poorest of the poor, and his in argument for some kind of nimum level of income is the only e necessary: we can afford it, why 't we do it? (His secondary argu- nt is that, if we don't do it, we'll nd twice as much on police to pro- t the rich.) He wants the New ss to ally itself affirmatively with poor, especially with the Negro, the raising of minimum standards l the bringing of a rule of law to American South. If this sounds spiciously like the Roosevelt coali- n, the reader will not be surprised find that Bazelon has much to say out Franklin Roosevelt, far more n about more recent liberal idols e Kennedy or Stevenson, who are tually absent from the book.

n this sense Bazelon's exhilaration his greatest strength. He shares h many of his fellow countrymen gift for shifting gears almost in- ibly from a state of world-weary pticism to one of enthusiasm verg- on incoherence, and it is this ich will ultimately justify his book those who enjoy it. Probably it is aching to the already converted; tainly there are no startling new grams and proposals, and the au- r would be the first to agree that ch of what he is asking for may unattainable. Yet, even so, there e worse kinds of preaching than to faithful. Even us True Believers ed to be reminded, from time to ne, that it is possible to believe the vious, old-hat things that we do, l still be all steamed up about them.

. Larrabee, who was for many rs an editor of "Harper's," is a e-lance author and critic and a nsulting editor at Doubleday.

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Faulkner and Child, Faulkner and Negro

by John Ciardi

The Wishing Tree, by William Faulkner. Random House, $3.95, limited edition, $10.

"For his dear friend Victoria on her eighth birthday," reads the dedication, "Bill he made this book." He made it, clearly with his guard down, as the avuncular gesture of a grand old man to a little girl who had charmed him, and without intending publication. Now resurrected and published not in a scholar's book of posthumous papers but as a children's book, it almost works; it starts out with a fine promise of charming things to come, but then bogs down in its own moralizings, and never recovers.

The story line is familiar enough. Dulcie, the little girl of the story, dreams that she is awakened on her birthday by a magical red-haired boy named Maurice who takes her off into a magical world that can be entered only through the suddenly magical lower pane of her bedroom window. There, she finds her friends waiting, and there, riding magical ponies and a magical pony cart provided by Maurice, the party sets off to find the wishing tree. Finding it without realizing they have found it, they each pick a magical leaf, and thereafter wonderful things happen as wishes are made and immediately granted.

Good wishes, that is. When little Dicky makes a wish that hurts someone else he is reduced to the size of a lead soldier and must remain shrunken until he does a good deed.

In no particular sequence, then, the party comes to a great tree covered with many-colored leaves. Somehow the leaves really turn out to be birds. And somehow (no explanation offered) the tree really turns out to be St. Francis. The good saint seems to think wishes are bad things because there are not enough of them to go round. In some exercise of perhaps saintly logic, he takes back the magical leaves to replace them on the wishing tree. Then, as I understand it, there will be enough wishes for everyone so long as no one uses any of them. And as recompense, the saint gives them birds in return for the leaves, perhaps on the assumption that there are more birds than leaves in the moral universe.

Predictably, Dulcie soon wakes from her dream of waking and there is probably some moral point in the fact that her birthday gift is a bird in a cage and that she glad shares the bird with loathsome little Dicky, restored to full greedy size and demanding a bird of his own.

Call it sweet intention. Faulkner's talent was never for sweetness. Perhaps it is enough that he tried. But what will forgive him his caricature of the many-husbanded Negro mammy, Alice—a sort of shrewish Aunt Jemima—and of her no-account Stepin Fetchit husband? As figures of fun they might do for a Klan-sponsored minstrel show. In any civil company I must think of them as offensive. And I find them doubly appalling as the work of the same author who wrote the Negro-Christ passion story of Joe Christmas in *Light in August.* Why is it that Faulkner writing seriously could present the humanity of the Negro so powerfully, where Faulkner at play with a little girl-of-the-magnolias could fall back to such debased caricature?

This manuscript will certainly give scholars occasion to search that question. It has point, therefore, as a scholar's document. Meanwhile, however, what is offered for sale is a children's book, and certainly it is no pleasure to report that it is an offensively bad one.

John Ciardi has written prose and poetry for both children and adults. Among his books are "How Does a Poem Mean?" and "Dialogue with an Audience."

he Durable keptic

Marion K. Sanders

aeli, by Robert Blake. St. Mar-, $12.50.

1834 Benjamin Disraeli, a po-ally ambitious young novelist and darling of London's Beautiful ple, was introduced to William b, Viscount Melbourne. "Tell me, t do you want to be?" his Lord-inquired. Disraeli, who was just y, burdened with staggering s and embroiled in love affairs h scandalized even pre-Victorian ons, answered unhesitatingly, "I t to be Prime Minister." Mel-ne reacted in the classic pattern olitical eminences confronted with h upstarts. "No chance of that in time," he said. "It is all arranged settled."

e was, of course, wrong. Thirty-years later Disraeli had, as he it, "climbed to the top of the sy pole." He was Victoria's Prime ister.

obert Blake's massive new biog-y is the story of Disraeli's tortu-ascent to power. Some American ers—having forgotten, if they knew, just who stood where on hot nineteenth-century issues as Corn Laws, the Irish Problem, ectionism, the Reform Bill, and Eastern Question—may find it er hard going in the many chap-which detail Disraeli's long ven-a with Gladstone and the intricate euvers whereby he made the Con-ative party both the bastion of tocracy and the champion of the ses. But political buffs of all na-s will relish this explicit and per-ive portrait of a parliamentary us plying his craft with unique osity and, it must be said, few ples.

r. Blake has tapped a huge reser-of hitherto unpublished material roduce a cool and often surprising aisal. For instance: far from be-handicapped by his Jewish ances-Disraeli (who was baptized at

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Andrew W. Cordier, Kenneth Maxwell, editors

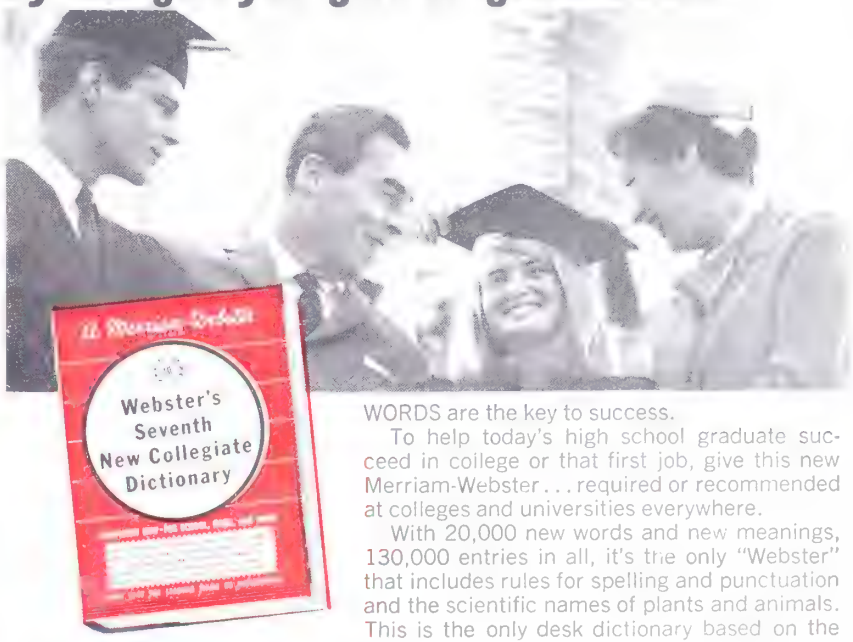
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thirteen) brilliantly exploited his mysterious Oriental, and largely fictitious, antecedents; his youthful escapades, which have been much romanticized by previous biographers, were, in fact, pretty gamy; though he became a national hero by acquiring control of the Suez Canal for England and through his performance at the Congress of Berlin where he and his very kindred spirit Bismarck stole the show, he had little knowledge of foreign affairs and practically none of world geography; the sentimental bond between him and the Queen was by no means mutual. On his deathbed he declined a visit from Victoria. "No it is better not," he said. "She would only ask me to take a message to Albert."

"Disraeli was in many ways a very 'un-Victorian' figure," Mr. Blake writes, ". . . a skeptic and a romantic. . . . His skepticism makes him a much less dated figure than almost any other contemporary politician . . . it is quite easy to envisage him living today."

Mr. Blake makes a strong case for rescuing from oblivion at least three of the ten novels Disraeli turned out during his hectic private and public life. Latter-day opinion has sided with Trollope, who never made it to Parliament, detested Disraeli, and found in his books only "the glory of pasteboard, the wit of hairdressers, and the enterprise of mountebanks." Mr. Blake, more justly one suspects, rates Disraeli as the father of the modern political novel, a writer with a sparkle comparable to Oscar Wilde's.

Like many scholars Mr. Blake is inclined at times to turn his sights more on his peers than on the average reader. Thus he austerely declines to recapitulate what he calls "oft-told tales," diverting though they might be, or to quote all the celebrated Disraelian epigrams. Perhaps he is right. One can always consult Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations,* where, among British Prime Ministers, Disraeli is outdistanced in image only by Winston Churchill.

Mrs. Sanders is an editor of "Harper's" and a political buff. Among her various articles in the magazine was "The Several Worlds of American Jews: An Unauthorized Guide," published in April 1966.

Novelist or Journalist?

by John Warner

Under the Eye of the Storm, by John Hersey. Knopf, $4.95.

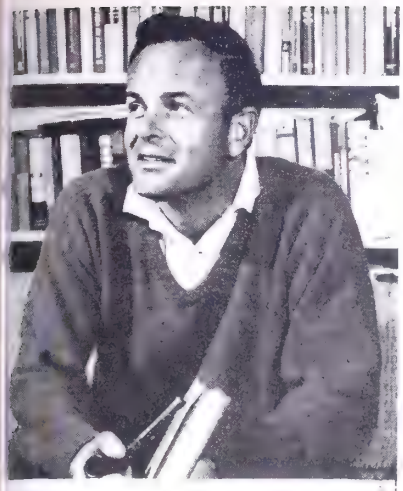
Is John Hersey a novelist or a journalist? That question, first asked a quarter of a century ago with the appearance of *Men on Bataan,* has been again raised with each of his succeeding books. Later ones—*The Child Buyer, The Lotus Eater,* for example—have strengthened the impression that his books are a kind of canonized reporting. *Under the Eye of the Storm* should win over all remaining doubting Thomases.

For here there is not one shred of plot—none of the strong story line made, say, *A Bell for Adano* or *War Lover* wonderfully entertaining reading. Nor are there any true-life (or even true-about-life) characters like the heroic Major John Indeed, Hersey has brought forth rather than flesh-and-blood characters into this book.

Chief among these is Tom Medlar, a medical doctor who "regarded himself as a humanist, a vitalist; he believed in an inner flame, a secret of life, intuition, love, whispers in the soul and crushing fallibility." Opposite Tom is Flicker Hamden, self-styled genius of the computer, who "characterized anything Medlar said as part of society, antiquated Bergsonian mysticism and extolled electrical intellect-[illegible] and wanted every mortal to be plugged in to a vast cybernetic system of data-sifting, problem-solving and decision-making."

Then there are the wives: Anne Medlar and Dottie Hamden—but both are of only passing interest. They serve as foils, for Tom especially, whose inability to understand either of these uncomplicated women reinforces our picture of him as a man hopelessly out of touch with life and lacking the intellect to realize it.

These four are gathered aboard Tom's ancient yawl *Harmony* for what is hoped to be a leisurely cruise



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of Block Island Sound. But a hurricane (which had been predicted would pass out to sea far to the south) suddenly strikes. The leisurely cruise then becomes a kind of voyage of discovery as this latter-day Thoreau and this modern man of science try desperately to work together to save *Harmony* and her crew.

By now, of course, symbol hunters will be gleefully off and running. There are just too many obvious signs to slip by unnoticed. One thinks immediately of Melville's notion that a ship is a microcosm of the world; of the great storm that suggests the conflict between Tom and Flicker; of the connotations of the name *Harmony*; and so on.

In the hands of a writer less skillful than Hersey, such clichés would spell complete disaster. But he is, of course, a pro, and his sure, spare style, his characteristic restraint, his probing journalist's eye almost surmount these difficulties. His description of the storm is especially impressive. One can almost feel the pull of the wind, the wrench of the boat as she is flung about the sea. But this is not enough: *Under the Eye of the Storm* is not supposed to be a meteorological study, but an introspective look at people under stress. And once Hersey's relentless and minute probing of Tom (and Flick) is done, we still know they are cardboard figures, hardly worth the effort.

Mr. Warner is a free-lance book reviewer and contributor to many scholarly journals.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

Waldo, by Paul Theroux.

A good funny novel. It starts, appropriately enough, with the hero's getting a cream pie flung in his face and ends with his becoming a star cabaret turn, as a sort of Writer in Residence—the Residence being a glass bubble in the middle of a dance floor. While Waldo is inside, pecking

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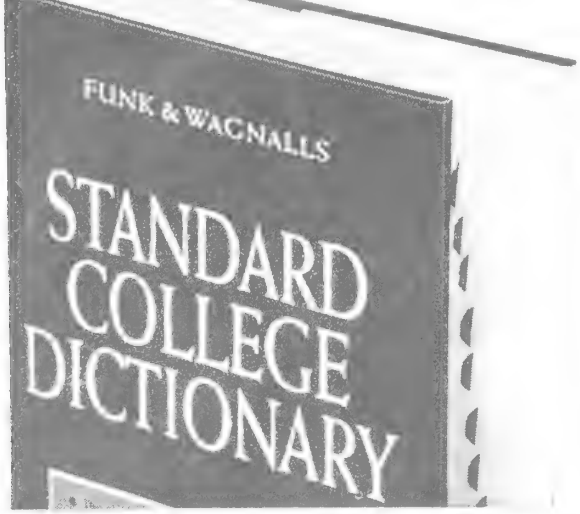
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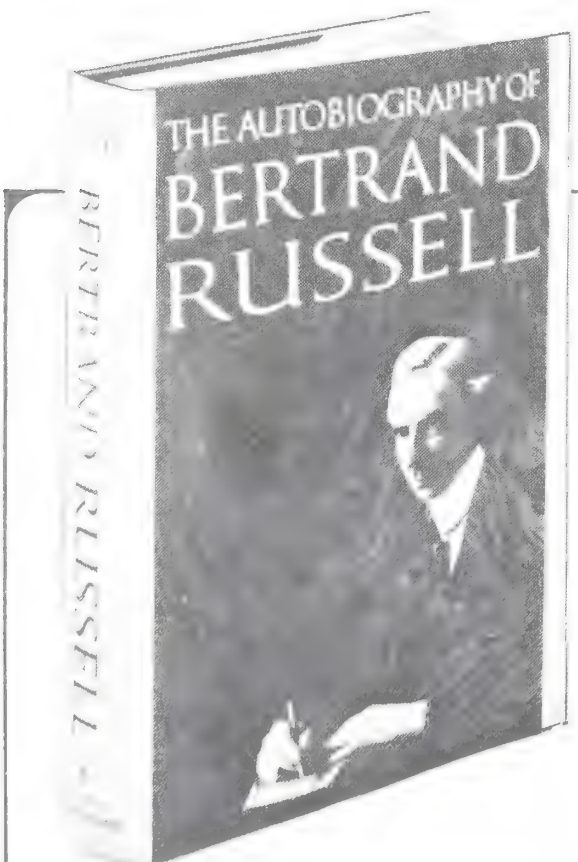
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*Prepublication comments by Alfred Kazin and Publishers' Weekly

away at the typewriter, the subjec his prize article stands outside, re ing the story that made them b h rich and famous: "Dying Mot Tells All." Thousands cheer.

Waldo's progress is like some k d of Mod Candide. We see him thro h college, in a home for delinqu t boys, in running fights with his p ents, and in bed for weeks on d with an aging, nymphomaniac st let; and all he really wants is "a n simple girl, fairly well-upholste d and fairly jolly." His disintegrat n is made quite literal (all his hair f s out) and it is a pity that, toward e end, the scenes get so grotesque d surreal. We get the fact that there s a scream behind the laughter with t the author's turning up the volum

But there is a lot of wit a laughter in the book, and Mr. Th oux has such a wild flair for d logue and the vivid scene that, if e is not careful, he may end up, as r h and famous as Waldo, in the gl s bubble of a movie or TV studio, tu ing out scripts.

Houghton Mifflin, $3

Fathers, by Herbert Gold.

The principal father in this b s seems to be Mr. Gold's own—a Jew refugee from Czarist Russia who s s up a grocery business in Clevela and has to cope with racketeers, Mafia, the Depression, world wa and the bringing up of young M Gold. It only "seems" to be this, cause the book is described as novel in the form of a memoi (Nonfiction fiction seems to be h to stay.)

The story (or perhaps history has a lot of heart, soul, and fun ab it; but in the telling it burgeons on most every page into plush phras ranging from the metaphysical ("L life is not a dream, and when she tri to inject an appetizer of pickled re ity into it . . .") to the downright c ("The lima beans loved to be ma slippery and nude"). It seems a pi that a writer of such obvious sen bility, with a good story to t shouldn't have stuck to the plain, a left out all the fancy.

Random House, $4.

A Meeting by the River, by Chr topher Isherwood.

Patrick is worried because h brother Oliver is about to take vo in a Hindu monastery, and flies

argue him out of it. Oliver is having private doubts, but ime that Patrick is there—a ghtened by the approach of the final vows—Oliver learns al things about his relation- h his brother and about him- covering how Patrick handles e, two children, a passing d, his successful publishing , and copes in his way with any given situation, Oliver that though the means may eap and shifty, Patrick, in the ws how to play things his way e them work. In paradoxical this gives Oliver a reassur- t he is right to try and play is own way, and make them o. It is an interesting con- on of the mystic and the at a time when both are o find the courage of their ons.

Isherwood tells the story in the form of letters—the used by the mother of the novel (*Pamela*, in 1740) and t as good and implausible as vas.

Simon & Schuster, $4.50

d Back Again, by Richard .

, 1951. Three young people: is, a mime; Monique, an ac- William, American, architec- tudent. Monique lives with is, but is lusted after by Wil- d leads him on for 255 pages. is a vulgar but accurate ex- n for little Monique—the polite being "flirt." What a nice guy lliam is doing chasing after a e bitch like Monique remained ery (to me) to the end. *La e?* Paree? Or just *tempéra-* (translated here as "hot ?

things to wonder about after- one is why someone who as breezily as Mr. Grenier have picked on this doleful old r his first novel. The other is, id Marcel Marceau ever do to There is no doubt that "Fran- from his act, to the red flower mouth—is a dead ringer for the mime, and he is described as being only slightly less tiresome than Monique. Are we in for another literary lawsuit?

Little, Brown, $4.95

Don't the Moon Look Lonesome, by Don Asher.

Like the hero of the previous novel, Jules Roman (white, of New England) is strung along sexually by Carmel Brown (Negro, of California) when they spend a few accident-prone months together on the outskirts of San Francisco. The difference is that, no matter how crazy they both seem (and that's pretty crazy), you stay with them all the way. Whether Carmel is sending off illiterate poems to *Mademoiselle*, or just crashing up someone else's car again, you believe that Jules believes in her "sweet, antic mind"—and surely that's what good novel writing is all about.

The author, it seems, is also a successful pianist. If he plays as well as he writes, he must have a very valuable set of digits indeed. This is an exciting, funny, and tender book.

Atheneum, $4.95

The Chosen, by Chaim Potok.

The classic struggle of youth and age, fathers and sons, their hopes, beliefs, and disappointments, is admirably told this time, in the context of two Jewish families in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, in the 1940s. A four-way fight (not always mental) develops between a fanatical Hasidic rabbi, his son who wants to be a psychologist; a liberal scholar, and *his* son who wants to be a rabbi. As they all end up as friends, things work out passably enough for each of them. The writing is appropriately simple and solemn, and the book may indeed be, as the publishers suggest in their blurb, the stuff best-sellers are made of.

Simon & Schuster, $4.95

May We Borrow Your Husband?, by Graham Greene.

More first-rate entertainment from Mr. Greene, with this book of short stories, subtitled "comedies of the sexual life." All four sexes are well represented here, mainly in sad, ironic idylls of brief encounters. (Don't overlook the word "brief" there—for a nice change, these "short stories" are really short.)

The collection is balanced by some

ge 123 for an announcement rper's Student Writing Con-

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very funny pieces: about a doctor who claims sex causes cancer, about an innocent men's drinking club that gets turned into a flailing mess of spies, police, and transvestism, and a brilliant one about a boy who has to live with the fact that his father was killed in a street accident in Naples—struck by a pig falling off a fourth-floor balcony.

A fascinating conjecture turns up in this last piece, by the way. We are all familiar with those letters in the book columns, asking for *any* information that will assist an author to prepare a biography of someone unlikely—a biography that never seems to appear. It's Mr. Greene's notion that these requests turn into an obscure form of blackmail, and that many a bright lad is now conning his way through college on the proceeds of some ill-advised confession. There's no end, it seems, to the jobs you can find through the *New York Times*.

Viking, $4.50

Nonfiction

Don't Never Forget: Collected Views and Reviews, by Brigid Brophy.

This British writer has some bright and zealous views about a lot of things. Her main interests (she says) are sex and the eighteenth century, and both Fanny Hill and Jane Austen make sassy appearances throughout the book. But Miss Brophy does tend to flog her hobby-horse—the essential lack of *différence* between men and women, when they are all really *people, persons, human*. Her intentions are honorable, but her logic gets so wobbly sometimes, one is inclined to want to shut her up by cramming steak *tartare* down her throat. (Miss Brophy is a vegetarian.)

But the reviews are something else again: fine, shrewd, generous, pithy comments on writers like Katherine Mansfield, Françoise Sagan, Henry Miller—and Bette Davis. It's ironic, considering her "views," that some of her best "reviews" are of women writers (I beg her pardon; writers who happen to be women). But anyone, like Miss Brophy, who champions the underprivileged novels of Patricia Highsmith, can't be all bad. When *is* the author of those strangely Nabokovian stories, *Deep Water*,

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

veet Sickness, and *The Cry of l*, going to get herself out of riller" category?
olt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.95

Boy, Down, Blast You! by on Ogburn, Jr. Illustrated by Simont. William Morrow,

Rainey, Run, by Mel Ellis. Rinehart & Winston, $3.95.

n lionesses, otters, and now hitting the best-seller list, it a brave man to write about a dog. But two authors have n down the gauntlet and both rth picking up.

Ogburn writes about man's chum in general, with the ac- n the word "dumb." As one of iends remarks, "Living with a like having an imbecile relative house," and Mr. Ogburn goes list all the foibles of the four- fiend with uncanny accuracy shrewd wit. "Happiness to a what lies on the other side of ."

wever, in case the Tail-Wag- Association should get the idea this author is someone to be ed and put to sleep, one should y explain that this short, sharp is more in fun than in anger. In it's the funniest (because tru- alf-hour's reading in some time, guaranteed to perk up anybody as just had to drag Rover round lock in a blizzard.

. Ellis tells a more sober story one particular dog, but Rainey the antithesis of Mr. Ogburn's of hound. He was an iconoclast lespised most efforts at affection attention, despite the fact that, nost of his life, he had to cope a series of misfortunes that have put down a canine Job. favorite anecdote concerns his harried by an obnoxious twelve- old, who was encouraged by his er to be a "brave boy" and "ride big doggie." Whereupon the big ie got the brave boy down on the nd, and wet on him. It sounds the one dog W. C. Fields might liked.

Cook, a regular reviewer in these ans, also writes for television the theater. A poem of his ap- s on page 49.

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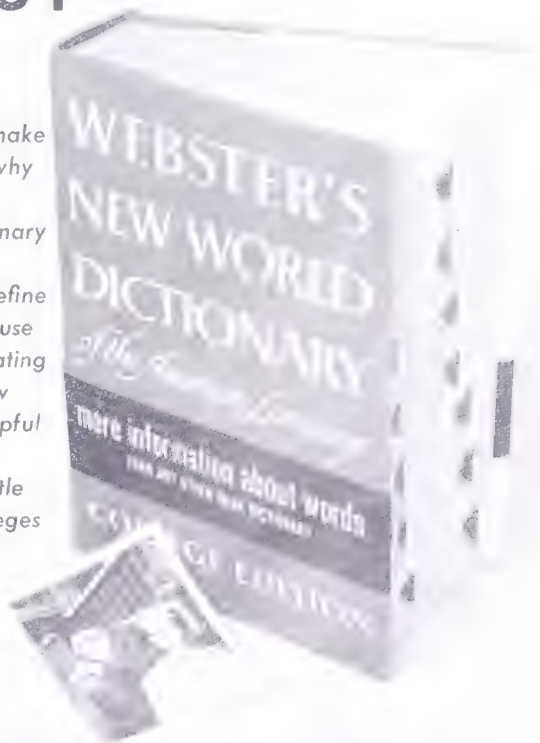
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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY Cleveland and New York

Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*



MARTHA GRAHAM: MORALIST IN THE THEATER

Now past seventy, she remains a potent theatrical personality, still searching for an audience and for new ways to say old (and new) things through modern dance.

At this moment, Martha Graham and her Dance Company are touring Europe under the auspices, both diplomatic and financial, of the State Department. That is pretty much how the Graham Company has always done everything; being poverty-stricken throughout its entire thirty-eight-year existence, it has developed a way of life in which other people's money is used to finance the creation of unique works of art and assure their performance. The company's recent season in New York took place only because some of the profits of the *Reader's Digest* were made available to it through a grant from the Lila Acheson Wallace Fund; Mrs. Wallace, of course, is co-founder of the *Digest*.

Individual Graham productions have always had their own sponsors. The Alice M. Ditson Fund at Columbia University has commissioned several works. Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Blankman (she is a former Graham student married to a financier) put up the money for *Acrobats of God*. The Bethsabee de Rothschild Foundation has been one of the company's mainstays. And now the National Council on the Arts has begun to deliver essential support. The two new productions this season—*Cortege of Eagles* and *Dancing-Ground*—were almost entirely financed by the Council.

This is probably well and good. No dance company has ever paid its own way. What is discouraging about this particular situation is that Martha Graham still has no audience in this country. The company can barely manage three weeks each year in New York City, and often there are gaps of two or more years between seasons. Dancers, ex-dancers, and hopeful dancers make up the bulk of the audience; theater people and a few musicians also come. Of New York's intellectual world there is hardly a sign. Where, one wonders, are all the academic and literary guardians of our national cultural life? (They are missing, as a matter of fact, from almost all American musical activity. The work of our leading avant-garde musicians remains alien to the general audience partly because, unlike the art world, it has no propagandists, no literary publicists to make the necessary link between audience and composer. Most contemporary music and its creators exist in an artistic isolation almost unique in the history of art.)

As for Martha Graham, she is probably used to facing a half-empty house at some performances. She has never had that slow enlargement of audience that her equivalent in other art forms have finally enjoyed, sometimes to their complete amazement, in their own lifetime: Picasso, Balanchine, Stravinsky, among them. And while critical opinion has gone through the familiar transformation from hostility to coolness through acceptance and finally enthusiasm, she has not been particularly fortunate in her own propagandists, most of whom have tended to revere rather than appraise her work. John Martin, the former dance critic of the *New York Times*, was one exception; Agnes de Mille was another (witness her chapter on Graham in *Dance to the Piper*.

One example from Leroy Leatherman's book-length portrait of the choreographer sums up the general: "The story is told that on the night of the premiere (of *Deaths and Entrances*) . . . exactly when Martha as Emily Brontë, rushed to the brink real lightning struck and thunder boomed, as if she had summoned the elements. She may have; there is witchery in her and one would be unwise to doubt that certain dark powers are inaccessible to her." This not uncommon kind of palaver is enough to keep anyone away from a Martha Graham performance as probably has. Twentieth-century audiences are not interested in witches, although it may be boorish to insist on it, nor—on the evidence of her work—is Martha Graham.

She was born in Pittsburgh, both parents being Presbyterian and Scotch, but grew up in southern California. Her father was a doctor who believed that he could sharpen his ability to diagnose illness by carefully watching how his patients moved. Our hands, he believed and often informed his daughter, revealed certain things about ourselves; you could tell whether a man was lying by the way he held his hands. Our entire bodies, in fact, were direct expressions of our souls; if we understood this, everything could be learned from them. The lesson stuck.

When at last Martha Graham began to dance, she studied at the Denishawn School in Los Angeles, then the center of exotic experimentation in the new "modern dance." The classic ballet was out; its technique perpetuated artificiality and inhibi-

Expressiveness and freedom the two keynotes of the day. At shawn, hearty girls from the rican West pretended to be danc- Orientals. Central and South rican Indians also provided in- tion. They were real and close to unlike the fables of sleeping ties and swan queens. At one , Martha Graham is said to have ed the part of an Aztec maiden hungrily gnawed at her partner's s part of the performance; that ed expressive and real enough nybody.

it Graham needed more than ic expeditions. From California, came to New York, in revolt ist Denishawn, and landed as a er in the Greenwich Village Fol- It was a way to make a living. n began the long pull. She gave standard solo Sunday recitals. began the development of a new aique based on a simple but not nary notion of body contractions release, designed to encompass na and lyrical movement. With r dancers, she started the search materials to perform, and the , excruciating building of a rep- ire and a performing company nder way. There was little money little encouragement. What drove ham was vision and the inexor- tug of compulsive talent; as it oens, there was an extraordinary unt of both.

he company's recent season in York offered another chance to scover that the Graham reper- e is "good" in exactly the same a Sunday sermon is "good." It is ng, danced essay on morality, rever the specific subject matter any given work may happen to e from—American folklore, the r struggles of women who are artists, Greek mythology, or ply the more shining aspects of . Whatever the works say, they it on the side of the angels and h a kind of harsh Presbyterian y. All the standard virtues are ssed onstage: honesty, courage, acity, forthrightness, acceptance, lliness. For Martha Graham, these the qualities that enhance life, e it value. The enemies are vio- ce, disorder, chaos, superstition, t, jealousy, all the eternal opposi- ns. The point of the works is di- tic; they mean to enlighten; they are always explaining a moral, psychological, or emotional dilemma, even when they are at their lightest and most witty. A curiously tame—and much-discussed—eroticism runs through the works. Hands slide over other bodies; breasts are touched, loins caressed. Yet an air of disapproval hangs over it all. It is perfunctory. The dancers always seem to be looking away when they perform these gestures, in haste and guilt.

The cumulative effect of the Graham repertoire is one of great and sometimes bleak beauty and a strange feeling of sterling old-fashionedness. For the works exist outside of time; they stand alone, perfectly contained. They are of our own world but not about it. They have much to say about the Human Condition, little about the individual. It is a repertoire that is highly abstracted and purified. It is almost devoid of drama, yet explosively packed with theatricality.

There is rarely a narrative in the conventional sense. In the Graham translations of Greek mythology, the curtain invariably rises on the moment when the story has already happened, that precise instant when the characters are frozen in their conflicts, waiting for sudden resolution and release. Chronological time has little meaning; neither has suspense. So there are few ordinary surprises.

In *Cave of the Heart*—the Graham version of Medea—all that is left to happen once the curtain goes up is the final act of vengeance. Four characters hold the stage while the work lasts. Jason makes opportunistic love to his new wife, the Princess of Corinth; a tall, stately chorus figure moves between them; and Medea herself stalks the stage waiting to offer the Princess her wedding gift of a poisoned crown. It is so tightly compressed that the curtain is down in less than twenty-five minutes. During that time the menace of superstition and unholy vengeance is unrelieved. The Graham moral is clear: *bind yourself to darkness and you will forget how to see.*

All of this is performed—like most of Graham's works—on a stage virtually empty of sets. Several props are recognizable, most prominently a shimmering gold treelike construction, as tall and as wide as a man with his arms outspread. At first, this decorates one side of the stage, cast-

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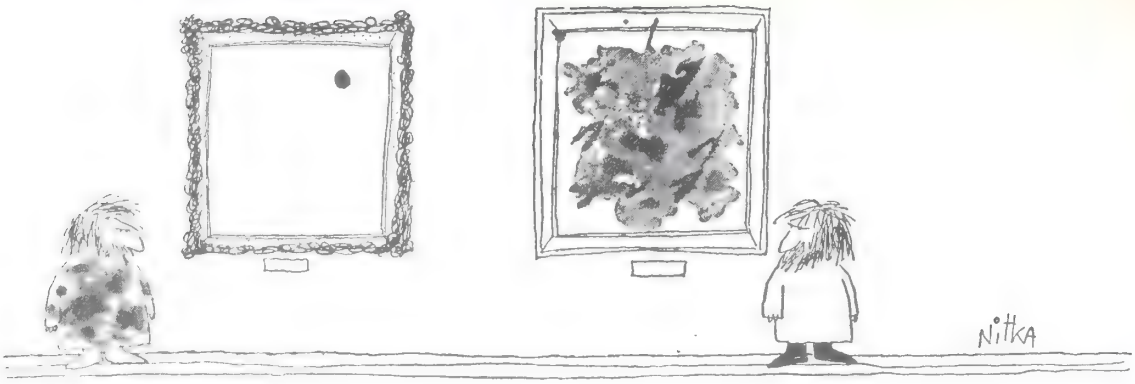
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ing strange lights and foreboding shadows as the work moves on. Then it becomes an extension of Medea as she manipulates it to define the area in which she performs. Finally, it takes on an unexpected life of its own as she slips her arms through its circular metal struts and wears it on her shoulders like huge malevolent wings to flee the murder. The lighting is equally important, used at moments for its decorative power alone, at others as the finger that points accusingly at the criminal; it always helps to guide the audience's attention. It is this combination of props and lighting, along with specially commissioned scores and simple but primary-colored costumes, that heightens the Graham choreography and helps to give it its unique theatrical power.

Certain built-in dangers lie in the Graham theatrical style, especially in the Greek works. Everything is outsized, far bigger than life; one act of vengeance is made to stand for every act of vengeance ever committed. Characters then are boldly outlined but they lose their human complexity. I could more easily believe, for one instance, in a subtle Medea who may or may not be beautiful than in the Graham Medea, who is sometimes as ugly and obvious as a silent screen villainess. There are moments in these works that head for the disastrous edge of self-parody. At one climax, a dancer raises a bare foot at the audience only to have the audience suddenly transfixed by the sight of the dirt that has accumulated on the sole. In *Phaedra*, it is difficult to tell at first which of two leading dancers is Hippolytus, which his father Theseus, and the decision is crucial. This kind of ambiguity is an unnecessary strain. It was at its worst in one of the season's new works, *Cortege of Eagles*, a handsome retelling of the story of Queen Hecuba of Troy. In it, the stage is filled with old, beloved heroes and heroines: Andromache, Hector, Achilles, Priam, Polydoros, Paris, Helen, Astyanax, Polyxena, Polymnestor, Charon, Hecuba herself. All of them, however, are unnecessarily shy about giving up the secret of their identities.

About Martha Graham's lyrical works, I hold no reservations. They are an unbroken series of triumphs, in which her fine-textured style becomes the content itself, the literal meaning of each work. They are also enhanced by some of the best scores in the repertoire. Carlos Surinach's music for *Acrobats of God* is filled with a strong rhythmic pulse and fine tunes, while Ned Rorem's score for the second new work of the season, *Dancing-Ground*, has exactly the variety and color the piece needs. Something seems to overcome our composers when asked to write music to accompany Greek tragedy. They pull a long face, go logy on us; most of the Greek scores are depressing when they need be only serious.

The present Graham Company, incidentally, is an integrated paradise. About a quarter of it is Negro, some of it is Oriental, and the remainder an echo of the 'thirties, meaning half Jewish. In pure dancing terms, it is the strongest Graham Company in many years, technically brilliant with outstanding stamina and dynamic force. This is a good sign for the future. Martha Graham is in her seventies. As a performer she has unmatched presence on stage, but the sheer physical demands of her own choreography are now beyond her. Her new works this season, however, are as rich as anything she has done in the past; they indicate that we can expect fine, new works for as long as she wants to make them. The company itself has two new co-directo Bertram Ross and Robert Cohan, bc leading dancers. This promises a cc tinuity of performance and the ho that perhaps in fifty years there w be a Martha Graham Company pe forming Graham works, and othe as well. The possibility, in fact, see reasonably good.

MacBi

A few words about *MacBird*, as pr duced at the Village Gate in Ne York: As probably everyone kno by now, it is a pox-on-everyone' house satire, using the framewo and plot of *Macbeth* to contain t story of the Kennedy assassinati and President Johnson's assumpti of power. By any standards it is se ond-rate, neither changing us n affecting the political situation it a tacks. Too bad, because its own prop gandists promised so much from it

It does pay attention to our pere nial need to dress up as Big Momn and Poppa in order to demolish the in play, and to our present tenden to inflate a single "clever" notic into an entire evening's enterpris (Barbara Garson originally wro *MacBird* as a sketch for a Berkele sit-in and then just decided to kee going for three acts.) But I'm afrai that the play and the playwright an perhaps the audience that has bee attracted to it represent a New Ph listinism abroad in the land, in whic a kind of total do-it-yourself tec nique honors the notion that art i whatever you want to make it. Th technique produces lots of noise, t mult, and simple discharge of energ all of it in place of real passion. Th message of *MacBird* is trust no on I always thought that was the firs symptom on the way to total with drawal.

Music in the Round *by Discus*

ALSTAFF AND FAUST

he world is a farce" indeed in nagnificent comic recording by rnstein in Vienna; but Suther- d and Bonynge miss their nces with Gounod.

has been some time since I have l the opportunity to write about rdi's *Falstaff,* that most perfect of ras, that magical and fast-moving tillation of the composer's old age. e history of opera shows nothing e this compressed work, in which re are few arias but in which there o is never-ending song. Not even zart achieved this fusion of orches- with voice. Scholars have com- ed *Falstaff* with *Così fan tutte* and *Nozze di Figaro,* and with good son. Mozart had the comic gift m the beginning, and when he ote a comic opera it was from a iversal point of view. The charac- s are transcendent, representing only Figaro, the Count, Fiordiligi, l Ferrando, but all people. Verdi, o wrote only two comic operas in long career (and one of them died rning), by some miracle also man- d to achieve a universal vision. He ished *Falstaff* at the age of sev- y-nine, but it is the essence of wit, young love (those Nannetta-Fen- duets!), of sympathy for the hu- n condition. It is a miracle, because rdi's gift, one would have thought, s not toward comedy. But here it is; and the very ending is one of the great jokes in music: a fugue (in Italian opera!) telling the listener that the world is a farce. *Tutto nel mondo è burla . . .*

Falstaff is now out in a version conducted by Leonard Bernstein. It is his first opera recording. Bernstein had made his Metropolitan Opera debut a few years back in this work. Then he led six performances of it last year at the Vienna Staatsoper, and the critics and public went wild. The opera was recorded in Vienna with the Staatsoper cast—Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Falstaff), Regina Resnik (Dame Quickly; she also sang it in New York), Ilva Ligabue (Mrs. Ford), Rolando Panerai (Ford), Graciella Sciutti (Nannetta), and Juan Oncina (Fenton). Bernstein conducts the Vienna Philharmonic (Columbia ML 350, mono; MS 750, stereo; both 3 discs).

As his New York performances illustrated, Bernstein relishes and understands *Falstaff.* Of all operas, it is perhaps the closest to Broadway, in that it is short, moves swiftly, has a strong "book" and strongly defined characters. Bernstein, who has been in show business all his life (in more ways than one), makes a big thing about achieving liaison between stage and orchestra. In no other Verdi opera does the orchestra have such importance, and Bernstein simply revels in the chance given him by the composer to point up the orchestral commentary. Under his direction the orchestra coos, gurgles, breaks into Falstaffian roars of laughter. Wherever a character has a telling comment to make, there is Bernstein, backing him up. Occasionally he presses a little too hard, and the first Nannetta-Fenton duet is a little too matter-of-fact. But the overwhelming impression from Bernstein's conducting is one of identification with the opera. His tempos tend to be fast, but not so fast that the spirit disappears; and with all the speed he gives the singers plenty of breath. A magnificent achievement.

The singing is good. Some critics have complained about the lack of "fatness" in Fischer-Dieskau's voice. They would have liked a more orotund sound, and they have a point. Nevertheless the great German baritone knows exactly what he is doing; and, light sound or no, he manages to convey character. None of the other singers can be faulted, and this *Falstaff* remains the greatest on records since the legendary Toscanini performance.

A Touchy Subject

There are five complete *Falstaff* recordings in the current Schwann Long Playing Record Catalogue. There is only a single one of an even more popular opera—Gounod's *Faust.* Amazing, but true. French opera is in sad estate these days. And it has been so in New York and through most of the world outside of France for over two generations. For this there are several reasons. France produces surprisingly few great singers —singers who could make French opera their personal property and sing it around the world. And the repertory is not very interesting. This is a touchy subject, and there



are defenders of French opera who will fight to the death insisting that *L'Africaine, Werther, Roméo et Juliette, Thaïs,* and so on should be restored to the repertory. Great operas, they say. But most will disagree. In any case, it is an academic question. French singing style is all but unknown these days, and will remain so until out of France comes a new breed of singers.

Anyway, a new *Faust* has come forth, featuring Joan Sutherland in her first French role. She sings Marguerite, of course, and the other principals are Franco Corelli (Faust), Nicolai Ghiaurov (Mephistopheles), Robert Massard (Valentine), Monica Sinclair (Martha), and Margreta Elkins (Siebel). Richard Bonynge conducts the London Symphony Orchestra (London A 4433, mono; OSA 1433, stereo; both 4 discs).

It is an ambitious album, and offers us a more complete *Faust* than is normally heard. Sutherland and Bonynge (her husband) are great ones for going to the original manuscript. They have a touch of the antiquarian as well as the scholar, and have always tried to re-create the style and the actual notes as the composer left them. In their *Faust* researches they came up with material that Gounod, for one reason or another, dropped. They also came up with the music for some of the cuts. (Very few operas in any opera house are ever presented uncut.) Bonynge has not used all the material he has unearthed, but he has added a few things, and the result is more of *Faust* than anybody has heard this generation.

But the performance itself shows how ill-equipped most present-day singers are to handle the music. Sutherland has one of the most beautiful voices before the public today, and she is by far the most brilliant vocal technician. Yet she does not understand the role of Marguerite. She sings it in a droopy manner, concentrating on tone instead of character. It is heavy, boneless singing, some of it impressive as pure vocalism but seldom convincing as a picture of a young, innocent girl. Sutherland still slides too much from note to note, and her singing does not ... the "lift" that a previous gene... of French-trained sopranos (Ga... Calvé, Melba) could bring to ... work. Compare the lightness a... sparkle of Melba's "Jewel S... against the earnest, unimagin... plodding singing contributed b... therland, and you will begin to g... idea.

Nothing S...

Even worse is Corelli as Faust ... is nothing short of a travesty. I... body wanted to present a pictu... a swell-headed Italian tenor *i... tremis* and *in excelsis*, this will ... as a model for all future genera... Frances Alda put tenors into a s... ate category of the human race ... book *Men, Women, and Tenors* ... when Gatti-Casazza, the old ma... of the Metropolitan Opera, wou... to explain extreme stupidity ... would put his finger to his for... and meaningfully say, "The he... a tenor." Corelli's singing is a... of egotism carried to the leng... sheer religious belief. Nothing ... cerns him but his high notes. ... cianship, style, ensemble, line, pl... character, mood, diction—all are ... servient to his high C. He bellow... way through the role, and pro... would defend himself by pointin... that, after all, the opera *is* n... *Faust*, isn't it?

Nicolai Ghiaurov, the celeb... Bulgarian basso, is the Mephis... eles. Like Corelli, he is loud; ... unlike Corelli, he is not obno... Indeed, there is something eng... about the hammy way he appro... his role. Gounod's Mephistophe... a Victorian stage devil, conve... ally evil, commanding, the equiv... of the Hairbreath Harry villa... stovepipe hat and curled mous... Ghiaurov sees the devil exactly ... way. It's not subtle, but the ... nothing subtle about Mephistop... On the other hand, the musical ... does have a great deal of sub... and Bonynge, with his four-s... rhythms, literalism, and inabili... dominate the orchestra makes ... little of his chances. He conduct... notes cleanly, and that is all. I... for Ghiaurov, the set would be a ... plete washout. And if I haven't ... myself clear, this is not the *Fau...* my dreams.

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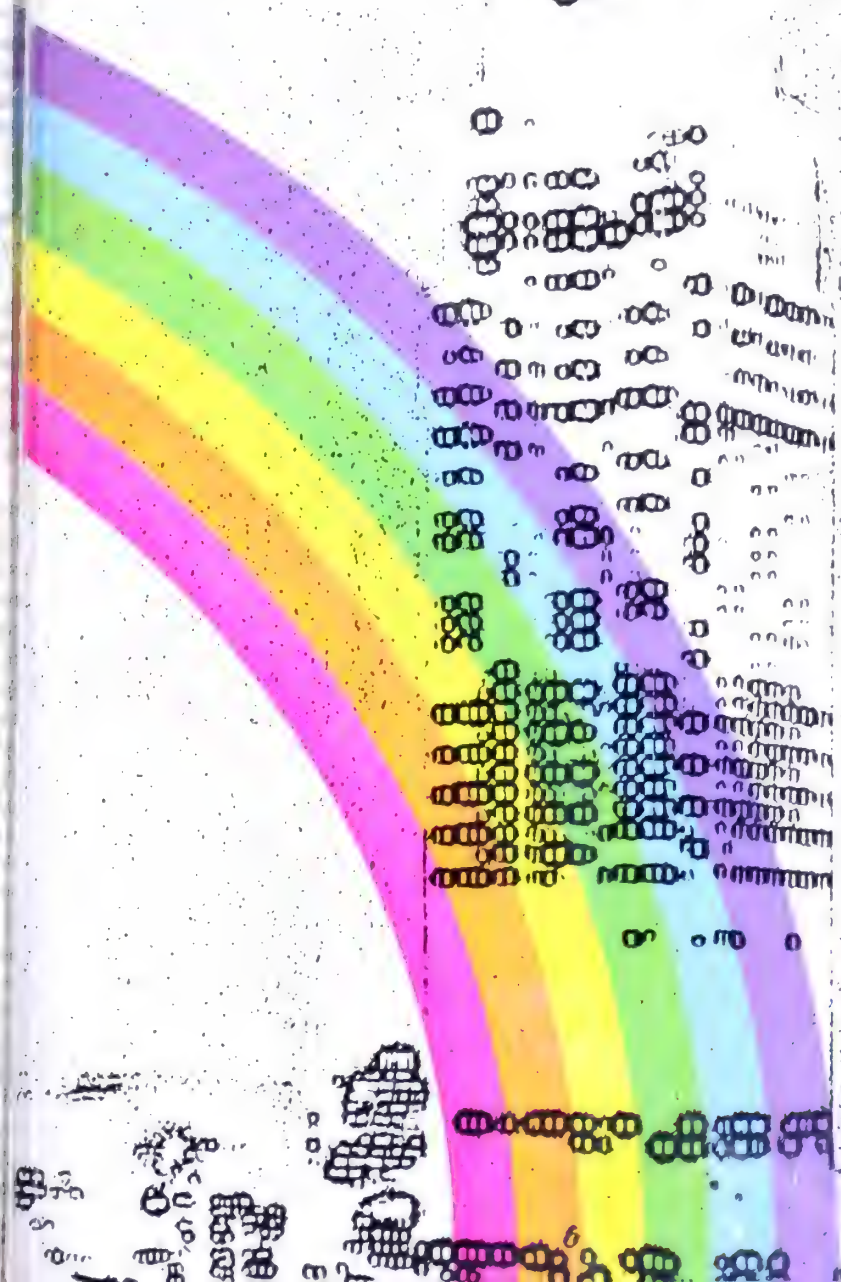


When the Negroes in Vietnam Come Home
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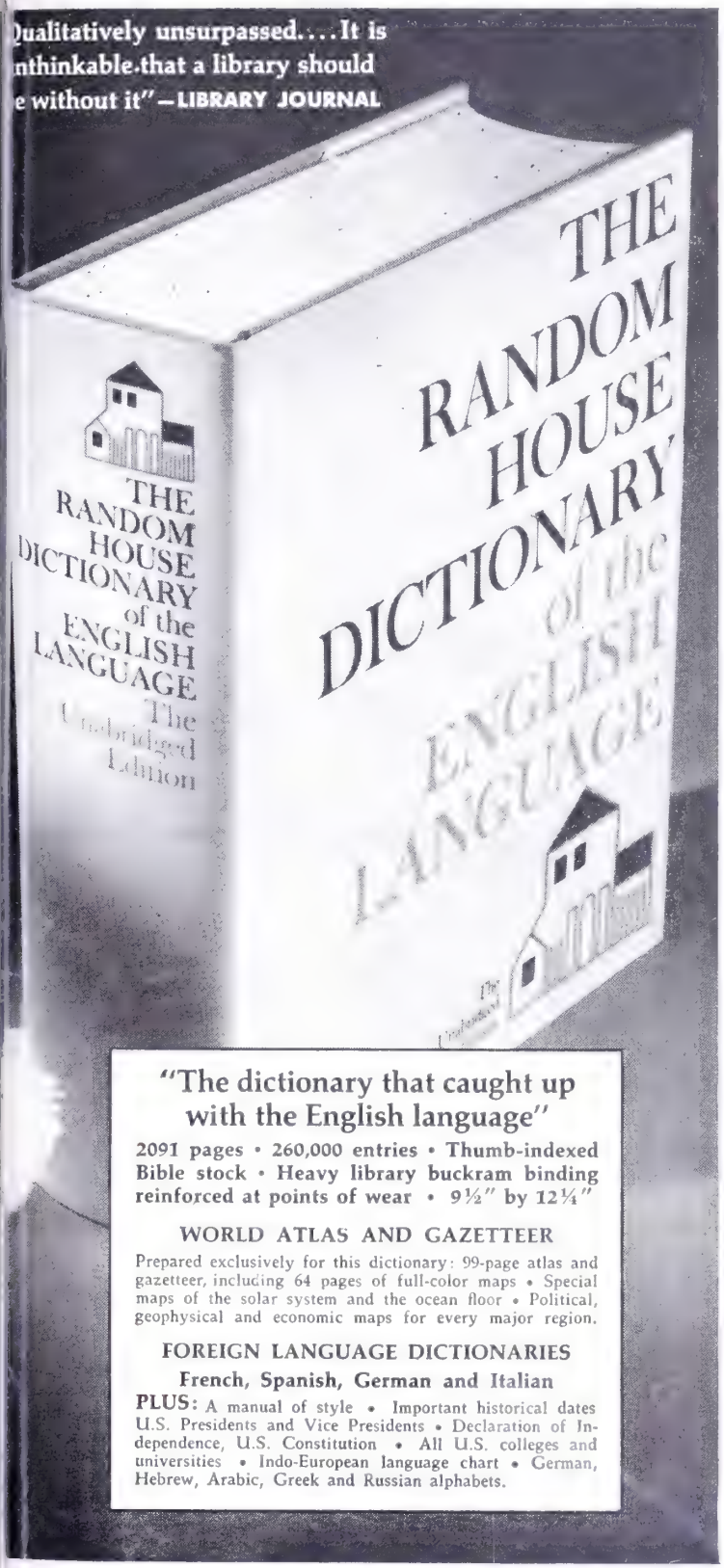
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Letters

One Man's Tweet . . .

I have a feeling Philip Wagner failed to get to the bottom of birds ["The War with the Birds," April]. It is worth remembering that the Whistling Swan was aloft long before the Viscount and may well be aloft long after man's frantic machines have had their little day in the sky. In any event, who's to say which of the two, in collision, the Viscount and the Swan, is the villain of the piece. Perhaps we should just call it a draw.

In Mr. Wagner's world, if a man eats a grape, things are going according to plan. If a bird eats a grape, we must call out the Guard and open fire with DDT. This view of the natural world as a place specifically designed for man's convenience and delectation is strikingly similar to the view held by Warty Bliggens, the toad. Archy, if you recall, found Warty one day sitting under a toadstool. The conversation revealed that he, Warty, considered himself to be the center of the universe: the toadstool had been planned for his personal shelter, the sun had been placed in the sky to give him light by day, and the moon and wheeling constellations were there to make beautiful the night for the sake of Warty Bliggens. Archy, fascinated by this recital, asked what the toad had done to be so greatly favored by the creator. "Ask rather," replied Warty, "what the universe has done to deserve me."

I am neither for nor against birds, but I regard them as denizens of equal standing in a world unparalleled in its diversity and beauty. By Mr. Wagner's definition I am a sentimentalist. Anyway, I wouldn't swap the first wispy note of the White Throat in the New England spring for all the wine in Burgundy. To me, this note *is* wine—of great distinction and from the best year.

E. B. WHITE
New York, N. Y.

Hope for the College-Bound

There is indeed "Still Time to Get Into a Good College" [Benjamin Fine, April]. Anyone interested can obtain a list of over five hundred accredited four-year colleges with room for freshmen for this autumn by sending 75¢ to Reprint Service, *Changing Times* Magazine, 1729 H Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006. . . .

SIDNEY SULKIN, Senior Ed.
Changing Times
Washington, D. C.

Not only is there "still time to get into college" but there will be space available in June, July, and August. . . . This year we anticipate some 300,000 vacant spaces. . . . An analysis of our research of the past six years is available for public distribution for $4.

Implicit in what Dr. Fine says, and what we say bluntly, is that there is no *student* college admissions problem—there is a *parental* college admissions problem. Too many parents try to use the lives of their children in an involved status game. . . . There are two good reasons a boy goes to college; because his father did—and because his father didn't. Most parents will agree that it is better to be a happy, good mechanic than a miserable, incompetent professional—referring, of course, to their neighbor's children. . . .

G. JAMES HECHTMAN, Dir.
Student Admissions Center
New York, N. Y.

Oh *Harper's, Harper's!* I hate to be persnickety but why is the name of every seven-sister school exc[ept] Mount Holyoke blazoned on yo[ur] April cover? . . . Did you know th[at] Mount Holyoke was the oldest [of] these institutions—the first "siste[r] Also, the oldest women's college [in] the U. S.

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It grieves us, however, to see th[at] Dr. Fine has omitted reference [to] us . . .

HENRY KLEIN, Ed.D., Pr[es.]
American College Admissions Cen[ter]
Philadelphia, P[a.]

Wilson on the Cou

Ever since the Freud-Bullitt tra[ge]esty on Wilson first appeared, I h[ave] been waiting for Professor Arthur [S.] Link's review ["The Case for Woo[d]row Wilson," April], and I thank y[ou] for it. As the first of Wilson's bio[g]raphers who had access to his pape[rs] in the Library of Congress in 19[39] . . . and as the author of ten oth[er] biographies, I would like to supp[le]ment one argument. Bullitt co[m]pletely distorted the relationship [be]tween Wilson and his father. . . . B[ut] that relationship was even finer th[an] the article indicated. I know of [no] other pair except Robert Browni[ng] and his father who so nearly realiz[ed] the ideal.

Equally important, one cann[ot] understand Wilson at all if one leav[es] out, as the Freud-Bullitt book do[es] the impact of Reconstruction in t[he] South upon an observant, intelligen[t]

Harper's welcomes readers' comments. Short letters stand the best chance of publication; and all letters may be cut to some extent. Comments on articles in this issue will appear in the August Harper's.

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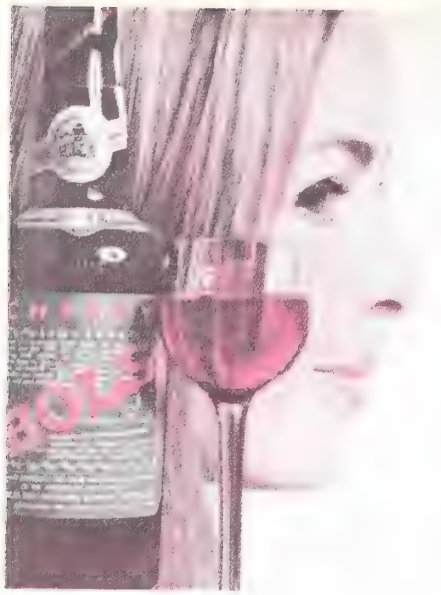
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but well-protected boy. This was Wilson's experience between the ages of eight and sixteen, and it had a tremendous effect upon all the most important thoughts and actions of his career. . . .

DAVID LOTH
Greenwich, Conn.

Arthur Link may indeed be right in his belief that Versailles "was Wilson's finest hour." . . . However, according to legend, Lloyd George is reported to have said of the peace conference, "I did the best I could, seated as I was between Jesus Christ and Attila the Hun . . . ," the latter, of course, being Clemenceau. It is possible that Bullitt and Freud are a good deal closer to the mark than Professor Link would let us believe.

HENRY MEYER, JR.
Hamilton, Mass.

The Airport Scramble

I read with a good deal of interest Wolf Von Eckardt's "Redesigning American Airports" [March]. I have long felt that the airlines, especially International Air Transport Association members, have this great feeling of being the logical successors to Tailspin Tommy or at least the Red Baron. They are members of an exclusive club and I think that therein lie a great many problems.

As custom-house brokers, we are intimately involved with the airlines on a freight level. I have seen some incredible things.

Baltimore has few direct flights abroad. Consequently many importers and exporters have to trans-ship through JFK Airport in New York or Dulles in Virginia. There was an instance where a department store bought some merchandise in Germany and had it shipped by plane to Dulles. When the fifty-pound package got to Dulles, someone noticed that the shipment was consigned to us at Friendship Airport. This meant that he had to send the package from Dulles to Washington National Airport presumably by limousine, where it was then put on to a plane for Friendship. When the package got to Friendship, since it was in bond, it was then put on to a truck and forwarded to the U. S. Customs Appraiser's Stores in downtown Baltimore. The flight from Europe took about eight hours. The flight from Dulles to the Customs at Baltimore took two-and-a-half we

IATA, however, jealously gu its cargo sales agencies. . . . It m be worthwhile allowing sales ag a greater commission if they l freight in or out of smaller airp This would force the airlines to vide services from these smaller ports. It won't happen until the ernment steps in and forces the lines to spread out.

M. SIGMUND SHAPIRO, P
Samuel Shapiro & Comp
Baltimore,

TV's Good G

In his effort to surprise us by c ing the good guys of television as bad guys, Robert Eck [in "The M Masters of Television," March] only does one of the genuine g guys, Xerox, an injustice, he obscu what may be commercial televisi only ray of hope.

First, Xerox. Although Mr. Ec correct about the [low] price for original showing of *Death of a Sa man* ($250,000), Xerox paid m than twice that amount to rerun program. How much the network get from subsequent runs is a body's guess, but they'll surely cover the $450,000 they paid for production . . .

In any event, it was not the amo of money that was paid . . . but fact that Xerox wanted to put name on the program, that matte *Death of a Salesman* may look pure gold today, after the accl and the audience ratings, but bef it went on the air the network disc ered that most advertisers would put their names on it at any pri It looked like an un-American p by a left-wing author with a bedro scene, an unhappy ending, and knock on salesmen that was sure attract some unpleasant mail. W needed it.

Who? We all did, all thirty milli of us who sat in front of our tele sion sets that Sunday night in D cember, while Miller's poetry revea to us things that were more valua than the next installment of *T Beverly Hillbillies*. Which is w Xerox was willing to put not only money, but its name, on the line; a why, until Mr. Eck came along, eve one applauded them for doing so.

Mr. Eck's picture of the future

General Motors is people making better products for people.

aul Meyers runs a finishing school. For mechanics.

Paul Meyers doesn't make w GM cars. But he does know w to keep them running like w. He also knows that today's echanic has to run faster than er just to keep up.

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Paul Meyers, instructor, GM Training Center, Warren, Michigan



GM

OF EXCELLENCE

commercial television is just as distorted. . . . Happily . . . Xerox has had evidence, from their first television sponsorship six years ago (*CBS Reports . . .*), that good programs pay out . . . in hard, black, bottom-line dollars and cents. Today Xerox has reason to believe it more than ever.

Hallmark must believe it too. And AT&T. And General Telephone. And Ford. And several major airlines; some textile, chemical, and electronic giants; some package-goods companies; even a regional brewer. All in all, enough advertising dollars to bring to commercial television, in time, a balance of good programming comparable to Britain's highly admired BBC and ITV.

Is that balance just around the corner? No. But it's probably closer than an adequately financed, well-managed scheme for public television. And it is certainly closer than Mr. Eck would have us believe.

FREDERIC PAPERT
Chairman of the Board
Papert, Koenig, Lois, Inc., Advertising
New York, N. Y.

MR. ECK REPLIES:

I'm sorry Mr. Papert feels my article intended an attack on Xerox, without whose thoughtful sponsorship commercial programming would be even less appealing than it is. I had no intention of criticizing any company or individual; what is wrong with commercial television was not caused by villains and will not be righted by heroes.

My point in discussing *Death of a Salesman* was that the sponsorship of exemplary programs is rigorously limited by the difficulty of finding sponsors to whom audience is not an overriding consideration and by the financial losses this often entails.

The significant aspect of that telecast is not that Xerox bought it for $250,000, but that, as Mr. Papert implies, *nobody else would buy it at all.*

At the risk of having Mr. Papert damn me for a cynical pessimist, I would like to comment that the "balance of good programming" he predicts as being closer to realization than I would admit is actually twelve years away—in the past.

In 1955, *Omnibus* was presenting a brilliant spectrum of programming every Sunday afternoon for ninety minutes. In the same year, Edward R. Murrow was regularly covering world affairs for CBS and opera was being regularly presented by NBC. The dozens of good plays well cast and produced on commercial television in 1955 included *The Devil's Disciple* with Dennis King, Maurice Evans, and Ralph Bellamy, *Petrified Forest* with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall, *The Skin of Our Teeth* with Helen Hayes and Mary Martin, *Darkness at Noon* with Lee J. Cobb, Oscar Homolka, and David Wayne, *Caine Mutiny Court-martial* with Lloyd Nolan, Barry Sullivan, and Frank Lovejoy, *Visit to a Small Planet* with Cyril Ritchard, *Cyrano de Bergerac* with Christopher Plummer and Claire Bloom, and the premiere performances of *The Catered Affair* with Thelma Ritter and Pat Henning, and *No Time for Sergeants* with Andy Griffith.

If Mr. Papert can see a year like that in the future of commercial television, I would appreciate having the prescription for his eyeglasses.

Poor Countries in Crisis

The true reasons for the economic plight of India have been only glided over by Milton Friedman ["Myths That Keep People Hungry," Easy Chair, April]. . . .

What one sees in India today is that the majority of her best-train[ed] entists and technologists ha[ve] place in their society and have t[o] positions abroad. The country [ha]d had a comprehensive scheme to [u]se of its technical and sci[en]tific talents. . . . India got into a [se]ar foreign-exchange problem, bec[au]se continued to import various [go]oods which could have been manufa[c]tured within the country. . . . An exc[i]ting was in the matter of nuclear s[e]ner . . . The country can now make n[u]cle bombs, but for constructing a [pow]er lizer plant, it is seeking foreign [a]id

JOSE PALATH[IN]O
Dept. of Physics, U. of Cinc[in]nati
Cincinn[ati]

Mr. Friedman's article prov[ides] classic essay on the place tha[t] vidual initiative can play in ou[r] ern civilization. . . . As one wh[o] seen a great deal of the world [in] the past forty-seven years, [I] testify that my experience co[n]firms the truth of what Mr. Friedma[n] written.

WILLIAM R. MA[THE]WS
Editor and Pub[lis]her
The Arizona *Dail[y] S*[tar]
Tucson[, A]riz.

Handout for a

In Larry L. King's "God, Ma[n] William F. Buckley" [March] [I] duce that the basic reason fo[r] Buckley's shortcomings is that [he] rich . . . The thought of Mr. [B]uckley worrying each Christmas Eve [a]s whether he will be able to resc[ue] wife's gift from Lay-Away mak[es] truly sad. Since the year is yo[ung] suggest that his well-wishers jo[in] in establishing a little fund tow[ard] gift paid for in cash, and I enc[lose] check for $10 which I would lik[e] to forward to Mr. King . . .

NIKA STANDEN HAZE[LTON]
New York, [N. Y.]

LARRY KING REPLIES:

I am grateful to Mrs. Hazelto[n] the $10, though I cannot yet b[e] that the world is mean to million[s]. For a while I presumed to b[e] closer to that myopic view affl[ict]brings, and so could have blund[ered] on through the Great Society [and] Mr. Buckley, the two of us bun[ch] into things. My wife, however, [has] my X-ray political vision th[rough] passing Mrs. Hazelton's check [to]

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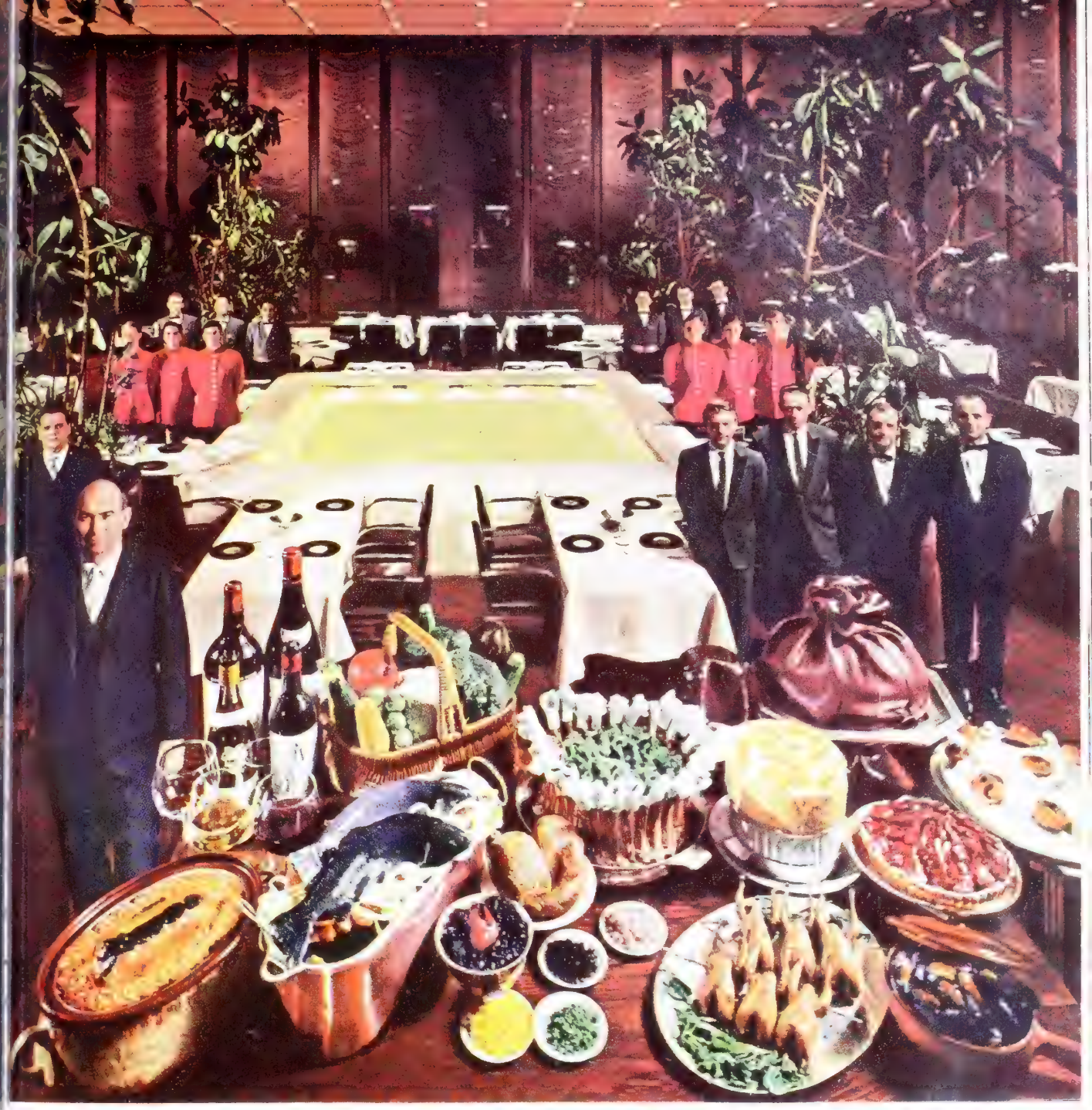
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hildren's Hospital. I warn fu-onors, however, that from now kiddies get no better than a split from me.

Swimming in Red Tape

sell Lynes's "Open Letter to r Brooke" [After Hours,] has just come to my at-n. Chapter 220 of the Massa-ts Acts of 1965 is a new kind tute which . . . regulates the ion of land and flood plain area order the inland waters of chusetts. Our state is one of the ew that have taken constructive in response to our national crisis.

statute authorizes our depart-to review proposals for the de-ent of flood plain area after a hearing is conducted by the Board of Selectmen. The Se-n are required to notify the de-ent of the hearing. . . . The for the delay in Mr. Lynes's as that the Selectmen did not us of the hearing date and to reply to our requests for in-tion on the proceedings. With-icial notice from town officials, ice has no legal authority to act. arch 20, we received a letter the Selectmen stating that the g has been held. . . . The "Open " did not accurately present the . .

ALBERT H. ZABRISKIE, Dir.
Div. of Conservation Services
ommonwealth of Massachusetts
Dept. of Natural Resources
Boston, Mass.

YNES REPLIES:

letter to the Senator presented itely all the facts that were at sposal. What I did not know what was unearthed by my let-as that the silent Selectmen of ont had held a public hearing request to be allowed to dig a pond for swimming but they orgotten to tell me or the De-ent of Natural Resources that ad. My quarrel (now happily to everyone's satisfaction) ot with the conservationists, n knows (Massachusetts can be proud of its program), but he workings of bureaucracy. I with feeling: I was once a ucrat myself. []

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Good Water from Bad: A Report from General Dynami

When is a water shortage not a water shortage?

Most of the time.

Except for the relatively small areas of the earth covered with desert, water supplies in lakes, rivers, and underground tables would be more than ample for the world's population—if it were all fit to drink.

In many cases it is too brackish: its heavy concentration of dissolved salts makes it either dangerous or just plain bad tasting. "Salts" are not just common table salt (sodium chloride); a dissolved salt, by definition, is a solid substance that is soluble in water.

Hundreds of thousands of families already use double water systems. Available water from the tap is used for general cleaning. For drinking and cooking, they buy bottled water.

Conventional treatment systems can remove most of the solids, such as those that come, say, from the wastes and sewage that pollute so many of the nation's rivers. But to get rid of the dissolved salts—to desalinate—subtler techniques are required. One is reverse osmosis.

Osmosis, forward and reverse:

Since 1962, General Dynamics has used reverse osmosis to desalinate water, mainly under contract to the Office of Saline Water of the Department of the Interior.

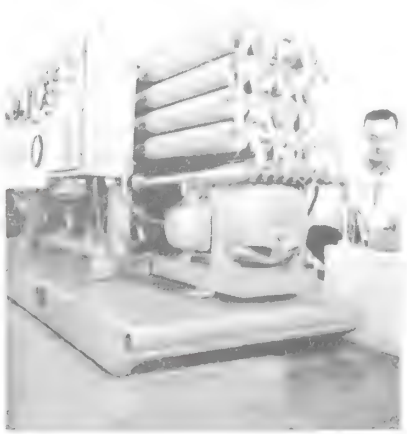
Osmosis is a phenomenon that occurs naturally whenever a dilute liquid (such as fresh water) and a concentrated liquid (such as salt water) are separated only by a semipermeable material—that is, one which selectively permits one kind of molecule to pass through it, but not another kind.

Under ordinary conditions, fresh "pure" water would diffuse through such a membrane material into an adjacent "impure" saline solution.

But apply pressure to the "impure" water and reverse osmosis takes place: the flow through the membrane goes the opposite way.

Water molecules from the salty solution are forced through the membrane into the fresh water. The "selective" permeability of the material acts as an effective barrier to the passage of salt molecules.

Below: water flow from 10,000 gallons-per-day reverse osmosis unit is [illegible] by General Dynamics engineers before unit is shipped.



The mysterious membrane:

The heart of the process is a membrane only five thousandths of an inch thick. This membrane is basically made of cellulose acetate in a transparent film form resembling household plastic wrap.

It had been known for some time that fresh water passed readily through certain of these membranes, but dissolved salts and other impurities did not. Nobody knew quite why. An assumption was that the membrane was a very fine mechanical filter—water molecules were small enough to seep through the holes in the film, but salt molecules were too large.

General Dynamics' scientists found that the cellulose acetate membrane, thin though it is, has two different layers.

A spongy porous material that accounts for 99.8 percent of the membrane's thickness is mainly supportive, and lets both water and dissolved salts through.

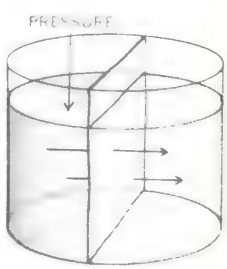
The actual stopper was the second layer, only ten-millionths of an inch thick. This thin second layer is nonporous. Its action is molecular and chemical rather than physical. It *absorbs* water molecules—absorbs them more readily than the salt molecules, allowing the absorbed water molecules to move through the membrane easily and to reappear on the "pure" low pressure side. Less than five percent of the salt molecules get through.

The same process that keeps out dissolved salts also holds back other waste matter, even bacteria, and—some researchers suspect—viruses.

General Dynamics reverse osm units are built up of modules w can contain up to 300 square fe membrane per cubic foot.

Reverse osmosis units are alr being built in a variety of size single small module can satisfy a ily's daily drinking water needs linking enough modules, larger process thousands of gallons a And still bigger combinations wi able to process hundreds of thous —or even millions—of gallons of ter daily.

Some conventional forms of lination require large installation large heat sources to make steam an essentially distillation process verse osmosis plants can be con because the water remains in its nal liquid state throughout the pro



The Phenomenon o Reverse Osmosis

Normally, water from a dilute so tion will flow through a semiperm able membrane towards a concen ted solution. Reverse osmosis ta place when pressure is applied to concentrated solution and forces ter in the opposite direction. **1.** molecules (marked "S") have li chemical affinity with membra molecules. They tend to be reject in spite of the applied pressure, the membrane barrier. **2.** Wa molecules mingle intimately w membrane molecules in the ul thin layer of the membrane— "diffusion region." This union a diffusion is molecular; it is no physical filtering of water. **3.** Wh the water molecules pass thro the ultra-thin diffusion layer into porous supportive layer of the m brane, they liquefy and become ter again. **4.** Pure water drop continue to seep through the m brane and emerge on the low p sure side.

y electric power operates a
pump. Simplicity of design
a system to operate virtually
ded for long periods between
nance checks.

rivers and mines:

eneral Dynamics units have
st-operated under a variety of
ater conditions: on rivers where
er was polluted both with in-
wastes and concentrations of
om ocean tides, and in indus-
plications such as coal mines.
drainage of acid water from
resents a major pollution prob-
lphuric acid in the mine water
es minerals containing iron,
, and magnesium, creating a
complex of salts that become a
to fish, wildlife, and municipal
supplies. The reverse osmosis
nents held back most of the
concentrations of dissolved
om the mine water and pro-
high quality fresh water.

In factory use, reverse osmosis units in combination with conventional filters (to eliminate gross physical particles), could clean used factory waste water before it re-enters rivers, with some portion of the freshly processed clean water recirculated for reuse by the factory.

Reverse reverse:

Reverse osmosis has another potentially valuable and almost opposite use: water *extraction*.

For example, water is traditionally boiled out of maple sap to make maple syrup. This is an expensive and time-consuming process. Pilot tests by the Department of Agriculture indicate that a reverse osmosis unit can achieve the same result. In this case, the useful product is what is left after the water is removed.

Theoretically, the extraction principle can be applied to many products, including chemicals and pharmaceuticals, that now require elaborate processing to be concentrated or made water-free. Research is creating a "family" of membranes for a variety of specific jobs.

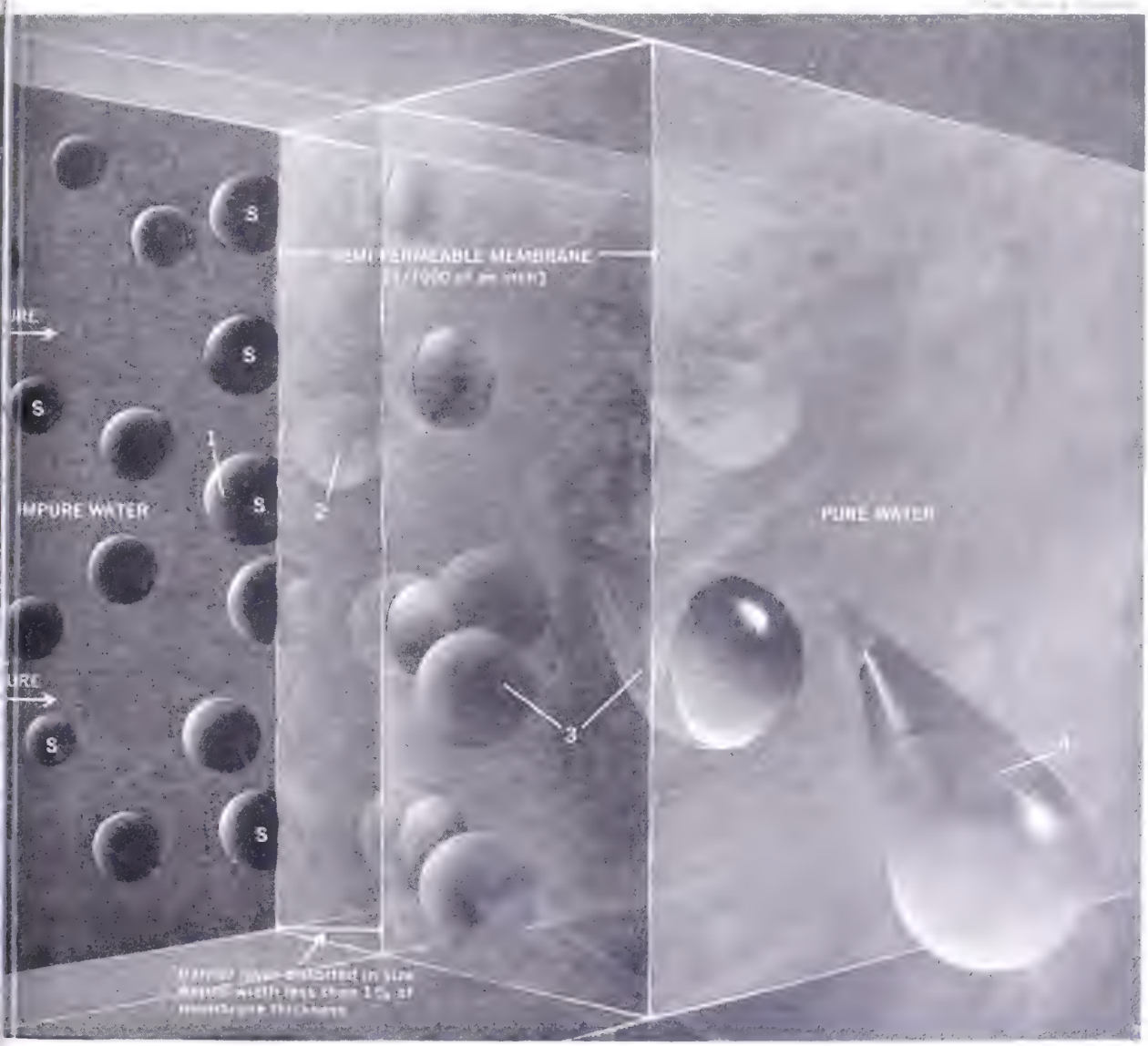
Certainly fresh water produced by reverse osmosis, or any desalination process, is more expensive than water from local natural sources. Yet in many areas where good water is a scarce and expensive resource, the reverse osmosis process may already be economic.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



The Easy Chair *by Cass Canfield*



REFLECTIONS ON REACHING THE AGE OF 150

This year Harper's publishing house is celebrating its 150th birthday. The head of the firm for many years—and board chairman of this Magazine—tells some of the things learned since 1817 from its triumphs, mistakes, and sheer luck.

The editor of this magazine stopped me short one day recently when he asked: "Do you think that a publishing house benefits from long experience in the business?" I had barely stammered an inadequate reply when he asked me another: "What have *you* learned in forty years of publishing?"

A somewhat pompous, one-sentence rejoinder to both questions is that long experience, badly used, leads to staleness, to repetition; that, well used, it stimulates acceptance of and preparation for change. But this does not really answer the questions, and in an attempt to do so in some degree I will touch on a few highlights of Harper history as well as on publishing experiences of my own over four decades.

The name of Harper persists after one hundred and fifty years; it is about the only link with an almost unrecognizable past. Two years after the Battle of Waterloo, New York City had 100,000 inhabitants, fewer than Niagara Falls today. It was a small, bustling town which resembled a steepled and gabled Dutch village, sprouting from the Battery at the tip of Manhattan Island. Lacking the social or cultural pretensions of Boston, Philadelphia, or Charleston, and despite the swine wandering along its unpaved streets, New York soon became the chief financial center of the nation and its major port.

It was to this lively little place that the four brothers Harper, born on a Long Island farm, came to start their printing and publishing enterprise in a space about the size of our board of directors' room today. Except for their primitive printing press and bookbinding operation the brothers' activities, conducted without benefit of typewriters or telephones, bore almost no relation to what now goes on in publishing so that the lessons to be learned today from the early years of the firm are limited. Their system of book distribution was as primitive as their production facilities, although, as one aware of our current shortcomings in this area, I hesitate to labor the point.

Having printed books to order for booksellers, in 1818 the Harpers published their own first book, Locke's *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding*. (They played safer in their choice of books than does the firm today!) They distributed 2,000 copies by taking orders from New York booksellers, of which there were then about thirty. Each bookseller placing a sizable order was privileged to have his name appear on the title page, a practice generally followed during the 1820s.

After sixteen years in business the firm employed one salesman. In the 1830s and until after the Civil War, publishers sold their books mainly at semi-annual auctions held mostly in New York and Philadelphia. To them came booksellers from vari of the country—first by s and steamboat and later rails." They would bid for t of new books, and the hi for a given title would its wholesale price. To su sales by auction, publishers by mail to those bookselle to attend.

In those days the laborer tainly worthy of his hire. W indeed modest and the ho long—from eight to five, s week. Vacations with pay d come general until the late was under these conditions young Harper brothers qu veloped a thriving busine started in Cliff Street wi $3,000 in capital and ma way through character, en shrewdness. By the end of they were printing appr two million books and par year. They had built an estal that, in the extent of its c with 350 employees, exceede any publisher in the world.

Even after a devastating 1853 had destroyed their bui the four original brothers "showplace" in Franklin Sq first iron-frame business in the city—the firm's o were extraordinarily old-f by today's standards. Nev what we would regard as methods were in some way effective and make publishe present era look slow and ev venturous. Under existing c

© 1967 by Cass Canfield



When the Ghia people wanted fancy curves, the Karmann people hired 16 sculptors.

The Volkswagen people asked the Ghia people to design a beautiful car. The Ghia people asked the Karmann people to carry out their beautiful design. And the Karmann people hired some sculptors.

They didn't start as sculptors; that's just the way it worked out.

The Karmann people knew that ordinary welders couldn't hand-form a window post the way the Ghia people designed it. Or shape that lovely curve behind the rear window. Or mold a little more grace into the hood.

So the Karmann people took the best one of every dozen welders on their payroll. They trained these men for a full year. And sculptors are what they wound up with.

Just watch one of these men a moment. He softens a piece of pewter with his torch and shapes it with a small beechwood stick. He scrapes a little. He smooths a little. Then he steps back for a look. A little more shaping. A little more smoothing. Until it's right.

Doing things right costs money. So if the Karmann Ghia wasn't a Volkswagen, it would cost much more than $2250*. That's not a lot of money to own a car It's an inexpensive way to be a patron of the arts.



VOLKSWAGEN
KARMANN GHIA

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

*SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE, EAST COAST P.O.E. ($2347 WEST COAST P.O.E.). [illegible] OTHER DEALER [illegible]

A STATE OF NATURE

by John Hollander

Some broken
Iroquois adze
pounded southward
and resembled this
outline once But now
boundaries foul-lines
and even sea-coasts are
naturally involved with
mappers and followers of
borders So that we who grew
up here might think That steak is
shaped too much like New York to be real And like
the shattered flinty implement whose ghost lives
inside our sense of what this rough chunk should
by right of history recall the language spoken by
its shapers now inhabits only streams and lakes and
hills The natural names are only a chattering and mean
only the land they label How shall we live in a forest of
such murmurs with
no ideas but in
forms a state
whose name
passes
for
a city

of publishing and distribution it is apt to take at least six months from acceptance of a manuscript to its publication date; though that time can occasionally be halved in the case of an exceptional, timely book. In contrast, the pressure to beat competition in the 1830s, when British books were not copyrightable in the U. S., forced publishers to speed up their production to a point that is incredible today. The Harpers would pay large sums—as much as $6,000 in the case of Dickens some years later—to obtain a set of English proofs ahead of their competitors. Having got their hands on the proofs they would have the first installment of a British novel on sale in the streets within twenty-four hours. Even in 1822 they manufactured one of Scott's works, clothbound, within one day.

Nineteenth-century publishers were also pioneers in paperback books. In the 1870s they were flooding the market with them and competition was so fierce that paperbacks were selling for ten cents apiece. The result of this price war was collapse, and paperbacks disappeared until 1939 in this country when Pocket Books was started. Again the competition became intense and provoked another crisis a few years later when the market was glutted once more. More study of the past by the modern reprint publishers might have averted such pitfalls.

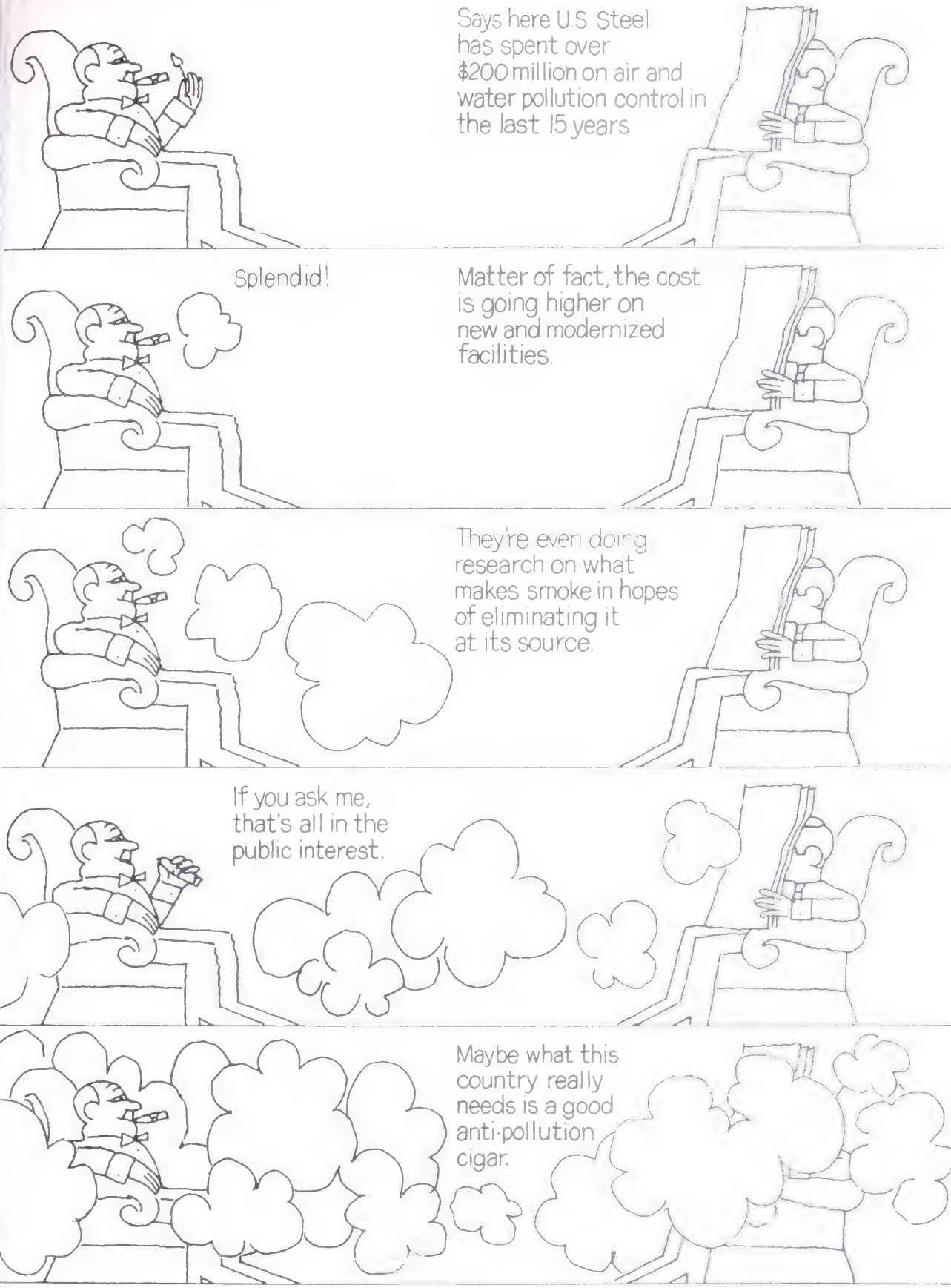
The need of adaptation to change is probably even more apparent in magazine than in book publishing; in this area Harper has had a good deal of experience. Having started *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in 1850, by the 'eighties the House was also publishing *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, and *Harper's Young People*. According to Fletcher Harper, one of the original brothers, *Harper's Magazine* was launched "as a tender to the business." In addition to feeding their printing plant, the brothers were naturally anxious to publish the leading writers of the day, who were mostly British: Dickens, Thackeray, the Brontës, George Eliot, Trollope, and Thomas Hardy. They rightly thought that they would get an advantage over their competitors by serializing these authors' novels in advance of publishing them in boo form.

Harper's Magazine achieved quic success; it became the great famil magazine of the last century. Bu times and tastes changed and, as the did, the Magazine's editors adapte the character and content of the Mag azine to what its readers wanted. On of the most drastic changes took plac shortly after I started with Harpe in 1925 when Thomas B. Wells wa editor. Over screams of protest fro old subscribers and louder ones fro old employees he discarded the fa mous cover with the bubble-blowin cherubs, designed by Benson J. Loss ing, substituting a bright-orange on with type design. Illustrations wer dropped and in a new typographica dress the Magazine was born again.

Harper's Magazine is a good ex ample of adaptation; the others pub lished by the firm failed in thi respect. The *Bazar* was sold to Hears in 1913 and *Harper's Young People* excellent in its day, died on the vin just before the turn of the century While *Harper's Weekly* was a grea force in its time with its savag Thomas Nast cartoons of Tamman Boss Tweed and its Winslow Home drawings of Civil War scenes, it suc cumbed in 1916 to the competition o the Sunday papers and their pictur supplements.

In the succession of able editors o *Harper's Magazine*, only seven ove the 117 years, Wells was outstanding Yet he had his blind spots and some times failed to sense the wind o change. I recall his telling me one da in the early 1920s about his encounte with a recent Yale graduate who ha tried to persuade him to invest a fe thousand dollars in a news weekly Wells dismissed the young man, so of one of his classmates at Yale, ex plaining to him, as he did to me, tha the chances of such a publication i competition with the well-established *Literary Digest* were hopeless. Thi mistake in judgment cost Well dearly, for his visitor seeking finan cial help was Henry Luce and the magazine he was showing to a few prospective investors was *Time*.

My own innocence at the time in the field of popular magazine publishing was extreme. I had long thought tha there was a chance in this country fo an up-to-date adaptation of a period ical like *The Illustrated Londo*



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News. I did some work on this project and finally had a dummy prepared. At that stage Providence intervened in the person of Mr. Luce, who announced the first issue of *Life*. Had it not been for this publishing event Harper might have started an illustrated weekly without realizing that its resources were quite inadequate to supply the millions necessary to launch a new mass-circulation magazine.

I also had some naïve hopes about *Reader's Digest*. First, I suggested to DeWitt Wallace that there might be a modest sale for his magazine in England and that a British edition might be handled through our London office. Then I was kind enough to tell him that with his enormous subscription list there existed a ready-made base for a large book club. Mr. Wallace listened attentively and politely to his brash young visitor, although doubtless these notions had crossed his mind long before. In due course *Reader's Digest* developed a huge circulation abroad as well as the biggest book club in the world.

While it's entertaining, at least to me, to recall incidents in Harper history, I can find only occasional guidelines to help solve current problems. Yet certainly some lessons can be learned.

One elementary lesson is that in a partnership business, as Harper was until 1896, the interests of the partners cannot be paid off in cash indefinitely when their connections with the firm are severed for one reason or another. Toward the end of the last century the Harpers disregarded this business axiom, feeling no doubt that a house of such long standing was bound to go on forever. So, mainly as a result of withdrawals of capital when the second-generation Harpers died or retired, the firm suffered from a serious cash shortage which led to its going into receivership in 1899. This would have been the end of the road had not J. Pierpont Morgan stepped in with loans to the company, making continued operations possible. These loans were finally liquidated but the House of Harper owes a debt of gratitude to the Morgans for their generous dealings with us and for their acting on the conviction that the end of the Harper publishing enterprise would have been a loss to the cultural fe of the country.

During the period of heavy indt- edness to the Morgan firm, Har r affairs were run by George Harv. later to become our Ambassador o England, and subsequently by Clir n T. Brainard, head of McClure's syn i- cate. These two men were in vio t contrast: Harvey, the brilliant, r- ratic freewheeler who brought all e Mark Twain books to the House d added new works by Woodrow Wils n, William Dean Howells, and He y James; Brainard, the watchdog, wo established overly strict finan l controls (eating a ham sandwich t lunch to display his austerity) d losing in the process such authors s Joseph Conrad and Sinclair Le s. Neither Harvey's freewheeling r Brainard's rigid brakes were re y successful and in 1923 the firm s reorganized, at which time almost ll of the Morgan debt was settled.

From these events emerges les n number two: Beware, as a publish r, of the impulsive, free-spending i- torial genius; beware equally of e penny pincher with little knowle e of books.

With the reorganization, two g d publishers with long experience r the firm took over, Wells and He y Hoyns. The former was mainly r editor; the latter mainly a busin s man. They worked well together c that the company had a good foun a- tion for rapid growth. It was in e fifteen years following 1924 that Ha- per developed most of its numer s departments and regained its posit n as a large publisher operating n many different fields. When merger with Row, Peterson took pl e in 1962, with the resulting change n the name of the firm to Harper Row, the House achieved import stature in textbook publishing for l age levels.

Looking back over the long hist y of the company, one does gain so insights into publishing. But the sons that really sink in are th learned from personal experien mostly from one's mistakes. Still comes as a shock to realize, af many years in the business, how v few are the specific guidelines one found reliable. For instance, as a sult of long experience, one sho have a reasonably clear idea of w is likely to appeal to the gene

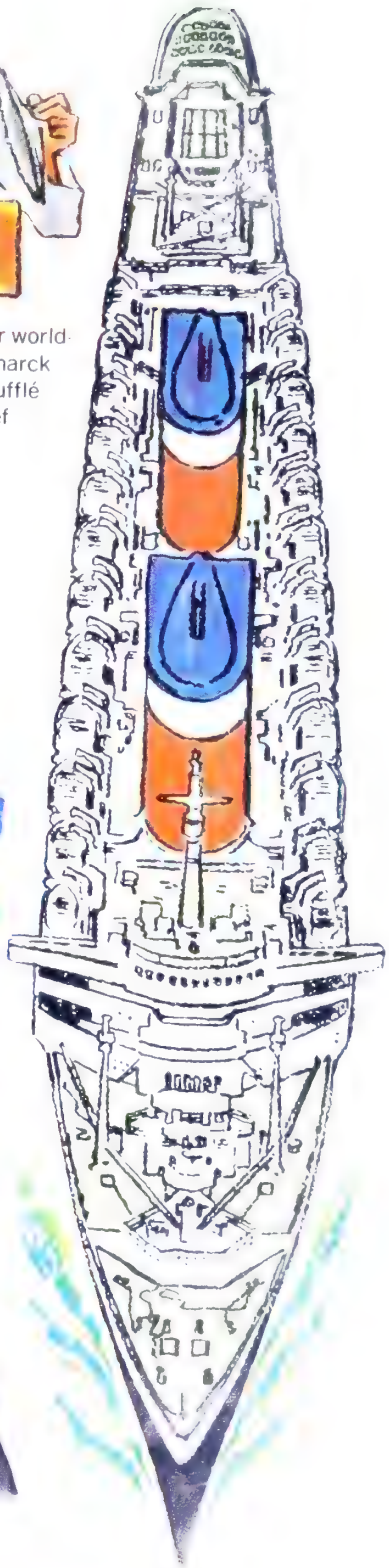
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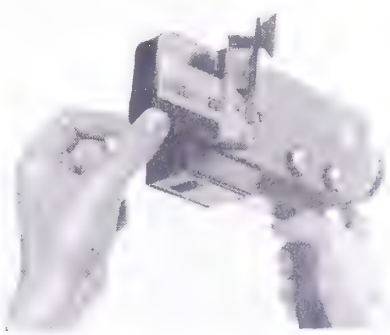
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sider in view of its limited scholarly appeal. The editor made the mistake of disregarding the historian's opinion of the book's quality but accepted his estimate of marketability which Robinson, a scholar, was not qualified to make. The rejected manuscript was Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West*.

Luck is a big factor, especially in trade or general publishing. As a very young man working for the firm in London in the 1920s, I used to call on an agent, A. D. Peters, who brought to my attention a beginning writer, an essayist who wanted to write a novel. In my newly acquired publishing wisdom I announced to Peters that I would not commission this writer's work, sight unseen, for a modest hundred-pound advance because I *knew* that essayists couldn't write fiction. The agent thereupon invited me to lunch with the author, and after three pink gins, a hundred pounds seemed so utterly trivial a sum that I agreed to take on the novel. Shortly thereafter the author, J. B. Priestley, wrote *The Good Companions*, a resounding success. Fortunately, alcohol won over bad judgment.

Another example of good luck occurred a few years later when Dr. Arnold Gesell brought in a massive manuscript, a study of child behavior. The charming doctor said that he realized that we could not make a commercial success of the book but added that he hoped we might accept his project on the basis of his paying for the plates. I finally agreed, magnanimously, to accept his subsidy and to publish the book, although I felt obliged to tell him that such an arrangement was an exception to our general policy. As it turned out, the book, *The First Five Years of Life*, did extremely well and was followed by a number of other famous books by Gesell. The subsidy was returned with grateful thanks.

Sometimes a bad beginning can have a good end. During the 'thirties Bernard DeVoto stopped me one day in the street to tell me that he had heard that Thomas Wolfe had decided to leave his publisher despite the brilliant editing job Max Perkins had done for him at Scribner. He added that he'd been told that Wolfe had telephoned one of our editors. On returning to the office I immediately inquired about this from a number of our book editors and was confronted with blank stares; no one knew anything. I persisted and, as a last resort, put the question to Lee Hartman, then editor of the Magazine, who recollected after a while that he had received a call from South Carolina from a person who represented himself as Thomas Wolfe. However, Hartman assured me that the call meant nothing, that the man on the wire, obviously under the influence of liquor, was an impostor. So he had felt more than justified in slamming down the receiver after some minutes of fruitless talk.

But it *was* Thomas Wolfe, understandably in a very agitated state. The next move in this confused situation was obviously up to me. After making sure that Wolfe's decision to leave Scribner was irrevocable, I got hold of him and his agent and arranged for the publication of his succeeding books, which have added so much to the prestige of our list.

It is not often that a good manuscript comes in over the transom; in fact publishers are apt to spend more than they make in processing unsolicited manuscripts. But once in a while virtue is rewarded, as in the case of O. E. Rölvaag's fine work *Giants in the Earth*, which has become a classic of its genre. The House got another lucky break at about the same time, some thirty-five years ago, when two rather sad-looking young men came into the office, unannounced, with a manuscript and a mass of drawings that were promptly strewn over the floor. The drawings were so strange and unexpected that when my associate, Eugene Saxton, and I were asked whether we thought them funny we could only observe that they were very unusual—hardly the reaction the artist was looking for. However, after a couple of days, we caught on to the quality of the drawings, which were certainly different from any we had seen before. Having read the text with delight, we accepted *Is Sex Necessary?* by E. B. White and James Thurber.

One cannot generalize safely about what makes a good publisher. About all that can be said is that he's born, not made. Having made these cautionary observations I venture to list the qualities and attributes of cessful trade publisher:

A nose.
A sense of figures.
Pertinacity.
Receptiveness—an interes most any subject.
A gambling instinct.
A sense of timing.
A kind of animal instin spotting the prey—the writ fore he has displayed his f ents.
Some educational backgr but not too much.

Most of the qualities I've need no elaboration. (A nose is is a nose is a nose.) Many of th instinctive, but I would obser in non-trade publishing—educ for example—reason and calc based on past experience play important part.

A sense of timing is certa essential as it is for an art The most perceptive dealers 1890s had spotted the Frenc impressionists; they were t ahead of the taste of their tim ever, and it was the dealers of decade who caught the new w taste and obtained high prices school. The same sort of patte plies to publishing. The publish thinks in terms of the past is f but, if he anticipates public ta much, he is also in trouble. know of conventional publishe have not succeeded and we ha regret for their passing; it is business failures of adventure Thomas Seltzer, who launche Lawrence in this country, and firms of Ben Huebsch, Pat and Robert Haas that we hav pathy.

It is trickier to comment on listed attribute of a good trad lisher: Some educational back —but not too much. If I ha really knowledgeable about bi ies of sixteenth-century fig wouldn't have combed Oxfor fifteen years ago for a life of beth; I would have known tha opinion of scholars an excell of her was still in print. But perhaps through, my ignoran results; I knew just enough ab sixteenth and seventeenth ce to be able to discuss the peri various scholars and as a picked up—if such a term can

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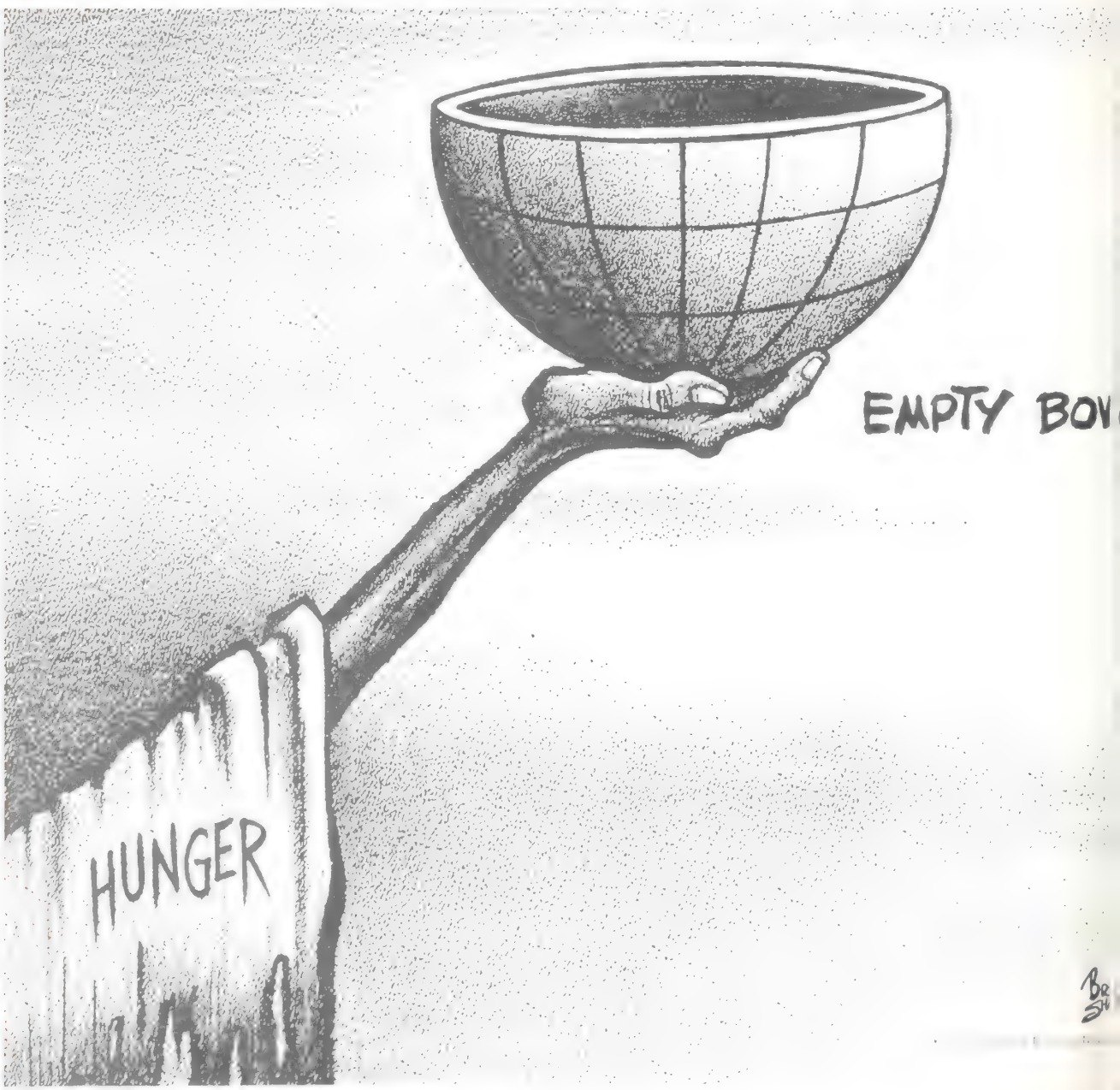
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Catholic Bishops assail birth contro as millions face starvation



IE RECENT CHARGES of the Roman Catholic Bishops dd up to a frontal attack on organized family planning.

The Bishops called upon everyone: "to oppose, vigorly and by every democratic means, those campaigns eady underway in some states and at the national level ard the active promotion, by tax-supported agencies, irth prevention as a public policy, above all in connecn with welfare benefit programs."

This aggressive move was made notwithstanding the wn facts respecting the population explosion which sident Johnson has called "humanity's greatest llenge."

Tidal wave of people

A tidal wave of *three billion* more people will inune the earth in the next 30 years, *if the present rate of rease is not arrested!*

The population of the United States may increase 150 million!

Famine already stalks the earth. India, kept from brink today by U.S. wheat shipments, will add 200 lion more people by 1980.

"The world is on the threshold of the biggest famine history," concludes Dr. Raymond Ewell, former ador to India's Government. Dr. Ewell predicts famine ndia, Pakistan and Communist China about 1970, and Brazil, Egypt, Indonesia, and Turkey soon after.

The Bishops' polemic encompasses all family plang, *domestic and international.* It strikes at "our Govment's stepped-up intervention in family planning, luding the subsidizing of contraceptive programs at ne and abroad...."

World catastrophe in prospect

If the Bishops were to succeed in their efforts:

Millions of women on welfare would be deprived of knowledge and effective methods of preventing the th of children they cannot care for.

Legislators may hold back welfare funds for family nning through fear of reprisal at the polls, thereby reasing the tax burden of unwanted children.

Federal administrators, whose "stepped-up" programs e Bishops have attacked, may discontinue or diminish se programs.

The President of the United States himself is threated by the Bishops' warning that *"our public officials be guard..."*

Congressmen may hesitate to advance the program on reign aid in the population field so splendidly begun by e 89th Congress. Without population control the huge *billion* Food for Peace program will be a mere stopp, saving the lives of those who would produce still re hungry people.

"Either we take the fullest measures both to raise productivity and to stabilize population growth, or we face a disaster of unprecedented magnitude," according to Dr. B. R. Sen, Director-General of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization.

If such measures are not taken, it is likely that Americans—a humane people—may be rationing their own food in the not distant future.

Public favors birth control

John F. Kennedy was the first U.S. President to concern himself officially with the problem of population limitation.

The Bishops' attack has been read by enlightened Catholic leaders with a sense of unbelief and dismay. They have called it unrealistic, out-of-date, reactionary and inconsistent with the spirit of Vatican II in the modern world. Professor William D'Antonio of Notre Dame University referred to the Bishops' statement as "beating a dead horse."

Asked in a Gallup survey last year if birth control information ought to be easily available to any married persons wanting it, *81 per cent of Catholics and 86 per cent of non-Catholics said YES.*

The battle will be won

The magnitude of the challenge, however, is so great that only Government can meet it fully.

Individuals and organizations should speak out quickly in vigorous support of the Government's family planning program. Contact Federal, State and City officials. Point out that the American people—Catholics, Protestants and Jews—are overwhelmingly for the program.

Birth control is a *popular cause* which public officials can support confidently.

If in the years to come the earth should be ravaged by the fabled horsemen of the Apocalypse—War, Famine, Disease and Death—let the responsibility not be ours.

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spectfully used in connection
A. L. Rowse and Hugh Trevo
per—two first-rate historians fo
House.

Provided he survives, a publ
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it is a delight to me to be bringin
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Thornton Wilder, two writers wh
main as fresh and provocati
when they started their careers

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Therefore he feels continually
lenged, as is a player in a compe
sport, by being pitted against
superior to his own.

The publisher's best moments
when he has conceived a valid
for a book that is needed an
found just the right author f
That is his special contribution a
makes up for endless frustra
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pointingly, both to the author a
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much new talent, but surmise
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enough wrong guesses to save
from the sin of arrogance. I thin
also pretty safe to prophesy th
the end of the next century and
the techniques of publishing will
different from those now curre
were those of 1817 compared
day's.



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To meet the growing power demands in the countryside, rural electrics will have to nearly triple their capacity by 1980. That means heavying-up lines and equipment.

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Our proposal is patterned after the highly successful Farm Credit System which has been instrumental in assuring an abundance of food and fiber for the entire nation.

Under our plan we will be able to go to the private money market for some of our financial needs. We can begin to move away from total dependence on the Federal government. We can continue to meet our service responsibilities to our consumer-members.

And the more we do to help stimulate rural progress and prosperity, the more all America benefits.

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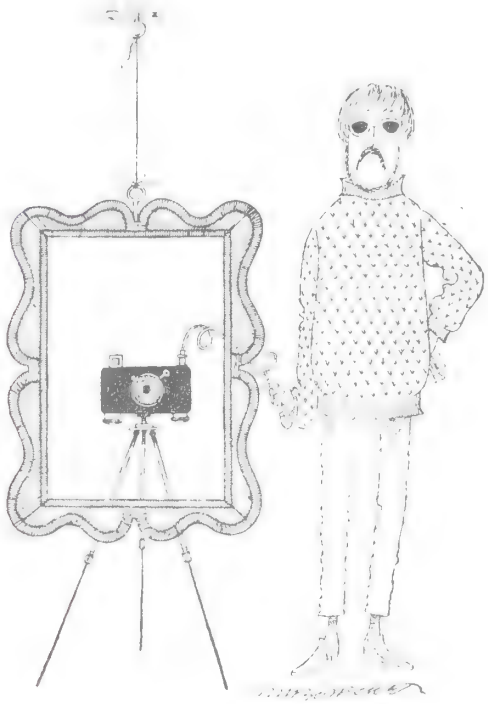
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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



INSTANT ART

A day or two after the opening of "Photography in the Fine Arts Exhibition V" at the Metropolitan Museum in New York,* I happened to be standing in the gallery behind a young Negro matron accompanied by her ten (I'd guess) -year-old daughter while they were looking at an air-shot, in color, of a few hundred figures on a bathing beach.

They looked for a moment, and the mother said to the child, "It's a segregated beach."

As they moved away, I looked more closely, and I guess that they were right, though it was hard to tell. The figures on the print were tiny; the beach was not a crowded one (in Coney Island terms, at least); and the beach umbrellas, the bright bathing suits, and bright skins made a pretty pattern seen, it appeared, from about five hundred feet.

The comment, however, was the only one I heard, as I looked and listened, that seemed to me to say anything about photography as a craft or an art. In general the comments were of the "Oh!" and "Ah!" sort, or, "How interesting," or "That's a remarkable shot." What the young woman had made was a comment on a record; the photograph of the beach was without comment of its own; it was merely a pretty recording of a pretty scene.

The exhibition demonstrated many things about photography. One of them, obviously, was that photography is essentially a record; at its best it is both a record and a comment.

Photography has been suffering in recent years from some of its greatest *maestros*, or so it seems to me. It is the unfortunate creature of the great men like Ansel Adams and Edward Weston who made abstractions out of reality and made photography into a quasi-art form. These I know are fighting words, but if you do not think that photography has slipped its moorings let me suggest that w "Photography in the Fine A comes to your town (and it will) have a look. You will find that a rampant and comment is given v short shrift indeed.

This is not to say that the exh tion is frivolous or uninteresting the contrary it is anything but fr lous, and there are a few extrem interesting pictures in it. The pr were selected by a group of mus directors and curators organized the purpose by Ivan Dmitri, wh work everybody who has ever loo at *Life* magazine more than t must have seen. There are 179 ph graphs varying in size from sev unique Polaroid color prints by M Cosindas of remarkable subtlety blowup of Bertrand Russell's pi and rooster-like profile several ti life-size and twice as unnatural Richard Avedon. Mr. Dmitri is qu in the release put out by the Me politan Museum as saying, "M than two billion photographs are m annually in the United States alo It was quite a job, Mr. Dmitri say whittle these down to just a few leries full. It is quite an interes job for one looking at the exhibi to whittle down the 179 to those are of real fascination as ph graphs.

In the first place, I am not at all what "photography in the fine a means. The title suggests that ph graphs should be classified as fine but it doesn't seem quite to say t what it seems to mean is that ph graphs should be exhibited in a p which is customarily devoted to fine arts.

Mr. Dmitri says that he hopes exhibition will prompt the mus directors "to exhibit in their m ums not only more showings of c tive photography but also to conti enlarging their present collection well." It probably will. Furtherm it will encourage a great many o takers-of-two-billion-pictures to e late "art" (I find it almost irresist not to try to make "art" when I ha camera in my hand) and stop d what by my own definition we sh be doing, which is to make a strai forward but discriminating reco the world we live in.

Each man's world is different f each other man's, of course, and of that difference is made by wha

The exhibition will be at the Metropolitan Museum until June 11, after which it will travel (in duplicate) to about forty museums in the United States and Canada in the next three years.

Harper's Magazine, June 1967

When the girls at the pool
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round him and how he sees it. oman looking at the air-shot of each was seeing the world in vn social and racial context, just photographer in his airplane eing it in his . . . a world of color mposition and, in this instance, ople enjoying the sun and the nd the water; the subject being less importance to him than the n the bodies made on the sand. are photographers, on the other who seem to see everything in ial context, to whom the meas- success is what their pictures about their individual ideas of justice. Their works range from s to satire, and they work in the same manner as the propa- novelist. They have a case to and they select their material lingly. Many photo-journalists xpert at this, and they can be to make any case that the editor employs them wants them to The far rarer photographer is ie who sees the world wherever y be in its human context, man ation to man and to his environ- as Edward Steichen endeavored nonstrate a number of years ago great exhibition, "The Family an," at the Museum of Modern

s sort of photography was not ng from the Photography in the Arts exhibition, but it was given short shrift. Nature imitating as the dominant theme—pictures dscapes rendered into flat pat- to look like tapestries; twigs st water looking like Japanese drawings; a wall of electric and conduits and fuse boxes g to be a painting by Paul Klee. s were nature imitating art ting nature, like the portraits of Shahn and Sandy Calder by the as (and I sometimes think fatu- Yousuf Karsh, who coats the of his sitters with a sort of ial sweat and frequently supple- s their portentousness with the obvious props of their profes- or trades. They are in the stand- seventeenth- and eighteenth- ry tradition of portraiture; he ade both Shahn and Calder look Dutch burghers, which, I can as- you, they don't.

he exhibition is characteristic of 's photographers, there are not who can make art and a record



"Twigs and Reflections": photograph by Harold M. Null (© by H. M. Null)

"A Father in Prague": photograph by Milada Einhornova





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"For a Tapestry": photograph by Jean Dieuzaide

at the same time, and the best of those who do are more interested in the record than in art; art is a by-product that the truly sensitive eye can scarcely avoid. The greatest master of this was missing from the exhibition. There were no pictures by Henri Cartier-Bresson, whose special magic, like that of any great photographer, is to know when the commonplace is extraordinary, and who understands instinctively the relationships between place and person and circumstance. This is a sense beyond the merely literal or anecdotal capturing of a moment; it is the sense that endows the moment with, if you'll excuse the banality, the poetry that is inherent in it, whether lyric or tragic or sensuous.

There is a long tradition of poetical photography which dates back to its earliest days in the first half of the last century but there is an equally long tradition of pompousness and sentimentality. A new medium doesn't create a new art form, and from the very first photographers imitated the painters of their day. Their still lifes and the poses they exacted from their sitters reflected the academic fashions that were dear to the hearts of the bourgeoisie and are still fashionable with photographers like Karsh and Fabian Bachrach. The camera was a "studio" medium even when it moved outdoors. Its bulk, the slowness of its film, the limitations of its lenses combined with what was considered artistic to make it at least as cumbersome and nearly as time-consuming as the painter's canvas and eas when men like Brady, who graphed the Civil War on the of its armies, became the first photographers (we now like them photo-journalists), they establishing a tradition that w tirely different from that of who recorded war in the quiet o studios as romantic feats of de do or as tragedies in which hon decorated with noble blood; or, different from that of Goya, w corded the "horrors of war" for and political purposes.

For a long time the trick were played with photography played with subjects rather tha the camera. Backgrounds were landscapes were painted on bac against which sitters were propped in velvet-seated cha instructed to lean with one el a pedestal. There were trum scenes of dying children preside

Photography has tried all so manners of recording (and falsi the human condition, of course, you should be interested in how done this, I suggest that you through a book recently publis McGraw-Hill called *The Photogr Social History*. I say "thumb th advisedly; it is filled with rema photographs, with drawings (satiric) of the practice of photo by such skilled hands as Daumi Toulouse-Lautrec, with curious tages, and sociological oddment text, originally in French, is by F. Braive who is overwhelmed need to say the simple in the f possible way.

urnful parents and siblings, in anner of the anecdotal paintings o tugged at the heartstrings of ictorian forebears. There were painted on canvas (for carni- through which the subject could his head and become anything a mounted cowboy to a figure in room farce. There were mon- It is only fairly recently that icks of photography have been l not on the camera, but by the a.

me respects what has happened e photographer, or to some graphers, is that they have un- gly been captured by their ment, and have come to feel the sity of reestablishing their inde- nce of it. Their reaction has tak- e form of a revolt against tech- , a fudging of the very precision the makers of cameras have striving to perfect. Now that the a has become an instrument an perform in the hands of the st amateur with almost faultless and exposure (what were once red skills now come built into as as gadgets), some profes- ls find new ways to deny their m in hopes of being able to ex- or extend its emotional or intel- l or visual impact. They use ting mirrors or shoot through s of imperfect glass to convert es into moods; they jiggle the l during an exposure to create s of movement. They are, to w a new cliché, trying to make edium into the message.

you go to Photography in the Arts Exhibition V, you will find ples of anti-techniques (or ex- ons of technique, if you prefer) you will, I think, find many of momentarily attractive. It is possible that the motion pic- because of its heightened real- may some day force the still ographer into more and more action, just as the still photo- h forced many painters to re- der the functions of their art and them in that same direction. I t, though, that these are the ographs that will stay with you. photograph which merely says, , look!" is not yet, if it ever will match for the photograph that rds the human condition hu- ely. [ ]

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Washington Insight *by Clayton Fritchey*



FABIAN

GULLIBILITY IN WASHINGTON

Not everyone takes her gospel to heart, but when Jeane Dixon emits her prophecies (on everything from election victors to the spirituality of George Hamilton) she gets almost as much newspaper space as the State of the Union message.

At a recent dinner at the Algerian Embassy in Washington, I had the pleasure of sitting next to the beautiful Barbara Howar—but not for long. This witty young hostess, who already is almost as well known in the capital as Perle Mesta, was summoned to the phone before the soup had been removed. She was loath to leave the table, and suggested to the butler that he get the number and say that she would return the call after dinner. The butler then leaned over and said, *sotto voce*, "It is long distance, madam—and urgent."

Mrs. Howar left the room and was gone for some time. When she returned she was perplexed and a little disturbed. The call was from a very close woman friend who lives in a small Southern city. Mrs. X, the mother of several young daughters, was troubled and excited because she had just heard (or thought she had) a prediction by the famed Washington seeress, Jeane Dixon, that all American teen-age girls would soon "disappear." Mrs. X had talked with several neighboring mothers, who, it seems, had heard the same thing, either over radio or television, as had some of their frightened daughters. Mrs. Howar, like a sensible woman, did not argue with her friend, but did her best to reassure and comfort her.

Later, after dinner, there was general discussion about this strange incident, and the conversation once again reminded me of how seriously, or at least quasi-seriously, the occult Mrs. Dixon is taken in some important sectors of this presumably sophisticated, cosmopolitan city. She has been made famous all over the country by remarkable publicity and by the success of Ruth Montgomery's *A Gift of Prophecy*, the interesting and best-selling book about her, but in Washington she is becoming one of the sights to see. She is on the way to being a local artifact; so it really doesn't matter much any more how right or wrong she is, or whether her gift for publicity exceeds her gift of prophecy.

The most fascinating thing about Jeane Dixon is not so much herself, but the market she has uncovered in Washington for her special wares. There have been other well-known crystal-ball gazers in our time, but Mrs. Dixon is the first to make her headquarters in Washington and the first to specialize in political forecasts. Politicians, by trade, tend to be at least a little superstitious: it is their nature to believe in miracles, for, as one new Senator remarked the other day, "I wouldn't be here otherwise." Others could say the same. Even the most rational are always on the lookout for signs and portents. They sometimes laugh at Mrs. Dixon, but they listen all the same. And she knows it.

She and her staff are more or less impervious to skepticism these[days]. The day after the Algerian En[bassy] dinner I called Mrs. Dixon to [get] the story about the "disappe[aring] teen-age girls. She was out, but [in her] absence I talked to an assista[nt who] turned out that Mrs. Dixon had [not] made such a prediction, and h[ad not] been on the air the previous ev[ening] either live or on tape. Her offi[ce gets] such reports from all over the [country] try all the time. The warning [about] the girls is only one of a num[ber of] canards that are in circulat[ion]. I asked the assistant if the [latest] prophecy about the teen-agers [had] took the same form. "Usually," [she] said, "it is teen-age *virgins*." [Mrs.] Dixon and her staff try to track [down] the origin of the fake predic[tions], but generally it is a waste of ti[me]. In any case, she has bigger fish to f[ry].

It would take a team of ful[l-time] researchers to check all of the t[hou]sands of predictions Mrs. Dixo[n has] made over the years, dating ba[ck to] the New Deal, but I have enou[gh of] the record before me to conclud[e that] it would have been better if [Mrs.] Dixon and her biographer, [Ruth] Montgomery, had reversed [their] roles. The attractive Mrs. [Mont]gomery, one of the canniest and [most] experienced of capital corres[pond]ents, probably has a better o[verall] record for prophecy than her h[usband] has, but it's too late now for r[e]ing. Mrs. Dixon is firmly establi[shed] so much so that the Washi[ngton] papers now give almost as much [space] to her annual January forecas[ts] they do to the President's Sta[te of] the Union message in the

rs. Dixon and the President liver their messages on dif- ays, however, so as not to with each other. These "an- y the seeress are also now ensational display outside of ton. This year, for instance, door Baltimore, the *News* a Sunday edition of January ublished the forecasts across f page one under an eight- eadline.

One Small Crystal Ball

the publicity splash, not in Washington takes the rom Mrs. Dixon, although y discusses her. In private is not notably exotic or flam- A pleasant, comfortable, low- niddle-aged woman with a ona Lisa smile, she spends her time helping out in her s real-estate office, or pro- the Children to Children ion, which she launched in beautify the souls of children children learn to learn so grow to earn—and lead use- and make their contributions nity." Her only professional a small crystal ball which a gave her as a child, and ed to the discovery of her wers. And speaking of these Representative John W. (from Garden City, New se in the House last year to r. Speaker, one of the most ble women of our age lives Washington. I am speaking of Dixon whose prophecies have startling and correct. Her ich she attributes to God, has is woman a prominent place society. This she has unself- ed for the betterment of man-

e other hand, there are some critics who think Mrs. Dixon's been used primarily for the ent of conservative Republi- e Representative Wydler. Mrs. can't be held responsible for anations of her crystal ball, oes seem that on balance it has in bias against liberals and ats. For many years, with few ons, she has consistently pre- Republican victories, so it is understand why in GOP ranks no peer as a seer. Moreover,



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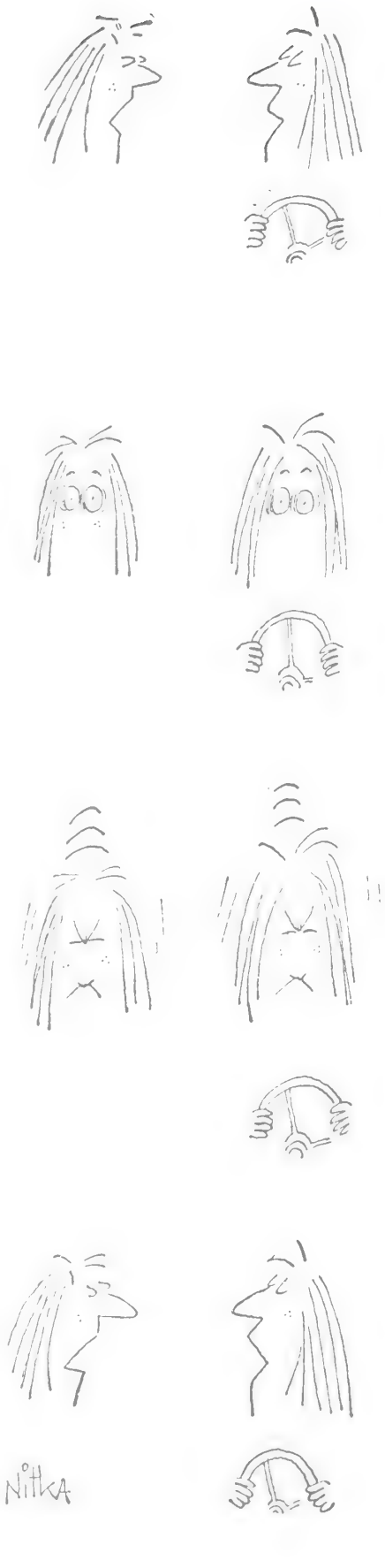


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since the likes of Rockefeller and Romney never come up rosy in the crystal ball, she naturally seems like "one of the most remarkable women of our age" to the Old Guard and Southern Democrats. Even so, it must be acknowledged that she has some followers among the liberal, New Dealish, Democratic intelligentsia, but to this I would append an asterisk to this effect: The same seemingly rational people also believe (in varying extent) in flying saucers or the conspiratorial theory of Kennedy's assassination, or both. This is not to say that all those who think Kennedy was the victim of an extremist plot automatically believe in Jeane Dixon, but I have never met anyone who believed in Mrs. Dixon who did not disbelieve the Warren Report.

A Woman Is the Key

From first to last Mrs. Dixon has spurned the official conclusion. In the beginning, she got intimations that Fidel Castro was involved, but lately the scene has shifted to Russia. There is one thing to be said for her epiphanies: they are not only consistent politically, but also geopolitically and ideologically. Communism, specifically Russian Communism, is the source of all evil; Communist China, too, has recently commanded some of her attention, even though it doesn't get in on the assassination. "Oswald," she now says, "had accomplices. And the conspiracy originated in the Soviet Union." The key to the assassination "plot," she says, "is a woman; investigators should concentrate on Oswald's overseas travels, with the role of the young woman thoroughly explored. Oswald's bullet killed Kennedy, but I see that a shinier, high-powered rifle also fired a shot. The bullet that struck Governor Connally had not previously passed through the body of the President. Oswald's actions were dictated by a small group in Russia, headed by a man whose initial is S. This was neither Suslov nor Shelepin, however. A pretty, slightly built young woman who was born in Russia but now resides in the U. S. could clear up the whole plot. She has handled both Oswald's rifle and the shinier one. Jack Ruby was involved, although he was not the other gunman and was not at the scene of the assassination." As to the



mystery woman, Mrs. Dixon [illegible] "feeling that the powers-that-[illegible] who she is. But she is being pr[illegible] and I don't know why. Someon[illegible] Warren Commission knows [illegible] is."

The recent spiritualist rev[illegible] New Orleans, revolving arou[illegible] crystal ball of District Attor[illegible] Garrison and his nightmarish [illegible] tion of the assassination cons[illegible] has done nothing to impai[illegible] Dixon's credibility. Like Mar[illegible] the author of *Rush to Judgme[illegible]* Dixon no doubt feels that th[illegible] Orleans sideshow bears out he [illegible] tions. The most disturbing as [illegible] all this is the fact that in Wash[illegible] there are a number of resp[illegible] people, some of them very clos[illegible] Kennedy family, who seem t[illegible] the doubts about the Warren C[illegible] sion Report. In short, they seem [illegible] more faith in the Garrison-[illegible] Lane suspicions than in the [illegible] sense and integrity of the [illegible] Justice, Attorney General [illegible] Clark, and J. Edgar Hoover. [illegible] Dixon-Garrison insinuations [illegible] ultimately be substantiated, t[illegible] ernment will surely be in de[illegible] grace. It is hard to imagine s[illegible] outcome, for it simply defies r[illegible] but reason is having some rock[illegible] in Washington as well as in [illegible] formed places.

Reagan May Get Bad [illegible]

In any case, Mrs. Dixon's 196[illegible] ings are not confined to the assa[illegible] tion. She sees more Republica[illegible] tories ahead, but then who do[illegible] "The door," she says, "is wide [illegible] for a GOP triumph next year [illegible] ernor Ronald Reagan of Califor[illegible] a "man of destiny." The going [illegible] rough for him, but he "is in har[illegible] with the law of the universe [illegible] destined for greatness." He wil[illegible] to guard against members o[illegible] Eastern Establishment, she [illegible] who will deliberately give hin[illegible] advice. She declines to name the[illegible] nominee at this time, but "Ro[illegible] will not be the candidate." Rocke[illegible] "will work behind the scenes for[illegible] self," but won't be successf[illegible] Nixon's performances on telev[illegible] were as successful as his person[illegible] pearances on Mrs. Dixon's cryst[illegible] he would have been President [illegible] ago. Now she sees him "beco[illegible]

SHINGTON INSIGHT

nportant to his country and

Lyndon Johnson, she sees noth-
trouble ahead. He will soon
"most momentous decision of
" (revolving around a new
the Middle East) but "the
nt must be alert to avoid be-
ble-crossed by State Depart-
forts to neutralize his deci-

Dixon considers Vietnam a
bonfire" compared to battles
ome. Our "real enemy" is not
out Moscow. America is also
ied from within, for she sees
rious "sixth column working
over the U. S. government."
instance the crystal ball did
red, since Mrs. Dixon says the
lumn is made up of extremely
men whose money endows
ith enough influence to lure
the most valuable government
nto their ranks. "Beware the
-free foundations," she cau-

Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh
on be gone from the "world
rena," which seems not wholly
able since the first is seventy-
ears old and the other seventy-
the brighter side she prom-
at 1967 will see a cure for
The disease, she reveals, "can
ght on by confinement, shock,
intment in life. It can be
by a virus, by an accident, by
nany things."
readers will surely want Mrs.
o be right on her cancer fore-
would be only natural to ask,
basis of past performance, how
reliance can be put on her
cies. Her friends think she is
infallible, but there have been
ns when the crystal ball be-
little cloudy. Last year, for
e, she wrongly forecast that
elations with de Gaulle would
e as a result of Johnson's
y" appointing a new Ambas-
o France. This did not faze her
nowever, because Mrs. Dixon
ed that Johnson had intended
his, and that she "picked up
ntal telepathy but he changed
nd." See?
e of the other past misses are
ifficult to extenuate. Such as:
War III will break out in 1958;
hina will be admitted to the
Nations in 1959; Walter



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Reuther will be the Democrati
didate for President in 1964
Richard Nixon will be the Repu
one that year; war will brea
over Quemoy and Matsu in
Britain's Conservative party wi
the elections in 1964.

Ordinarily, observed *Time*
zine, "the prophet responsible fo
predictions would be without
in any country, but self-styled
Jeane Dixon is a woman of
standing in the nation's capita
indeed she is, for in Washingt
focus is on her hits rather tha
misses, above all her predicti
President Kennedy's death. Sh
an interviewer from *Parade*
zine in 1956 that "a blue-eyed
cratic President elected in 196
be assassinated." Apparently
slipped her mind later on, for i
she predicted a Nixon victory.
theless, after Kennedy was el
Mrs. Dixon kept seeing a
cloud over the White House g
bigger and bigger." Shortly
November 22, 1963, she told a
that "the President has just m
decision to go some place in the
that will be fatal for him." A
the day of the crime, she was
ing with friends at the May
Hotel when she stopped eatin
said, "Something dreadful is go
happen to the President."

To Be Opened

Mrs. Dixon has always speci
on the White House and the firs
ilies, so she was not at a loss
recently asked about the roman
tween Lynda Bird and George
ton. "I know exactly what's go
happen," she said, "but don't a
to tell you now. I can send it t
in a sealed envelope to be o
later."

It seems that she has know
actor for years and has done a '
ing" on him. "George has more
tuality than a thousand people
gether," Mrs. Dixon reports. "
a good soul. He can bring more
tuality into the President's hom
anyone I know. They would be
to have him."

In any event, it appears Geo
lucky to have Mrs. Dixon, and
a way is Washington, for the c
wouldn't be half as interesting
out her.



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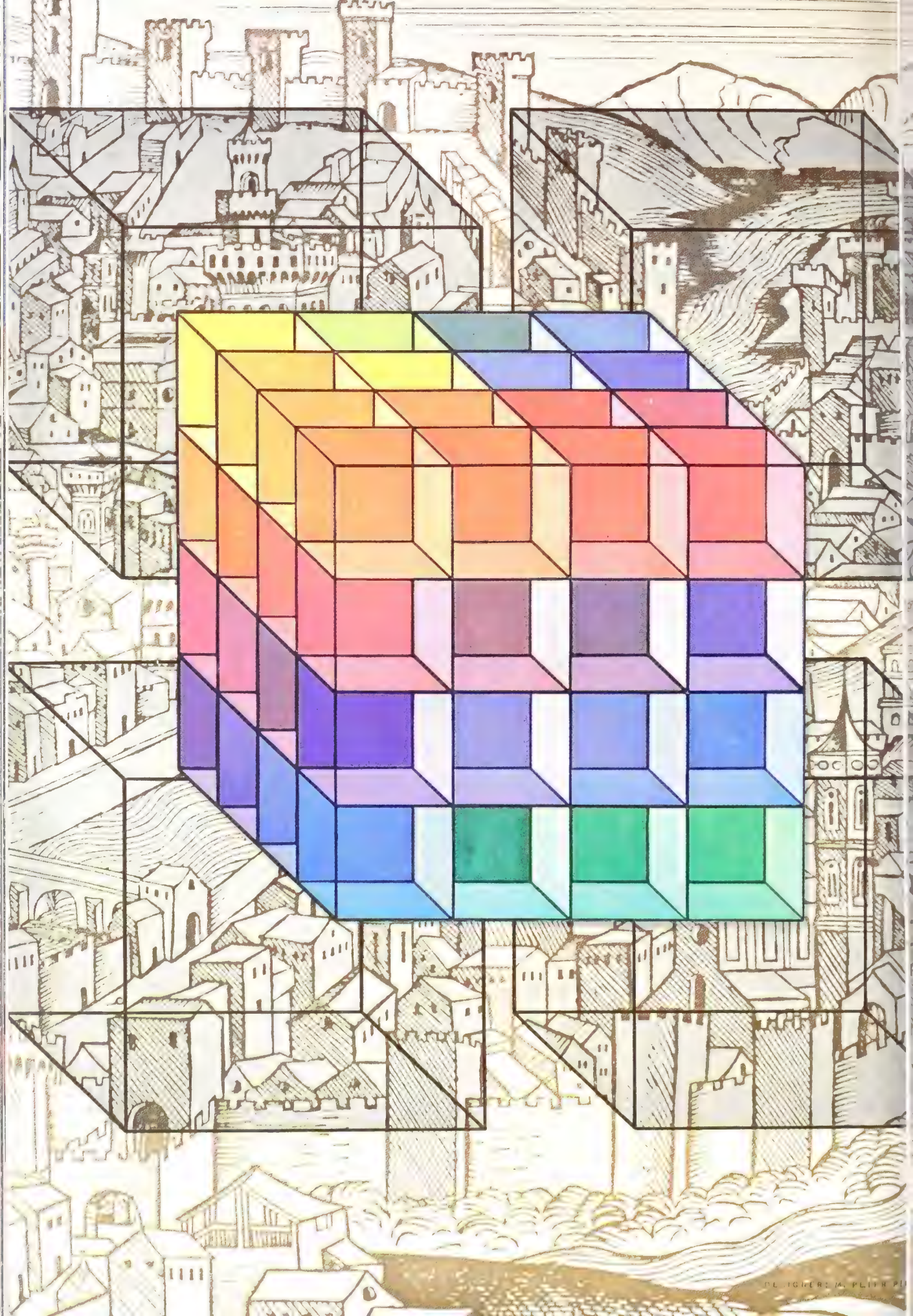
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But then, the British long ago discovered that victory is not always sweet.





Are Our Cities Dying?

by EDWARD J. LOGUE
Administrator of Redevelopment, City of Boston

ts and pundits, bankers and
its workers join other public-
citizens in expressing their alarm
e state of America's cities. They
In a society of rising affluence
h of the inner city is sinking in-
sive decay.

bservers despair and propose
be abandoned. Others suggest
, usually governmental, which
gedly cure urban cancer. Quite
suggestions have been made
haps the present enterprise sys-
uld take on the job of curing the
.

onfusion of analysis and pre
we often seem to lose sight of
purpose for which the city
how hard it is to build a great
how inadequate any alternative
ity proves to be.

walked the streets of great cities
the world wondering how and
y came to be. They are mar-
n their diversity. Each city has
special emphasis—perhaps as a
seat of government, a center
facturing. Yet they all have one
common—the city is a place of
ge—of goods, of course, but
important, of ideas.

urban shopping center, no land-
ndustrial park, no elegant, clois-
search center, no system of in-
note communication is going to
ay the primacy of the urban cen-
re the jostling of old and new
ape the world we will live in.

is not obsolete. It is the center of our civilization. In earlier times we accepted this and made our cities, particularly their centers, graceful and proud. Today many deny the city the right to be important, to be beautiful, to be cared about.

Technology has made it possible for the very important people who dominate our economy to use only a piece of the city quite comfortably, regardless of the decay that is never more than a mile from their seats of power. These powerful men are usually those who have done least to make the city livable. As wealth and power increasingly ignore land and political boundaries, it is possible to grow up, prosper and die without ever having been a citizen of a city in the Athenian sense; a fund raiser for alma mater, or a board member on a community chest agency, seems to be the average limit. The idea of active citizenship still is embarrassing to many business leaders.

I believe we can improve our cities and we can do so quickly without waiting for the necessary but cumbersome public aid programs, vital as they are. The first thing we can do is to improve their tone, decide we care, allow a concern for the city as a whole and its future to guide private decisions.

When banks redline a blighted area and shut off investment they may protect against short run risk. But there is a cumulative loss of confidence that can change a whole city's faith in itself. Unfortunately, most new investment decisions—a branch bank, a supermarket, a new factory—are made only in areas entirely safe. Do we realize what we do when we rule entire sections of a community off limits? Why are we surprised when those millions thus cut off from society decide that they do not belong and do not care?

I believe our government must have an important role in saving our cities because it, in effect, is saving itself. I believe that the education of a million slum children, giving them a chance to become part of America, is more important than putting a new town on the moon. I believe our national priorities should be reappraised and much more governmental attention given to our cities. Even more, however, I believe that the private enterprise system must face the challenge of the slums.

The imagination and the drive that has made our system the most productive in the world must be turned to the task of renewing our cities.

Maybe it means we should overhaul the Internal Revenue Code to make it as attractive to invest in the slums as it is to buy tax-exempt bonds or search out oil and gas. If we do, we might just connect up 10 million presently forsaken people with the mainstream of American life. There is still time. Let us make a start before it is too late.



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Harper's
magazine

Willie Morris

A PROVINCIAL IN NEW YORK: LIVING IN THE BIG CAVE

Four years ago Willie Morris, Mississippi-born, came from Texas to New York to join the editorial staff of "Harper's." Soon after, he won a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship for his book, "North Toward Home," a narrative in the form of a memoir set in Mississippi, Texas, and New York. The book will be published in the fall of this year. The following excerpts—the first of two parts to run in "Harper's"—are taken from the New York section of "North Toward Home."

Our literature is filled with young people like myself who came from the provinces to the Big Cave, seeking involvement in what one always thought from the outside was a world of incomparable wonder, hoping for some vague kind of literary "fulfillment." In the 1960s, as always since New York became our literary and journalistic marketplace, there would be thousands of them clustered around the great axis of publishing, newspapering, and broadcasting, starting out at minuscule salaries, living in unfamiliar, claustrophobic walk-ups, fighting the dread and alien subways twice a day, coming to terms with the incredible noise and crowdedness. Most of them would not "make it"; the more resourceful and talented might.

Why did we come? Not because the materials for our work did not exist in those places we knew best. Not merely for fame and money and success, for these also some of us could have had, and perhaps in more civilized ways, in places far removed from New York. Not even because we wanted to try ourselves in the big time, and out of curiosity to see how good the competition was. We had always come, the most ambitious of us, because we *had* to, because the ineluctable pull of the cultural capital when the wanderlust was high was too compelling to resist.

Yet there were always secret dangers for these young people from the provinces in the city. It became dangerously easy to turn one's back on his own past, on the isolated places that nurtured and shaped him into maturity, for the sake of some convenient or fashionable "sophistication." There were temptations to be not merely careless, but dishonest, with the most distinctive things about one's self. The literary and publishing worlds of the city were perilous vantage points from

which to understand the rest of America. There was a marked sense of superiority, amounting to a kind of distrust, toward other American places. This had always been true, and it was likely to become more so, as the older regionalism died in America and as the cities of the East became more and more the center of an engaged and argumentative intellection. Coming to the Big Cave for the first time, the sensitive outlander might soon find himself in a subtle interior struggle with himself, over the most fundamental sense and meaning of his own origins. It was this struggle, fully comprehended, which finally could give New York its own peculiar and wonderful value as a place, for it tested who you are, in the deepest and most contorted way.

I spent that first night with an old friend from Mississippi, in a cramped apartment high above Washington Square. He was teaching now at the New York University law school. The last time I had seen him had been the previous summer, at the Ole Miss law school, to which he had returned from Oxford, England, to finish three courses; outside class that summer, he had spent his whole time getting drunk in front of an electric fan, either that or indulging himself in wild, uncontrollable outbursts against the young middle-class racists who were his fellow students. He was a "liberated Mississippian" who had just joined New York's burgeoning and implacable Southern expatriate community; he was the first of many Mississippi "exiles" I would see in the city—for, in truth, as I would come to understand, Mississippi was almost the only state in the Union (certainly one of a mere half-dozen) which had produced a genuine set of exiles, almost in the European sense: alienated from home yet forever drawn back to it, seeking some form of personal liberty elsewhere yet obsessed with the texture and the complexity of the place from which they had departed as few Americans from other states could ever be. We sat talking until midnight about people we had known, about old forgotten high-school football games in the Delta, about Ross Barnett and James Meredith, Paul Johnson and Hodding Carter, about unusual weekend celebrations at country clubs in the hills. Then, groggy from the transcontinental Greyhound, I went off to bed.

The next morning I arose early to set out to find a job. On the recommendation of a mutual acquaintance I had made an appointment with a well-known editor—he was described to me as "tough-minded," a glowing description for anyone in those days—in a distinguished publishing firm. I strolled through Washington Square, walking past those sepulchral warehouses of New York University, the magnificent old town houses on the north side which had yet to give in to the wrecker's hammer, the red-brick apartment towers to the west. Then I sat on a bench to while away an hour, watching the old men playing chess on the concrete tables, and the bums and the beats who congregated in agitated little circles making activity out of nothing. Two young men with sandals and long hair appeared from nowhere and accosted me on my bench. "Could I have fifteen cents for a cup of coffee?" one of them asked. I handed over fifteen cents. Then the other said, "Could I have fifty cents for a *Partisan Review?*" When I declined, he shrugged his shoulders, whispered *square*, and he and his running mate ambled off.

I sat there counting out my private responsibilities. Besides having to get a job to support a family, I needed to find an apartment, one with enough room for a three-year-old boy to roam around in, next to a big park perhaps, and preferably overlooking some body of water: a place with a study, and dark oak paneling, and within walking distance of my office. I started feeling again, as I had not since my sophomore year at the University of Texas in Austin, as Thomas Wolfe had felt, coming north to this Rock. *Only the dead know Brooklyn*, he said, and he got a book published, and he went to literary cocktail parties in Park Avenue penthouses; he stood on their terraces and heard the tinkling of the ice in the glasses of those critics and editors and authors, and watched the lights of Manhattan come on. At that point he always felt he would never die.

All of a sudden, in the middle of these harmless recollections, a slightly familiar figure came out from the corner of my eye, from the arch at the north side of Washington Square. Be damned if it wasn't Mr. DeMent Warren, who ran the men's clothing store at the corner of Jefferson and Main in Yazoo City, Mississippi, during my boyhood. I stood up to go and greet him, but I saw it wasn't Mr. DeMent at all—only a big balding man in a topcoat uncommonly heavy for that time of year. A few minutes later the same thing happened. Over near the fountain I saw, of all people, Earlene Whitt, a fine well-constructed beauty queen from the University of Texas in 1955. But it wasn't Earlene—only a big blonde Village girl taking her beagle on a morning's walk. Within the next fifteen minutes I spotted four people I had once known: "Jap," the old yellow-skinned Negro man who had cut our yard for us when I was in grammar school; A. J. "Buddy" Reeves, an American Legionnaire from Yazoo County, who used to go out with us when

we played taps for the military funerals; Bibb Falk, the baseball coach at Texas; and Wallace Miller, a rotund conservative in the Texas legislature—all apparitions! They were my first experience, all of them, of what would become my own peculiar New York eyesight. With my mind on the past, only haphazardly thinking of long-ago things, just basking lazily in old events as is my wont (even something as ephemeral as a touch football game in Lintonia Park in Yazoo twenty years ago, or the funeral of a friend's father in 1948), people all around me—on the sidewalks of Broadway or in a subway—would take on known shapes, tangible recognitions. All they had to do, when these moods were upon me, was to bear some vague resemblance to someone who once had had a meaning for me, in a period of my past I was thinking about, and my dastardly subconscious would toss up for me a real person! I believe the crowds did it, and the awful and unfamiliar isolation of the city when thousands of human beings are around you and none knows you or cares. I later grew accustomed to this phenomenon that the Cave worked on me, and even to enjoy it, but on that day it struck me as passing strange; it made me fear the extent to which my rambling imaginings of past places that had intimately shaped me could, in this unknown and uncaring city, produce forms so tangible as to make the very present itself incongruous and ghostlike. I had returned, among the smog pelts and pollution indices, to my childhood's land of seething mirages.

II

The apartment I found was in the East Twenties, between Madison and Park. The other places that I had seen and liked, airy places with parks nearby, never rented for less than $250 or $300 a month. This one rented at $125, and it occupied the third floor of a narrow gray building next to a parking lot. The exposed side was pocked with holes and ridges, and someone had written on it in white enamel: "The Dukes." Looking at this unusual structure from a block down the street, one was struck by its lean-to quality; it seemed to have no business existing at all. It rose from the west side of the parking lot, gaunt and improvised. Someone walking down the street with the address almost always walked right past it, not thinking that the place might be inhabited. One reason may have been that there was a red canopy over the sidewalk at the front door advertising the short-order take-home service which shared the entrance off to the left.

One walked up the three flights through several padlocked doors, often past the garbage which the landlord had neglected to remove for two or three days. Once inside our place, things were not bad at all. There was a big front room with an old floor, a little alcove for a study, and to the back a short corridor opening up into a tiny bedroom for my son and a larger bedroom behind it. The kitchen was in the back bedroom near the bed. I had not been able to find a view of an extensive body of water at popular prices, but from the rear window, about forty yards out, there *was* a vista of a big tank, part of some manufacturing installation in the building under it, and the tank constantly bubbled with some unidentified greenish substance. From this window one could also see the tarred rooftops of the surrounding buildings, and off to the right a quiet stretch of God's earth, this being the parking lot next door.

From the front room the view was more animated. Across the street there was a large bar, which remained open twenty-four hours a day, and in front of this, on the corner, one could look down at any hour and see the little circles of people, just standing, watching the mad traffic on lower Madison. We were without sunlight, which was unable to penetrate down from the tall office building across the street; and when it rained, which was often that first year, I remembered the hard cold rainfalls in the Mississippi Delta of my childhood, and how they encompassed the green earth and fields and trees in such a torrent that one seemed at the mercy of nature itself; here, from the front window, the rain merely kicked up little pools of dirt and debris on East Twenty-sixth, and sent people under the canopy of the corner bar. My old *Texas Observer* friends, Ronnie Dugger and Larry Goodwyn, came to New York for a visit, and one gray Saturday morning during a blizzard we sat here talking of old times and places. Suddenly Goodwyn opened the window, and stuck his head out. Then he slammed the window down, turned to us, and said, "Well, boys, they got us all up here together . . . and then they *snowed* on us." The subway was also difficult to get used to. There was a station twenty yards from the building; every five minutes the building rocked and groaned at its very foundation.

I was only seven blocks from my office at *Harper's*, and in the mornings I could walk up Madison to work. On a fine day, carrying my black briefcase with poems from housewives in the Midwest, or stream-of-consciousness prose from the graduate schools, I enjoyed making my way up the avenue through the bustling crowds on the sidewalks, feeling very much the cosmopolite. But on

some grim foggy morning, when the steam came out of the sewers in the streets as if the earth beneath were on fire, the city had a dreadful claustrophobic quality, like death itself: closed-in, blind, and airless, compressed by the endless concrete and asphalt exteriors. The horns from the cabs, the cursing of the drivers, the harsh violence of the street workers dodging the already clogged traffic, caused a new arrival to feel that humanity here was always at war with its machines and with itself. In the course of a year, walking seven blocks to work and back over the same route, I saw three people killed by cars and four others badly hurt. The most likely place for this mayhem was the curious intersection of Park and Thirty-third. Here there was a tunnel which came suddenly out of nowhere. Cars whipped out of it at terrific speeds, catching pedestrians crossing against the red light on Park. There was no sign suggesting the existence of this tunnel, which added somewhat to the spirit of adventure. At first it would be disrupting to see the white sheet covering an unfortunate pedestrian caught by surprise by some taxicab coming out of the tunnel, the crowds milling around with that sullen big-city curiosity looking at the blood, the cop or two waiting perfunctorily for the ambulance to arrive. After a time I grew used to the spectacle, however, and would walk gingerly past the broken body and its spectators as if it were all in the morning's walk.

Many times, walking home from work, I would see some unknowing soul venture across that intersection against the light and then freeze in horror when he saw the cars ripping out of the tunnel toward him. For a brief instant the immobile human would stand there, transfixed by the vehicle bearing down upon him, the contrast of desperate vulnerable flesh and hard chrome never failing to send a horrible tremor through an onlooker's being. Then, suddenly, the human reflex would take over, and the pedestrian would jackknife first one way, then another, arms flaying the empty air, and often the car would literally *skim* the man, brushing by him so close it would touch his coat or his tie. If another car coming behind did not nail him then, much the way a linebacker moves in for the kill after the tackle or end merely



lows down a ball-carrier, the pedestrian would tand there briefly, all the blood drained from his ace, oblivious to the curses from the driver of the ar which had just missed him. If there was a cop n the corner he would wait while the man staggered in his shock to the sidewalk beyond, there o accost him: "Ya crazy, hah? Ya stupid? Walkin' gainst the light! Hah! Ya almost got killed, ya now it? Ya *know* it?" On one occasion, feeling orry for the person who had brushed against the peeding car, I hurried across the intersection fter him to cheer him up a little. Catching up with him down by Thirty-second I said, "That was ood legwork, sir. Excellent moves for a big man!" ut the man looked at me with an empty expression in his eyes, and then moved away mechanically and trancelike, heading for the nearest bar.

On a number of occasions on my peregrinations rom Thirty-third to Twenty-sixth there would e some bum sprawled out on the sidewalk, and he people would walk right past him or sometimes tep over him, glancing back a little nervously, sually saying to their companions, "Somebody hould call a cop." The first time I saw a man lying rone on the concrete, blood trickling slightly rom his nose, I bent over and asked him if he was ll right, and he moaned a little, and I went into a estaurant and phoned the police to report his disress. But after a while, like the others when confronted with such a sight, I would keep going too, hough always a little guiltily, wishing a cop would ome by soon. Why should people in such a city be *expected* to stop and do something about their fallen wounded, not knowing them or caring? The existence involved in moving daily to and from work in the immense and faceless crowds inevitably hardens one's senses to violence and despair. I came to feel it perfectly natural, this isolated callousness of the city dweller. Anyone who expected valor or compassion in everyday acts in a monstrous American city in these times expected too much of human nature, and would sooner or later be disappointed. The cops became the guardians of benevolence; they were our salaried Samaritans.

III

Along the sidewalks in our neighborhood roamed two old walkers who made their mark on the area. One was a bent-over old man who wore pince-nez; he carried an American flag, a Bible, and a megaphone. At almost any hour of the day you could hear him, standing on some street corner nearby, delivering a feverish sermon on sin, redemption, and patriotism, or moving along the sidewalk with his dragging gait shouting vengeance on every moving object in the vicinity, animal or vegetable. He was just as content trying to convert a Chevrolet pickup truck as he was in shouting his evangelical threats to the little Italian boys who congregated at the fruit stand on Lexington. There was a horror to this old man, to the echo of his grating voice coming down the narrow streets between the big buildings. Thin trickles of saliva would form on his mouth and drip to the pavement; his moist, insane proselytizing seemed as inexorable and illogical as the city itself, as its insane flow of vehicles and people. On Christmas morning, as my son played with his toys in the front room of our apartment, I heard him from down the block, and through a drab December mist I saw him shuffling along on Twenty-sixth Street, solitary and mad; suddenly I felt sorry for him, alone on this Christmas Day. I picked up a couple of cans of fancy sardines and rushed down the stairs, catching up with him on the sidewalk. "Merry Christmas," I said, the first words I had ever spoken to his face. He took the gift and said, "What is your religion, young man?" "I'm an old Mississippi Methodist," I replied. "Ah . . . Methodist," he said. "Then you don't believe in Jesus. Pity on you, young man." And he walked away, gingerly putting the sardines in his coat pocket.

The other neighborhood apparition was a woman of about sixty, a gaunt old specter who worked regularly as clockwork. She was a junkie, and every afternoon from three to five she roamed the streets shouting some demented gibberish, a considerable tumult for such a scrawny old woman. Once I saw the evangelist and the drug addict meet by chance in front of a shabby building on Lexington with a plaque on it explaining that Chester A. Arthur had been sworn in here as President of the U.S.A. after Garfield was assassinated; they shouted at one another as if mortal enemies, and the old man walked away, whispering through his megaphone, *"Doomed, Doomed!"* The woman's shouts were even more disrupting than the man's, however, because they were self-inflicted, and because she worked on a schedule, coming out of God knows what place every day to exercise her private perspectives. Both were always alone and always ignored. Except when taunted by the neighborhood kids they seemed quite self-sufficient.

In our apartment my son walked and crawled around the front room, exploring the edges of his new existence. There was nowhere to take him to run. Running him down the sidewalks of Madison or Park or Lexington in early evening was

like taking a nighttime trot in the Carlsbad Caverns. Once the traffic had thinned out at night, traffic lights for the taxis were as physically efficacious as a resolution of the U.N. General Assembly; I had never seen red lights ignored with such disdain. Madison Square Park, the closest piece of earth in the vicinity, was a good place to watch the drunks and the old men sleeping under shrubs, but no likely retreat for a three-year-old child. Finally I took to playing with him in the parking lot next door, throwing a tennis ball against our apartment house and letting him retrieve it, until the man who owned the lot came by one bright fall evening and said, "Cancha see that *sign*: it says *private property*. If ya can't read, mistuh, go back to trainin' school."

We missed the easy, open life of Texas, the impromptu beer parties, the casual way people had of dropping by on friends, the old German beer hall, and the tables under the trees in back. The only person we knew in the neighborhood was Nick, who sold newspapers at a little stand on Madison. I could leave my son with him for half an hour or so while I went off on an errand, and come back and find the child behind the counter, helping to sell the *Journal-American* and the *World-Telegram*. Returning to the newsstand one night, I sidled up to the papers and saw my son selling a *Post* to a cabdriver, who gave him a nickel tip; Mississippi seemed far, far away.

We decided our third month there to give a cocktail party for some of the people I had dealt with on *Harper's Magazine*: a few editors, a writer or two, some reporters. The day of the party I noticed that the garbage had not been collected from the hall outside our door. There was three or four days of it, tomato peels and eggshells trickled out on the floor, and coffee grinds poured out of a hole in a sack. I phoned the landlord.

"We're having an important social occasion in Apartment Three tonight," I said, "and there's garbage in the hall."

"What's that? What?"

"There's garbage in the hall outside Apartment Three. Please send the janitor to get it right away. We're entertaining tonight."

"The janitor's off. He'll be back tomorrow. Wait till tomorrow."

"We can't do that. Important people are coming. Some of the most important people who ever came to this apartment. And the stuff stinks. It's fetid."

"It's what?" the voice said.

"It's *fetid*."

"I tell ya we can't get it till tomorrow. The janitor's *off*."

"Look," I said, "we've got some unusual people coming."

"Fellah, I'll try to get one of the boys up there, but I can't promise, see? We're busy, *understand*? Okay?"

"Okay," I said. "Then just send somebody up before six." By six o'clock, however, no one had come. I went to the dime store on Lexington Avenue and got two big cardboard boxes, filled them up with the garbage, and when no one was looking put them under a Chrysler in the parking lot.

IV

The narrow old building which housed our walk-up apartment was attached not only to the short-order take-out shop, but to a corner delicatessen and to a huge cafeteria which stayed open until 4:00 A.M. every day of the year. All these, including our building, were owned by a man and his two sons, whose offices were in the building. They were Lower East Side people, but now they owned most of the entire block.

The cafeteria had large plate-glass windows, and displayed there under the cellophane were the specialties of the day: a shank of ham, perhaps, or some greasy fried chicken, or an apple pie. Inside, the place was brilliantly lit, a sharp glaring light that gave to the tables and the floor and the great rows of food behind the counter a sterile, antiseptic look, much like the cafeterias one sees in hospitals. It was always crowded, even in the early hours of the morning, with cabbies, truck drivers, newspaper vendors, drunks who wandered in for coffee—the night people. It was a harsh, driven place, lacking in even the smallest courtesies: a ragged, hard place, filled with muted violence and petty cruelties. Behind the counters the men in their starched white uniforms shouted to the line of people waiting to be served: "Move it, move it! Whatta ya *want*? Ya think we got all night? Come on, come on, make up your damned mind, *will ya*?" Every so often someone would be tossed out on the sidewalk, for not having enough money to pay, or for being a little too drunk. Two of the men behind the counter would rush out to the floor and take some pathetic old reprobate by the elbows, dragging him through the front door and giving him a little push, shouting, "Outta here, ya bum!" Once my wife and I were getting lunch at the counter; as she hesitated between the meat loaf and the lamb the man serving up the meats shouted, "Come on, sister, get a move on. Whatta ya want, hah? *Hah*?" Standing across the counter from this angular, glint-eyed son of the city I shouted back at him, "Don't you know how

o treat a *lady*, friend? This is a Southern belle rom Texas. Or did you grow up without any *man-ers*. You got any *decency*? Hah?" I felt the Mis-issippi boil rising; the people around us were taring hard, eager for an incident; customers ever shouted back like that in this place. The man ehind the counter looked at me; he was taken by urprise. Then he laughed, apparently a form of pology: "Mister, I ain't *seen* no lady. What makes a think I know a *lady*?" And he dished out the neat loaf, shaking his head in mock bewilder-nent.

The owner, who was our landlord, was a big pot-ellied man with a great shock of gray hair; he poke in a croaking bullfrog's voice. He wandered n and out of the cafeteria and the hardware store next door, dressed in his starched white intern's uit, even wearing white shoes and socks. His wo sons, both in their thirties, wore the same uni-orms, policing the place from time to time to supervise the treatment of the bums and derelicts. They shouted orders to the employees from across he big room, or stood off in a corner, their arms rossed, looking out expressionlessly at the cus-omers gobbling down their food at the long alumi-num tables.

Several times a month I came into the cafeteria, to bring a check for the monthly rent or to com-plain about the service in the building on Twenty-sixth Street. The old man had a small office with a big padded door in the hardware store adjoin-ing the cafeteria. There was a buzzer next to the door, and when I pushed it I would hear the voice from inside, "Who the hell is it?" I would identify myself, and he would push a buzzer inside auto-matically opening the door. "Here's the check for Apartment Three," I would say, handing it to him. He would take it, hardly looking up, say-ing, "Yah, okay, okay," in a kind of grumble, never once exchanging pleasantries, not hellos or goodbyes, and then go back to his paper work. My complaints, however, began to mount. His work-ers continued to go for three or four days with-out taking away the garbage in the hallways. The heating system in our apartment was controlled from the furnace in the cafeteria, and when the cold season began there was sometimes no heat at all. The other tenants in the building, a German girl who dated an editor of *The National Enquirer* and a Japanese artist who barely spoke English, were too frightened to complain; having lived there for some time, they were intimidated by the landlord and his sons. I took to phoning the land-lord more persistently, or going to see him. Often it would take three or four calls before they would turn on the heat. The landlord and his two off-spring treated every complaint with a hurried, exasperated crudity. I had known Mississippi red-necks, mother-killers, grandmother-killers, sixth-year graduate students, and spitballers who threw at your head; I had never run up against people so lacking in the human graces.

One Sunday in the winter the thermometer in our apartment registered 42. I began calling down to the cafeteria at ten in the morning. Four calls proved fruitless. Finally I burst down to the cafe-teria and asked for the landlord or his boys. They were all away. I found the assistant manager and buttonholed him in a corner. "I want that furnace turned on!" I shouted. He shouted back, "We can't get to da furnace!" I returned to my apartment and phoned the landlord at his home on the Upper East Side. "I'm tired of your bitchin,' ya *punk*," he said, and hung up. The next day I advertised in the *Times* for someone to take over the lease. We had a taker within three hours of the first day, and I went off and found a place on the Upper West Side.

The next-to-the-last day in our apartment, the telephone was still ringing from the ad in the *Times*: $125 a month rent got takers in New York City. I had turned down the offer of three bribes. I had rejected callers who pleaded for preferen-tial treatment. Shortly before the telephone was disconnected, there was another call.

"I've seen your ad about the apartment," a man's voice said. "I understand it's only $125."

"That's right," I said.

"Has it been taken?"

"Well, yes and no. It has been, but I'm open to discussion."

There was a pause at the other end. "I see," the man finally said, for New Yorkers understood these things. "Can you tell me about the apart-ment?"

"It has four large rooms, a modern kitchen, air-conditioning, and a nice system for heat. Very comfortable in all seasons."

"What floor is it on?"

"Well, you see, it's in the subway."

"In the *subway*!"

"That's right. It's about ten yards or so from the track, right in the station."

I could hear the man mumbling to someone else, his wife, perhaps. "It's in a *subway* station," he was whispering. "Yeah, right in it." Then he addressed me again. "That sounds pretty incon-venient to me. I never heard of an apartment right in the *subway*."

"It's not inconvenient at all. It's very conven-ient to the subway. And the noise isn't the least bit bad, except during the rush hours."

"Is it built into the concrete, or what?"

"Well actually, the kitchen goes out over the tracks a few feet."

"Over the *tracks*! I never heard of such a thing."

"It's part of the agreement, you see. You don't expect a nice apartment for $125 for nothing, do you? During rush hours my wife or I have to open the kitchen door to let the express through."

"What?"

"Yes, but not on weekends. It's actually quite colorful, being a part of the transit system. It's only three minutes from Grand Central. It's not nearly so bad as it sounds."

The caller paused. "Well, it's certainly unusual. When can I come to look at it?"

"Let me call you," I said.

"Fine, I'll be here all tomorrow." He gave me his number. "How do I get there?"

"Take the Lexington Avenue express," I said, "and get off when you see a red kitchen overhanging the tracks," and hung up. The next day I moved my family to the Upper West Side.

V

The Big Cave in the 1960s lived frenetically in the present, bereft of the tangible reminders of its own history. The ubiquitous pavement drills—"New York music"—relentlessly destroyed even many of the settled places. A crowded and noisy city almost totally lacking in landscape, full of fumes and smog, without open spaces and growing things, encouraged a certain desolation of the senses; after a time a man who was not born to this environment accepted the rattled edges of daily existence in the same way he might grow to live with pain, hunger, or unhappiness. One wondered most of all about the children, growing up with no local *belonging*, no feel for place or of generations gone. The massive office buildings where people worked, the elbowing for position in the elevators taking them up to their work, the windows opening out onto other office buildings equally massive and impersonal—all this was part of a way of living unknown to me, uprooted from the earth and its sources. On some gray and rainy day in the winter solstice, when the sun began to set in late morning, with the wind rattling at the panes of the window, one's office seemed less a place to work than a cell, without the relief of something more *open* a few minutes away from it. Leaving work each late afternoon, having spent a day reading sober or responsible, or wild and imaginative, prose by writers who seemed to matter to America, one went down into the claustrophobic crowds, and jostled against people who had never heard of your writers, and cared less. Occasionally, on the night of a heavy snow, before the filth of a workday turned the snow into a sooty mush, the city was slow and quiet under the winter stars, out of character in its strange loveliness. The night all the lights went out in 1965, after the first panic, one could actually see the moon; the whole city was enveloped in an elemental blackness, and nine months later the births were more numerous.

I would take the subway to work every morning—the Seventh Avenue IRT from the Upper West Side. I bought the *New York Times* at the newsstand on Broadway and 94th, and headed downstairs to get the express to Penn Station. As soon as I got to the platform in the stale, airless place I folded the *Times* to the news-index section, then I started my preliminary jousts for position near the track in order to be closer to the door of the train when it arrived. In three years of waiting on this platform I had yet to hear one "Good Morning" exchanged among any of my fellow passengers, for human communication was normally restricted to atavistic grumbles and more direct early-morning obscenities. Far down the track, in an eerie dark, the light of the express glared and winked, and then in a terrible roar and screech of brakes it was upon us. The crowds at the platform waited for the people to emerge from the car; then there would be one solid mass of flesh pushing forward through the doors, somewhat like the scrum-heap in English Rugby football, though larger, more motley, and less sporting. There was a loudspeaker in the station, and the voice would say: "Step lively, folks, step lively." And after a pause, "Get that arm out of the door, buddy!" or "Pull in that leg, sister!" Once this mass was crammed into the subway car, two or three hardy souls, holding back the doors when they were closing, would literally squeeze themselves in, which served to push the mass even closer upon itself.

At this moment, if I had three or four inches of elbow room and a reasonably secure position, I would bring out the paper and read the news-index section three or four times during the fifteen-minute trip south. If this elbow room was not available, however, I read the advertisements on the wall of the train, about quick cash loans, employment agencies, Miss Subway contests, and Preparation H for shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery. Then I would stare sullenly at the other passengers, who sullenly stared back, seeking diversion as much as I. Once I spent the full fifteen minutes examining a peculiar wart under the nose of a neighbor three or four inches away

-a strange yellow wart that might have benefited considerably from Preparation H. At other times would close my eyes and think about such items as green fields in the springtime, or the vast desolate terrain of West Texas, or Five Mile Lake in Yazoo County during a summer thunderstorm. There was a certain identifiable expression on the faces of New Yorkers in these moments. It was "subway glaze"; their eyes might be open but they were not looking; they were *obliterating*, which required great practice and an extraordinary will. The train rocked and moaned, sometimes knocking a few passengers against one another in a sudden multiracial jumble. The juxtaposition of human matter was so intimate, one feared that a sneeze, or an obnoxious cough, might set off an urban epidemic like the Black Plague. I wish John Donne could have taken the Seventh Avenue IRT during the morning rush hour, before sitting down to write about islands, clods, promontories, and bells.

I discovered most of all in these trips to work each morning that they brought out in one his old, latent, controlled hostility toward people of other races—an inevitable battle, if one speaks honestly, that requires the total application of a man's civilized acquisitions.

One morning on the IRT the passengers at 94th Street were crammed into the subway car even more closely than usual. I was unable to get a grip on the holding-pole or on one of the dangling handles; I stood there at the mercy of motion. Halfway between 94th and 72nd the train suddenly lurched, and I felt myself flying helplessly into the other passengers. Instinctively I grabbed for something, and it turned out to be the arm of a Negro next to me; he was about my age. When the train steadied again, reverting to my old Mississippi accent as I always do under stress, I told him I was sorry. He gave me a cold stare, and then he sneered.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't have anything to hold on to. This is a hell of a way to live."

"It beats them hills, don't it?" the man said, in a strong Southern Negro accent.

"What hills?" I asked.

"Them hills you come from with that cracker accent."

"If I wasn't a liberal I'd hit you for that," I said.

At this point the other human matter standing face-to-face with us started looking away and grinning.

"Hell, ain't *nobody* liberal," the man said. "Who's liberal?"

"Well, I'm not from the hills, I'm from Mississippi."

"The *mud* then. Don't this beat the mud?"

"The mud's dried."

"Wait till spring," he said. "Then it'll be mud again."

We stared wordlessly at each other, two sons of the South on the IRT. Finally, at the next stop, ashamed and a little guilty, I clawed my way out, into the dusty glare of the subway platform.

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AFTER THE DESERT

by Jill King

After the desert
had eaten us for nine days
we came down, as the sun set,
over the broken back of a hill
time had ridden to a fall.
And there—the valley
folded round the blue eye of the well.
After nine days
water was a sacrament.
My horses stood
for one high moment turned to stone
before they drank.
And I saw the whole sky of heaven
in the unknown water,
its darkness held constellations.
The horses moved their hooves
in a slow dance and bent
to the water again.
And I cried, *Allah be praised.*
But El Akibir
the son of my father
(after the nine days and the dust
questioning us to silence,
and the snake coiled in the blood
to suck hope to another dust)
El Akibir plunged in his hands
and drank
and cursed that it came late.
And I cried, *Allah be praised.*
But El Akibir broke
a star in the water with his fist.
Who speaks of Allah? Allah gives nothing.
The water rose
from a stream of chance and not to our need.
And he turned
to his pitching of tents in the sudden dark.
All night my thoughts
shouted against my brother,
a nine-day desert between us.
Allah's eye was lost from the well.
Only the image of my brother
broke heaven's glass
with the fist of his discourtesy.

Jack Langguth

CALIFORNIA'S GIFT TO PSYCHOTHERAPY

A technique that focuses on the here and now instead of probing the subconscious has helped a surprising number of misfits—particularly young people—to become responsible citizens.

Dr. William Glasser, a Los Angeles psychiatrist, has come up with something called Reality Therapy, and the first question he should be compelled to answer is "Why?" One psychiatric guidebook already lists thirty-six forms of treatment, from Assertion-Structured Therapy to Will Therapy. That's without Dr. Glasser. Why Number 37?

"Because Reality Therapy seems to work and a lot of the others don't," he says. Dr. Glasser is neither politic nor modest. He does not want Reality Therapy to settle into a respectable niche in the textbooks but to be widely practiced—among other places—in prisons, mental hospitals, and slum schools. And he is ready to joust for his beliefs.

Since he has achieved good results so far and written books about them he has become an influential young voice in West Coast psychiatry. Among indigenous school administrators, narcotics-rehabilitation agents, and prison matrons, his popularity runs particularly high.

Along the Eastern Seaboard, however, Dr. Glasser's peers, especially the psychoanalysts, are less impressed. "I don't think there's much in his work that would be useful to me," one New York analyst said. "I'd be prejudiced against anything called 'Reality Therapy'—it's a little too public relations," said another. Similarly in Beverly Hills, the Vienna West of American psychiatry, one well-known analyst, in a far from flattering tone, calls Glasser "a social worker." Another says Reality Therapy is only Adler again and fifty years late. "I've never claimed that my ideas are new or novel," Glasser rejoins. "All I say is that people are listening to me, and they're not listening to Adler."

Unquestionably he is attracting serious attention in many parts of the country. He is regularly invited to speak in New York, to set up a training program in the Deep South, or help a distressed nun in the Middle West. When he appears in person, this is what he says:

Everyone must deal responsibly with his own world, fulfilling his needs without preventing others from fulfilling theirs. When you cannot do that, it's because you are irresponsible, not because you are mentally ill. A psychiatrist should lead you back to reality by showing you how to act responsibly again. Why and where you got derailed may be interesting to both of you, but it's not worth four or five years of daily sessions to find out. As you begin to act responsibly, some of the reasons for your past behavior will begin to surface, and you will start reversing your downward cycle.

In Reality Therapy, the psychiatrist cannot sit by silently while you hash over the failures of your past. He must give of himself, his ideas, his reactions. A patient often has no one to care about him. The therapist must care. He must become involved. Even better, he should get the members of various groups involved with each other. These can well be the natural groups that people form in a classroom or at a camp.

Dr. Glasser's theories reflect his own experience, which has included some of the toughest patients our society produces—psychotics, drug addicts, and seemingly incorrigible delinquents. The last category he sees regularly at the Ventura School for Girls—an hour distant from his home in Brentwood—where he has been spending Tuesdays and Fridays for the past ten years. When parents, foster homes, parole agents, and juvenile courts give up, a girl finds herself with five hun-

ed other young female convicts behind the high ire fences at Ventura. This—for an adolescent l—is the end of the line.

The new girl may be Negro or Mexican. She y have a $50 heroin habit or a $2 prostitution ade or both. She may have killed a man. And re is Bill Glasser—who looks to her like the com- te square—offering to be her friend.

It won't be love at first sight. He is a har- ed forty-one-year-old in gray-rimmed glasses, essed with a grab-bag neatness. Though he has ed in California for fourteen years—from the ne he got his medical degree from Western eserve University—his voice still has the flat idwestern drone of his native Cleveland.

The girls look him over closely and try at first get him to condone their crimes or sympathize ith their misery. He won't do it. Gradually they e that if they change their pattern, they will be appier at the school and released from it earlier. they don't, Dr. Glasser will explain unabashedly hy they had better stay for another few months.

Three out of four girls get out of Ventura and ien stay out—which is no better than the success ate of several other California institutions. But nere is a measurable difference. While they are t Ventura, these angry, scarred girls are easier o control than they have ever been before. And hen they leave, their lives run smoother and raighter than their predecessors'. They are more esponsible than they were.

Commitments to Be Kept

Dr. Glasser misses no opportunity to convey his message. There was, for example, the day not long go when he was walking over the well-kept grounds at Ventura and saw a maintenance truck come to a halt by the disciplinary cottage. Three husky gardeners jumped out and ran into the building. When Glasser caught up with them, they were standing over a lumpy, plain girl who had locked her arm around a couch. "Frieda," Dr. Glasser said crisply, "what's the matter?" The girl poured out a story about unfair discipline—she'd been promised a smoke and hadn't got one. Now she'd be damned if she'd go back to her cell. "These men don't want to carry you there," the doctor said. "They've got other things to do." "Big deal! Then let 'em go away. Leave me alone." "Frieda, I want to hear what's really wrong. Walk me back to your room." A long pause. Then agreement.

To the gardeners' relief she lumbered to her feet and walked off with Glasser. She pleaded with the doctor, "Send me to Camarillo [the state mental hospital]." "I can't," he answered. "You're not crazy."

"If I sent her to Camarillo," Glasser explained, "I'd be giving her the excuse she's looking for. Then for the rest of her life, she could say, 'I don't have to behave like other people. I'm crazy.' I'm not going to hand her that out." Frieda spent a few isolated days and then, acting normal again, she was returned to her cottage.

At another cottage, Glasser conducts the weekly therapy sessions that are required throughout the school. Forty-eight girls are sitting around in a circle in the lounge, with members of the staff spaced among them. Unlike Frieda, nearly all the girls are very pretty. Glasser conceded they were attractive. "But they're tough, too," he said. "They're coming here tougher each year."

The head matron had given Glasser his cue for the group session. Since his last visit, Mary Gonzales had thrown a desperate fit of temper. "Let's talk about temper," he begins. "Anybody here have a temper problem?"

A Negro girl, calm and wise-looking, raises her hand. "Mary Gonzales does." Everyone looks at Mary. She's a beauty, lacking only a jeweled comb and lace mantilla. "I just can't control it," she says softly. They start talking.

It turns out that Mary is passionately jealous of Conchita—another beauty. "They're not just tight friends," the Negro girl says. "Mary's been telling Conchita she loves her."

Dr. Glasser takes institutional homosexuality lightly, an attitude justified by the record. Most Ventura girls get married in short order after their release and start raising families. "You girls here think you're in love sometimes," he tells them. "There's not much we can do about it or even that we want to do about it. But if you think you're going to live together happily ever after, that's kind of foolish." The girls flush, smile, and nod.

Maybe, the girls say, some of them tease Mary and try to get her jealous and mad. Aggie does that, one girl reports. Glasser cuts in, "We're not looking for whose fault it is. We're looking for how we can fix it."

By the end of the session, the girls have agreed that teasing does not help Mary. They'll try to quit it. So something has been accomplished even though no deep-rooted psychic problems have been probed. According to the staff, this brand of psy-

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After graduation from Harvard, Jack Langguth was in the Army for two years, worked on California newspapers, and went to Saigon for the "New York Times." His first novel will be out next winter.

chotherapy makes their jobs easier by making the girls calmer, happier, more content to serve their sentences, and more resolved not to return to Ventura.

In what ways do these sessions differ from the kind of counseling that goes on at many institutions? In talks to the narcotics agents of California's first-rate rehabilitation program or to the Los Angeles Association of Junior High School Vice Principals, Dr. Glasser puts it this way: Whether you are dealing with truants or mainliners, the vital thing is to be personal. Tell the addict or the delinquent in every way you can, "It's important to me what happens to you. I care about you."

Work in the present. Don't pore over the records of an old failure. If his misery is all a person has, it becomes valuable to him and he will defend it. Take away his reputation as a chronic bad guy. Each time he turns up with a problem, start by saying, "Tell me what happened."

If a patient tries to talk about his feelings or his motives, bring him up short. "I'm treating you for your behavior," Dr. Glasser will say, "not for your feelings. I want you to stop stealing cars. I don't care if you were emotionally upset when you stole them."

Ask the patient, the delinquent, or the parolee to make a value judgment of his behavior. "Does it help you to shoot heroin? Does it help you to skip school?" If the answer is yes, don't argue. Wait a while. Ninety-nine per cent of the time, the question brings the right answer.

Then get a commitment the other person can keep. Not, Will you stay off narcotics for a month? But, Will you stay off until you call me tomorrow? Will you show up for your first class?

Don't preach. And don't take any excuse. When his parole agent accepts an alibi, the addict is thinking, You don't care about me, either. Instead, the therapist, counselor, or parole agent should say, "There's no excuse. Now do you want to try again?"

Some psychiatrists who accept his thesis are none the less amused that a technique called Reality Therapy should come out of Los Angeles, the illusion capital of North America. Others find his method irritatingly prosaic, devoid of brilliance or intellectual excitement. They point out that the innovators of the past quoted Dostoevski, Shakespeare, and Schiller, while Bill Glasser is drawn to such *kitsch* as *The Miracle Worker* and *A Man for All Seasons*. "The relationship between More and the King," Glasser has written, "is the model for the ideal therapeutic involvement, even though the outcome was far different from the usual result of therapy" (*i.e.*, the patient ordered the therapist beheaded).

Miracle Worker is Glasser's celluloid Bible, which he regularly shows to new classes of teachers or mental-ward therapists. "Therapy," he wrote two years ago in his book, *Reality Therapy*, "would have been unsuccessful if Annie [Sullivan] had not been a tough, highly responsible person willing to risk her own meager reputation for what she believed was right. She accepted Helen [Keller] not as a poor blind-deaf puppy, but as an intelligent child with high potential who was totally irresponsible."

The film has special appeal for Dr. Glasser because his psychiatric residency in the mid-1950s was spent among patients whose future seemed as bleak as young Helen Keller's. They were inmates of the Veterans Administration Neuropsychiatric Hospital in West Los Angeles.

Giving Up Crazy Symptoms

Glasser's supervisor was Dr. G. L. Harrington, nine years his senior and newly arrived in California after a decade at the Menninger Foundation in Topeka. The two were drawn together by their similar doubts about traditional therapy. Dr. Harrington, in due course, was put in charge of the grimmest ward in the hospital, Building 206, where 210 patients averaged seventeen years of confinement. Though they were treated well by a compassionate staff, they were not getting better. It had been two years since the last patient was discharged, and that man was back again. Dr. Harrington began to bully the patients a little, shock them when he could (verbally—he doesn't much care for electric-shock treatments), and joke with them in their unguarded moments. Aides and nurses started being less tolerant and more involved. As Dr. Glasser later put it, they asked the patients "to give up their crazy symptoms."

Gradually the patients became more reasonable. Forty-five went home the first year; eighty-five, the second; ninety, the third. If reality overwhelmed them, they were encouraged to return to the hospital at any hour, without admittance papers or other red tape. Many did. But only a handful stayed more than one month. The rest went out again to the world.

During this same period Dr. Glasser was getting comparable results at the Ventura School. Out of the two men's experience a theory evolved. Glasser wrote it down and dedicated the resulting book to Harrington. "He's much more disciplined

an I am," Dr. Harrington said after reading *ality Therapy*. "I could never have got it organ-ed and in print. Besides, I'm from an earlier eneration that was born and will die with Freud. thought Glasser's book was beautiful, but I told m, 'You can't say that. It's almost sacrilegious.' ill felt free enough. He had guts enough."

Like many younger psychiatrists, Dr. Glasser not so anti-Freud as he at first appears. He ants that the Master diagnosed aberrations and obed their causes more impressively than any-ne before or since. But he doubts that Freud's ethod of treatment works very well.

"In any therapy," Glasser has said, "the moment ust come when the patient has to make an effort change his behavior. We start at that moment nd proceed from there." Unlike the Freudians r. Glasser will seldom see private patients more nan once a week. He wants them to do their living home, not in his office.

Rx for the Schools

Two years ago, Glasser began devoting more and more attention to the public schools of California which, he believes, need a strong healthy applica-ion of Reality Therapy.

"Every child starts out in life with confidence n his own worth and with trust in the world round him," he tells school administrators. That onfidence may start to wane at the age of four r five when the child begins to communicate with he world around him. Even so, it is still healthy. "There's a confidence circuit built into the brain," Glasser continued, "that has to be reinforced or t will die."

But teachers often fail to provide that rein-orcement. "The critical age seems to be about en. That's when children stop thinking." Then, ne argued, "they divide into two groups--the squeaking wheels who rebel and the others, who nave also stopped thinking but start grubbing for grades."

Glasser sees little to choose between the two groups. "I'm not interested in turning the rebels into the grubbers," he says. "Too often all you're asking of a psychiatrist is that he stop the noise, not that he help you get the kids thinking again."

Some teachers are way ahead of him. They think it is criminal that they must give letter grades—A through F—to six-year-olds. It's the parents wh insist on these symbols of intellectual status, the teachers complain, regardless of how severely the grading system undermines a child's confidence. To less skeptical teachers Dr. Glasser recommends John Holt's book, *How Children Fail*, a title that was bound to attract a psychiatrist who is more interested in the "how" of things than the "why."

For the past two semesters as a consultant he has been testing his theories in the Lawndale school system, a white-neck, blue-collar suburb of Los Angeles, and the 75th Street School, a Negro grade school on the fringe of Watts.

At 75th Street his manner is not too different from his approach at Ventura. But his emphasis changes. At Ventura, he wants the girls to work and worry their problems toward solutions that society can tolerate, to convince them that if they don't learn to conform, they'll spend the rest of their lives behind bars. At 75th Street he has an almost opposite goal. He deliberately steers the children away from the expected answers and toward topics that permit no automatic rights and wrongs. Some of the most vocal participants turn out to be children who have nothing at all to say during a homework drill. Glasser thinks his sessions are giving those children confidence in their own abilities and are persuading them that at least some part of the school routine relates to their lives.

Calvin, six years old, is the kind of child he is trying to reach. The boy is waiting in the school yard to show the psychiatrist the way to his classroom; his dark brown face is lit with enthusiasm and intelligence. "There's nothing wrong with these kids." Glasser says it angrily, for he knows that ten years from now Calvin probably won't be in school.

The children are waiting in a circle. Glasser invites the eight or nine teachers, mostly Negro, to move forward for his demonstration. But they stay at the back, obviously dubious. Some have said privately, "Why doesn't that white man stay in Beverly Hills?"

As the children settle down, one little girl calls out primly, as a kind of early-warning system for the doctor, "Calvin is bad."

She has provided Glasser with his theme. "Let's make our meeting today about bad and good," he says. "Tell me what's bad." Calvin, who had turned to scowl at the informer, is instantly cheerful. "An F is bad," he shouts.

"A D is bad," says a second child, giving Dr. Glasser another example to cite when he attacks the premature letter grades in Los Angeles city schools.

From then on, Glasser is something like Art Linkletter, without the mugging or the fishing for *double entendres*. He treats the answer of each child matter-of-factly and lightly guides their

conversation. It seems that minding your mama is a good thing. Acting bad is not. "How do you feel when you act bad?" the doctor asks. "Sad!" most children shout. "Get a whupping!" another boy calls.

Curtis, almost falling out of his chair as he raises his hand, is identified by the other children as a squirmer, and they think that's not too good. "Is it hard for you to sit still, Curtis?" He twists, shakes his head no, grimaces, grins and answers yes.

"Does anybody know the reason?"

A placid six-year-old boy on the next chair smiles. "He's nervous." The others agree that may be the reason. After twenty more boisterous minutes, their meeting is adjourned.

At the staff meeting that follows, the teachers who have tried holding similar meetings report mixed results. Dr. Glasser joins one fourth-grade class which is sold on group meetings. They are eager to mull over such mysteries as, Why do the older boys use bad language?

A sturdy boy in a yellow sweater: "They want to act cool. They want to show off in front of their girl friends."

Glasser: "Is that the kind of boy you girls want when you're old enough to have boyfriends?"

"No!"

"What kind, then?"

Around the room, girls become solemn or giddy. "Boys that don't fight." "Boys who don't cuss." "Boys that don't lie." "Boys that don't smoke dope."

One competent Negro teacher said she had tried the meetings in her classroom, but she couldn't seem to find the right topics. The same complaint had arisen before—even at some of the junior colleges where Glasser had spoken. "Leading a discussion is a skill," he says, "and theirs had atrophied like an arm that hadn't been used." For such teachers he has prepared a list of questions to hook a class and get it talking:

"If we had to weed out 10 per cent of our class for reasons of economy, how should we decid which four children would have to leave school?

"You don't like report cards? I think I'll giv you all Cs, and then you won't have to worry abou grades anymore. What do you think of that?"

"We'll give a prize to anyone who can come bac tomorrow with a foolproof way of stopping you family from watching television. Breaking the se is no fair."

"If the Devil came to town, where would he live? Where would God live?"

As he becomes more involved with the schools Glasser is rounding out his theories of effectiv teaching. "We should encourage students t cheat," he has said, "if cheating means helping each other during tests. A test that demands fact isn't worth anything, anyway. Essay and ora examinations are the only kinds a human being should be given."

Some traditionalists are hostile to such permissiveness. They are the teachers who assign copious homework, grade rigidly, and hold their classes to the business of learning. They don't agree with Glasser that, instead, they should be "teaching children, above all, to cooperate together."

Some white, suburban parents hear with equal misgivings about his classroom therapy. It sounds, according to one father who is also a psychologist, too much like the Soviet workers' sessions under Stalin, with informers, self-denunciations and group judgments. "Let the parents come and watch," Glasser replies. "At a school in Sacramento where they've adopted Reality Therapy, the parents have come to see and left saying, 'There should be more of that. It's what we thought we were sending our kids to school to get.' "

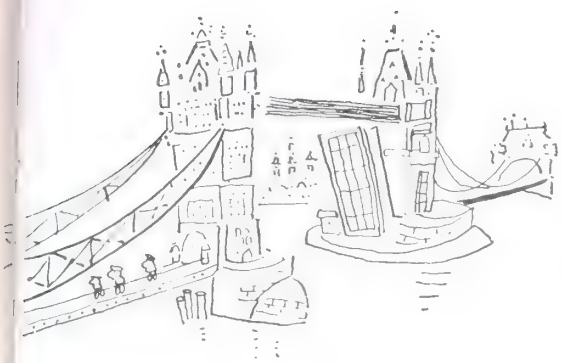
Whatever else may be said of him, Glasser is a true Californian—a psychiatric technician in the very center of American technology. California's gift to psychotherapy may not be especially intellectual; but it gives every sign of being intelligent and useful.

GET THAT CHIPMUNK OFF YOUR BOULDER

by Felicia Lamport

The chipmunk is a squirrel done in living Technicolor
Who'd rather eat your tulips than a cookie or a cruller
And if he finds he's surfeited, which often is the case,
He simply stores the surplus in the pockets of his face,
Which may explain why gardens, when they should be at their peak
Are stripped of all but chipmunks with an awful lot of cheek.

Harper's Magazine, June 1962



D. W. Brogan

THE ENGLISH SICKNESS

One of today's acute historians (and an expert on the United States, about which he has frequently written for "Harper's") turns his wit and political acumen on his native land.

It is over a century since one of the most formidable, if least agreeable of Tsars, Nicholas I, described the Ottoman Empire as "the Sick Man of Europe" and proposed that Russia and Britain should make the preparations normally made by a mortician when a loved one is on the way out. The story proved that Adam Smith's pun still had validity; there is a "great deal of ruin in a nation." The Ottoman Empire lived on to inflict humiliating military defeats on both Russia and Britain, before the senile patient finally died. Modern Turkey is only one of the heirs of that astonishing political artifact, the slave Empire of the Grand Signior.

It was the turn of the Austro-Hungarian Empire to take over the role of Sick Man but the Hapsburg Empire, like Charles II of England, was in unconscionable long time in dying. Perhaps its last gasp was the review of the Imperial and Royal garrison of Tirana on New Year's Day in 1919.

There have been plenty of candidates for the role of Sick Man since then. France, for a time, was a favorite specimen, not only outside France but inside. France, however, does not look in the least moribund, to the regret of many in the Pentagon and the State Department. The new candidate for the mortician is England. And as was the case in France ten years ago, all the pessimistic croakers from the outside are only taking up the roar of the pessimistic criticism from within. England doesn't feel good; doesn't act good; is cynical; is skeptical; is reconciled to the loss of "the greatest empire the world has ever seen"—itself that rare thing in history, a true cliché. And although nations do not die of mere pessimism as individuals sometimes do, a state of permanent pessimism is much more serious than hypochondria in an individual. The physical or psychological remedies are harder to find and more expensive to use.

But is the pessimism justified? Were there not English precedents for premature pessimism? Was not the loss of the American colonies (thought to be more due to French treachery than American strength) the beginning of the decline and fall of an empire that had ruled over "regions Caesar never knew"? The English pessimists were wrong in 1783. Are they wrong now?

I think that they are, but the pessimists have a case. Britain (not only England) is suffering from a long-delayed shock. Twice inside one generation Britain has learned the lesson that victory does not keep, that it may be as disastrous as defeat. The French learned that painfully, among many snooty moralistic criticisms from outside after the first world war; the British are learning it now.

I should say that I have never taken British enthusiasm for the British Empire too seriously. It was a class enthusiasm if it existed at all. The miserable workers of London whom Jack London saw before the first war had more serious worries than the fate of the Empire. There was plenty of working-class *patriotism*, but it was not imperial. The great emigrant tide flowed still mostly to the United States. It also flowed back. (It was discovered in 1940 that 8 per cent of the population

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of Britain had firsthand knowledge of the United States or—as people then said and still say, over Canadian, Brazilian, and other protests—"America.") But there were plenty of British emigrants in Canada and Australia, and the new armies raised by Canada and Australia in 1914 were full of them. They were not fighting for the Empire but for England or Scotland. In the dreary years between the two wars, the U. S. was still "America the Golden." The Dominions were poor relations.

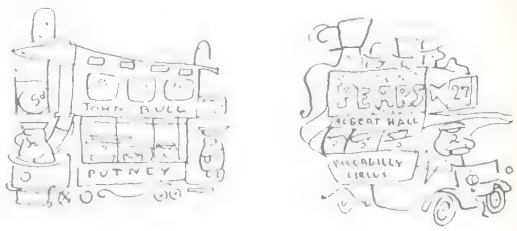
But for the workers' betters, things were different. There was a good deal of profitable imperial employment—in the Indian Civil Service, in the Indian Army, in less prestigious areas like the Sudan where "the Blues govern the Blacks." (The United States paid handsome profits to British investors. There were enclaves of British businessmen in New Jersey and other Eastern states that were almost as much "concessions" as Shanghai.)* A great part of the map of the world *was* painted red. The bitter lines of the Boston-Irish poet, Jeffrey Roche, were still formally true:

> Her pirate flag it is flying
> Where the East and the West are one.
> And her drums when the day is dying,
> Salute the rising sun.

In the ruling Establishment the imperial sentiment survived, notably in Winston Churchill. Singapore; Hong Kong; the Japs in Burma; the Yanks in Australia; the greatest fleet in the greatest naval war in history flying not the White Ensign, but Old Glory—these provoked angry emotion. That emotion survived victory. It died in 1956 at Suez, where the moral indignation of many was multiplied by the bitter discovery that the imperial adventure was being finally repeated and repeated, to borrow from Karl Marx, "First as tragedy, then as farce."

For people who have known the old order, even if only in naïve history books or primitive movies, there may be nostalgia. I felt it in Bombay, in December 1966, ten years after Suez, when I saw the shrine commemorating the entry of George V, the only King-Emperor to pay an official visit to the "brightest jewel in the crown," overshadowed by a much more impressive and very new monument to the great Mahratta leader, Sivaji, who nearly prevented the British taking over the debris of the Empire of the Great Mogul. But this is a faint emotion:

> Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
> Of that which once was great is passed away.



Not Nostalgia, But Skepticism

It is my belief that, despite all the imperial posturings of our Socialist Government, the mass of the British people have accepted the end of Empire (or Commonwealth) with less bad temper and more good sense than either the French or the Dutch. Indeed, it could be said that they have too easily washed their hands of what was a great achievement and have rightly distressed Indians and Pakistanis by their comparative indifference to this once-great achievement. It was no light thing, even for a century, "*pacisque imponere morem*" on a subcontinent that needs peace so badly.

But that is all behind us. The unease, pessimism, and anger that are, I think, part of the British scene today, are not based on nostalgia for Kipling's India. They are composed of regrets for the loss of power of free action in Europe and of skepticism about many of the traditional sacred cows of the "English way of life."

Again, this skepticism, this surliness, is more visible in "the lower orders." Whatever the Labor government may think, for the mass of people, government, *any* government, is "they." It is never "us." There is probably little more trust in the good intentions of the Labor party than of the Conservative party. Indeed there are deep doubts over the *competence* of the Labor party.* Since "they" with their posh manners, their fancy accents, their "superior" education *do* rule the country, why have they made such a mess of it? For few doubt that they have made a mess of it.

It is this conviction that a mess *has* been made that is possibly the most serious symptom of the English sickness. For one strength of the English polity, notably in 1940, was the trust of the ruled

The "concession" in the U.S. were sections of smart suburbs largely inhabited by British emigrants of high economic status, often but not always representing British companies, refusing to become naturalized or to mingle very much with their American neighbors. They were prodigiously "loyal"; they knew when Empire Day fell and who Princess Marie Louise was. They were often, unconsciously, full of grievances about their homeland, believing, usually rightly, that they could never have moved into an equivalent economic or social class in Britain.

*This is more an English than a Scottish working-class trait. After all, the Scots can explain national follies by pointing out how little power Scots have in the government.

in the rulers. They might not have admired the brains of the "upper classes" (too many had served in the "PBI"—"the poor bloody infantry"—for that), but they did admire their character and had a kind of mystic confidence in some vague governing talent in the rulers. In the dread summer of 1940, there were more people with cold feet in the upper echelons than was admitted then, or now, but the mass of the people did not share those fears. No doubt their optimism was ill-founded. They felt like my extremely intelligent four-year-old son: "The English always win, don't they?" It was *absurd* that a clown like Hitler and a people like the Germans would conquer England. There was none of that suicidal French passion for shouting, "*Nous sommes trahis*"—a trait that the French share with far too many Americans.

And victory, expensive victory, did seem to justify that faith. Britain was, on the whole, well-run between 1940 and 1945—far better than Hitler's Germany, for instance. But since 1945 faith has evaporated. It is not that a sagacious people like the English—reinforced by the proximity and help of an even more sagacious people, the Scots—expected to have things easy. Things (danger of sudden death apart) were a lot harder in 1947 than in 1945. But the people were proud of "austerity" even if they made wry faces at the names of Sir Stafford Cripps and Dr. Edith Summerskill, to whom austerity seemed to come more naturally than to the masses of Merrie England. Austerity was a duty and would pay off. There was plenty of snide jealousy at the sight of American wealth, but it did not go very deep and was often artificially fostered on the Left and even on the Right by the dwindling apostles of Empire.



In Place of Fish and Chips

By the 'fifties the worst seemed to be over—no rationing, no serious restrictions on foreign travel, the flooding in of American goodies and gadgets. And, a neglected result, the English masses began to go abroad, not simply to "the States" and to "the Colonies" but to Europe. What they [illegible] shocked and dazzled them. Here were the dissolute and wicked foreigners enjoying themselves. Not only the notoriously dissolute French, but the Italians and the Spaniards. The Costa Brava became the new Blackpool. Yorkshire miners hired private buses to take them to Spain. At first they took Yorkshire beer with them and newspaper to wrap the chips in. Within a year or two they abandoned beer for the local wine, which proved more powerful than they realized. They even abandoned fish and chips. In vain Labor zealots pleaded with the workers not to support Franco's economy. English tourists flowed all over Europe, underclad, oversexed, lively, cheerful, attractive.

The French learned that Froissart was wrong. The English no longer took their pleasures sadly. The most famous models in the world were English. And when "the Shrimp" (Miss Shrimpton) appeared at the Melbourne Cup race with a skirt halfway up her thighs, and no hat or gloves, and shocked the stately matrons of "Viceregal Melbourne," dressed like the maids of honor of Queen Alexandra, the people of England were all for the Shrimp. Who were these old Aussie trouts anyway? Seen from the Costa Brava, England looked drab. Seen from Milan or Düsseldorf, it looked inefficient. People noted that French trains were faster and were never late—unlike, very unlike, British trains; only experienced travelers could give the comfort of "you ought to see the New Haven." Swinging London, the Beatles, the winners of the World Cup in the only real World Series, many of the pure scientists, some of the engineers, even the hitchhikers in Europe, were signs of vitality—but of thwarted vitality in too many cases.

People noticed how many new gadgets were American or were made on American license. Some parts of British industry were highly efficient; some were conspicuously not. When *Q4*, the new Cunarder that was to rival the *France* and the *United States*, was turned over to Lady Brocklebank for interior decoration, the masses noted that she was the wife of a member of a great Cunard dynasty but had no other known qualifications.

A series of scandals, not of graft but of incompetence, broke—much more serious, in my opinion, than the misadventures of the unfortunate Mr. Profumo, which caused only selective indignation. There was nothing rotten in the state of England; there was worse. The whole society was frozen in less and less relevant attitudes. The great apparatus of Empire, at the Court, in great ceremonial occasions, remained. But was the England of the Tourist Board really viable? Was London becoming like Venice in the eighteenth century, the Venice of the Kings in *Candide*; of Browning's "A Toccata of Galuppi's"?

"Venice spent what Venice earned"—the kissing did not stop, but, at a slight snowfall, the trains did. It was this feeling of frustration that got the Labor party its narrow victory in 1964 and its landslide victory in 1966. Harold Wilson and his associates did get a commission to modernize Britain. A great many people left academia and even the business world for government, much in the spirit of the original New Dealers rather than of the New Frontiersmen, although there is no doubt that the Kennedy image—which Mr. Wilson, after reading Mr. Theodore White, deliberately tried to copy—helped to defeat the Tories.

But fate was unkind, and by the summer of 1966 it was evident that what the Wilson government recalled was not the first months of FDR or JFK, but the sadder precedent of Léon Blum in 1936-37. It was not really Wilson's fault, just as it had not really been Blum's fault, but the blossom was off the peaches. We are now governed by expedients, covered up by more and more tired clichés. It will never, for this government, be "bright confident morning." And Mr. Wilson is learning as President Johnson is being taught, if not necessarily learning, how fickle is the people, that even the greatest political victory produces only "a garland briefer than a girl's."

Below the surface, I think, a rather sulky stocktaking is going on. Naturally groups and classes see the faults of other groups and classes more clearly than they see their own. The unions are not much more popular with the "workers" and their wives than they are with the "mass of the people"—the richer classes. There have been some financial scandals that reflect on the honesty of some smart and tolerated operators and on the common sense of businessmen and bankers. In the latest manifestation of intolerable credulity it is not only that simpleminded investors have been duped or even a big government institution, but the Royal Bank of *Scotland!* Almost the only big dollar industry not suspected of incompetence is that of the Scotch whisky producers. They still know how to turn water into gold—if not so much water into gold as in the recent past.

Quality journalism is likewise in trouble. The fusion of the daily *Times* of London with the *Sunday Times*, under the sheltering wing of Lord Thomson of Fleet, may save "the Thunderer" but will the *mystique* survive? If the Astors could not keep the *Times* independent, can any board of trustees, however eminent, resist the owner of the *Times*? They will have influence but, as Alexander Hamilton said, "influence is not power." Not only was the *Times* in danger, only escaping it by this semi-surrender, but the *Guardian* (once in better days the *Manchester Guardian*) is in danger too. Its publisher has threatened to move the whole operation back to Manchester from London, an Antaeus operation that might come too late and has not, as yet, frightened the printers into abandoning their outrageous featherbedding. It is possible that Lord Thomson will be right—that soon London will have only three papers—the now seven-day *Times*, the immensely profitable *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Daily Mirror*. This would be a situation formally recalling that of New York, with the important exception that there will be no equivalent of the *New York Times*.

Some other breakdowns evoke a kind of ironical pleasure. It is no longer our cops who are wonderful; it is our robbers. 007 is dead but we are unable to keep our few catches in jail. The most alarming story running round London about the escape of George Blake is not that he was "sprung" by a skilled team of Russian operators but that the Soviet government simply put the business into the hands of some London professionals who did the job for a handsome fee.

Now—and only now—are people beginning to admit that we have a color problem, that it will get worse, and that public opinion, even or possibly especially Labor opinion, is unwilling to face the political and financial cost of doing something even nearly adequate about it. The revelation that the sacred working class is as full of race bias as most American workers are, and that some unions are no more enlightened in their racial policies than are the old American Federation of Labor unions, has further disillusioned many intellectuals with the workers.



Playing Second to America

But the workers' disillusionment is deeper and more important. It is a Labor government that has put on a "squeeze" of unparalleled ferocity. It is a

abor government that has sacrificed practically ll its program to "saving the pound," that (so it s said) follows meekly at the tail of the American astiff wherever that unhouse-trained animal ay want to go. It is the Labor government's eader who quotes patriotic oratory and uses patriotic clichés in a way that would be thought excessive by Senator Dirksen. The victorious Labor majority, in 1945, scandalized the Tories by singing "The Red Flag." There is no risk of that today. The tune is "Rule Britannia"; the slogan, "Nearly all the way with LBJ." And as Lady Littlehampton, Osbert Lancaster's *vox populi*, put it recently, looking at a newspaper heading suggesting that LBJ was slipping, "I wonder has our great Prime Minister been licking the wrong boots?"

That there should be resentment about playing the role of a not very brilliant second to the United States is natural. That there should be more and more irritation at implausible chatter about that worn-out slogan, the "special relationship," a phrase heard a hundred times in London for once in Washington, is also to be expected. And there is, naturally enough, more and more admiration for General de Gaulle. For many people who do not like the General's manner like his matter; many dislike or are skeptical about his matter but still like his manner; and many admire both manner and matter.

Here the critics of the "special relationship" are aided by American naïveté. That Americans, or most of them, dislike the General is natural. That he dislikes the American government is also natural. But it is impossible to get the English man-in-the-street and still less the Scottish man-in-the-street to take over American resentments or to cease to regard the General as a great man, with whom both LBJ and Harold Wilson do not compare very favorably. So when a highly intelligent American Senator, addressing a select group in London, referred sneeringly all the time to "Charlie," meaning the President of the French Republic, the select audience was not amused. For General de Gaulle, in "standing up to the Yanks," strikes a very responsive chord in many Britishers. For the world has cut us down to size and we don't like it.

In 1945, confident that we "had saved ourselves by our exertions and Europe by our example," we ignored Europe, certain that we would be admired, imitated, and followed by "the Continentals." This was true, but only for a time. After Suez and, probably more important, after the refusal to get in on the Common Market, we were written off. Renascent Germany wobbled between America and France. It did not expect and it did not get a lead from Britain. The Labor party proved more xenophobic than the Conservatives; it seemed set on proving that "there can be no socialism but national socialism." Even now we make pretensions to leadership that must seem ludicrous to Europeans. Our complacent civil service got a shock when they contemplated not only the ruthlessness but the competence of de Gaulle's representatives at the Brussels Conference, which barred our entry to the Common Market. German tact has not been in abundant supply as we beg for subsidies. Our partners in the Free Trade Area are still sour over our breach of faith with them, and one international traveler was recently heard to say, after a visit to Belgium, "It's such a pleasure to be in a country with more troubles and a less competent government than we have."



What Bothers the Young

This account of the present discontent in England (and even in Scotland) might seem to justify a great deal of American pessimism about the "Mother Country." It seems to me that irritation, rather than pessimism, is called for. The situation is not in the least that of Austria in its last imperial days. The English situation is not desperate, but it is serious. It is beginning to dawn on the English that one of their troubles *is* laziness. It is a long time since my father told me that the reason the best night train from London arrived in Glasgow at 9:00 A.M., while the train in the opposite direction did not arrive in London till 10:00 A.M., was that no one in London was ever at his office before 10:00. And seeing, as I often do, cars streaming into London, down the Great North Road from exurbia, I wonder if any class in England (university teachers apart) really works—in the coarse American and Continental way. A recent poll shows that a great many Englishmen really want to retire at forty-five or so. And this is not retiring in the manner of Fairfield County to a boozy weekend at the country club or, in the case of more sober leaders of American exurbia, to sailing on Long Island Sound.

The workers who are not "motivated," as Americans put it, are imitating their betters. Amiable country leisure is the bogus ideal of English life. The workers have their gardens, their betters have their "little place in the home counties." Yet England is possibly the least rural society in the world, although it has some of the best, high capitalist farming in the world. Many of the exalters of English rural life can hardly tell wheat from barley. Historical teaching in the *good* schools and at "University" (Oxford and Cambridge) is absurdly oriented towards a largely mythical country life. That is one reason why our cities are so odiously ugly; they are the second-class institutions where most of the population live. A real study of modern England would start from the towns, to which the countryside is a mere and sometimes excessively expensive appendage.

The young people feel all this. Their disillusionment, most marked in the most intelligent section of the Labor party, may be disastrous. The wisdom of their elders no longer impresses them; it is not only in China that the young may be in revolt. More serious than the "brain drain" to America would be an internal emigration, as the French put it.

Both great parties have dismally failed in evoking and using the energy and faith of the young. And although we have no academic revolt on the Berkeley scale, and the Mods and Rockers and the mini-skirters of swinging London do little more than provide copy, there is a gulf between the generations, at any rate in the "educated classes," that is disturbing even the dogmatic slumbers of Oxford and Cambridge, not to speak of Glasgow and the London School of Economics.

There is even a danger that the young will come to believe that *nothing* is done well in Britain. Too much rhetoric, too much contemplating of past glories have dulled the national power of response. Mr. George Brown, the Foreign Secretary, has, I am told, replaced the traditional picture of George III in his office with a picture of Lord Palmerston. This is wrong. Foreign Secretaries should be reminded, every day, of the greatest failure in British history, not of the bogus and ephemeral successes of "Pam."

The siege mentality of 1940-45 still darkens the minds of too many of our leaders and fills them with a complacency that is no longer even a bad joke. Our Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Stoker Jim" Callaghan, is an amateur yachtsman and tells us to stay in our waters and sail. Our Prime Minister, apart from too numerous and often pointless official pilgrimages, is content to repose and think in the Scilly Islands. Parliament balks even at minor reform of its methods. "Parliament is no longer the Grand Inquest of the Nation. It is the corpse." So a cynic recently declared.

The great technical and intellectual revolution has not come off. "We are back to square one," as the saying goes. The prestige of government by computers, human or mechanical, is over. People look back nostalgically to the recent and yet so distant days when Sir Alec Douglas-Home did his sums, so he said, with matchsticks. Nothing is sacred, not even the pound or the "special relationship."

Sick of Being Squeezed?

It is here that the turning point in policy may come. The present argument for the "special relationship" is circular. We need to support the Americans East of Suez to save the pound; the pound (the "silver" of Mr. Norman Macrae's ingenious and valid parallel*) helps to cover "gold"—in fact the dollar. I know at least one very eminent American economist who thinks that this argument is not only circular, it is nonsense. The pound does not help the dollar; the dollar, in any case, is in no real danger. But be that as it may, the willingness of the mass of the British people to support a squeeze which is choking the breath out of them, and which is no longer a friendly and helpful hug to save the artificial parity established after the British exchange collapse of 1947, will evaporate in 1967 if no real relaxation is forthcoming. And what then?

There is no alternative to joining "Europe." Pleas about the Commonwealth, hopes for some exclusive deal with the United States, patriotic noises from the heirs of Lord Beaverbrook, will be of no avail. Only scale counts now for the new expanding industries. Mass industries—Ford, E. I. du Pont de Nemours, Imperial Chemicals—can afford the wastes of size; smaller firms cannot. And scale means "Europe." And it means America in Europe, with American enclaves like old British concessions in New Jersey, with "Yankees go home" strikes—to be followed by "Yankees come back."

Perhaps what our rulers—and yours—ought to be doing is reading more Adam Smith and less Keynes. Only in a bigger field of production and competition than our tight little island now offers can we become again a nation of shopkeepers and not a nation of gentry and peasantry out of the tourist publicity.

*"Can England Make It?" by Norman Macrae (*Harper's*, February 1967).

Whitney M. Young, Jr.

WHEN THE NEGROES IN VIETNAM COME HOME

The first war in which American armies are completely integrated is having an enormous—and surprising—impact on both Negro and white soldiers. And it will affect the whole country when they come back to civil life.

When I returned from visiting the American Negro GIs in Vietnam last July, I was surprised to learn that my trip had caused consternation among some of the press and public who maintained, among other things, that the place to be addressing myself to the Negro struggle for equality was at home, not in some far-flung, war-torn land.

It is true that the Negro victory for equal opportunity and the full deserts of democracy must and will be won on American soil. But it is equally true that what has happened—and is happening—to the Negro and white soldier in Vietnam will have a profound and far-reaching effect on the whole race situation in America during the next decade. For in this war there is a degree of integration among black and white Americans far exceeding that of any other war in our history as well as any other time or place in our domestic life. The impact of this experience on both white and Negro servicemen in Vietnam has formidable ramifications for the future of all Americans.

The armed forces were not officially desegregated until 1948. Negro troops fought as segregated units all during the second world war and partway through the Korean war. During the 1950s desegregation proceeded only fitfully. The Vietnam war thus represents the first military occasion in the history of the United States when white and Negro troops have trained and fought shoulder to shoulder, responsible for the same duties, answerable for the same errors. Inevitably, the Mainland myths of the God-given superiority of the white man and of the Negro's natural inadequacy are beginning to crumble.

When asked what was the most significant impression he had from this new integrated condition, one Negro GI summed up the situation: "To find out for the first time that all white people are not geniuses and all Negroes are not idiots." At the same time, the white soldier can not help observing and coming to respect the courage, intelligence, and effectiveness of his Negro fellows. One white American general in Saigon told me: "My people in the Army were made to integrate in the early 1950s long before the rest of the country. But we are sure glad it happened. Today, here in Vietnam, there is absolutely no difference between the caliber of white and Negro soldiers. The Negroes are good. In fact, I think they try just a little harder. They won't let that white guy in the foxhole with them do better than they."

Having been given the opportunity—not readily available in civilian life—to demonstrate their skills, ability for leadership, and precision performance in combat and in man-to-man contact, the Negro in Vietnam has earned the deep-down respect of the white soldiers, a respect that often takes the form of total dependence. In the guerrilla warfare of Vietnam, discriminatory attitudes can command a high price, even the price of life itself.

"In a tight situation over here the race thing just doesn't exist," said Negro Sergeant Otis Curry. "Sure you find guys with chips on their shoulders. But when this happens, they are ostracized by their own kind. And, man, you can't make it over here alone."

Captain Lucius Reeves of Miami, a college-educated Negro with two white Southern ser-

geants assigned to his staff, told me, "When you're out in these hills, no one has time for race. Everybody that has U. S. on his sleeve is a buddy. I've seen white guys hugging and kissing their Negro platoon sergeant after he's brought them through a fire fight. And I think a lot of white guys are leaving here with a completely different attitude."

This viewpoint was confirmed by a number of white soldiers from the South who told me they would never again be victims of the stupefying myths on which they were brought up. Many of them advanced the theory that their own sense of insecurity had been the major force that helped perpetuate the degradation of Negro status.

It is, of course, possible to enforce integration—or any other moral ethic—to a much greater degree in the armed forces than in civilian life. One of the first lessons a young man learns on his first day in uniform is that it is not the function of the private—or the general—to question military policy. His job—his only job—is to do his duty to the best of his ability. If part of this duty is functioning in an integrated situation, then that, patriotically speaking, is that. The President of the United States himself cannot impose integration in civilian life to this degree.

When Whites Are a Minority

But this change has not been achieved by military directive alone. The young Negroes fighting today in Vietnam are the war babies of the civil-rights movement, and the desegregation of the American armed forces is one of its major gains. If these men have yet to experience the true taste of freedom in their own land, they are able to see the inevitability of true equality which for their forefathers was barely a mirage.

Another factor contributing to integration in Vietnam is the color of the community itself, which is essentially non-white. The Vietnamese for generations have suffered exploitation by white people, principally the French. One of the favorite propaganda exercises of the Vietcong is to drop leaflets explaining the race issue to the American Negro. These thoughtfully remind the Negro troops of their own period of slavery and ask for what purposes are they in Vietnam helping the whites oppress a colored people.

But this is a war in which white American soldiers find themselves in a non-white country. The community and the situation are thus very different from World War II in Europe, when the white soldier often made it his business to discredit the Negro in the minds of the local citizens, who were white too. In Vietnam, becaus victory—and often survival itself—depends on th friendship of the Vietnamese people and on th good will and military prowess of the Negro, the are few attempts to educate indigenous grou about racial differences and white supremacy. Th whites are fighting in a situation where, for th first time in their lives, they are the minorit In Vietnam, it's not always possible to tell wh are your friends and who are your enemies. An so the American soldier has to put a great dea of effort into trying to understand the Vietnames people and to develop warm relationships with a associates if for no other reason than self-defens By necessity, then, the white American soldie has developed a sincere sympathy for people wh never in their lifetime have experienced peac independence, and freedom from exploitation, an who are different in culture, religion, and colo This is possibly another factor in his change o attitude toward the American Negro serving be side him.

As a result of these combined influences, th Negro has clearly developed sophistication, con fidence in his own ability, and a sense of well being in an integrated climate. He is a ma accustomed to discharging duty and exercising re sponsibility. He is used to commanding the respec he has justly earned. And these are the spoils o battle he will bring with him when he returns t America. This time the Negro veteran will re turn to his native land shorn of his old sense o stunted purpose. This fact poses some deep ques tions.

What the Negro Will Expect

The first question is, naturally: what can the discharged Negro GI expect when he returns? In talking with many of the Negro soldiers, I found this thought to be foremost. Many expressed bitter concern about the condition of their parents, wives, and children in semisegregated America while they were risking their lives in the service of the country. Sergeant Andrew May, a twenty-nine-year-old Negro squad leader from Rocky Mount, North Carolina, who has been more than once decorated for bravery, said, "It does make you feel funny sometimes, fighting here for things we're denied at home. But you just got to shake your head and hope the situation will change."

While the Negro servicemen expressed rapt interest in the progress and developments in the civil-rights movement, it was evident from their responses to news of change and reform that a

ide credibility gap still exists. Many felt the anges were merely token compliance with the v and were motivated less by desire for racial stice than by desire for defense contracts. Many pressed bewilderment at the "backlash" and the feat of the civil-rights bill on the excuse of the ots and the rise of Black Power.

One soldier summed up the reaction of most nen he said,

"Doesn't America understand that this so-called le of violence is just a handful of people, a very nall minority of the population? That for every egro who throws a rock there are thousands in etnam, wading around in the mud, fighting eir guts out in the jungles, risking their lives enty-four hours a day—and getting killed upolding the honor of a country in which they n't even have their lawful privileges? If they n't pass the civil-rights bill because it's the just nd right thing to do, they should do it in recognion of what the Negro guys have done and are oing in Vietnam. That's reason enough."

As I listened to countless Negro soldiers, one ning became obvious. After risking his life in ne service of his country and, in the process, hav-ng experienced the most advanced form of interation in America's history, the Negro veteran s not prepared to return to the status quo, to egress culturally and socially once he sets foot on merican soil. He is grimly determined—by whatver method necessary—to live in an America here his rights are fully guaranteed. In his war xperience he has acquired new confidence and ew skills, among them the skills of guerrilla varfare, of killing, of subversion, and the gamut f tricks of military combat.

These returning veterans may face, as I faced when I returned from World War II, an America hat may choose to ignore their sacrifices, new skills, and proven ability; a society that continues o subject them and their families to discrimina-ion. If that be the case they will be disillusioned and hostile—and full of fresh memories of an environment where life was cheap and where the order of the day was kill or be killed. It would then be realistic to expect such experts of mines and booby traps and all other forms of destruction to find good reason why they should use these skills and risk their lives against the enemy of personal injustice as they did against the enemy of Communist aggression.

The Negro men fighting in Vietnam are not representative of the racial extremists currently active in the ghetto. "I sympathize with them," said one Negro private. "I'm trying to accomplish the same thing, but I'm just doing it another way, that's all."

"The ghettos are a sore spot on the country, a sore spot on our race," said Sergeant Otis Curry, an old-time Negro soldier. "I come from Detroit and I was there during a riot. Stores were busted up. Negroes were killed. What's it prove?"

However, if they return to find the conditions they left unchanged, these Negro veterans might become an interested audience for the preachers of violence—and one capable of being organized into a major national threat.

In contrast to this threat, the effects of the Vietnam war on the American Negro offer a great opportunity to this country if they are understood and accepted in time. The veterans are also capable of becoming responsible and productive citizens, if given the opportunity in the industrial and civic community. Among the hopes and plans that the GIs spoke of to me, the desire for further education had high priority. Ironically, the value of education is one of the big lessons they learn from their war experience, for the simple reason that in many cases an inferior education has arrested their rank-and-file advance in the armed forces.

The sad fact is that what has limited their advance in the Army also handicaps them in trying to better their education in civilian life. The grades they made in high school under a segregated and spurious educational system are the criterion too often used by insensitive schools and universities as the basis for acceptance. For men who have graduated *cum laude* in the life-and-death examination of self-discipline, professional skill, and, above all, hope, ambition, and new maturity, this criterion is no longer valid. It would be a tragic mistake if these capable and potentially outstanding young men were judged simply on the basis of their previous high-school records in their aspirations to higher or technical education.

There has been bitter comment and controversy about the high proportion of Negroes serving in Vietnam. As of October first last year, there were 39,125 enlisted Negroes. This is 11 per cent of the total military force. The Negro death toll is reported to be proportionately even higher. Of the 4,557 Americans killed in Vietnam during the first eleven months of 1966, 16.3 per cent were Negroes. A more recent Defense Department study shows

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Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, was a soldier, just out of college, in World War II and rose through the ranks to sergeant. He is the author of the book and newspaper column "To Be Equal," serves on many public commissions, and is president of the National Conference on Social Welfare.

Negroes accounting for nearly 18 per cent of combat deaths.

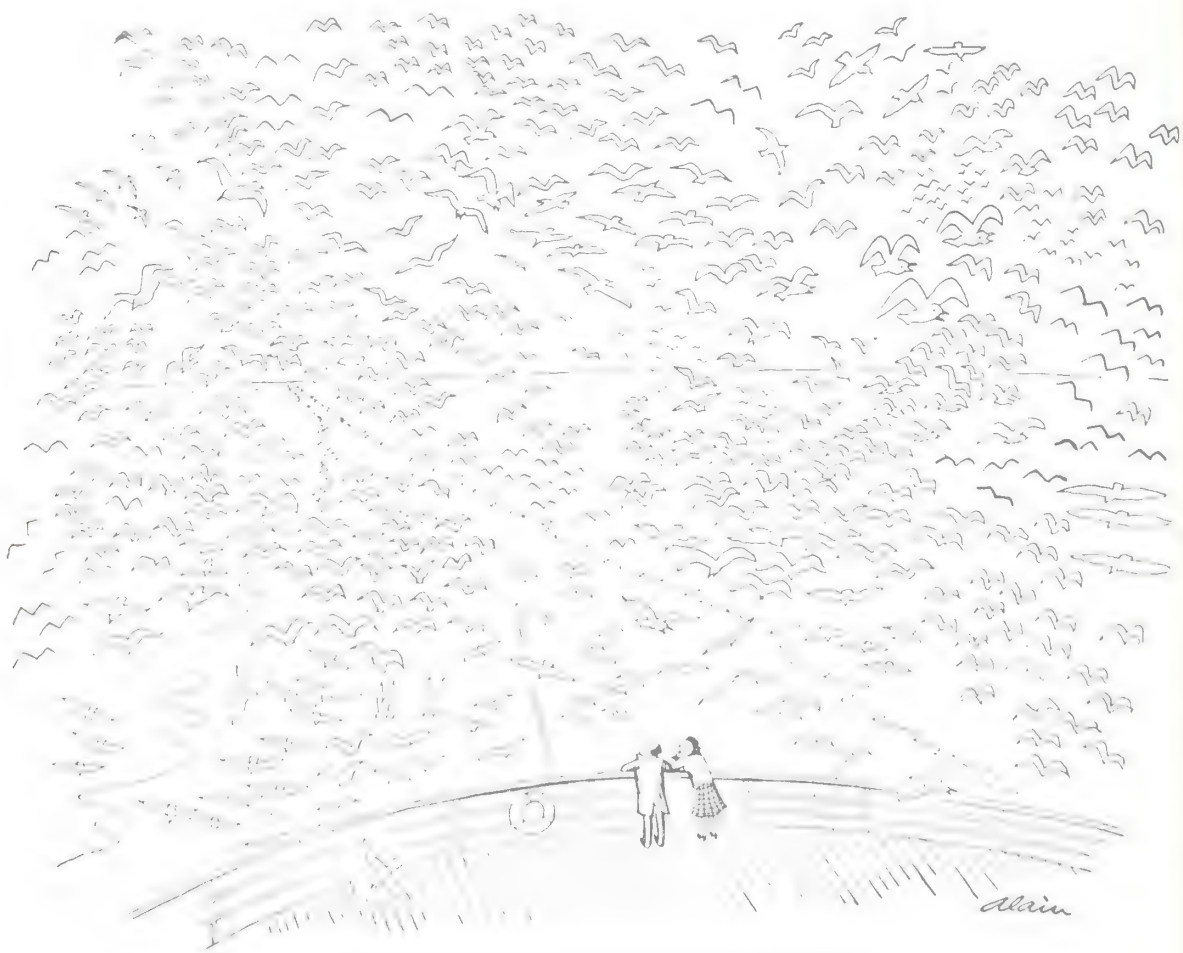
The facts, however, do not bear out the charges of gross discrimination. First, close to 70 per cent of the Negro men who are drafted or who volunteer for the armed forces are rejected because of poor educational background or poor health resulting from discriminatory environments. The 30 per cent who are accepted are not society's rejects, not the functional illiterates, the addicts, or the chronically unemployed—but the "cream of the crop" of the Negro community. These are the men who represent the potential forces of leadership in the war in Vietnam and in the battle cry for freedom at home.

The Negro percentage is higher mainly because a larger number of Negroes voluntarily enlist—and reenlist—than do whites. The first enlistment is less representative of disproportionate patriotism than it is a reflection on our country. The second enlistment is not, as commonly believed, related simply to the opportunity to make more money, but because the Army offers more opportunity for advancement, for learning skills and using natural talents, for dignity, for self-respe and a sense of worth than does the present cond tion of civilian life. For the majority of the capable young men, the Army is their universit

The reason for the high rate of Negro comb deaths lies in the simple fact that a higher propo tion of Negroes volunteer for hazardous dut They do so not for the money—which doesn't b gin to justify the risk—but more from a desire prove to themselves and to their white colleagu that they are men capable of as much skill, cou age, and sacrifice as any man alive.

People, Not Politic

I heard relatively little political comment abou the war among the troops serving in Vietnam This stems at least in part from the particula nature of the war itself. In the second world wa and to a lesser degree in the Korean war, Amer can self-interest and self-defense were the over riding concern. In this war, the prevailing att tude among American troops seems to be a genuin



"The food is good, but it isn't that good."

sympathy for the Vietnamese—with their suffering. Americans, both Negro and white, have developed warm personal relationships with the Vietnamese, particularly with the children. It is a pretty plastic-hearted soldier who does not feel pity for the kids bathing in the muddy water, sleeping in rat-infested quarters, and often existing on a meager diet of rice. It is images like these that command, for the American soldier, the major part of moral fervor. A large number of American troops—both Negro and white—devote their precious off-duty hours to teaching and trying to help the villagers. This close-up view of real people suffering great distress tends to obscure the political controversy that we at home read so much about in the press.

One of the most rewarding experiences of my trip was a visit to the U. S. Agency for International Development headquarters in Saigon. With $525 million—or one quarter of the total AID budget for fiscal 1967—being spent in Vietnam, we are really fighting a socio-economic and educational war at the same time we're fighting a military one. In order to carry out their work in the villages, AID personnel have to rely heavily on the cooperation and protection of the military. The teamwork among the two groups is outstanding.

It was interesting to meet a young man working at AID who had been active in the antiwar demonstrations at Berkeley. There he was in Vietnam, beard and all, involved in the heart of this vital action. His attitude toward the war was unchanged—he was still adamantly opposed to it—but his approach had changed. His views had been modified by seeing what seemed to be the pathetic alternatives for these people in the absence of American social and economic aid.

The Negro and white Americans in Vietnam are thus for the first time in their history united in spirit as well as in combat. Regardless of the moral issues or political differences about this war, this shared experience is producing a vital effect on Negro-white relations. The effect is particularly significant among whites from the Deep South. Before I arrived in Vietnam, I was apprehensive about getting the chance to talk to Negro GIs without the whites present. At the same time I wanted to be careful not to set up a segregated situation. But to my surprise, I quickly learned that many of the white soldiers were as eager as the Negroes to hear the latest news on the racial situation at home, and many responded to information about the slow pace of progress with sense of disgust and disappointment. Many of the white servicemen expressed more sympathy with the riots and the rise of Black Power than some of the Negroes. It was an unusual experience to hear white men criticize a society which permitted them to grow up with superstitious notions about the Negro. These men will represent a strong and positive force for the kind of legislative and local action that will be needed when they return to their own communities.

In Vietnam we stayed at the home of Colonel Sam Wilson, who at the time was Ambassador Lodge's mission coordinator (a unique job which made him a member of both the Army and the State Department). He was a veteran of the segregated forces of World War II and a Southerner. He told us that as a result of his experiences in commanding integrated troops, his misconceptions on race and segregationist attitudes had changed completely.

This is illustrative of the little-known truth that the best and least prejudiced liberals are reconstructed Southerners. I think one of the reasons for this is that while Southern prejudice is almost generic, it has a certain counterbalance in the fact that white Southerners have the opportunity to see Negroes in positions of authority—in education, such as college presidents, in private enterprise, such as bank presidents, insurance executives, and so forth—that rarely exists in the North.

General W. C. Westmoreland, commander of all U. S. Vietnam forces, native of South Carolina, candidly discussed his own personal feeling about the Negro troops. As he discovered from firsthand experience that the Negro soldier had a highly developed intelligence, talent for leadership, and a heightened awareness and self-control in tight situations, his attitudes growing out of his past environment began to fall away. The most eloquent expression of this approach is not in words, but in his command. The one place where I found a commendable number of Negro officers in high places was on the General's staff. Among nineteen Negro officers, there were four lieutenant colonels, seven majors, and eight captains.

The Navy Still Lags

Regrettably, this situation was not evident in other branches of the services. The dearth of Negro commissioned officers and the failure to upgrade qualified enlisted men and noncommissioned officers were most disturbing. Several white commanding officers openly admitted they had no idea how many Negroes were in their units. Several regimental officers had no idea how many Negro officers were on their staffs. The injustice

of this situation was also confirmed by the number of Negroes who complained that even with outstanding records of achievement in combat, they were still unable to get promotions.

Of all the services, the Navy in terms of numbers still lags behind in spite of a new commitment to integration, and Negro officers are few. On an aircraft carrier with a crew of 3,000, and 240 officers, the single ranking Negro officer was one junior-grade lieutenant. One of the reasons for this is of course historical, since the Navy was the last of the services to break down completely its barrier against Negro officers.

It is my guess that the Navy is not particularly proud of this fact, if my own experience is any indication. During a night we spent on the U.S.S. *Oriskany* aircraft carrier, the Navy brass made a touching and amusing attempt to testify to the fact of integration. A dinner had been arranged with the Commander of the ship and the officers. All the officers present were pilots. There was not a single Negro pilot on the ship. A lower-ranking officer, who also happened to be Negro, was nonetheless invited on this occasion—his purpose being, one presumes, to decorate the dining room with the blooms of integration. The only other brown faces present besides ours were the Filipino waiters and one Negro who appeared to have command of the water glasses.

While one smiles at such obvious subterfuge, there is one aspect of it that demands serious reflection—and that is the burden placed on one Negro to integrate a whole carrier crew of officers.

Conversely, one of the most memorable experiences of the trip also occurred aboard the *Oriskany*. At four o'clock in the morning, I stood on the top deck of the carrier and thrilled to the sight of planes being shot off the carrier at intervals of one per minute. At no time in my life do I remember witnessing such an exhibition of whirlwind, death-defying teamwork. In the predawn light, I saw several hundred men, both black and white, dashing through roaring jet exhausts, around the whirling propeller blades, lowering wings, checking instruments, performing a multitude of skilled tasks with the speed and precision of a giant machine. If one man failed to perform his job, and to perform it to the split second, it might mean catastrophe for the whole operation. The efficiency was dazzling.

If this same degree of multiracial teamwork could be translated into the domestic life of the nation, how dazzling might be the efficiency, the produce, and the human happiness in America. It is our tragedy and our shame that thus far, in our history, the enormous benefits of brotherhood can be extracted from society only under life-and-death circumstances.

The adjustment of the returning veteran to civilian life in America is not an easy one. This is true even of white servicemen. We have only to look at the case of Congressional Medal of Honor Winner, Pvt. Robert O'Malley, a high-school dropout who after having displayed great heroism in the service of his country, returned to find that he still held the status of a dropout (although a celebrity) and before the story broke was unable to get a job in the prosperous society for which he risked his life. For the Negro veteran the difficulty is many times greater.

Medals Down to His Knees

"We've got genuine Negro heroes over here," one Negro captain told me. "But you take a kid from Jackson, Mississippi, and he goes home with medals hanging down to his knees. Now where is he a hero? He is a hero down in the same part of town he left when he came over here—not uptown."

The role of our Negro fighting men is perhaps best typified by Specialist 6 Lawrence Joel, who recently received the nation's highest military honor, the Medal of Honor, at a White House ceremony. During an attack on his company's position, almost everyone in the lead squad was killed or wounded in the attack, and Specialist Joel, a medic, treated the wounded men while still under fire. After being wounded twice, he still dragged himself across the bloody battlefield to treat more men. Even after his supplies ran out, he continued to help his comrades, saving one man's life by placing a plastic bag over a chest wound to congeal the blood.

Can we ask so much from these men without doing something about the discrimination which limits their opportunities in civilian life? Is our nation so morally backward as to ask for such sacrifices from people not allowed to participate fully in all aspects of life?

My purpose in going to Vietnam was not to make any moral judgment, or any military or political analysis of the war. No sane man would champion the horrendous phenomenon of war, with its unspeakable atrocities, terrible human suffering, and tragic loss of life. I hoped, by my presence and by my words, to voice the concern of the Negro community for the men fighting and dying in Vietnam and to let Negroes know the fight was continuing at home to assure them equality of opportunity upon their return. Another reason for the trip was to gather informa-

tion about the kind of skills acquired by Negro GIs, the nature of their civilian ambitions, and how they might best be helped to readjust and contribute to civilian life.

The trip was conceived, sponsored, and paid for by the National Urban League. The U. S. government provided the necessary means of travel and transportation, security escort, and access to facilities and personnel. On uninhibited and unannounced visits to the enlisted men's mess halls, living quarters, combat areas, restaurants, bars, and night clubs, I talked to Negroes in all branches of the services, in the hills, in the air, at airports, in their living compounds, at their duty stations, and in the hospitals.

Despite the friendships forged in combat, I noticed that whites and Negroes usually split up during their off-duty hours. This is most evident in the bars and clubs, which are self-segregated. As one Negro sergeant put it, "We remember too well the bars in the States that are technically 'open'—but you didn't go to them unless you enjoyed being made to feel uncomfortable. Over here we don't see any point in running this risk. Time for recreation is too precious. When we're off-duty we don't want to use the time fighting the race issue."

The exceptions to this rule are the places frequented by members of the Green Berets, the toughest and most respected fighting unit in the Army. It's an exclusive combat unit and one of the arms of the famed Special Forces. The Green Berets are assigned the most hazardous combat duties, where survival itself depends on perfect teamwork. The common experiences of these men seem to be a greater fraternal bond than race, and white and Negro members usually stick together off-duty as well as on. Master Sergeant Frederick Robinson from Memphis, a Negro who heads one of the outfits, told me, "We don't keep a man who's prejudiced in the Green Berets. We're a close-knit fighting team and we don't stand for any nonsense."

The Negro GI is not prepared to return to the same old discriminatory conditions, the second-class citizenship, and instant oblivion which greeted the Negro veteran of former wars. He is prepared to use his new skills and confidence in the enrichment of American life—or in active protest if he finds this opportunity denied to him. With the racial and political unrest currently besetting the country, these Vietnam veterans are a force the nation can ill afford to have embittered.

It is the job of public and private organization of business and education and government to see that this does not happen: by industry, in an enlightened move to hire and train those Negro veterans who are ready to enter the business world; by the schools to accept the promise of those who wish to further their education; by the builders and the housing industry in general to provide decent living quarters without the usual morass of red tape. The National Urban League has taken the lead in creating a program of action to help the Negro veteran in his reentry into the mainstream of civilian life. During my talks with President Johnson on my return from Vietnam, I was assured that he would support the program without reservation, and he promised the cooperation of the Defense Department and Veterans Administration. He also expressed an avid interest in the experience of the Negro servicemen and pledged immediate investigation into the problems of Negro officers, and action on the upgrading of competent enlisted Negro GIs. Interest has been shown also by many corporations and labor unions and educational institutions.

The Veterans Affairs Program of the National Urban League is designed to inform returning veterans on the benefits and services available to them, the housing, educational, and social-service facilities, and the transfer of military skills into civilian employment. In short, we hope to establish a citizens' Office of Veterans Affairs which would work in cooperation with government, labor, industry, and educational institutions through the Urban League's 81 local affiliates.

Approximately 15,000 Negro servicemen are being returned to civilian life annually—and this figure will rise if the Vietnam forces continue to escalate. Judging from the commissioned and noncommissioned officer ratios, as many as 4,500 a year will be discharged with skills immediately transferable to civilian use. Those who do not have immediately transferable skills can be directed to further training or education. America and her institutions and communities need and must capitalize on this vast reservoir of skills, maturity, and proven patriotism. Failure to grasp this opportunity could lead to disillusionment and disorder on a scale far greater than we have ever known.

"There is no doubt in my mind that when I get home I'm going to have my freedom," said Private Tyrone Howell, a Negro combat-medic veteran. "You know when somebody tells you over and over again you are inadequate, eventually you start to believe it. Always this question of 'heritage.' Heritage, man, that's just a breeze that goes by. I'm going to have my freedom, don't you worry. Let's just put it this way: I've paid my dues."

Harper's Magazine, June 1967

Martin Mayer

LAW SCHOOLS: THE THINKING MAN'S BASTION

Their brand of teaching is probably the best in the country—but some graduates wonder whether they are teaching quite the right things.

In 1961, the National Opinion Research Center in Chicago asked 34,000 male college seniors about their plans for the future. A year later, the Center did a follow-up survey. About 1,200 of the students had gone on to study law, and the list of their new academic homes included roughly three-fourths of the nation's law schools. Of that quarter of the group who were attending the eight law schools NORC had rated the best, 97 per cent said they thought the "caliber of classroom teaching" was "excellent" or "good." Of those at the sixteen schools NORC had slotted in "Stratum II," 92 per cent praised the teaching; and even those in the hundred "Stratum III" law schools gave a 75 per cent vote of confidence.

The author of the report wrote that "It comes as a distinct surprise to this former graduate student of sociology to discover that entering law students overwhelmingly endorse the caliber of classroom teaching to which they are exposed." If the former graduate student of sociology had actually gone to look at some of this teaching, however, he would have been less surprised. He would have discovered that his respondents were not making subjective ratings: they were reporting the truth. Law-school teaching is on the average (especially in the first year) more intense and more intelligent teaching than is offered in any other variety of academic institution in the United States. Its utility as professional training may sometimes be arguable—but not its effectiveness as education.

Fresh from his last year at college, with its seminar work, its research papers, its cock-o'-the-walk freedom, the beginning law student comes to twelve or fourteen hours a week of required classes, nearly all of them in large rooms like theaters, each row of desks a step higher than the one before. Each class hour is organized around an assigned section in a thick textbook that presents mostly the decisions of appellate-court judges, who state the facts of the case before them, summarize the arguments that have (and sometimes that haven't) been made by the lawyers, and at some point in the opinion announce a decision and explain the reasoning that lies behind it. Students must read each case several times, to make sure they don't miss (or perhaps worse, add) anything of significance, and it is often wise, or even required, to look up some of the other cases cited by the judges in their opinions or by the casebook author in his comments. The object is to make sure to pick out, from some four to ten thousand words of judicial comment, just those statements of fact and phrasings of opinion that show which subsequent cases will be seen to "stand on four feet" with this one and will produce the same result, those rules of law which will (or may not) be applied to slightly different sets of facts.

Like any educational institution, a law school can supply an infinitely long list of its functions and purposes, but most law professors would agree that the primary target is to make the student "think like a lawyer." Almost nobody comes to law school with such habits of mind—the fact that the man was hit by a truck rather than by a horse-cart and suffered a fractured skull rather than a twisted finger seems important to almost every tyro, but it's all the same to the law.

At bottom, a lawyer thinks in terms of controversies and their resolution. "Actual disputes," the late Karl Llewellyn said in the lectures he began to give in 1929 to entering law students at Columbia, "call for somebody to do something about them. First, so that there may be peace, for the disputants; for other persons whose ears and eyes disputants are disturbing. And secondly, so that the dispute may really be put at rest, which means, so that a solution may be achieved which, at least in the main, is bearable to the parties and not disgusting to the lookers-on. This doing something about disputes, this doing of it reasonably, is the business of law."

Under an adversary system of law, the lawyer is not supposed to see the resolution of disputes in terms of what might be best for the society as a whole. He is an advocate: his function is to promote his client's best interests (though he is not obliged to accept his client's view of what these best interests may be). The lawyer's approach to a problem, therefore, is argumentative. Soia Mentschikoff, Llewellyn's widow and herself a professor at the University of Chicago law school, gives lectures today to the wives of first-year law students: "I tell them, 'Your husbands are going to change: their personalities are going to change in law school. They'll get more aggressive, more hostile, more precise, more impatient.' "

A lawyer's thinking must be clearly delimited by the standards of the legal system and the profession rather than those of the community in general. "Does *mens rea* [evil intention] imply cognition?" a student asked Professor Jerome Hall in his freshman course in Criminal Law at Indiana University; and Hall, an old-timer, shook his head: "I don't know what you mean. What you're asking is a general question, not a legal question. The legal question is 'What is the liability?' "

To think productively, the lawyer needs a highly developed sense of legal procedure, of the ways the system can be used to resolve a dispute in his client's favor—indeed, this is the heart of his work. A hundred years ago, no claim could be put forward in the law unless it fit properly into something called a "form of action" and as recently as 1959, in Maine, lawyers were still "suing in assumpsit" or "in case," or whatever the appropriate words might be, on peril of being thrown out of court for a wrong choice of procedure. These artificial categories once related directly to the remedies available from the law and the competence of the courts to give them, and such matters will always be crucial in any legal system.

Finally, the lawyer reasons by analogy. No client's situation is exactly the same as that of someone whose case has already been decided; the lawyer's job is to find out how the facts presented to him are like (or can be made to seem like) the facts in some decided case that "made law." "The client doesn't come into your office wearing a sign reading, *I am McPherson v. Buick*," says Alfred W. Gans, who was for years editor of *American Law Reports*. (The case he mentions was the first in which an American court permitted a customer to sue the manufacturer rather than the dealer for injuries suffered in an accident caused by a defective product—in that case a car.) "You have to dig that out. And if you don't learn that in law school you never learn it."

Inherent in much of this training is the notion, very difficult for students to grasp, that "law" can usually be found on both sides of a dispute. The law schools, by and large, do not win this one; but, then, understanding the ambiguity (not just the vagueness) of law involves thinking like a law professor or a judge rather than thinking like a lawyer.

Martin Mayer's next book, from which this article is adapted, will be "The Lawyers and the Law," to be published by Harper & Row in the fall. In previous books, Mr. Mayer explored "Wall Street Men and Money," "Madison Avenue, U.S.A.," and "The Schools." He is also music critic for "Esquire" and a novelist.

Fishing for Students

Up to the turn of this century, the normal way to become a lawyer was by "reading" in a practitioner's office, paying for the privilege with clerical services or cold cash (as an English solicitor's clerk does to this day). As recently as 1951, only 13 states required a diploma from a law school for admission to the bar. Now the number is 37, and still growing: law schools are here to stay. About two-thirds of them are affiliated in some degree with a university, and there are probably about 175 all told—probably, because the compilers of such information for the American Bar Association snobbishly ignore the existence of unaccredited institutions, which flourish, especially in California.

In the last six years, the number of law students has risen about 60 per cent—from about 43,000 in 1960-61 to about 70,000 today. They live together and eat together, forming a separate caste at the university, and they work hard. "The library closes at eleven," says Dean Erwin Griswold of Harvard, "but a number of people have keys: we

don't like to see them using it all night, but one or two in the morning is all right." The schools try to fill extracurricular time with law-related activities, from moot court clubs to legal-aid societies, and professors stress the importance of talking over the day's work with fellow students. Through living with each other, and through daily immersion in the same intellectual baths, they become increasingly like each other as the years proceed.

Unfortunately, they started rather like each other, too. As Louis Toepfer wrote while he was admissions director at Harvard, "the law seems to do its fishing in restricted waters stocked largely with the product of professional families, private schools, and the upper social strata." About two-thirds of all college-graduate law students are from families where the father is a professional, a proprietor, or a manager, as against 14 per cent of college seniors so situated and 15 per cent of the nation; two-fifths are from families where the annual income is over $15,000, as against one-fifth of college seniors, and one-twentieth of the nation.

Jews are enormously overrepresented in the group (20 per cent of law-school entrants, as against 8 per cent of college seniors and 3 per cent of the population), and, contrary to widespread belief, Jews are *more* likely to be in the eight top schools, where they account for almost a third of the entering class. Lance Liebman, president of the *Harvard Law Review* in 1966-67, said rather defensively to a visitor that if he read the list of editors carefully, he'd see that not all the names were Jewish; and one of the other editors said, "Yeah—some guys changed their names." At Harvard, where through the 1920s Felix Frankfurter was the solitary Jewish professor, nearly half the faculty is now Jewish; and the last three deans of the Yale law school have been Jews.

Of Negroes, however, there is scarcely a trace anywhere. A few years ago, two professors at a law school associated with a Southern Negro college estimated (probably incorrectly but within the ball park) that only 34 Negroes had graduated from American law schools that year.

The Casebook Is Born

The curriculum in virtually all law schools owes a great deal to the efforts of Christopher Columbus Langdell at Harvard. When he took over that law school in 1870, the program consisted mainly of scattered lectures given by practicing lawyers and judges on the invented disputes of a mythical Titus and Flavius over the ownership of a mythical Blackacre. Langdell hired full-time professors, began to demand undergraduate preparation, and set up a compulsory program (Crime, Property, Contract, Torts, Civil Procedure), the first year of which is still pretty much the standard fare everywhere.

Almost immediately, too, he invented and largely perfected the case method of teaching, replacing the old abstractions and rules of law with the analysis of how judges had decided specific disputes that had come before them. In 1871, he published the first "casebook," containing a collection of decisions on Contract. The printed material, where possible, presented the arguments of the lawyers as well as the decisions of the judges, but Langdell offered almost no commentary—the job of the student was to write his own.

Tangling with actual cases rather than with philosophical principles was immensely exciting to the best students: Louis D. Brandeis wrote enthusiastically to his brother-in-law that "The points thus incidentally learned are impressed upon the mind as they never would be by mere reading or lectures . . . for they occur as an integral part of the drama of life." Judge Jerome Frank observed some seventy years later that much of this drama was not real life at all—that the "facts" as presented in the casebooks through

THE PROCESS THAT WORKS

The first thing you learn—and very quickly—is that you don't know anything. You go to classes and you watch as perfectly sensible suggestions and answers in the mouths of your friends become certifiable chunks of idiocy after the professor finishes with them. It's not as though the course material were overwhelming—indeed, one case may take two weeks to dissect. Yet within those few pages, tucked around the corner of conditional clauses, lurking in parenthetical inserts, are land mines. You must look at every line of every sentence of every page.

If anything is more important than reading the stuff over and over again, it is following the tennis game that passes for classroom discussion.

"Mr. Carmichael, the fact in *Herbert v. Spencer*, please."

"Yes, sir. Herbert sued Spencer for breaching a contract to deliver 100 bales of cotton, which . . ."

"Mr. Carmichael . . ."

"Sir?"

"You said 100 bales of cotton?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that what Spencer's letter offered?"
"Why, uh . . . yes. It says, '100 bales of fine
tton, verification by agent'. . ."
"So that it was a certain kind of cotton, Mr.
rmichael?"
This is, of course, the opening few notes of
iat is to follow. Mr. Carmichael will state the
dge's explanation. The teacher will gain Mr.
rmichael's assent that the reasoning is cap-
ous, specious, and sophistical. Mr. Carmichael
ill then be asked to explain why. Mr. Car-
ichael, unless he is very, very sharp, will not
able to do it.
But the process works. Because, as members
the class pick apart their colleagues' argu-
ents and supply their own, they begin to un-
rstand the skeletal makeup of a good, seam-
ss, coherent argument. They begin to see how
offhand observation of an eighteenth-century
dge becomes a binding rule for his nineteenth-
ntury brethren. And they begin to see how the
les shade into their opposites, and how to
ructure cases around the rules most favorable
a particular argument.

—Jeff Greenfield (Yale Law School)

he opinions of appellate-court judges were not a
irror of reality but "a censored exposition, writ-
en by a judge, of what had induced him to arrive
t a decision which he had already reached." But
t was precisely this prior purification of the
facts" by a judge that eventually made the case
nethod such a brilliant pedagogical tool. By pre-
enting several cases with substantially different
acts, all resolved by the judges on the basis of a
similar *ratio decidendi* (reason for the decision),
Langdell could force the aspiring lawyer to see
what was and what was not legally relevant.

"DON'T miss taking down the questions your
professor poses, even at the expense of not hear-
ng the answer," says the *Handbook for Entering Students* at the Harvard law school. Many law professors never (or hardly ever) provide an answer, except in the form of acceptance—for the time being—of what a student has proposed. And when some sort of general statement seems unavoidable, the law professor will make it ambiguous, unsuitable for regurgitation on an examination.

Chicago's Harry Kalven, Jr., for example, recently put a class of about a hundred through its paces on that most distasteful facet of Anglo-American law, the fact that nobody is legally obliged to throw a life preserver to a drowning man, or keep a baby from falling into a well, and can become liable for what happens only if he does try to help. "What about the man who sees the baby crawling toward the well, puts down his paper, calls out, 'Wait, baby,' takes seven steps—then decides, the hell with it, and goes back to his chair?" After the students had responded to the series of such questions, Kalven, a juggler on a platform, wrapped things up:

"If you want the big architectonic rule about affirmative actions in our society, the answer is—you buy it." And, ignoring the glazed eyes of the class, he proceeded to the next set of cases.

A good "hypothetical" can raise innumerable questions for students to worry over. Harvard's Warren Seavey once baffled a class with this problem: You are driving a car down a hill when you discover that your brakes have failed. On your left there is a precipice of a thousand feet; on your right there is an oil-tank truck parked at the curb; across the road in front there is a procession of old ladies wheeling baby carriages; in the back of your car is your paralyzed sister. What do you do to avoid legal liability?

Even if Seavey had known an answer to this one, he would not, of course, have told. In their pedagogical writing, and sometimes even in their casual conversation, law professors have a special style built around the phrase, "if . . . , then, *quaere* . . ." It is a very exciting experience for students who have spent sixteen years in classrooms where they knew that if they sat back long enough the teacher would tell them what they should know.

Another striking advantage of the case method, easily noted by educational administrators, is its adaptability to large classes. "I prefer a hundred," says Myres McDougal of Yale. "I will work for a hundred and put on a good show; I'll go to sleep with ten or twelve." Thus, while colleges usually need one professor for every dozen or so students, and some graduate schools must lay on the staff even more thickly, the Harvard law school runs with one professor to every thirty to thirty-five students. And the professors, in American education's most remarkable revelation of commitment and energy, read all their students' papers and exams, unaided.

Historically, the large class (coupled with the opportunity to use the practicing lawyer as a part-time teacher on a part-time salary) made law schools not merely self-supporting but profitable. Individual promoters, YMCAs, Catholic colleges that wanted the status of university—all launched law schools on Langdell's model once it had succeeded.

And the significance of Harvard persisted: a quarter of all the nation's law professors are

Harvard alumni—and so are 6 per cent of the nation's law-school graduates. Though Harvard is a middling-sized university, its law school with 1,600 students is the nation's largest (Texas is second), and its influence far transcends its size.

The Trouble with Cases

Yet the case method was never universally accepted. "If you have something to say," says Yale's Alexander Bickel, a brightly casual young professor who also teaches law to the readers of *The New Republic*, "the Socratic method is time-wasting beyond belief."

Case study is limiting. "Intensive, sustained analysis in group discussion *must* presuppose a narrow, a very narrow, common subject matter," Karl Llewellyn said in his lectures to second-year Columbia students. "Case teaching is graduate teaching in its training in analysis. It calls for ripe powers, it calls for a ripe attention span, it calls for ripe depth of thought. But it is grade-school teaching in its method of assigning stuff."

Teaching Criminal Law, Columbia's Herbert Wechsler, a rather owlish, witty man with shoulders thrust forward, hopes to inculcate "a cultivated sense of the fundamental and abiding problems that inhere in condemnation and punishment. Aristotle had more to say about that than the Chief Justice of this, that, or the other court."

Emphasis on cases may teach contempt for legislation, though the legislature can change the rules in any court. "The average lawyer today . . . starts with statutes," says Frank Newman, who tried four years as dean at the University of California in Berkeley, didn't like it, and went back to being a professor. "So we have a new first-year course to start them with real law instead of yakking about cases. It you wait until spring semester you can never persuade them again that the appellate courts don't determine everything."

Moreover, case work gives students little information about the way the legal system actually operates. UCLA's Murray Schwartz reports a moment of terror at the front of a Criminal Law class when he realized that after half a year's work his students did not know that 80 per cent of all accused persons plead guilty. Similarly, Sanford Kadish at the University of California in Berkeley was distressed to find that second-year students offered fellowships for a summer's work at a District Attorney's office were most reluctant to accept—they all wanted to work for the Public Defender, because they had not learned the very basic fact that the chance of really helping any number of accused people is infinitely greater in the prosecutor's office, where charges can be dismissed or modified without the cumbersome and inherently punishing machinery of a trial.

And some people just don't like the case method as a classroom technique. "The law teachers I had," David Riesman said recently, "were ham actors, with a few exceptions. Law school was unbelievably boring, endless cases—this bombastic give-and-take of law-school teaching, which I didn't like then and don't like now: 'Riesman, get up and state such-and-such a case . . .' "

Most of those who denounce the pedagogy of the law schools, however, have a more profound and stranger reason for their distaste: they don't like the way lawyers think. The late Thomas Reed Powell of Harvard once put the matter philosophically: "If you think that you can think about a thing inextricably attached to something else without thinking of the thing which it is attached to, then you have a legal mind."

Usually, distrust of the case method is openly political. "I watched my classmates go in with liberal and generous views," says William Robert Bishin of the University of Southern California law school, speaking of his very recent student days at Harvard (a West Coast colleague affectionately calls Bishin "the tallest three-year-old law professor in California"). "And I watched them come out with the attitudes of the corporate lawyer. Here at USC we're concerned about attitudes toward legal education: we feel a lawyer is a public servant."

Today, more than 40,000 lawyers, 15 per cent of the national total, are in government service of one kind or another. For them, and for an unknown percentage of the private practitioners whose time is devoted entirely to counseling people and corporations and labor unions on what they should or shouldn't do in the future, the traditional lawyer's frame of reference can be disabling. The case method presents law as an independent process, which can be intellectually mastered and to a degree manipulated; what these government lawyers and legislators and judges and even business advisers need, it can be argued, is the sense of law as *policy*.

The view of law as an independent process is identified with Harvard; the view of it as an expression of policy is identified with Yale, and to a lesser extent with Chicago—and in both places, probably, it reflects the almost forgotten influence of Robert Hutchins, who was dean of the law school at one and president of the other. Slogans of identification, however, should not be taken too seriously. "If you were blindfolded and set down



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This mathematician wants to spur creativity in textile design.

What's she doing at IBM?

Janice Lourie's job at IBM is finding new ways to make computers useful—using her training as a mathematician. In her off hours, she handweaves fabrics of her own design.

Because of her knowledge of this ancient craft, she was assigned to see if computers could be used to help in the actual design of textiles.

To find out firsthand, Mrs. Lourie—still working for IBM—spent a year in North Carolina and New York textile plants as an apprentice designer. There she found that a designer often spends a hundred hours of laborious handwork, making the diagram that translates a new design into fabric.

Then she worked out a way to reduce hours of work to minutes. A new design is fed into an IBM System/360 computer, then projected onto the TV-like screen of an IBM graphic display unit. Using a "light-pen" to draw directly on this screen, the designer can experiment with hundreds of different weaves, stored in the computer, in order to interpret the artist's visual concept.

Once having chosen the final combination of weaves that he wants, the designer pushes a button. Instantly, the computer can convert the design directly into instructions that operate the loom.

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in any ten or twelve law schools, in a classroom," says Francis Allen, now dean at Michigan, "could you tell where you were? No, you couldn't."

The Second-Year Shift

What the argument comes down to in practice is that the orientation shifts at most law schools, some time during the second year, from cases to "problems," as reflected both in legislation and in court decisions. At Yale and Chicago, a handful of non-lawyers on the faculty bring up questions of social control and government intervention; while Harvard, staffed entirely by lawyers, remains supremely conscious that, as Henry Hart puts it, "You are dealing with a legal system that is basically individualistic; rights are for people who assert them, and your means of enforcing them is in the courts."

Classes tend to be smaller when the goal is the study of what Yale once rather grandiosely called "policy science"; the reading list is larger and looser—and so, alas, is the class discussion, because questions of what ought to be are not amenable to the tough-minded analysis that can be brought to bear on questions of what is.

The names most intimately associated with the policy approach are those of the psychoanalytically oriented political scientist Harold Lasswell and the Yale law professor Myres McDougal, Mississippian, college classmate and friend of Senator James Eastland and of American Bar Association ex-president John Satterfield (who led the Southern lawyers in their fight against the Supreme Court's desegregation decisions). McDougal was the one who got the Rhodes scholarship; and he obviously acquired a different perspective. Still active despite badly deteriorated eyesight, immensely useful in the effort to turn Mississippi into the modern world (he set up the 1965-66 program by which Yale and Harvard professors took two-week tours of duty teaching at the University of Mississippi law school), hugely respected among his colleagues (in 1966 he was president of the Association of American Law Schools), McDougal in recent years has grown bitter about the failure of his own school to force the pace toward teaching law as a social science.

Fundamentally, of course, the difficulty has been that the social sciences have grown less and less respectable, both as intellectual tools and as practical guides. Even McDougal is now trying to raise research money, "because you can't teach unless you have something to teach, and we know almost nothing about the relationship between legal process and social process." And McDougal's revolution left its mark: today's casebooks contain more history, more analysis of the social context of the case, more comment by legal scholars on the greater issues raised by a decision.

The only place that seems to retain the first fine careless rapture of the McDougal-Lasswell approach, however, is the University of Southern California, where a bright collection of very young law professors is engaged in remaking legal education because that is the way to remake the world. At USC, the course in Property begins with the sit-ins at the Southern lunch counters, and the course in Crime with the Apalachin case in the meeting of Mafia executives raided by the police. Christopher Stone, a blond young man with a shining smile and a comradely classroom manner with students, many of whom are no younger than he is, says his question in the Constitutional Law class (a freshman requirement at USC) is not, "On what authority and by what reasoning do the courts ban wiretap evidence?" but rather, "Mr. Collier, do you think the courts ought to allow wiretap evidence?" The danger is that Mr. Collier was asked precisely that question in high school.

Terrifyingly Bright

The Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe* announced to a group of fellow peers that "The Law is the true embodiment/ Of everything that's excellent./ It has no kind of fault or flaw,/ And I, my Lords, embody the Law." We are no longer so sure about the perfection of the law, but we seem more committed than ever to the notion that it embodies everything. And it appears to America's law professors that they as a group really do embody the law.

They are an odd group, the two thousand or so law professors. Themselves the most successful students in what a psychiatrist who teaches at a law school has called "an acculturating event that trains people to be more comfortable with conflict situations," they get on well with each other; and they tend not to know people on the other faculties of the university. They are mostly terrifyingly bright, and they appreciate it. "It's as good an approximation as I know," says Harvard's young Paul Bator, "of a field where merit really counts. We live pretty well, get paid pretty well, think of ourselves as a big deal. We get to consult with the government, go to conferences in Japan and West Africa. And you can get to be an unquestioned authority—a Pooh-Bah—at the age of thirty-five."

Among the attitudes they share is one extremely significant in the formation of legal education. "With a few exceptions," says UCLA's Murray Schwartz, "people are law professors because they tried practice and didn't like it. You can't expect them to orient their teaching toward the practice of law." Yale's Alexander Bickel says, not analyzing it, "We very consciously *don't* fit somebody to hang out a shingle and try a case."

Not surprisingly, students feel the lack of guidance in practical matters. They ache to learn how to get the most for a possible client; they don't care if they miss some fine points. As one complained bitterly to Indiana's Julius Getman, "You're teaching me to argue with Cardozo, and I'm going to go up there before judges who never even *heard* of Cardozo." They have come to law school not to develop their minds but to acquire a means of making a living.

Such vocational programs were the stock-in-trade of the old night law schools which accepted students with a high-school diploma or a year or two of college, and produced more than half of today's lawyers. Current night law schools are heavier academically (all in theory require a college degree for entrance) and lighter in importance. They enroll fewer than a quarter of the students, congratulate fewer than a seventh of the graduates (because their drop-out rates are high), and supply fewer than an eighth of the entrants to the profession (because their graduates do less well on the bar exams). In the last two years three of the nation's best night divisions—Boston University, New York University, and Southern California—have closed down.

Best-traveled Ladders

The angriest and probably the most effective spokesman for the night law school as it has always been is Noble Lee of Chicago's John Marshall, successor to his father, who was dean of the school from 1909 to 1943. Large, aging, shabby, impatient, with the classic politician's shaking jowls (he served as a Republican state legislator), Dean Lee was himself the product of a John Marshall education—but only after graduation from Harvard College and a term of years as a bond salesman. His average student is thirty-one years old. His school, which has its own Olde Englishe buildings in the southern part of the Loop, has been approved by the ABA but not by the Association of American Law Schools, mostly because he has refused to meet AALS standards on minimum salary, maximum teaching hours, and faculty autonomy. Lee's case for his sort of law school and against Harvard's rests on three arguments:

(1) "I'm simply against closing the door to the guy who wants to work. We need men who have something more than just the intellectual equipment."

(2) Law teachers should be experienced lawyers. "We are going through the West catalogue of law teachers; I bet we'll find they don't average two years' experience." At John Marshall, nobody is appointed to the faculty—part-time or full-time—without at least five years' practice as a lawyer. "I'm bitter that the legal profession—the rock of the Republic—can be turned over to people who've never even handled a five-hundred-dollar property transaction."

(3) The essence of a law school is to prepare people to practice law where they live—and the philosophical courses at the "national" law schools will not help the local garden-variety practitioner dealing with the local garden-variety client in a matter that may come before the local garden-variety judge. "We used to publish a *John Marshall Law Quarterly*, all articles on Illinois practice. The *Columbia Law Review* had a fine series on the Soviet Constitution—that's splendid, but what good does it do for the lawyer in Galesburg, Illinois? Even unindexed, I had to have five hundred reprints made of one of our articles, entitled 'Garnishment of the Contents of a Safe-Deposit Box.'"

To deliver the same number of classroom hours as the three-year, full-time law schools, the night schools must run four years, and usually ten months rather than eight. Dean John Gorfinkel of San Francisco's Golden Gate School of Law says that his students' reasons for dropping out "are only partly academic. He commutes. He fights with the wife because they never get to the movies. I patch up marriages here. Wives come in and say, 'Is he doing it to get rid of me?' I say, 'Look—do you want to be married to a file clerk, or do you want to be married to a lawyer?'"

There would seem to be advantages for the prospective lawyer in getting some apprenticeship while he studies—in work for the trust department of a bank, or the city's welfare services, or the Patent Office, or (ideally) as a junior assistant of some sort in a law firm. Dean Griswold of Harvard says that "the real benefit of law school comes from spending full time at it"—but an observer must wonder how much of this benefit is always real for the man who is going to write little wills and secure collusive divorces, set up two-employee corporations, represent a home buyer at a closing, and perhaps haggle with an

nsurance company over the cash value of a fractured femur. In any event, issues well beyond the competence of law professors acting alone are raised by the annual effort at the AALS convention to eliminate night law schools altogether, casually kicking away what has been one of the best-traveled ladders of social mobility in this country.

Boys with Unwashed Brains

For one group of their students—the very top—even the most prestigious law schools have always offered highly practical experience in the form of the law review. These student-edited publications are the scholarly literature of the law, and they are uniquely American. At the most ambitious schools, they appear monthly through the academic year. The editors cut their vacations short a month to get the first one out. About half the bulk of an ordinary issue (which runs roughly 150 to 250 pages) will be articles by professors or judges or sometimes just lawyers; the other half will be student "Notes" on current law problems.

To decide on the subjects of these Notes, the fifty or so editors of a major law review will among them read the decision in every reported case in every English-speaking jurisdiction, which means something more than 30,000 cases a year. When a topic is suggested, an editor or a team of editors will read *all* the case literature and significant treatise literature in this area of law.

Every Note is supposed to represent a definitive treatment of this subject, and sometimes one of these Notes can be immensely influential. Chief Justice Roger J. Traynor of the California Supreme Court writes that "More than one law-review writer has been surprised to recognize pieces of his work paraphrased or even lifted in a judicial opinion"—without attribution, Traynor adds, because judges set in their ways may not like to quote "a boy whose brain has not yet been washed in practice."

Occupationally, the importance of the law review is its exact training in writing just the kinds of memoranda of law these students will be asked to write when they move on, as most of them will, to jobs with the nation's giant law firms. The best jobs on Wall Street, with starting salaries of $9,200, are reserved for the law-review editors—as is the most exciting job a young man can be given, a year as law clerk to a justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

For the 90 to 95 per cent of the law-school class which does not "make" law review (usually the decision is based exclusively on grade-point averages), the law schools are now beginning—just beginning—to provide work that will relate more directly than the standard courses to the jobs they will find on graduation. Courses in "legal writing," begun as a way to teach research skills and to free professors from the agonies of reading typical collegiate prose, have expanded to include the drafting of contracts which will lock up a given set of facts—and even the drafting of legislation. At Indiana, Reed Dickerson, who worked nine years in Washington as head of a staff of 52 lawyers charged with redrawing the entire General Military Law, gives a third-year class the job of constructing a real statute that will become real law when they are finished: a zoning law, a law of private swimming pools, a law controlling the operation of an airport, or the development of lakefront property to be created by a dam.

About a third of the nation's law schools now supplement the classic moot courts (in which law students pretend to be arguing the appeal of invented cases) with mock trials, where the challenge is to get the information out of mock witnesses. Today's students are encouraged to go visit courtrooms and report back on what they think they have seen. At Michigan a closed-circuit television system permits students to observe trials from a distance, and the lawyers involved then come to the school to discuss the case with the students. Some law schools will help students find summer jobs in law offices. But if student lawyers, like student doctors, are to receive any substantial amount of genuine "clinical experience," they must work, like student doctors, on the problems of the poor.

Most law schools have always had legal-aid adjuncts, staffed by volunteers supervised more or less directly (depending on the condition of the state law governing "unauthorized practice") by a practicing attorney, and some are more imaginative than that. Wisconsin, for example, assigns students to work on the noncriminal legal problems of imprisoned convicts who will presently be released; and Kansas sends students off on tours of duty as clerks to understaffed trial courts in that state and in Missouri.

In thirteen states, mostly under statutes that have oddly hung on from the days of Jacksonian democracy, students can advise legal-aid clients and even, under certain circumstances, appear in court for them. At Boston University, thirty student "voluntary defenders," who receive credit for the "course," represent about 350 indigents a year in a district court in the city's Negro slum. At Yale, in connection with New Haven's highly

developed Neighborhood Legal Services program, law students sit in with the lawyers (most of whom were Yale law students themselves a year or two ago), helping out with the interviews as well as with the research. Former dean Miguel de Capriles of NYU (which has been battling New York's Legal Aid Society to get assignments for its students other than landlord-and-tenant cases) feels that even greater responsibility could be given to his third-year men: "If I were an accused, I'd rather have a senior for whom I'm his whole life than somebody appointed by a court who's going to get fifty bucks for it."

All these programs seem to be emotionally satisfying to the participants, but most law professors feel that their value in other directions has been limited. Ohio State abandoned its required service in a legal-aid clinic because the faculty felt that real, live people were being injured by the negligence of students whose minds were on other things: as Kenneth Pye, the assistant dean at Georgetown, told a conference that showed signs of going gung-ho, "We do not help the poor by providing them with highly motivated young men who do not know what they are doing." Educationally, moreover, the training must be extremely narrow to provide instant competence. Most lawyers who passed through legal-aid clinics when they were students seem to feel that the experience was really important in only one respect: it taught them something about the complexity of the task of drawing information from interviews.

They Get Upset

"We would not dream for one moment," a dissident law professor says rather harshly, "of putting any of *our* personal affairs in the hands of the new lawyers we graduate and license every year." The job of "bridging the gap" between law school and practice is done mostly by first employers and clerks at courts and at government agencies; often enough, some member of the public unwittingly pays for it. Five Eastern states require six to nine months of formal apprenticeship before admission; but these arrangements, as Dean Griswold complains, seem mostly to give the bar a source of transient sweated labor. Perhaps the worst result of sending out young lawyers who know no part of the machinery is the degree to which the accident of first assignment determines their subsequent area of specialization (or even competence).

There are a few formal post-admission programs, notably by New York's Practicing Law Institute and California's Continuing Education of the Bar, but in recent years these organizations have concentrated on keeping the experienced man in touch with what's happening. California's CEB, with twenty-four lawyers on its staff, publishes what its director Felix Stumpf likes to call "lawyers' gourmet cookbooks," step-by-step instructions on how to handle specific varieties of transaction, useful in his state only and widely employed by both veterans and novices.

Reform movements are endemic in American higher education and the law schools are not immune, but nobody feels any great pressure to be practical. Most professors hate what they call the "show-'em-the-way-to-the-courthouse approach," partly, perhaps, as Noble Lee suggests, because they themselves are not sure what it is. A Ford grant for legal-aid clinics was quickly transmuted by the law schools to a program on "professional responsibility." Stumpf's staff at CEB is part of the University of California but not part of the law school. When a prominent patent attorney (now a judge) wanted to give a course in his very practical field at Columbia a few years back, he was shunted off to that university's School of General Studies, and law students received no credit for his course.

The tension between the academic and vocational sides of a law school is inescapable and legitimate. What the students don't learn about legal logic in school they will not pick up in the outside world; what they don't learn about the rules of civil procedure is available through trial and error every day in the courthouse. But there is logic behind the complaint of Louis Brown, prophet of "preventive law" and a rather isolated figure at Southern California, that "law education in this country started in the law office and then in large measure forgot it."

At bottom, the problem of the law school is that startlingly little is known systematically about the real world of the lawyer, and even less is known about the purposes the society wishes the profession to serve in the latter years of the twentieth century. "I'm always wary about sending students out just to get exposure," says Howard Sacks of Northwestern, director of the Ford sponsored "professional responsibility" project. "They get upset, confused, disillusioned." Still, there may be something to be said for giving students a chance to become upset, confused, and disillusioned before rather than after they leave law school. What the law professors offer in their courses is the best quality of education in America—but in a professional school, educational excellence may not be enough.

Harper's Magazine, June 1967

Milton Esterow

BUYERS, SELLERS, AND FORGERS

THE STRANGE NEW ART MARKET

"Masterpieces" in all sizes, prices, and qualities have hit the five-and-dime, the mail-order houses, and the discount stores with a bang (and not with a whisper).



A little old lady walked into the paintings department at Macy's not long ago and told the clerk, "I'd like to buy a Rumbrandt."

"You mean a Rembrandt," the clerk said.

"Yes, Rembrandt. Do you have an original for under $100?"

The clerk said none were available at the moment.

Later that day—it was shortly after the "Mona Lisa," on loan from the Louvre, had been on exhibit in the United States—a suburban matron approached the clerk and said she would like to know if Macy's was going to "carry" the "Mona Lisa." "No," was the reply. "Why, not?" the matron wanted to know. "Macy's carries everything."

And at the Hecht Company department store in Washington, D.C., a salesgirl was recently confronted with this question: "You mean to tell me you don't have an original by da Vinci?"

The time has not yet come when discount and department store chains are selling da Vinci originals on the layaway plan, or collectors can find a million-dollar Rembrandt in the five-and-ten-cent store, but it may not be too far off in view of the current unprecedented merchandising boom in art. The recent cultural explosion has, in fact, created an art boom that has made floor-to-ceiling oils, drawings, watercolors, and prints a status symbol. At Woolworth's, original watercolors are selling for $6.95, a Dali was available for $75,000, and a Gainsborough for $24,000. Chains of art galleries have sprung up throughout the country to bring art to the masses. The new market for art also includes millionaires such as Norton Simon, a West Coast industrialist, whose collection includes a $2.2-million Rembrandt, as well as the real-estate developer in Los Angeles who makes a 10 per cent down payment on a $26,500 watercolor by Andrew Wyeth, or the baker in New York on his way home from work with flour still on his shoes who puts down $500 for a landscape to hang over his fireplace, or the woman who buys a landscape in a Sears Roebuck store in Detroit for $350.

There are several reasons for the success of the mass merchandisers. Many art buyers regard the illustrious art firms with misgiving or bafflement, and lack the self-assurance to go to an established dealer. Others are enticed by "liberal layaway plans" or "convenience." Still others mention "confidence" and "trust," saying they see no reason to distrust places in which they have been buying merchandise satisfactorily for years.

Probably more than any other chain, Sears Roebuck, which has been selling merchandise satisfactorily for years, is responsible for the proliferation of art in stores throughout the land. In Denver, in 1962, Sears showed a collection assembled by Vincent Price, the actor and art collector. The exhibition was highly successful, and since then Sears exhibitions have traveled to Sears stores in more than eighty cities. Permanent galleries have been installed in its Dallas, Los Angeles and Chicago stores, with more projected elsewhere. Price, who has bought art in Mexico, Canada, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, France, Thailand, Japan, Australia, England, and throughout the U. S., has spent so far only $1.5 million, which is about what wealthy collectors sometimes pay for one painting. But while Price describes himself as "only a second-hand millionaire," perhaps only J. P. Morgan and William Randolph Hearst in this century come close to him in sheer volume. He has already purchased 55,000 items, which averages to about 916 items a month.

Although he has paid up to $20,000 for a single work, Price says the best-selling items have price tags of $100 to $350. He thinks Americans are much better informed about art than most people believe, and insists that, whether it's Terre Haute or Oklahoma City, most buyers come into Sears knowing what is current and chic, in addition to having some knowledge about an old master or two. The most lucrative area, he has found, is around Philadelphia. "I don't know why, but we do extremely well there. Some parts of California are marvelous, too. Los Angeles is good, but not as good as San Diego. San Francisco has always been a notoriously bad town for the sale of pictures."

The geographical whims of art buyers is an intriguing subject in itself. A Boston dealer, who has opened eleven galleries in major cities in the last four years, keeps a card file on the vagaries of taste throughout the country: Boston—nudes don't sell but seascapes are big; Denver—paintings of mountains don't move; St. Louis—favors Italian and riverboat scenes and landscapes; Chicago and Louisville—broad tastes so long as the subject matter is colorful and happy; Minneapolis—generally conservative.

The mass merchandising of art to the masses has its detractors, however, as well as its enthusiasts. On the reverse side of the coin, the new buyers—including the millionaires as well as the masses—are being subjected to what experts call an awful lot of junk. To begin with, critics of the new breed of art buying and selling are not happy about the qualifications of persons put in charge of the art departments in stores. John Canaday, art critic of the *New York Times*, has pointed out that, "The true art dealer is always concerned with the quality of what he is showing because . . . the life of [his gallery] and his reputation depend on the quality to be found there. He isn't selling anything else. On the other hand, the department-store gallery is not, as a rule, run by an art person, but by a buyer and salesman."

When one chain store opened a gallery, it soon replaced its own buyer with an outside group. ("We have a canvas for every single taste—not only taste-wise but art-movement-wise," a saleswoman there remarked.) As a matter of fact, more and more chains are turning to a growing number of outside organizations which specialize in arranging exhibitions. One of these chains offers packaged shows of art by young French painters, and has already had its works displayed in stores in Minneapolis and Cincinnati. One of the company's press releases proclaims that "During the next decade many [of the young French painters] are destined to become household names in America."

Another packager in San Francisco, whose ads promised "European imports by tomorrow's famous artists," actually got his paintings from a stable of aging European artists who turn out pictures as fast as they can for sale at prices of $3.99 to $99. Still another packager advertises: "Original oil paintings arriving daily from Spain and Holland. Only $19.95 each. Major credit cards honored."

Of the mass merchandisers, Canaday has written: "When a store sells a clothespin or a zipper or a plastic garbage pail it can apply the test of salability as a test of quality because people know when clothespins or a zipper or a plastic garbage pail work and when they won't. But when people are offered art to buy the seller has a responsibility to make some kind of valid preliminary judgment for them, and above all he must not offer trash alongside quality in the hope that the quality will sort of seep down."

Why "Experts" Are Shy

In addition to trash, other factors in the art market that are receiving attention are fraud and forgery. Museum directors and art dealers as well as lawyers are asking for legislation to protect art purchasers against spurious paintings. In New York, Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz has become so concerned about what he calls "an alarming increase in art fraud" that he conducted hearings last year to determine just what laws can help. Some of those sessions were free-ranging, free-swinging affairs in which dealers attacked other dealers. For several years, Alvin S. Lane, an attorney and former chairman of the art committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York, has been campaigning for legislation to "fill in the gaps" in laws relating to art works. Lane became interested in frauds a few years ago when a sculpture by Hans Arp which he bought for $1,700 turned out to be an unauthorized casting. He did, however, get his money back from the dealer.

Under existing statutes there are many problems in prosecuting art fraud cases. If you accuse someone of larceny under false pretenses, the state has to prove not only that the defendant said that

Milton Esterow, author of "The Art Stealers," published last summer by Macmillan, is assistant to the cultural news director of the "New York Times." His hobby is collecting art.

was offering, say, a Renoir, but it also has to ve that the defendant knew it was not a genuine noir. In New York, there is a statute relating counterfeiting a trademark. The signature of artist is a trademark and if someone puts noir's signature on a painting he has violated law. But the problem with that law is that the te has to prove the defendant actually did the nterfeiting.

Current conditions are such that experts at ny museums are reluctant to give an opinion on authenticity of a painting lest they be sued. e of the most famous American museums, be- e it gives an opinion, demands assurance that painting is not up for sale. Another museum, nost as well known, requires the owner of the nting to sign a statement in which he says he ught the opinion and no fee was paid.

Joseph Stone, an assistant District Attorney in arge of the complaint bureau in the Manhattan strict Attorney's office, cites a recent case to istrate the problem:

"We had a man from France whom we'll call erre Phillips. He tried to sell a painting by rquet for $38,000. The prospective customer k it home to examine it. On checking with a alogue he found that the Marquet was a phony d that the original was hanging in a museum in scow. It seems that in the original a boat going rough a canal was on the right side. Whoever ged the painting put the boat on the left side. e invited Phillips to our office. He was very gra- us. He said he was a g shot in France and so rth. We didn't have any idence to indicate he ew it was a phony inting, and we didn't ve any experts who uld testify about the inting. He assured us was leaving for France two days. Well, we had let him go. Needless to y, he never came back.

"We had another case which we spent a mon- mental amount of time vestigating a certain llery uptown which was erated by a woman. e said she had a Leo- rdo and other works old masters. We finally me to the conclusion at this woman honestly believed she was carrying genuine paintings. They weren't real but under the present law you couldn't get a conviction in a million years."

The case was quite a mystery to the DA's office. Detectives kept the store under surveillance for a month. They never saw anyone walk in or out with a package. Stone and others in his office suspected the store might be a front for a dope pusher. "They watched with spyglasses, took photographs of the people who went in and out," a detective says. "Fortunately for all of us, she just gave up and disappeared."

Another organization trying to reduce fraud is the Print Council of America, a nonprofit group formed in 1956 "to promulgate standards, codes, formulas, and recommend procedures in the graphic arts."

What Is an "Original Print"?

Some prints, for example, have been made from paintings by Picasso and passed off as originals. What has happened is that an artist will make a color etching or lithograph based on a painting by Picasso. Picasso signs the etching to indicate he approves of the reproduction. Then the prints are sold for as high as $1,000. "That's a high price to pay for a signature," says Joshua Binion Cahn, the Print Council's attorney, and an authority on the legal aspects of fine arts. "Picasso has signed these things in the past to make money, of course, and to



'What a provenance!
From Sears to Woolworth to Korvette to us!"

indicate approval of the reproduction. But the merchandiser sells it as an original. Who's at fault here? The artist who signs it, the dealer who sells it."

The success of the fakers is a result of the public's lack of knowledge of the definition of an "original print." Not only the public but museum curators and dealers are sometimes confused. The Print Council of America sets these general requirements for the designation "original prints": (1) that the artist alone created the master image in or upon the plate, stone, wood block, or other material; (2) that the print is made from that material by the artist or pursuant to his direction; and (3) that the finished print is approved by the artist.

There are forgeries in prints, too. At a New York auction recently, a buyer bid on an "original print" by Ben Shahn, one of an edition of two hundred, numbered and signed. Shahn knew nothing about the print. Some years ago he had made a drawing called "Silent Night," showing a policeman singing while holding a sheet of music. Forgers had photographed the drawing, transferred it to a silk screen, made 200 prints from it, and signed Shahn's name in pencil. The fakes went for $100 to $125.

The Print Council has recently expanded its definition of "original prints" because of contemporary art trends. "Many artists, particularly pop artists and hard-edge abstractionists," Cahn says, "are creating designs for silk-screen prints in which they have varying degrees of personal participation—ranging from conceiving of the idea to actually making the screens. When they do not make the screens, but instruct others as to what effects they would like to achieve, the prints are not 'originals' as designated by the Council. However, they are often works of aesthetic merit and are not reproductions, frauds, or forgeries."

Some stores are extremely careful about guaranteeing authenticity. Not long ago a Philadelphia housewife bought a Picasso lithograph for $315 from Sears Roebuck. But then the store found that although Picasso had signed the piece, it had been reproduced from a second stone, rather than the original. Sears insisted on taking it back even though the housewife was perfectly delighted to keep it at the purchase price. On the other hand, Harris Steinberg, current chairman of the New York City Bar Association's art committee, criticized one store's collection. Among other things, he said he had seen a statue with plaster inside, bronze outside, labeled as a Degas. He questioned whether it might not be by someone whose name was Irving Degas.

The Lefkowitz hearings resulted in a New York state law, passed last year, stipulating that if a catalogue or bill of sale represents a work as being of a specific nature, this is a warranty of its true nature—unless there is a specific disclaimer in the catalogue or bill of sale. In practice, large auction houses have in the past inserted disclaimers in catalogues. Now, under law, if they cannot guarantee that the art is what it is said to be, a disclaimer is marked on the bill of sale. Safeguards for art buyers also went into effect in Britain in April. Under an act passed by Parliament, collectors who have bought fradulent works have a right to revoke the contract whether or not the deal was made in good faith.

At any rate, the art boom, at least, is giving many artists a chance to paint. "The exciting thing to me," says Vincent Price, "is that an awful lot of good artists had been submerged in earning a living as teachers in colleges and universities. In many instances we've been able to buy enough pictures to enable them not to take a full curriculum and to go out and paint. One example is an artist who was teaching art at Scripps College in Claremont, California. He very much wanted to take a year off. I bought eighteen of his paintings and this enabled him to do it. It gave him a chance to reexamine his work and become an active painter." One dealer puts it this way: "Art galleries have for years fostered the *La Bohème* concept that the starving artist paints his best. That's because the galleries want to make all the money. My artists can make $20,000 a year. They, too, can drive Cadillacs."

Cadillacs notwithstanding, whither the boom?

Item: "The climate is such in the art market that the public wants to be deceived," says a dealer. "There are not enough Chagalls for all the people who want a Chagall."

Item: "Dear Mr. Price," wrote one lady. "All my life I've had one ambition—to own a 'Mona Lisa.' If you ever come across one, please send it to me." She enclosed a check for $20.

The majority of the new art buyers may be motivated by a passion for status symbols instead of a passion for art. And they are buying a lot of trash. But a growing number of genuine, dyed-in-the-wool art lovers are not simply trying to keep up with the Renoirs and the Warhols. "You go into Dubuque or Kansas City and you find customers with a great deal of knowledge," says Mr. Price. "While people obviously buy big names, they're just as apt to buy something from Mimi Glutz, whom they've never heard of." Move over Chagall, here come the Mimi Glutzes.

Harper's Magazine, June 1967



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Earl Clark

HOW SEATTLE IS BEATING WATER POLLUTION

One American city after another suffers municipal disaster from poisoned waters. But Seattle has found an uncommon solution that could stand as a model for other urban centers.

Though it isn't easy to "lose" a lake twenty-four miles long, Seattle came close to losing Lake Washington. This kind of municipal disaster through water pollution is a common story in the United States today; what is remarkable is that Seattle—the most populous city in the Pacific Northwest—has reversed the usual dismal trend; it has saved its freshwater lake and is well on the way to saving Puget Sound, the blue inland sea that links the city with the Pacific Ocean. Beaches that have been closed to swimmers for years are opening again, and water that was opaque with scum and filth is becoming translucent. By 1970 these beautiful waters may be cleaner than at any time since Captain George Vancouver explored the Sound in 1792.

Credit goes to almost a million people who live in and around Seattle, but especially to the enterprising few who worked out a plan for conquering the frustrating jurisdictional complexities of the megalopolis. The instrument they devised is a unique homegrown governmental structure: the Municipality of Metropolitan Seattle, locally known as "Metro." Metro—a federation of county, cities, and special districts united to solve one common problem—has launched the largest single water-pollution project ever undertaken anywhere.

Metro's gigantic construction program not only is 80 per cent complete at the halfway point of its ten-year schedule, but will cost 4 per cent less than originally estimated. Homeowners are paying 20 per cent less for sewer service than was predicted, and its $121-million revenue bond issue was sold at 3.75 per cent interest instead of the 4.5 per cent that was expected, saving more millions. For this accomplishment Metro won the All-America City Award in 1960. But to the residents of metropolitan Seattle, the real payoff is that this summer they can go down to the beach or out on the water without having to hold their noses.

People and Algae Multiply

Seattle is shaped like an hourglass, both sides bordered by water. To the east is Lake Washington, the state's second-largest freshwater lake. To the west is Puget Sound, with Elliott Bay as the city's harbor. Because the land between is occupied largely by hills, it's hard to find a house or an office building that doesn't command a water view.

Early in the century, fine parks were laid out along the shores of Lake Washington and Puget Sound, and palatial homes were built with manicured lawns sloping down to private docks. Cable cars trundled over the hills to deposit their crowds of picnickers on the beach, and Lake Washington became Seattle's playground. In the early 'fifties the late Stan Sayres captured the Gold Cup from Detroit and brought the hydroplane races to his hometown lake. Since then, on a frenzied August weekend every year, a hundred thousand spectators watch the monster boats roar around a four-mile course. When the race is over, the lake once more is dotted with sailboats, swimmers, water skiers, and outboards, among which an occasional tugboat threads a boom of logs.

Like countless rivers and lakes elsewhere,

such a convenient body of water served the early settlers as a handy place to dump their sewage. (There has always been plentiful water for drinking and other needs from mountain watersheds.) However, as far back as the 1930s it became apparent that this dumping practice would bring an early end to the lake's usability for recreation and residential property. Fortunately, there was another handy receptacle just over the hill—Elliott Bay, which was considerably deeper than the lake and flushed by tidal action. It was already being used increasingly for industrial waste and municipal sewage. That being the heyday of the New Deal public-works projects, federal assistance was on hand to build the sewer trunk lines, and as all the population of the area—about 300,000—was on the Seattle side of the lake, that appeared to solve the problem. Or most of it, anyway.

Across the lake from Seattle were the small towns of Bothell, Kirkland (with a few commuters by ferry, cable car, and trolley), and Renton—all three with a total population under 10,000, not counting the cows and horses. This bucolic countryside began to change character in 1940, when the famous floating bridge, resting on concrete pontoons, was built across the lake from Seattle to serve Bellevue (which today has the biggest population east of the lake). By 1950 the postwar boom had combined with this transportation artery to raise the "East Side" population to 33,000.

In the next decade the bridge paid itself off, became toll-free, and the East Side population doubled. It has doubled again by now (the prediction is one million by the year 2000). Pastures and orchards gave way to housing developments and shopping centers, and these in turn became new cities—nine of them incorporated between 1953 and 1962. Woodlots were replaced by paved streets and split-level homes—each complete with septic tank. And Lake Washington began to change.

Out at the University of Washington in the northeastern section of Seattle, a professor of zoology, Dr. W. T. Edmondson, has been charting the lake's changes since 1949. The big lake lapping at the campus edge made a handy lab for the limnologist (from the Greek *limne*: pond, or marsh), who sees it as a constantly changing aquatic community of life. "Our basic interest," Dr. Edmondson says, "was a study of biological



activity in the lake, and how the supply of nutrient materials controlled its growth"—in other words, how a lake becomes polluted.

Early studies of Lake Washington showed a relatively low population of algae, the microscopic plant life that blooms in all but the most sterile lakes and either dies like the leaves on a tree or is devoured by fish and other water inhabitants. Algae thrive on two chemical elements used in most land fertilizers—phosphorus and nitrogen. It so happens that these two elements are notably present in sewage effluent. Raw sewage, of course, also contains harmful bacteria. The danger from bacteria was largely removed from the lake when Seattle began to empty all its trunk lines into Puget Sound. But the "purified" effluent discharged from the new sewage-treatment plants springing up along the east side of the lake, and from the septic tanks that seeped into it, was rich in phosphates and nitrates. And the algae loved it.

Examining a piece of wood dredged from the lake during the early 1950s, one of Dr. Edmondson's students noted: "With microscopic examination this turns out to be covered with a beautiful jungle composed of attractively colored and formed unicellular algae attached to the wood by clear gelatinous stalks."

Swimmers, homeowners, and boaters using the lake were considerably less admiring. To their outspoken dismay, the lake was getting scummy—

Earl Clark, who is now an editorial writer for KIRO-TV in Seattle, was for twelve years editor and publisher of the Edmonds (Washington) "Tribune-Review." During that time he covered meetings that led to the formation of Metro.

and smelly. Great clumps of algae now gathered on the surface, baked in the summer sun, then died, releasing a stench. And, no question about it, Lake Washington was losing its sparkling blue sheen.

Then in the summer of 1955 the alarm rang. In his survey of the lake that year, Dr. Edmondson noted the explosive appearance of a brand-new species of alga in the lake—a rusty brown growth called "Blood of the Burgundians" when it appeared in Lake Zurich sixty years ago. Simultaneously, his tests showed that for the first time dissolved oxygen had disappeared from the deepest water (240 feet) of the lake. The effect of all this was to accelerate pollution both from the surface and from below. "It was a sign that the lake was on its way to serious trouble," Dr. Edmondson says. "Where that had happened on other lakes in the world, they soon were destroyed. That appeared to be the fate of Lake Washington."

Dr. Edmondson's finding made headlines, but ideas for attacking the problem were tenuous. Seattle, which had grown too, was only a minor contributor to the pollution. A score of other cities and towns and two counties by now lay within the lake's drainage area. Along Puget Sound, where most beaches had to be closed because of pollution, the blame was even more dispersed. King County, of which Seattle is the county seat, alone had 138 taxing districts, including sewer districts in unincorporated areas. No one city or district by itself could halt pollution. Worse yet, no legal mechanism existed by which the county, or even the state, could assume the task. And water pollution was only one of the man-made problems that leap-frogged municipal boundaries.

A Plan Is Born

One evening in 1953, a young attorney named James R. Ellis, only four years out of law school, got up before the Seattle-King County Municipal League and gave a speech that he brashly titled "A Plan for Seattle's Future." This was the first outline of what eventually became the Municipality of Metropolitan Seattle. Ellis says that the idea got started a few years earlier with one of the first clients he had. "The 'client' was a little sewer district south of Seattle. I sat there one summer evening on the commissioner's porch, and I could see a city sewage-treatment plant off in the distance. Then I turned my head and could see another plant in the opposite direction. But that sewer district finally had to build its own plant, because both the others were beyond its boundaries. And I thought that some day, there ought to be a better way . . ."

Taking a leave of absence from the law firm in which he is now a partner, Ellis hired on as a special deputy prosecutor to help draw up a revised King County charter. Backed by the Municipal League and the League of Women Voters, the charter revision was put to a vote of the people—and was defeated. The public was not yet sold on the need to modernize local government.

Ellis went back to the law firm licking his wounds and looking for a mechanism by which the local units could retain all the normal powers of councils and commissions, yet be able to manage functions that were too overpowering to be dealt with separately. A year after the charter election, he made his speech to the Municipal League.

If it's tough to sell a revamped system of government to the voters, it's even tougher to convince an entrenched political hierarchy. Seattle's city council was not noted for its receptiveness to new ideas. But in 1956 another idealistic young attorney, Gordon Clinton, took office as Mayor. He agreed that conflicting and overlapping local governments were helpless in dealing with the massive problems of rampant urbanization. So he persuaded the county commissioners to join him in naming a Metropolitan Problems Advisory Committee. The chairman, naturally enough, was young Jim Ellis.

Ellis gathered together about seventy-five citizens from all parts of the metropolitan area, and they went to work. They listened to the problems of city and county officials; engineers and professors documented the spread of pollution and the measures to combat it; political scientists advanced pet theories on how to proceed. But no other metropolitan area in the nation seemed to provide precedent for consolidating local government functions, although Toronto in Canada was moving in the same direction.

It Comes Down to Politics

As the 1957 session of the state Legislature neared, a half-dozen committee leaders gathered in Jim Ellis's dining room, and there hammered out the draft of an enabling act for presentation to the lawmakers.

The bill was first introduced in the Senate in Olympia under bipartisan sponsorship, and whipped through with votes to spare. But over in the House it ran into trouble. The floor manager for the bill there was a young Seattle engineer

serving his freshman term as a legislator—Dan Evans, now Washington's Republican Governor. This cause was one of the few things on which Evans agreed with the man he was later to oust from the Governor's chair, Albert Rosellini. The Metro act squeaked through on the final day of the session. It has since been adopted *in toto* as a model act by the U. S. Commission on Intergovernmental Relations. Its approach to curing the migraine of a modern metropolis is summarized in its statement of purpose:

> It is hereby declared to be the public policy of the state of Washington to provide for the people of the populous metropolitan areas in the state the means of obtaining essential services not adequately provided by existing agencies of local government. The growth of urban population and the movement of people into suburban areas has created problems of [1] sewage and [2] garbage disposal, [3] water supply, [4] transportation, [5] planning, [6] parks and parkways which extend beyond the boundaries of cities, counties, and special districts. For reasons of topography, location and movement of population, and land conditions and development, one or more of these problems cannot be adequately met by the individual cities, counties, and districts of many metropolitan areas.

Having specified the six problems that fall within its scope, the act then spells out in detail how a metropolitan corporation is to be set up and operated. Basically, it is built around a central city and its suburbs. It does not call for a new layer of officialdom, nor does it usurp any of the normal functions of local government. The governing body is composed of the Mayor and councilmen from the central metropolitan city, along with specified representatives from the suburban cities and from the unincorporated areas of the county within the district.

So the first big step was taken when the Legislature set up the machinery for a metropolitan district. That put it up to the voters to decide whether they in fact wanted to form such a district. Once more Ellis and his committee were faced with plowing new ground.

Water pollution obviously was the Number 1 target. More than sixty outfalls were pouring raw sewage into Puget Sound in and around Seattle. Over 20 million gallons of effluent went into Lake Washington each day, even as suburban developers were planning thousands of new homes in the drainage basin. But the committee could see other problems over the horizon, too. The federal government's massive highway-construction program was still in the future, and frustrated motorists were learning that rush-hour traffic jams were not confined to the East Coast. Some form of rapid transit, some comprehensive planning were needed. So in March 1958 the committee went to the voters with a proposal for a metropolitan district that would undertake the functions of sewage disposal, public transportation, and comprehensive planning.

Part of the proposed district disappeared before Metro ever got to the polls. Snohomish County to the north of Lake Washington was contributing to its pollution, so it seemed logical to include the southern part of that county in the district. But Snohomish County politicians saw a threat to their power, hurriedly put together their own "metro district," and persuaded a bare majority of their voters that it was needed to keep them from being swallowed alive by the expanding metropolis.

The total vote on the Seattle Metro district in the spring of 1958 was 101,947 in favor and 85,590 against. Nevertheless, it was defeated. For the state legislation required a favorable vote in the central city and in all the territory included outside. Seattle voters gave it a 58 per cent majority, but out in the boondocks suspicious voters turned it down.

"Most of us were ready then to say the hell with it," Ellis recalls. "But the problem hadn't gone away. In fact, it got worse. From our standpoint, it probably helped that the summer of 1958 was a hot one. The lake got pretty bad that year, and even some of the people who fought us came around to agreeing that something had to be done."

Twenty-seven Customers

Within a month of the ill-fated election, Mayors of some of the suburban towns took the lead in reactivating the Metro committee. They called in the opponents, too, and tried to soften the objections. That fall, a slimmed-down version of Metro went before the voters, with sewage disposal its only authorized function, and the area reduced by about a third. The King County Medical Society and its Auxiliary joined the campaign. Five thousand mothers were organized to ring doorbells. Nine of the ten city councils within the proposed district passed resolutions of endorsement. Community clubs, chambers of commerce, and both political parties got behind it. And in September 1958 Metro was approved by the voters, both in Seattle and in the suburbs.

The office of the Mayor of Seattle is on the top floor of the Seattle Municipal Building, with a

magnificent view out over the sparkling water of Elliott Bay. It's a suitable sight for the twenty members of the Metropolitan Council when they get together on a Thursday afternoon for their semi-monthly meeting, for this council is administering (according to its own statement) the largest sewerage and water-pollution-control program undertaken by any comparable metropolitan area in the world during this decade.

The chairman is Carey Donworth, suave young head of a Seattle management-consultant firm, and one of the little band that plotted out the Metro legislation in Ellis's dining room. The councilman from Mercer Island (pop. 10,000) hauls up a chair next to his colleague from Seattle (pop. 600,000), and they prepare to discuss a multimillion-dollar sewer contract.

Metro opponents had warned that the big city would run roughshod over the suburbs when Metro began spending money. In actual practice, the council has worked in remarkable harmony. The proof is that the huge construction program that started six years ago now is two years ahead of schedule. Early in 1967 the last treatment plant discharging effluent into Lake Washington was shut down, and the lake is now completely ringed by sewer trunk lines. Some of these go to the south end of the lake to the new Renton treatment plant, built for an initial capacity of 24 million gallons per day. Others bore under Seattle to the still newer West Point treatment plant on Puget Sound, a $12-million installation that was completed in the summer of 1966. Still ahead is the last major Metro contract—a two-mile tunnel under downtown Seattle that will intercept all the lines still discharging raw sewage into Elliott Bay.

The results of Metro's hustle already are apparent in Lake Washington. Back in 1950 average depth visibility in the lake was about twelve feet, and by 1963 this had declined to less than three. But in the summer of 1966, with diversion of effluent from the lake still not complete, Dr. Edmondson's studies showed that visibility once more was increasing.

"All of a sudden, the people will see that the lake has been cleaned up," he predicts. "That's something that hasn't happened anywhere else in the world. You see, the lake was really in pretty good shape when I first began studying it in 1949. From then on, it deteriorated fast. But by 1970, it's going to be better than it was in 1950."

Metro's installation at West Point is a primary treatment plant, still discharging effluent into Elliott Bay. While this would have been the [illegible] tual ruination of Lake Washington, Dr. Edmondson foresees no problems in Puget Sound, with its depths down to 900 feet, and the enormous change of water with each tide. In fact, he believes the Sound's immense sea-life population will thrive on the enriched algae and on the higher oxygen content of the water once the discharge of raw sewage is eliminated. Metro certainly hopes he's right.

Metro's standards for water quality meet those set by the state of Washington, which has been working on a statewide plan to submit by June 30 for federal approval. If the state plan fails of acceptance and if standards to be set by Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall require secondary treatment of sewage before discharge into the Sound, Metro could be faced with a huge new investment—about equal to what it has made up to this point.

The Municipality of Metropolitan Seattle serves a population of 800,000 in a 231-square-mile area—but has only twenty-seven customers. These are the twenty-seven cities and sewer districts which it bills on a basis of $2.00 per month for each residential connection, with a scaled rate for industrial and commercial users. Metro's success has bred new successes. One of the towns which voted five-to-one against it in 1958, last year voted seven-to-one to join. Nine areas left outside the Metro boundaries have contracted for its sewer service—even in aloof Snohomish County, where a 22-square-mile water district and a small municipality have signed up. Sewer patrons in these contracting districts pay a 25 per cent surcharge over the basic rate.

Metro's acceptance led its backers to try once more in 1962 to get it into the rapid-transit business, but the timing was poor. Just before the election, householders received their first bills for sewer service, and discovered the new $2.00 fee. Metro's opponents labeled it a "super-government" and said that this was only the start of what the taxpayers could expect if they gave Metro further powers. The voters said no, and Metro stuck to sewer digging, although the law has since been amended to allow Metro to start planning for intercity rapid transit, subject to voter approval for actual construction.

"In a way, we're just lucky," Ellis says. "Compared to the East Coast, this is still 'new' country. They had a 150-year head start on us in polluting their lakes and streams, and they have a lot of repair work to do. We're catching it in time—but first we had to devise the vehicle to do it. Metro is not Utopia. But it has proved that it's possible for a federation of cities to get together to perform a common task, and do it without swallowing each other."



AN OLD MAN AND HIS HAT

A Story by George H. Freitag

One day long ago I went into a moving-picture house that showed Hoot Gibson riding a horse and crying. It was the next-to-the-last installment of a serial picture. The next installment would show why he cried and what was to be done and how Mr. Gibson fared. Next to my father, Hoot Gibson was the greatest man who lived. I had a nickel that my father gave me for the show. I saw Hoot Gibson crying on his horse. I paid only a nickel for that. The Texas sky was all around him in the picture, and still he cried.

The next week my father gave me a nickel to see why. It was Sunday afternoon in the winter time, and I gave my coin to the ticket girl, and she would not give me a ticket because between the last installment and this one I had grown into manhood. I could no longer get in for five cents. I couldn't see the reason why Hoot Gibson cried or know how he solved it. I had no more money. My father was poor. I asked the ticket girl to please let me in, that I had not grown another five cents' worth. But she would not. She was very beautiful, as beautiful as my mother. But allowing me to go in to see the last installment of Hoot Gibson was against the law. I waited outside for my friends to come out of the theater. They would know. I would ask Carl or Fred or Paul Robinson. I waited from ten after one until almost five in the afternoon for someone I knew to come out of the theater to tell me why Hoot Gibson cried and how he solved it and so on. It was cold and snowing in front of the picture show, and in sleighs people sped by laughing. But Carl or Fred or Paul never came out.

I knew they were in there. The horses made beautiful sounds with their feet upon the packed hard snow on the street in front of the theater. If someone on a quiz program now were to ask me, "Mr. Sills, what was the loneliest, darkest time of your life?" I would say waiting in front of the picture show for Carl or Fred or Paul to come out and tell me why Hoot Gibson cried or what happened afterwards and how he solved it. As it is I never really knew. And when I saw Carl or Fred or Paul again and asked them about the show with Hoot Gibson in it, they sang songs and blinked their eyes and smoked cigars and wore glasses, and their voices were deep and choir-like, and their mouths never told. I asked them where they were on Sunday, February 20th in the year 1920, but they couldn't account for it at all. They talked about girls and Wall Street and war and grief.

But no matter now. I don't care. I have more important things to discuss than anything Carl or Fred or Paul could ever conjure up. You know that!

I was walking with my fifteen-year-old son yesterday. We were out in the country in California, just a man and his kid walking, and we came to a bridge that spanned a river, and I remembered what my father, walking with me in my youth, might have asked, so I said to my son, "See the lovely bridge and the water?"

My son looked a long time at the bridge, at the water. Then he said, "What bridge, what water?"

"But don't you see a bridge?" I asked, "and a river?"

My boy looked again. "I see a bird with its head off and a tree without fruit," he said.

No rapport!

Now if I were walking along with my father in my young days, early days for him and early days for me, and my father and I came to a peach orchard, we will say, and he said, "Morris, what do you see on the tree?"

I would say, "A peach without a seed."

And my father would look a long time and he would say, "I see a peach too, Morris. I see a peach, too! But the peach I see has a seed."

And I would understand why. The peach has a seed because my father is older and looks at life more realistically. But to hear your son say, "A bird with its head off and a tree without fruit"—man alive; that is not *real* rapport, is it?

I am fifty-seven years old. My bones are splintering and creaking and I nap long and noisily sometimes. A couple of years ago I went back to visit my parents in Canton, Ohio. They are very old now and walk around from chair to chair to hold themselves up, and watch TV when there is a choir of young boys and girls singing *a cappella*, and I went walking uptown in the middle of the city where the noise was and the progress.

I came to the picture show that I waited in front of for Carl and Fred or Paul. But men were destroying it to make room for a parking lot, probably, or a supermarket. The steam shovels were at work swinging the iron ball, knocking down the sides of the theater's walls, and the men were swearing at the stupidity of the steam shovel and little black and white dogs were running away and rats were being made homeless, and lice; and the odor of the old rest rooms that always frightened me when I had to leave the picture and go was everywhere your nose went. I stood there thinking back. An old man does that, too. The day was very hot in Ohio. There was a storm coming up the side of the sky from Cleveland and Lake Erie, and brief flashes of lightning cut slits in the dark sky. Papers were blowing everywhere and schoolchildren carrying weighted-down problems in math were going home.

Finally a man called to me. "You, old man with the gray suit, you get out of there! You want to get killed?" But I kicked at the loose dirt and stooped to pick up old calendars and pencil stubs and walked toward the steam shovel with the man in it. The wind was blowing something fierce now and someone said, "They're sure getting it in Cleveland or Sandusky." And when I got opposite the man in the steam shovel, I asked him something.

A long time ago, when I was eight years old, or nine, I was in the show when Art Accord was untying a girl from the railroad tracks without a sound because in those days nobody made any noise going through life, and when the girl was rescued and Art Accord picked her up and carried her to safety and the train came and silently whistled at a rabbit crossing the tracks and Art Accord was kissing the girl, Claire Windsor, I think, I was so happy that, standing in the aisle of the theater, I threw my cap into the air, and it never came down. I had to go home bareheaded and it was the day after Christmas and snowing and the needles on our lovely Christmas tree were falling onto my mother's carpet and all the windows had pictures of frost on them.



So I don't know what really got into me. I thought of my son and the bridge crossing the river and the bird with its head off and all, and I turned to the steam-shovel operator: "A cap with a blue visor on it. Have you come across a cap?" I asked.

Then someone coming out of an outside toilet, buttoning his pants, called to the man in the steam shovel. And the man in the cab of the shovel said, "Okay, Charles. Just an old man looking for his hat."

And I looked toward Cleveland where the storm was growing from. But anybody can look toward Cleveland. I looked through it. I looked through the lake, through Sandusky, through everything in my way, but I saw only the storm coming, the lightning flashing, the secret place that hid the thunder. And *that* is rapport!

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Judith R. Marcus and Gerald Cohen

THE RIDDLE OF THE DANGEROUS BEAN

A SCIENTIFIC DETECTIVE STORY



In solving a centuries-old mystery, a team of doctors and biochemists unexpectedly found "a new tool for the study of mankind." And discovered, incidentally, why some ethnic groups dare not use certain foods and medicines.

Pythagoras, in hasty flight from pursuing Greek soldiers, stopped dead in his tracks. "I will not cross this field of beans," he proclaimed. There he halted. And there he was overtaken and slain. What sort of bean had such unnatural power over the great philosopher and mathematician? The question intrigued Greek historians for centuries, but none produced a plausible explanation.

Long before his death Pythagoras had migrated from Greece to Croton in Southern Italy where he founded a mathematical-mystical cult. He forbade his followers to eat beans or even to walk among them. According to Iambeichus, fourth-century Syrian philosopher who wrote an encyclopedia of Pythagorean philosophy, a group of Pythagoreans was slain to a man when, fleeing the emperor Dionysius, they halted at the border of a bean field. One couple lagged behind the others because the wife was pregnant. They were captured and dragged before the emperor who demanded an answer to the riddle of the bean. The husband chose death; the wife bit out her tongue and spat it at her captors rather than "spill the beans." Thus the taboo remained a mystery to Pythagoras' contemporaries as well as to subsequent writers on antiquity.

A few years ago, however, Dr. T. H. D. Arie, a twentieth-century Oxford scholar, proposed what seems a reasonable explanation. Pythagoras and his followers were natives of the Mediterranean basin. Some inhabitants of this region are sensitive to a particular bean—the fava or broad bean which for centuries grew wild on the hillsides and in the fields of Italy, Sardinia, and throughout the Mediterranean region. It was a major foodstuff in the area until the lima bean was imported from the New World. In sensitive individuals, eating the fava bean—or merely inhaling its plant pollen—can cause dizziness, nausea, and vomiting, in some cases high fever and utter collapse. These symptoms go hand in hand with a massive destruction of red blood cells. Possibly the Pythagorean

ban-the-bean principle simply served the practical purpose of preventing a disease—favism.

This conjecture is of more than historical interest for several reasons. Fava beans are still with us. They are cultivated throughout the Mediterranean region and in the gardens of Israeli kibbutzim. In New York City they can be bought at vegetable stands or in cans at supermarkets, usually in neighborhoods with large Italian populations. Reports of favism continue to appear in the world's medical literature. In Israel where the population has increased fivefold in the last two decades, there has been a marked rise in the incidence of favism. In fact, the Israelis have taken a page from the Pythagorean notebook and today discourage cultivation of the fava bean as a public-health measure.

Although many people enjoy eating the bean, only a few are made ill. The sensitivity is almost entirely restricted to certain ethnic groups—chiefly Sardinians, Sicilians, Greeks, and Sephardic (Eastern) Jews. The question that fascinates us currently is: why these few? The answer has extraordinary implications for anthropologists and historians.

A series of medical observations and incidents occurring during the second world war and the Korean War provides the backdrop to a story of medical and biochemical sleuthing. It was during this period that a group of antimalarial drugs became the focus of medical concern. In the 1940s, the British Army used the drug pamaquine to prevent malaria among its troops. All went well during treatment of an entire army of British, New Zealand, and Australian troops. But suddenly, twelve cases of acute hemolysis (breakdown of red blood cells) occurred in a single Mediterranean unit. Then sporadic reports filtered in from elsewhere. All those afflicted were Greek or Eastern Jewish soldiers. When Italian prisoners of war were taken, more cases were reported but only among Sardinians and Sicilians. The curious thing was that the response to pamaquine not only resembled favism clinically, but occurred in the very same ethnic groups that were sensitive to the fava bean.

At about the same time other army doctors were troubled by an upsurge in the occurrence of blackwater fever, a poorly understood and often lethal complication of tropical malaria. This malady is characterized by high fever and the discharge of a dark urine containing breakdown products of red blood cells—a response similar to that seen in favism. The afflicted stand only a fifty-fifty chance of survival. Dr. Chaim Sheba, who after the war served as Director General of Israel's Ministry of Health and is currently the director of Tel Hashomer Government Hospital, was then serving as a medical officer with the British Army. He noted that blackwater fever among Greeks and Jews was reported from places where malaria was not endemic. This was in the pre-penicillin era when the antimalarial sulfa drugs were widely used to treat all sorts of infections. These "blackwater fever" victims had swallowed sulfa pills without medical advice or supervision to ward off venereal disease. The dramatic cure was to discontinue medication.

Across the Atlantic, also in the early 1940s, the U.S. Army was trying to wipe out malaria in the Canal Zone by administering pamaquine to some three thousand personnel connected with the Panama Canal operation. Overnight, three hundred dark-skinned natives reported ill. At Gorgas Hospital, in Panama, the patients' urines were collected in large glass jugs kept at their bedstands. When doctors entered the hospital rooms the next day, they were struck by the sight of jugs containing a red-to-black fluid, which indicated massive destruction of red blood cells. This conspicuous occurrence of hemolysis in 10 per cent of the treated population raised medical eyebrows in the United States. And for a time worldwide attention was focused on drug reactions which strike at specific ethnic groups. But with the war's end, research interest in antimalarial drugs waned and the case of the mysterious reactions to pamaquine remained unsolved.

Death Sentence to Red Cells

In 1952, however, a clarion call reopened the medical casebook. American troops were returning from Korea. After they reached home they naturally stopped taking antimalarial drugs. An alarming number suffered recurrent bouts of "hot" and "cold" sweats. These attacks meant that the malarial parasite was reemerging from tissues where drugs had kept it dormant. An alarm was sounded for new drugs to eradicate the stubborn tissue phase of malaria—drugs, it was hoped, without the toxic side reactions of pamaquine. The U. S. Army initiated a grand-scale investigation

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Judith R. Marcus, a Barnard graduate, spent a year studying in Israel and is now a research assistant in her co-author's biochemistry laboratory. She will enter medical school in the fall. Dr. Gerald Cohen, an assistant professor of biochemistry at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, co-directs a program concerned with biologic factors in mental health.

of a promising new drug, primaquine (related chemically to pamaquine). In tests conducted on volunteers drawn from the inmates at Statesville penitentiary in Illinois, primaquine proved itself a superb antimalarial. But, a full 10 per cent of those volunteers, most of whom were Negroes, suffered red cell breakdown. White inmates were not sensitive.

This experience triggered a series of brilliant experiments which uncovered the biochemistry of the drug response and subsequently provided the historian and anthropologist with a new biochemical research tool.

At the University of Chicago Medical School a group of medical researchers, headed by Dr. Alf Alving, zeroed in on the mechanism of "primaquine-sensitivity." They wanted to know why the red cells were destroyed by primaquine. Were the cells themselves abnormal? Or did primaquine cause some unusual body response, such as antibody formation, which caused destruction of normal red cells? The secret sensitizing factor had to be located.

Dr. Raymond Dern, a member of the group, sought the answer. He took blood from a normal person and marked the red cells indelibly by adding a small amount of a solution containing radioactive chromium. This process made the cells permanently radioactive. (Such tracers now commonly used in medicine involve a very low and harmless dosage of radioactivity.) He injected the marked normal cells into a primaquine-sensitive individual who had a compatible blood type. The level of radioactivity traced exactly the number of injected healthy red cells in the blood stream. Then primaquine was administered. Red-cell destruction occurred as usual, but the radioactive level did not change; this indicated that the normal cells had survived the hostile environment. In a parallel experiment, Dr. Dern took cells from a sensitive subject and transferred them to a normal volunteer. Primaquine destroyed these injected cells even though the normal individual did not develop any symptoms. The inescapable conclusion from these experiments was that sensitivity to primaquine is a function of an abnormal red blood cell.

From this point on it was no longer necessary to perform tests *in vivo*—that is, on people. Since the red cell alone was the culprit, laboratory experiments with blood could be performed *in vitro* (in the test tube) to unravel the mystery of primaquine sensitivity. Dern's colleague, Dr. Ernest Beutler, picked up the research thread and asked the question: Did sensitive cells differ chemically from insensitive cells? He surveyed some of the major chemical constituents of the sensitive red cells and found a small decrease in the average amount of one sulfur-containing compound, glutathione (commonly abbreviated GSH). This might be an important clue, yet the chemical difference between sensitive and normal cells seemed far too small to account for the catastrophic loss of cells when primaquine was administered to sensitive individuals.

But Beutler persisted and the research bubble burst. For he was able to show that primaquine (or other drugs), when added to sensitive red blood cells, caused the concentration of GSH to decline almost to zero. Normal cells were unaffected. This large and dramatic difference between normal and sensitive cells was what he was looking for. Next, he repeated the experiments with normal cells which had been deprived of glucose, their main metabolic fuel for production of energy. Glucose-deprived cells lost their GSH and behaved like abnormal cells. Conclusion: Some factor involved in the metabolism of glucose was absent from primaquine-sensitive cells.

Several other groups of scientists subsequently established that the missing factor is an enzyme, and that its absence sensitizes individuals to the fava bean as well. The missing enzyme in favism is glucose-6-phosphate dehydrogenase, commonly abbreviated as G-6-PD.

G-6-PD is one of a group of some fifteen enzymes concerned with the breakdown of glucose and its conversion into energy in the red blood cell. Under ordinary circumstances, the lack of G-6-PD is of little consequence. But if an individual takes primaquine, or eats fava beans, absence of G-6-PD is a death sentence to the red cell. Why this should be, evoked worldwide attention as a medical research problem.

In this country, the U. S. Public Health Service provided research funds for studies at a number of universities and medical centers. At Columbia University in New York City, one of the authors of this article (G. C.) and a colleague, Dr. Paul Hochstein had been working on the biochemistry of nerve tissue. It occurred to us that our finding concerning the action of certain other drugs on nerve tissue might be relevant to the action of primaquine on red cells. This proved to be so. We were able to establish that primaquine and the other offending drugs enter the red cells and there cause the formation of hydrogen peroxide, a powerful oxidizing agent and destructive chemical. (Commercially, hydrogen peroxide is used as a hair bleach, a bacteriocidal mouth wash, and a rocket fuel.) In normal red blood cells, GSH and G-6-PD destroy the peroxide. But in cells deficient

in G-6-PD, the peroxide builds up to toxic levels and wreaks its damage.

The breakthrough in the primaquine-sensitivity problem provided anthropologists with a new scientific tool. They converted Beutler's experiment into a field test for G-6-PD deficiency: A drug that can destroy red cells in sensitive subjects was added to a sample of blood. If the GSH disappeared, the subject was G-6-PD deficient. The blood test was of great value in population and family studies.

Since the enzyme deficiency is transmitted from parents to children, from one generation to the next, it serves as a *genetic marker*, that is, an inherited characteristic that can be followed from generation to generation over a span of time. The marker identifies certain peoples and indicates a common source of origin, despite wide dispersal over the face of the globe. Such a genetic marker can identify a distinct group of people within a heterogeneous population, much as Dern's *radioactive marker* identified cells from one individual circulating within a second individual.

The idea of a genetic marker is not new. Physical appearance is, of course, the most familiar. For example, Arab children who have blond curly hair and blue eyes are clearly marked as descendants of the Crusaders who came from Western and Northern Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Gregor Mendel, when he laid down the basic principles of genetics, studied tall versus short pea plants and ruffled versus plain flowers. What is novel about G-6-PD deficiency is that it is a *biochemical marker*, hidden, yet very much a part of the individual's makeup.

Fruits of Exile

We now know that G-6-PD deficiency was prevalent in the early Hebrews at the time they embraced monotheism and drew themselves apart from the pagan tribes around them. In the three thousand years that followed, Jews were exiled from Palestine and scattered throughout the world. The biochemical marker makes it possible to trace their migration.

In recent times they have flooded back to the promised land, where they present a unique laboratory of anthropological case material. A major influx consisted of Europeans who were fleeing Nazi atrocities and who were smuggled into British-mandated Palestine by their Jewish brethren. Then, in 1948, the newly independent state of Israel instituted a unique immigration policy: All persons born of Jewish mothers could enter and settle without restriction. Thousands of homeless refugees streamed through the open floodgates from Cyprus, where they had waited impatiently in internment camps. There were two main streams of immigration. From the displaced person's camps came Ashkenazic Jews who had lived in Belgium, Holland, France, Romania, Bulgaria, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. The second group was made up of Sephardic or Eastern Jews, fleeing the yoke of Arab persecution in Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria, Egypt, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, and Persia.

Within a decade the Sephardic population of Israel increased greatly. Simultaneously, cases of favism—long a rare disease—began to be reported more and more often. Two Israeli scientists—Drs. Arieh Szeinberg and Chaim Sheba—decided to find out what percentage of the Sephardic (Eastern) and Ashkenazic (Western) populations were G-6-PD deficient. To this end, all patients at Tel Hashomer Government Hospital were screened by means of Beutler's test. The results were striking. Among the Ashkenazic group the prevalence rate is only 0.4 per cent, that is, only one in every 250 persons is sensitive. On the other hand, the prevalence in the Sephardic group is much higher, 11 per cent, which means that about one in every ten persons has the defect. Even more remarkable is the wide variation within the Sephardic population. On the basis of those dramatic differences one of the pioneers in the study, Dr. Sheba, correlates his findings with Jewish history. He believes that G-6-PD deficiency is a genetic marker of migration and drift.

Consider, for example, the immigrants from Kurdistan. They show a 58 per cent rate, the highest concentration of G-6-PD deficiency in the world. Why? Dr. Sheba finds the answer in their history. These Jews trace their families back to 586 B.C., when a relatively new power, Babylonia, captured and dominated that region of the world. Under the leadership of Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonians swept into Jerusalem and destroyed the spiritual and political stronghold of the Jews, the temple built by King Solomon. The conquered people were taken into exile to an area which today is Iraq, where by tradition they adhered strictly to a prohibition against intermarriage. Later, some migrated still further northward to the mountainous regions of Kurdistan; here, geographical isolation insulated them still further and deprived them of even the opportunity to intermarry. As a result, for centuries, men who were deficient in G-6-PD continued to marry deficient women who gave birth to deficient children.

At the time of exile to Iraq, a smaller group of about a thousand families fled south to Yemen to escape capture by the Babylonians. They settled there permanently. But unlike the Jews in Iraq, they intermarried to some extent with the native population. Today, as a result, Yemenite Jews in Israel show only a 5 per cent rate of G-6-PD deficiency.

The Babylonians in due course were smitten down by the Persians, whose King Cyrus allowed the exiled Jews to return to Jerusalem to rebuild their Temple. Some who returned became lax in their religious practices and intermarried with non-Jews living in Palestine. This provides an explanation for the lower G-6-PD deficiency rate in the Palestinian group. Evidence for the intermarrying is found in the Bible. It appears that many Jews who had grown fat on the fertile Mesopotamian land remained behind in Babylon. They were outraged by the lax behavior of their Palestinian brethren. The Book of Ezra describes how a delegation of over 2,000 persons traveled from Babylon to Palestine to complain to the priests in the Temple.

Six hundred years later, in 70 A.D., Jerusalem was under siege by Rome. When the Roman legions finally penetrated the walled city they burned the Second Temple to the ground. The Romans selected the strongest males, the pride and flower of Judea, and sent them off on slave ships. Chained together, they rowed westward to Rome to the beat of the taskmaster's hammer hitting stone. No Jewish women were taken as slaves. So in due course the exiled males were forced to marry non-Jews who converted to the Jewish religion.

The fact that the slaves were men was of crucial importance because G-6-PD deficiency is a sex-linked characteristic and, therefore, it is passed from generation to generation in a special pattern: When a woman has the defect, both her sons and daughters can inherit it. But when a deficient man marries a normal woman, all his sons must be normal. Thus with further intermarriage, an immense dilution of the defect was possible in the space of just a few generations.

Dr. Sheba believes that the descendants of these Jews were the forebears of the Ashkenazic population of Europe. With the expansion of the Roman Empire, they followed the conquering armies to Western and Central Europe and continued to intermarry. Scattered tombstones along the way attest to their presence in many a Roman army camp or colony. In the 1940s and 1950s, as their descendants returned to Israel, the genetic case material which had been widely dispersed for centuries became readily accessible for anthropological survey.

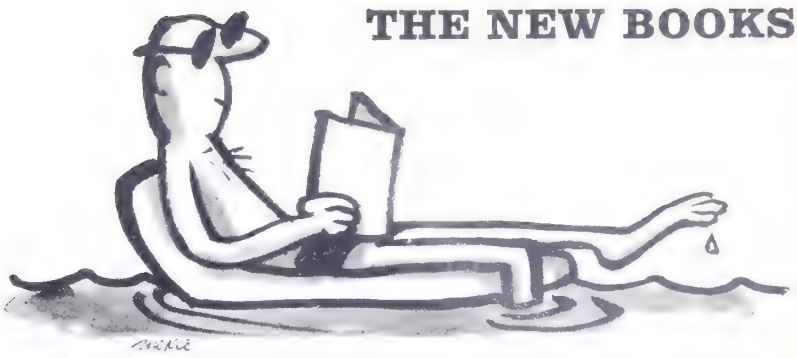
The Jews are not the only people with high incidence of the genetic defect. It is prevalent among Sardinians, Sicilians, Greeks, and American Negroes and it also appears in Thais, Melanesians, African Negroes, and the Oyana Indians of South America, among others. Anthropologists and geneticists have not yet fully explained this worldwide distribution of G-6-PD deficiency. As for the Sardinians and Sicilians, Dr. Sheba points out that both the early Hebrews and the seafaring Phoenicians, who originated in the same part of the world, were G-6-PD deficient. The Phoenicians carried the defect to the Mediterranean islands of Sicily and Sardinia, as well as to Malta and Minorca, where they established communities to support the seamen when they arrived in port. Since they lived in relative isolation and did not intermarry with their neighbors, they preserved in generation after generation a high incidence of G-6-PD deficiency. Among these people today, there are quite frequent reports of favism. It seems likely that the Sicilian and Sardinian prisoners of war in the 1940s who suffered the side effects of pamaquine are descendants of the seafaring Phoenicians.

Why Not the Eskimos?

Deficiency of G-6-PD does not occur at all among North American Indians, Alaskan Eskimos or Japanese. On the other hand, the Chinese *do* exhibit the deficiency. Why? And why is the frequency as high as 15 per cent in Thais? The American geneticist, Arno Motulsky, has reported a wide range among African groups: South Congolese (20 per cent), Bashi (14 per cent), Nigerians (10 per cent), Bahutu (7 per cent), Pygmies (4 per cent), Bantu (4 per cent), Watusi (2 per cent), and South African Bushmen (2 per cent).

The answer to the riddle of the fava bean field has provided the world with a biochemical tool for the study of mankind. A new pocket-size test kit for G-6-PD deficiency requires only a drop of blood, which is touched to a strip of specially coated paper (about the size of a theater ticket), and a vial of chemicals (about the size of a peanut). With this tool anthropologists can study populations from Borneo to Greenland, in remote villages in South America and in deepest Africa, across the spectrum of peoples on our earth. Extensive field surveys of diverse populations have answered many old questions and at the same time pose new riddles.

Harper's Magazine, June 1967



Media: Linear, Electric, and Square

by Robert Lekachman

…wer in Babel, by Eric Barnouw. …rd University Press, $8.50.
Artillery of the Press, by James …on. Harper & Row, $3.95.
Medium is the Massage, by Mar… l McLuhan and Quentin Fiore. …dom House, $10.95, cloth; Ban… $1.45, paper.

… these three accounts of the words … images in which we are bathed … emergence into the world to in… …ent in the grave, two, Erik …ouw's and James Reston's, are …active in content and style. The …d, Marshall McLuhan's, is special …gh to preclude quick words either …raise or damnation.

… this first of three planned vol…s, Professor Barnouw traces the …ory of radio broadcasting in the …ted States from its beginnings to …3. The early pages are a succinct …ount of the genesis of radio as a …cept and an invention, based upon … memoirs of the pioneers. The pace … the interest of the tale quicken in … years immediately following the …t world war when corporate …nts, sensing the financial virtue of …io, began to maneuver in earnest … dominating position. Probably … Barnouw is as clear as anyone is …ly to be about the intricate patent …gations and legislative battles …ich entangled American Telephone … Telegraph, Westinghouse, Gen… Electric, and David Sarnoff's …nument, the Radio Corporation of …erica.

What happened to radio seems to …e occurred by nobody's design. As Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover acquired early regulatory control over the key matter of wavelength assignments to competing applicants, whether commercial or educational. Although Mr. Hoover never thought of radio as an inevitably commercial industry, his free-enterprise sympathies predisposed him to facilitate the medium's development as private commerce rather than public service. For that matter, many of the early owners and operators of the new stations appeared possessed by images of broadcasting as a polite, genteel outlet for classical music, religious uplift, and learned lecture.

No single genius deserves credit entire for the insight that in vulgarity lay profit. Yet the story which Barnouw mordantly summarizes is a record of inexorable deterioration of taste, heightened commercialization, and increasing mindlessness. Amos and Andy, two white men from the South, endlessly reiterated the racial stereotypes of a society so prejudiced as to be unconscious of its own discriminations. Advertisers, initially hesitant to hawk toothpaste because the product was too personal, soon hardened themselves to the grim assault upon halitosis and body odor. The depraved drama of the soap opera came damply to fascinate a generation of housewives. If the medium is truly the message, then radio's sermon was one of perpetual inanity. At its most compelling, *A Tower in Babel* is a case study in the identification of the most profitable commercial level of taste in a society unwilling to restrain its acquisitive impulses. Under the aegis of the British Broadcasting Company, English radio turned into a quite different animal. Moral: it didn't have to happen here.

In McLuhan's language, Barnouw has used the old-fashioned linear medium of print to celebrate the emergence of the first electronic medium. James Reston has been still more square: he has shamelessly devoted line after line of type to the analysis (itself a pre-McLuhanite term and activity) of a special problem involving print and democracy. The problem is a question: Can a nation enjoy simultaneously the comforts of an effective foreign policy and an unfettered press? Mr. Reston was aware a year before the U-2 incident destroyed the spirit of Camp David that the CIA was sponsoring regular flights over Russian territory. He heard from the President's own lips the truth about the Vienna shouting match between Mr. Kennedy and Premier Khrushchev. He had advance word of American preparations for the Bay of Pigs invasion. In each instance Mr. Reston held his tongue.

Did he behave properly? What was his responsibility as a patriot and as a reporter? Mr. Reston is honest and sensitive enough to be unhappy with

Professor Lekachman is chairman of the economics department at the Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York and the author of "The Age of Keynes" and other books.

both of the easy answers—publish and damn the consequences, or accept the government's eager nomination as an honorary guardian of the national security. There are hazards in either course. By Mr. Reston's account, pursuit of the traditionally honored reporter's refusal to shut up would have imperiled the delicate negotiations between ourselves and the Russians over the withdrawal of Soviet missiles during the second Cuban crisis. On the other hand, acceptance of the second prescription converts the press into a simple agent of the state. If the *Times* had limited itself to this role, it could hardly have printed its detailed series on the CIA a year and a half before *Ramparts* exploded its 1967 string of firecrackers. Although Mr. Reston does not quite put it this way, he seems to be describing the incompatibility of free criticism and secretive public policy. Since he recognizes the occasional need of the second and he is unwilling to surrender the first, Mr. Reston has no solace to offer except the prospect of continuing friction between officials eager to suppress and newspapers avid to print.

National security is only one of the impediments to effective action by the press in the enlightenment of its readers. Reston's account of the deficiencies of the press is not the less daunting because of its familiarity. Most American newspapers ignore all but the largest and most sensational of foreign developments. Even the better, more responsible papers are the slaves of a hard news tradition. If they were less constrained by their devotion to "facts" and their distrust of "speculation," their staff would still lack the necessary expertise to cope with analysis of the scientific, demographic, economic, and technical issues which are the heart of understanding and action in the 1960s.

Though he tries his best, Mr. Reston does not sound terribly hopeful about improving the newspapers. He favors better-educated journalists. He urges editors to allow expanded space for analysis. He suggests that outside experts from the universities be invited to comment on current events within the scope of their competence. And so on. But, one regrets to say, somehow the program does not read as though even Mr. Reston has very much confidence in the capacity of newspapers to be relevant and entertaining, informative and lively, responsible and profitable. In the United States even Mr. Reston's own *New York Times* deserves all these adjectives only if one defines rather generously "entertaining" and "interesting."

Which bring us to the large presence of Marshall McLuhan, one man who would not be shocked at the thought that newspapers may be losing their influence. Let us pause for a moment to think about Professor McLuhan. I have myself seen and heard McLuhan plain. Very elegant and very eloquent, he was. As a man in the word business on a smaller scale myself, I envied him his torrent of language. And he is everywhere. The *Wall Street Journal* cites him respectfully in a lead article on the "Mustang Generation." He tells its reporter at specially designed apartments for unmarried adults living by themselves "hold the key to a broad pattern of crumbling restriction." In McLuhan's words, "The very phrase, the pad, implies a without-walls situation. . . . singles bars and apartments offer total osmosis—an interminging of all kinds of experiences, many looks and outlooks." Here he is again—this time on the cover of the March 1967 *Encounter* as the author of "Memory Theater," which turns out to be a scholarly review of a learned work entitled *The Art of Memory*. And finally there is the item before us, *The Medium is the Massage*, a stylish book which blends a small quantity of McLuhan prose with rather large numbers of photographs apparently supplied by the coauthor Quentin Fiore.

The question is unavoidable, if McLuhan is the medium, what, oh what, is the message? Here indeed is the rub, for much of the time the man seems to be spouting rather pleasant nonsense. What on earth is one to make of this: "Youth instinctively understands the present environment—the electric drama. It lives mythically and in depth. This is the reason for the great alienations between generations. Wars, revolutions, civil uprisings are interfaces with the new environments created by electric informational media." My students, the agreeable youngsters I teach with, living "mythically and in depth"? Have I missed something? Or look narrowly at this comment upon work: "Under conditions of electric circuitry, all the fragmented job patterns tend to blend once more into involving and demanding roles and forms of work that more and more resemble teaching, learning, and 'human' service, in the older sense of dedicated loyalty." A last sample will suffice: "Participation via television in Freedom Marches, in war, revolution, pollution, and other events is changing *everything*." (Italics in original.) To this slave of obsolete media the first two quotations make no sense at all. Although the third is somewhat less opaque, at its center there is the ambiguity of the word "participation." When television shows our South Vietnamese allies torturing Vietcong captives, do we participate as sympathizers with the torture



"I can't read this gobbledygook."

ide) or the tortured (suffering
u beings)? Or do we do some-
else, simply drain the affect
the scene? How in any sense
ne participate in "pollution"?
side are we on in the Freedom
es? Does it really, as the cas-
s of McLuhan utterance rather
s, make no difference at all?

sibly I am not alone in my in-
to locate very much in Mc-
which is both intelligible and
ble. I don't believe that books
lonely Protestants any more
McLuhan's allied proposition
electronic media recreate medi-
otions of community. And if by
e these generalizations were
rtable, they would require a
deal more evidence than the
atic utterance and the vivid il-
ations which together are the
nt of this manifesto. Having
and believed all of this, I find
f compelled to say a little more
so obviously gifted a man, who
o caught the attention of his fel-

e clue to McLuhan's success
s quite simple. He has expatiated
the conviction shared by many
television has really made a dif-
ice. The gross phenomena are
ing. Some Americans spend as
hours before their television
ns as they do at their jobs. Tele-
n still functions as universal
ier to the young. For men of
l nature, professional football is
arious theater of violence. For
wives television may serve as
locus of displaced romantic as-
tion. Since Americans are by na-
and inheritance optimists, they
inclined to accept McLuhan's re-
rance that the difference which
ision has made is an improve-
t.

hat my reading of these three
mes suggests is a conclusion far
mer than McLuhan's joyous cele-
ion of electronic wonder. Radio
television unite their audiences
very differently from the way that
ks and newspapers create small
munities bound by similar tastes.
the life of me I see neither more
less community of sentiment
ng the enthusiasts for Ayn Rand
om I deplore) than among the
nirers of Bart Starr (whom I
erate). This is to state an obvious
nt, that the most important dis-

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■ Lake Erie is a gummy swamp
■ Grand Canyon is threatened
■ Our wildlife is vanishing
■ Our air is noxious

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RANDOM HOUSE

tinction among the media is to be found in the economics of their operation. Bad books usually outsell good ones, but it is still financially possible to publish comparatively large numbers of good books for the pleasure of small groups of serious readers. It is much more difficult to produce large numbers of radio and television programs which cater to any but the lowest common denominator.

One joins McLuhan after a fashion in conceding television's unifying impact. Quite simply, television appeals to the vulgarity as implacably located in the breasts of the educated as in the hearts of the philistine. Radio began and television completed the discovery that in the best of us bad taste is endemic. For most of us it is the whole of our perception. Television has joined us in the glorification of the empty, the trivial, the gratuitously violent, the spuriously sentimental, and the deliberately degrading.

I suppose that so apocalyptic a note contains an exaggeration. After all, reading has not died. Radio stations like WBAI and WQXR, and television channels like New York's Channel 13 suggest that the new electronic media can locate smaller audiences for decent quality notions derived from the culture which has been ignored but not replaced, despite McLuhan, by the electronic media. The sadness of it all is the vision of a cultivated soul like McLuhan toasted by the cynics of Madison Avenue. It almost makes one think twice before becoming a prophet.

New Novels: Hemingway Rides Again

by Peter Buitenhuis

Washington, D.C., by Gore Vidal. Little, Brown, $6.95.
The Thousand Hour Day, by W. S. Kuniczak. Dial, $7.95.
The Paste-Pot Man, by Edwin Lanham. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $5.95.
Go to the Widow-Maker, by James Jones. Delacorte, $7.50.

I'll start chronologically with an excellent nineteenth-century novel—Gore Vidal's *Washington, D.C.* The adjective is not meant to belittle, but to emphasize that Mr. Vidal has achieved a *tour de force* that I'm sure no other American novelist could come anywhere near emulating. *Washington, D.C.* is written with an elegant, sharp clarity of style and wit, reminiscent of the early Henry James ("Let's be vulgar and ask the President"*), with a sense of antique honor, like that of Ford Madox Ford ("some did; some did not"*), and with a subject similar to Henry Adams' *Democracy* (1880). In fact, the benign, civilized, ironic image of Adams broods over this book like Pallas Athene over the student's door in "The Raven." The raven is there too, saying "Nevermore" to those who dream of virtue, honesty, and love ever reappearing in those who rule over this Republic.

Written from several overlapping points of view, *Washington, D.C.* is essentially about the rise of a handsome, tough, unscrupulous young politician, Clay Overbury, from warhero to Congressman, Senator, and what is obviously to be, after the novel's conclusion, President. Mr. Vidal makes little effort to conceal the obvious similarities, so the book adds one more dimension—this time acid-etched—to the hothouse growth of the Kennedy legend. Counterpointing Clay's rise is the fall of Senator Burden Day from the height of power as the book begins—when he has just prevented Roosevelt's packing of the Supreme Court—to his death after Clay has destroyed his career in order to gain the old man's seat in the Senate. Burden Day, one of the last representatives of the Roman style of former Senate days, is an amalgam of several of the great breed—G[illegible]e, Vandenberg, Taft are some who c[illegible]e to mind. Once in his long polit[illegible]al career, lusting after the Preside[illegible], Day succumbed to bribery. In [illegible]is way he forged the instrument of [illegible]is own ultimate downfall at the ha[illegible]ls of the hero with the feet of [illegible]y Overbury.

As the title suggests, the nove[illegible]is not only about politicians but [illegible]ho about the ambience in which t[illegible]y pass their lives, about how the vill[illegible]e-like Washington of Adams' time, [illegible]ll of vague spaces and large vistas, [illegible]s comes the crowded, imperial city [illegible]f the 1950s. Mr. Vidal's historic se[illegible]e is as sharp as his political insigh[illegible]c that the novel continually opens [illegible]p new perspectives to the reader. At [illegible]e same time, the juxtaposition of [illegible]e real and the imaginary, Roosevelt [illegible]d Overbury, Senator Burden Day [illegible]d Senator Joe McCarthy, creates a k[illegible]d of surrealistic atmosphere that [illegible]a bit unnerving. In the same way, [illegible]r. Vidal's blithe unconcern with tw[illegible]n-tieth-century techniques and i[illegible]s seems sometimes to place one i[illegible]a Dali-like landscape of long views [illegible]d bent watches. The character [illegible]c seems most to represent Vidal's [illegible]n point of view, Peter Sanford, re[illegible]s obscure Latin authors. "Since ev[illegible]-one else reads [Marx and Freud],' [illegible]s says, "why should I?" To write, h[illegible]-ever, of the twentieth century v[illegible]h tools made in the nineteenth is [illegible]o distort reality. I say this reluctan[illegible]y for I admire the tools that Gore V[illegible]l has used and the skill with which [illegible]e has used them. If each reader [illegible]l bring his own corrective lens to [illegible]e perspectives of *Washington, D.C.* [illegible]e can then proceed to enjoy it [illegible]e-mensely both as a novel and as a [illegible]e-litical document.

The other three novels to be [illegible]e-cussed here belong without doubt [illegible]o the twentieth century and, surp[illegible]s-ingly enough, the figure that bro[illegible]s over these is at the opposite pole fr[illegible]m Henry Adams; it is Ernest Hemi[illegible]g-way, who has obviously not by a l[illegible]g chalk yet suffered the usual eclipse [illegible]f the recent, literary dead. Wher[illegible]

Mr. Buitenhuis, who this year i[illegible] visiting professor of English at [illegible] University of California, Berkeley a member of the English faculty Toronto University.

*The quotations are not from James and Ford but from *Washington, D.C.*

Vidal has thoroughly assimi- and controlled the influences ıg on him, the three other au- W. S. Kuniczak, Edwin Lan- and James Jones, seem to be r the influence" in the sense ve use the term about drinking. is the worst thing to be said Mr. Kuniczak's novel, which is ıost every other way an extraor- ily powerful and effective book. *Thousand Hour Day* is a tale of oyan length and intent about the ion of Poland by the Nazis in mber 1939. The chief character ıusz Prus, a General of Brigade Polish Army. He is the one who like a Hemingway hero. Un- nately, the hero Mr. Kuniczak apparently chosen is the aging el of *Across the River and Into rees*. A sample: "You mount and ide through the woods. They are iar and the gates you jump are ates you have jumped for thir- years and even the mare is not ısed. She gives you a look which rankly bored." Mr. Kuniczak t to do something about this, for dy could write like Hemingway, ven he couldn't do it all the time. authors that Mr. Kuniczak claims is influences are Tolstoy, Tur- v, Dostoevski, Conrad, and Ford. e is no doubt that these geniuses taught him a great deal. If he l learn a little more about com- sion from Ford, he would, I think, be up there ranking with his masters.

e was only nine when the war e out but, as Stephen Crane de- ively proved, one doesn't have to the ground to be able to imagine t war is like. *The Thousand Hour* ranges all over the long frontier nat ghastly, unequal battle. Cav- charge against tanks, infantry machine guns and mortars with s, a sprinkling of antiaircraft bark at the packs of Stukas. The acters fight in forests and moun- s, in marshes, rivers, and streets, nd barricades of corpses, and in ams of blood. Without heroics, Kuniczak splendidly creates the ism of that resistance, bitterly ht, according to several char- rs, in order to shame the tardy nch and British into coming to r aid. This is a war novel, some- es of the most horrifying kind, but s more than that. It chronicles, psychologically, how a nation that is living by nineteenth-century values is crushed by a state that has adopted the technology and ideology of the twentieth. It is written on many levels of awareness, from the primitive perception of a village peasant to the point of view of a cynical American journalist. These are brilliantly woven together. Love affairs, friendships, and hatreds develop so that the large canvas of the conflict never becomes blurred through lack of individual detail. The novel ends with peasant and General crossing the border into Romania en route to carry on the fight in France.

I would have thought that a novel of this scale was now impossible to write, but Mr. Kuniczak triumphantly defies augury and sustains interest through almost 650 large pages. He modestly confesses to an ambition to write ten more novels that will "document the changing form and role of man in the twentieth century . . ." He might very well do just that. This is a formidable writer. His book is the Book-of-the-Month choice for June.

The Hemingway influence in Edwin Lanham's new novel, *The Paste-Pot Man*, is not stylistic so much as it is geographical. The scene is Paris in the 'twenties. There is the familiar round of bars and bistros in Montparnasse. One of the two major characters talks tough, boxes, and knows all about women and drinks. The other, the real center of the book, is Robert Cohn plus about half-a-dozen complexes, having been brought up by a domineering maiden aunt. He is named, much too symbolically, Shell. Both he and the tough one, Neal, grew up together in Texas, and the novel alternates between their childhood and Paris. To get to grips with his problems, Shell takes a course of psychoanalysis with a doctor living in Paris who has been a student of Freud's. The major part of the novel is taken up with the working out of the analysis and its dramatic results on Shell's personality. The book is expertly written and the involvement between Shell, Neal, and the doctor competently explored. I found, however, that the Freudianism was too much of a solution applied instead of a problem-solving method employed. The novel left me with the sense that not only Shell but all the characters were paste-pot men, cut out and glued together from a faltering imagination.

In his latest novel, *Go to the Widow-Maker*, James Jones at least writes of flesh-and-blood people—there are probably some ears burning down in the Caribbean where the novel is set. It is here, however, that Hemingway's influence has been most nearly fatal. It is not the style nor the geography that Jones has swallowed, but the philosophy—always the least satisfactory element of Hemingway's work. That dreary cult of the "in" people, that everlasting search for manhood, that belief in the value of toughness are things taken with a devastating solemnity by James Jones. This is his first "civilian" novel, but Mr. Jones's delayed demobilization turns out only to be a continuation of the war by other means. This time the enemy are fish: the weapons, scuba equipment and spear guns. The novel is also what Mr. Jones calls in his pompous dedication "a great love story." Lest I be accused of praising with faint damns, I should say that the novel is fundamentally bad, with a philosophical conclusion that should be quoted in full at risk of not being believed if merely paraphrased. If the curious want to save $7.50 they should go into a bookstore and read page 608 and the first six lines of page 609. This will convey an impression both of the juvenility of the novel's central idea and the poverty of its prose.

I must say that I enjoyed some of the skin-diving sequences (Mr. Jones is obviously an expert at that), and admired some of the racy dialogue, but the novel as a whole is an indulgence. The Famous Playwright who is its hero seems not to be distanced at all from Mr. Jones himself, and all the characters, far from "using their brains and bodies as the only possible means of salvation," as the blurb claims, seem merely to be playing at life. The writer could no doubt reply to this charge that, in this twentieth-century age of leisure, skin diving and cruising in the Caribbean *are* life, at least for the "in" people. But I would still hold that it would be possible, if difficult, to write a novel in such a setting and yet give it significance. After all, in *The Sun Also Rises*, the characters were merely

COMING IN HARPER'S

"To say it country-simple, most folks enjoy junk. Having once experienced this pleasure, the human organism will tend to repeat it and repeat it and repeat it.... Knock on any door. Whatever answers, give it four half-grain shots of God's Own Medicine every day for six weeks and the so-called 'addict personality' is there...."

These words are from **Kicking Drugs: A Very Personal Story** by **William Burroughs,** author of *Naked Lunch.* Mr. Burroughs' astonishing narrative of how he was treated for drug addiction will appear in the July issue of *Harper's.*



John Gunther's *Inside South America* is high on the best-seller lists today as his many other books were in years past. Now for *Harper's,* Mr. Gunther has written **Inside London,** a detailed, spirited, and very close-up look at the world's most talked-about city.

Ever heard of **Franz Pick?** If you are a millionaire with holdings in several different countries, you may have. For he is a "celebrity" in his own powerful world of international finance. Genial (and extremely hard-headed), Franz Pick neither makes investments for clients nor suggests them. But he is consulted by businesses and governments all over the world and his fees are possibly the highest in his field. **Gerald Krefetz** shows how Pick operates in a fascinating profile that also explains how money and gold really affect our lives.



Returning as a *Harper's* contributor next month is **David Halberstam,** Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter and author of *The Making of a Quagmire.* Mr. Halberstam's subject is **Poland** and the many paradoxes of Polish life and art today. In his report, he also tells how American journalists assigned to Poland learn to resist the pressures to sell out.

And also . . . Part II of **Willie Morris'** "A Provincial in New York" . . . A straightforward, factual report on how Wayne, New Jersey, became the setting for the local political brouhaha of the year . . . And the master himself, **John Dickson Carr,** writing about the kinds of murder mysteries we are being given to read these days.

tourists too, but that novel got at
heart of life in a way that neitl
Mr. Jones nor Mr. Lanham ha
fathomed. Which goes to prove th
whichever trail you take, old Pa
Hemingway is a hard man to foll

BOOKS IN BRIE

by Katherine Gauss Jacks

Ficti

The Godmother, by Janice Elliott

When this story opens, the cent
character, Helen Porter, is already
old woman. The last of her line, s
lives alone in a huge mansion built
her grandfather on an island off t
coast of England. She should th
represent solitude within solitud
yet the lives of most of the people
the book center in her. The sto
begins with the christening of h
nephew's son, when she, as g
mother, says to one of the startl
guests:

> I am a godmother. I am a g
> mother and an aunt. I was once
> daughter and a sister. I was nea
> a wife. And now I think I shall
> abroad. I live in a house that is t
> big for me. At my age, you kno
> one needs only a very little space.

And the chapter ends: "Beside t
baby, heavy with the great weight
its future, she felt flimsy."

From that point on, the sto
weaves backward and forward in tir
from past to present to future, a
the magic of Miss Elliott's prose
that she makes each period of tin
distinct yet belonging to every oth
and at every moment sensuous a
beautiful and tense with a secret e
citement. Besides Helen, the sto
involves principally her nephe
James, and the women he loves b
there are unforgettable minor chara
ters as well. This is the first of h
three novels to be published in th
country. May there be more. A ve
remarkable talent.

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.9

Diary of a Mad Housewife, by Su
Kaufman.

These fevered outpourings that te
the story of a contemporary Ne

marriage are in their wry way hilariously funny, frightening ir scarcely controlled hysteria, otedly sexy, and heartlessly ating about the foibles and es of both male and female gonists. It makes for very lively ng indeed but, having said so I must add that the whole is s good as the sum of its parts. how Jonathan's (the husband's) eover from the hard-working, l young man to the stodgy, ading, humorlessly conventional Street lawyer never quite con- s. But her desperate attempts to with what he has turned into l too credible and one feels one- oing over the edge of sanity with t his demands on her time and y to keep up with their new s. Not that she's any paragon, r; far from it. But even in her moments she never loses the y to laugh at herself. The de- tions of one day with a new lress and a window washer; of r too fancy catered party that than insisted on giving for their friends; and of the rudeness of people at a literary-theatrical on East End Avenue manage use explosive laughter even as orge rises.

Random House, $4.95

New York's Puerto-Rican Har- doesn't become an open book to f us it won't be because the books 't there. With Oscar Lewis win- the National Book Award with *ida*, and two other very powerful s just published we may all, if read them, find ourselves deeply de another world and speaking, if in another language, at least with ole new accent and rhythm.

king for Baby Paradise, by John icher.

his first novel is written with so h intensity, both humorous and passionate, that one feels it must trongly autobiographical. It's the y of an Ivy League graduate, a l worker who wears dark glasses, w hat, and carries a cane as a d of funny front, and runs a rec- tion center in an old store near George Washington Bridge for New York Youth Board. At first dialogue and the references to world he lives in are almost unintelligible but gradually the language takes on a magic life of its own. And the conflict, the love-hate relationship between the social worker and the Puerto Rican knifer, Baby Paradise, which explodes into riot proportions involving Irish, Puerto Ricans, and eventually the police, is exciting and full of terror. The crazy humor that goes all through the story seems only to add to the tragic sense of life that is its dominating theme. There are lots of confidential chats with the reader about his boys:

> Generally, their families were no more cynical or vicious than mine back in Jersey. It was just that their parents were unable to demonstrate a reward for responsible behavior. Mine could convince me because I detected the rewards for such behavior in my family's prosperity. But my flock had no interest in the world of grown-ups. They lived, therefore, in their own underworld, a civilization they themselves ruled.

This wise and compassionate young writer should go far.

Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50

Nonfiction

Down These Mean Streets, by Piri Thomas

To me this is an even more powerful story of Spanish Harlem because it is not fiction. It is the devastatingly frank autobiography of a Puerto Rican boy who grew up on East 104th Street (about a long center-field throw to home plate from my own building); about his joys (and they were many) and troubles; the race problem; the need to be one of a gang and the courage it takes to maintain your position in it; experimenting with sex (both); drugs; becoming a junky; breaking the habit; and then, needing money, drifting into holdups with other boys. Eventually the boy shot a policeman, was jailed for six years, then paroled. The things he learned in jail are described minutely —from sex practices to the tenets of the Black Muslim religion, to basic psychology. They are all background for an iron discipline which he kept over himself in his desire to get out of jail, and one comes to admire enormously his devotion to his family and his girl and his friends. His return to his "barrio," his home place on 104th Street, after prison, is one of the most starkly moving passages I ever remember reading. You'd think he was coming to the Elysian Fields.

The dialogue throughout is brutally of the streets and spares the reader nothing in two languages. But its honesty is purging rather than offensive and the passion for life that comes through is inescapable and good. Knopf, $5.95

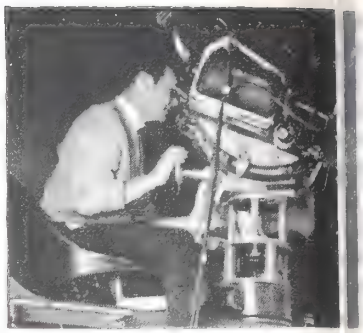
Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel, by Lee Lockwood.

Lee Lockwood, photo-journalist of the Black Star photo agency and editor of the magazine *Contemporary Photography*, was first in Cuba when Castro's rebel army took over after Batista's flight, and he covered that time of wild hope and enthusiasm. (His reports from Vietnam have more recently been front-page news in the *New York Times*.) He has been back to Cuba several times since, the last in 1965 when he was scheduled for a conventional interview with Castro, which, when it finally occurred, stretched into a "seven-day talk marathon on the Isle of Pines." The author's questions are tough and penetrating and they elicited the same kind of answers. This book, in which Mr. Lockwood hopes he has presented Cuba and Castro as they are, for better or worse, in remarkable photographs and frank conversation and reportage, is the result of this interview and a fourteen weeks' trip in which he went wherever he wanted without restriction. The lively record deserves and encourages serious study. Macmillan, $9.95

The Shape of a Year, by Jean Hersey. Illustrated by John Pimlott.

This won't be everybody's book. If you don't like living in the country or care about gardening—indoors and out—you may find the author's continuous but intelligent enthusiasm for each changing season too much for you. But any gardener, however unskilled, will be hooked from the start, as I was. And her "Index of Recipes and Projects" at the end is a guide to undertakings described in the book which range from making Christmas angels from the *Readers' Digest*, to forcing shrubs indoors, repotting plants, and making terrariums. The writing throughout is unpretentious and full of undisguised pleasure in country living. Scribner, $4.95 [ ]

Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*



FILME

FOUR FILMS FROM EUROPE

Insights into "Accident," "Persona," "La Guerre est Finie," and "Ulysses."

Joseph Losey's new film, *Accident*, is twitchy with the slow semblance of life. Anguished mannequins, set in motion by Harold Pinter's screenplay, move against the warm background of Oxford, green with spring and cordial English gardens. Students, their sweethearts, and their dons punt on the River Cherwell. (The teachers fall in, their athletic coordination gone with the arrival of middle age.) Competition between jealous dons for public recognition drives one to London for a humiliating interview with a television producer. Ex-mistresses, getting fat and vacuous, are revisited. Wives become pregnant, leave home to have their babies at their mothers'.

Beautiful young women come to Oxford from the Continent to study philosophy. They are remote, passive; but so ravishing that their dons pretend they are Austrian princesses. Tow-haired British aristocrats in their teens fall in love with them and arouse the sexual jealousy of their dons, who also war with each other for sexual power. They drink, dream of adultery, fornicate, betray each other. In the end, one finally dies in an automobile accident.

All of this happens in a lethargic, dreamlike flashback seen entirely through the eyes of Stephen, a middle-aged don. It is his wife who is pregnant, his aristocratic student who is in love with the "Princess" Anna, he who is jealous of both his student and his best friend, a brash archaeology professor famous because he is also a national television personality. Their world is a paradise of visual and tactile sensations, decorated with Georgian homes, expensive crystal and silver, sports cars, darling children, sweet dogs, immaculate gardens, perfect lawns, whiskey everywhere, ale, wine. (Where does all the money come from? Rich wives?) It is, in short, the perfect setting for The Good Life. But The Good Life here is more than mere irony. It is the last thing in the world these people want.

Over all their soothing, civilized appointments hangs an emotional languor, a kind of slackness of the soul (and a peculiar laziness in the head) which almost forcibly set up boundaries between the audience and their anguish. What are they really after? Why should we care? In the end, for all the fairly sensational things that have been brought to pass, it is the audience that is left forlorn and lonely, excluded from the often boring private visions of Harold Pinter's characters.

For it is Mr. Pinter's screenplay that is the problem, doing in finally all the neat, single-minded triumphs Mr. Losey has wrung from his own direction: the clean cutting and sensitive use of color, the true, nostalgic sense of place, the fastidious accumulation of physical details. Listen a moment: "What are you doing?" Stephen asks, coming upon his wife putting on her dressing gown. "Putting on my dressing gown," she says. "What are you doing?" Stephen asks, coming upon his wife making t "Making tea," she says. "What you doing?" he asks, coming upo son playing in a tree. "Playing," answers. "What are you doing?" asks, coming upon Anna making bed. "Making the bed," she says.

I know that this is supposed imitate the way we all talk. We meant to hear and respond to rhythms of conventional speech, quality of marking time that so times precedes important emoti revelations or even contains the camouflaged form. But the techn here simply builds impatience in audience, an enlarged tedium at sound of these artificial voices. Oxford dons so dull? Are their wi And their pupils? "What are you ing?" Stephen asks the rejected of his best friend as she clips a at a hedge. "Gardening," she s but for a moment there is a loo pain in her eyes; she interrupts banal answer to let Stephen know her husband is not at home, that h really gone, has left her, in fact is the only time the technique wo

Pinter's famous ambiguity everywhere, like an English fog. the beautiful Anna entirely re Why can't Stephen make a move ward her? What are his real feeli toward his pregnant wife? Is she slow as she seems, or merely too with child? Why does she go off her mother's to have her third b like a nervous young bride? Wh William, the aristocratic student, taken with Stephen? What m friends out of Stephen and the dru en archaeologist Charley in the f place? Why at last does Stephen al Anna to escape responsibility?

ve no answers; nor, in fact, are uestions terribly important. A que is at work in *Accident*. It is d one that suggests that a cer- ottenness is at the bottom of hing. Behind what we seem to d what we think we are lies hing so awful that it cannot be led; and the more money one has orse it is. All aristocrats really for death. Beautiful, eager, pas- te girls, petulant from too much living, destroy everything that es them. Middle age is dispirit- ambition makes it worse; and key doubles the agony. Between ands and wives hover unspoken , ready to undo every marriage. ety and guilt are what we are of, altogether.

is a corny and old-fashioned mes- , no matter how stylishly it is pre- ed; and it has produced a film that ways striking to look at; at its however, when the sound track nute. Mr. Losey's performers— ding Dirk Bogarde, Vivien Mer- t, Stanley Baker, and Jacqueline ard—move through their stately s as though they were dancing an ant pavane; they are all master- y graceful, especially as they laz- enact Mr. Losey's long, loving e-up of an endless Sunday after- n. This sequence is a perfect short in itself, moving with the soft, v heartbeat of boredom (and de-) and ending in the litter of total nkenness.

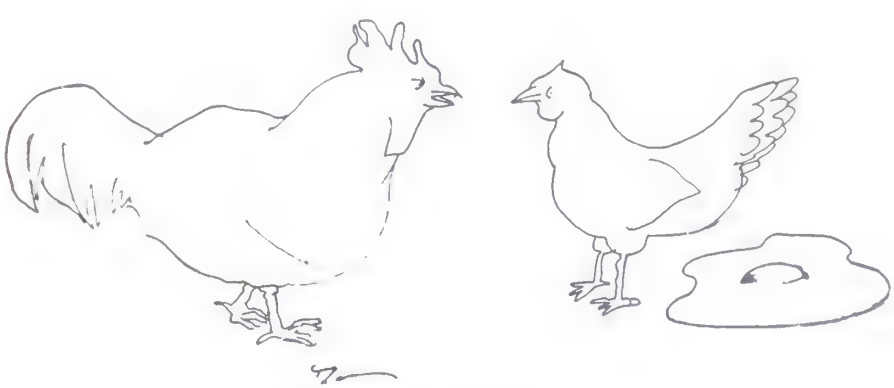
gmar Bergman's new—and twenty- enth—film, *Persona*, is also beauti- to look at, not for its appointments for the clarity of its camera work l the obsessive close-ups of its two ding actresses, Bibi Andersson and v Ullmann. Miss Andersson is a very pretty woman in the old Luise Rainer style, and it is one measure of her extraordinary range as an actress that she can make an audience forget her porcelain prettiness and force it to think of her as an erotic and totally seductive woman. As for Miss Ullmann, much in this film is made of her resemblance to Miss Andersson—it seems to be central to Bergman's whole point—but she is not at all pretty; she is a terrifically handsome woman whose silent presence throughout *Persona* gives off its own erotic quality.

Bergman's film is virtually a monologue for Miss Andersson, which she, as a psychiatric nurse, delivers to an actress who has withdrawn in total silence from the world. Nurse and patient are visiting the Baltic coast for rest and hopeful recovery. As Miss Andersson talks, her past is revealed in convulsive fits: a suggestion here, a clue there, fits of weeping amidst a long, tense narration of a beach orgy dominating her monologue. A lesbian exchange takes place, or seems to, then is denied. At last, the nurse creates the crisis she has been seeking by opening a letter her patient has written to her psychiatrist. Reading it, she learns that all along the actress—her silent patient—has been coolly appraising her with a certain condescension. Finally, their personalities begin to fuse, their roles come to be reversed.

Bergman does not let his audience off easily. Shots of a lamb being blooded help to lead into the credits. A spike is driven through a hand. There are shots of dirty snow, rusted palings, corpses. A dour young boy with heavy, neurotic eyes—the same boy, perhaps, who wandered through Bergman's last film, *The Silence*, trapped between his mother and his aunt—watches the actual drama start to take place through misty plate glass. He returns later as the spoken subject of a long scene—done twice from different camera angles—in which the nurse tells his mother the story of his conception, birth, and eventual rejection; it is the nurse, however, not the actress, who experiences the pain of the story. Bergman shows us the boy again at the end, now unbearably sad.

It "means" nothing. There is no rational sense to these unexplained images; but their poetic content works on us from the beginning. Before Bergman has even showed us the title of his film, he has set up emotional reverberations; a young boy's suffering, violence, and death precede the actual drama. But what is to be made of the arbitrary shots of cameramen at work and of speeded-up clips from old movies that are spotted throughout the rest of *Persona*? What do they mean in poetic terms? When Bergman's vision becomes too private, the audience must sit lonely in front of his movie, too. His vision (like Pinter's, although it is immeasurably more potent) then turns in on itself, perfectly enclosed and opaque. The key to the code is missing; a Chinese Wall of the mind and emotions then separates us from the film. Still, this original and individual work acts upon us in its own way; what is finally impossible to escape are the faces of Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann, agonized objects of Bergman's worship.

In Alain Resnais's *La Guerre est Finie*, the hero is trapped by public events and the dead-ended groove of compulsive habit. He is a Spaniard-



"Can't you do anything right?"



insist on

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in-exile, trained in Marxist dialectic and the techniques of subversion, which he practices on underground trips into his native country from France. Like most of his comrades, he can barely remember the Civil War; like them, too, he is out of touch with the new young militant Left. In his forties, he is out-of-date, committed to a lost cause, unremembered and unnoticed: a political antiquarian. He keeps a mistress in Paris, whom he loves in a quiet, tactful manner, but takes his lovemaking where he can find it. "Spain is the lyrical conscience of the Left," he tells several acquaintances in an unusual passionate outburst; it is his own conscience he is explaining. His life—whatever promises he makes his mistress about it—cannot be changed; it will stay in its fixed orbit, even while his cause is running out on him and his old generation of activists is slowly dying off.

In *La Guerre est Finie*, Resnais has caught the wholly bitter taste of life-in-exile and the obsessive quality that often accompanies the pursuit of hopeless causes. Death awaits his hero and his comrades in Spain; the Spanish police, in the end, will outsmart them all. Meanwhile, they intellectualize their lives. A meeting to plan a general strike in Madrid turns into a hairsplitting exchange over Leninist doctrine. Marriage for the hero is endlessly discussed; he acquiesces in the idea, accepts it, but the wedding never takes place. Danger is still titillating. Who knows who will be caught next on the way in or out of Spain? Life is one suffering grimace after another; the only pleasures happen in bed. They are all beautiful losers, sweet fools. We are attracted to them, but our instinct warns us that an ultimate identification with losers or fools is perhaps dangerous.

Yves Montand has discarded the last of his music-hall mannerisms to play the hero and captures exactly the combination of psychic fatigue, goodness, dignity, and humorlessness that makes the character so "right." Ingrid Thulin is beautiful as his Swedish mistress and Genevieve Bujold as a young Leftist is perhaps miscast but nevertheless fresh and lovely. (The sex scenes, it should be added, are wholly gratuitous, swollen with mood music as much as passion.)

Outside of the occasional use of clumsy cutting technique to indica simultaneous or future action, *L Guerre est Finie* is, in narrati terms, Resnais's most convention and straightforward movie. It really about something, and fille with excellent things, not leas Resnais's political sensibility an warm, sometimes sentimental inte ligence. The curious thing is that does not move us as much as it shoul

One of the many charms of Josep Strick's film version of *Ulysses* is tha the cast is almost wholly unknown except for Barbara Jefford, who play that libidinous soprano, Molly Bloo —and so they appear on screen, on by one, free of stereotype. And game, gamy lot they are, faithful t James Joyce's Dublin and, in large part than we had any right to expect to the great novel as well.

Mr. Strick, of course, had his nerv in attempting to translate the Joyc epic to the screen, but where he migh have vacillated, turned shy or proper worried too much about the box offic and star appeal, he has simply gon ahead forthrightly and engaged him self in a labor of love. Mr. Strick di rected *Ulysses* and shared the screen play with Fred Haines. I congratulate them both. They have caught Stepher Dedalus, "poet and teacher," pre cisely, if not fully, in the person of a sometime dour and brainy-looking young Scot named Maurice Roeves; and gentled an authentic sweet Bloom out of an Irishman with black Levantine eyes whose name is Milo O'Shea.

Miss Jefford closes the film with Molly's famous monologue. It is the most expressive sequence in a film filled with expressive moments, both because of Miss Jefford's absolute rightness in terms of Molly herself and because of its fidelity to the Joycean source. It is the stuff of life itself speaking here and we sit in the darkened theater laughing quietly, sighing a bit, listening intently to that outpouring of words about love and the making of it. *Ulysses*, too, remains a private vision, Joyce's very own; but it is a private vision opened out to the world, accessible to all comers, encompassing everyone. That is at least one difference between *Ulysses*, on the one hand, and *Accident* and *Persona*, on the other.

Music in the Round *by Discus*

ECCENTRICS OR PROPHETS?

Messiaen, an "original" of music. Poulenc, Bartók, Prokofieff—all of whose revolutionary concepts once shocked their teachers and audiences, and continue to attract young performers.

Olivier Messiaen is a contemporary composer more talked-about than played. Among the avant-garde, especially the European avant-garde, he is a legend. One of the first to espouse the twelve-tone music of Schoenberg and Webern, he composed a group of serial compositions as early as 1941; and in 1949 he wrote in the so-called "totally organized" style that was to become common practice a few years later. He also was the teacher of Pierre Boulez and Karlheinz Stockhausen, two of the heroes of the post-World avant-garde.

But he never developed into a doctrinaire serialist, and he is one of the eccentrics of music. A devout man, an organist, he is something like a latter-day César Franck, mysticism and all. He draws upon music of India and the Orient, and also—of all things—upon bird calls (he is reputed to be a first-class ornithologist), as well as upon dodecaphonic techniques. His music is not played very often, in America at any rate, nor is it music that ever could become widely popular. His **Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine** has been recently recorded by Yvonne Loriod, piano, a chorus, and the chamber orchestra of Radiodiffusion Française conducted by Marcel Couraud (Music Guild MG 142, mono; MS 142, stereo), and the disc gives a representative idea of what Messiaen's music is about.

First the orchestration itself: celesta, vibraphone, fancy percussion including maracas, Chinese cymbals, and so on, and an electronic instrument called the Ondes Martenot. Considering that the *Liturgies* were composed in 1944, the orchestration is prophetic. Boulez, and after him virtually every avant-garde composer of the West, seized upon this kind of orchestration, capable of so many delicate effects. The vibraphone, indeed, all but became the official instrument of the avant-garde. But it was Messiaen who started it all.

The music itself is a strange mixture of ethnic (Indian) elements, some serial-sounding episodes, polyrhythms, dissonance, traditional harmony, ostinatos, exoticisms, and here and there melodies of a sweetness and even sentimentality that go right back to Massenet. There is no music exactly like it. It exerts a spell half-hypnotic (with its constantly repeated patterns, which Carl Orff must have studied with interest), half-irritating. Very little seems to *happen*; yet the listener is undeniably subjected to some sort of experience. It is not derivative music at all. Messiaen has worked out something very special for himself. Like Satie, like Valentine Alkan, he is one of music's originals.

Very High Camp

Just as Messiaen is the spiritual father of the new postwar school, so Satie was the spiritual father of the French school following World War I, and his influence lived on in Francis Poulenc. Of all the French composers of the period, Poulenc appears to have the most staying power. In the 1920s and 1930s, most musicians would have come out for Milhaud or Honegger; but the music of those two composers is being played less and less, that of Poulenc more and more. The Satie-like side of Poulenc can be heard in a welcome reissue—**Les Mamelles de Tirésias**, a recording originally released about fifteen years ago, discontinued, and now available on a low-priced disc (Seraphim 60029, mono only).

Les Mamelles is an opera [illegible] to a poem by Apollinaire, and it is very high camp indeed. A woman turns into a man, her husband into a woman. The opera aroused some consternation its first swing around the United States. It was considered naughty. And so it is; but how innocent its naughtiness appears today! The score is Poulenc at his wittiest, which means the best light-weight music of the century. The spirit of Offenbach is ever-present in the tunes and snappy ensembles; and the spirit of Satie is ever-present in the anti-music elements: the music-hall and circus quotations, the deliberate cabaret style, the chic quality. *Les Mamelles de Tirésias* is a wonderfully bracing work; and here it is perfectly presented by Denise Duval, Jean Giraudeau, and the other French singers and musicians conducted by André Cluytens.

Hard Attacks on the Piano

A transition from Poulenc to Bartók and Prokofieff is not as strange as it might seem. Poulenc in his way was a French nationalist, as Prokofieff was Russian and Bartók Hungarian. All were conscious of their musical folk heritage. All were in the mainstream of European musical modernism in the 1920s and 1930s. All were highly influenced by Stravinsky. All were authentic big men, even if some do look down on the Frenchman because of his sophistication and relative narrowness.

Anyway, now we can hear Bartók's **Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 3** as played by Peter Serkin and the Chicago Symphony conducted by Seiji Ozawa on a recent disc (Victor LM 2929, mono; LSC 2929, stereo), and Prokofieff's **Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 3** as played by Gary Graffman and the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell (Columbia ML 6325, mono; MS 6925, stereo). How different these four concertos are! And, contradictorily, how many resemblances they have!

Bartók and Prokofieff were excellent pianists, good enough to have had careers had they wished (as a matter of fact, both appeared in public as pianists throughout their lives). And both brought new concepts of piano writing to the music. They took the lead from Stravinsky, who had tried to do away altogether with the

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romantic style of Liszt and Chopin. The piano suddenly came to be regarded as a percussive instrument, to be played with little pedal, with a hard attack and an avoidance of romantic effect. No more nocturne-like mooning; new kinds of figuration; slashing, propulsive, and complicated rhythms. All of this these concertos have in common.



The two Prokofieff works were composed in 1911 and 1917. No. 3 is very popular, and is in the repertoire of all the younger virtuosos. No. 1, a student work that still has vestiges of nineteenth-century style, is a bold and heroic conception that should be played more often than it is. It may be derivative, but it also contains the essence of Prokofieff. Anyway, "derivative" is an inexact word. Today we may consider the Prokofieff No. 1 derivative, but when the young composer first played it, he shocked his teachers and the audience, who thought the world was coming to an end. Such dissonance! Such revolutionary concepts! There is something defiant about this concerto, a throwing-down of the gauntlet. The piano Concerto No. 3, composed six years later, needs no introduction. Graffman gives both concertos formidably strong performances. He is a young—well, youngish—pianist with infallible fingers, big sonority, and the kind of rhythm that identifies with the Prokofieff rhythm. To fill out one side of the disc, he plays the short Third Sonata by Prokofieff.

In Debt to Stravinsky

Bartók's First Piano Concerto is, like the Prokofieff, a propulsive, rather dissonant work in which the piano stamps out fierce rhythms. Unlike the Prokofieff, however, it is strongly in debt to Stravinsky. *Le Sacre du Printemps* was resounding through Bartók's head at the time (1926), as indeed it was resounding through the head of every modern composer in Europe. The work is not played very often, but it should be. It is fiery, exciting, and massive, quite unlike the more lyric and reflective No. 3. The latter, composed in 1946, is one of Bartók's last works and one of his most popular. Its second movement, with the pianissimo opening, chorale-like atmosphere, and night-noise middle section, makes an extraordinary impact.

Two brilliant young musicians present both concertos. Peter Serkin is going along in his father's footsteps as a pianist interested in the big things of the repertoire: Bach of the *Goldberg* Variations, Beethoven of the last sonatas, Schubert of the three posthumous sonatas, and so on. And, as befits a young man, he is interested in contemporary music, especially that of Schoenberg and Bartók. He is a pianist with a good deal of technical finish and a mind of his own, and his strongly contoured playing of these Bartók concertos, his grasp of the musical logic and confident rhythm, makes this performance fascinating. (The elder Serkin, by the way, has also recorded this concerto; his playing is more powerful but not as detailed.)

Seiji Ozawa, the young Japanese, is Peter's conductor. He leads the Chicago Symphony with color, flair, and the most perfectly adjusted accompaniment imaginable. Give Ozawa ten years. He should be one of the great ones. [ ]

And Also...

Stravinsky: Persephone. Vera Zorina (narrator), Michele Molese, Ithaca College Concert Choir, Texas Boys Choir, Gregg Smith Singers, and Columbia Symphony conducted by Igor Stravinsky. Columbia ML 6310 (mono); MS 6819 (stereo).

It is hard to believe, but this is the first recording in stereo of this major Stravinsky score. (Stravinsky previously conducted one in mono.) Narrated and sung in the original French, and with the composer on the podium, the disc has historical importance as well as musical value. Many think that *Persephone* ranks with *Oedipus Rex* and the *Symphonie des Psaumes* as a twentieth-century masterpiece.